Kidnap rocks Arts 20 race

The annual Arts 20 relay race Thursday was marred by a bizarre kidnapping that has thrown the race results into question and left organizers and participants enraged.

Intramurals director Nestor Korchinsky said Thursday Vancouver city police will be brought into the investigation of the incident in which six men attacked a single runner, leaving him bound in a blanket and gasping for air.

"They tied me up, wrapped bandages around my chest and my ankles in a red blanket and left me on the side of the street, unable to escape or breathe," said Jason Gray, medicine 1. "I screamed for help and a guy came running out of a house and untied me.

"I had just run up the top of the hill (on Wolfe, east of 16th), so obviously I was breathing heavily. I was running on the sidewalk when these six guys wearing Pittsburgh Pirates shirts split apart to let me through and then grabbed me," Gray said. Up until that point Gray's medicine faculty relay team were far ahead of other competitors.

Korchinsky said Thursday that an investigation is under way and city police are to be consulted about the incident today. He said that the kidnapping may have been planned as a prank but could have turned into a tragedy.

"In this case I hate to think what might have happened if a nearby resident hadn't freed him (Gray)," Korchinsky said. "I don't think this is something we can let by, when a person is extremely exhausted and you smother him in a blanket it becomes quite a dangerous practice."

Medicine team member Gavin Smart said he was concerned about Gray because the runner had been setting a pace close to the four-minute mile when he was attacked. "There's no way he could get out," Smart said.

But Gray said that after the initial fear of being suffocated passed he was confident he was safe.

The kidnapping has organizers angry and concerned about the future of the race, which drew nearly 1,000 entrants this year.

"I hope this isn't an indication of things to come," said Korchinsky. "The incident detracts from the participation of so many people." The intramurals director said he fears the kidnapping is the result of intense competition surrounding the race.

Arts 20 student organizer Blair Wilson said the kidnapping may have been the result of some overzealous engineering students acting on their own to promote the chances of their faculty's team, which won the race.

"To my knowledge from reports I got, I suspect that it was an act of some unidentified engineering students that was not sanctioned by the engineering undergraduate society," he said. "But the fact that this happened shouldn't reflect on any of the runners who finished in the top positions. There is no reason to believe that any of the teams in the race had any prior knowledge of the event."

Alma Mater Society president Bruce Armstrong called the kidnapping deplorable and said the AMS may take disciplinary action against any students found to be involved in the affair.

But the bitterest reaction came from medicine team members themselves.

"We've been running an average of 60 miles a week for the last couple of months and really getting hyped up over it," said team member Dave Taylor. "And to have our hopes and work crushed in such a way. . . "

"I can't see how we could have lost that race," said Smart. "There aren't eight more fit people on this campus."

The medicine team will get a chance to prove that however. The team issued a challenge at the Arts 20 awards ceremony that it would donate $50 to the Terry Fox cancer fund for every team that beat it in a rematch to be held Oct. 16. The race will be run at a UBC track but will be of equal distance to the Arts 20 cross-city jaunt.

Korchinsky said he was unsure what action would be taken if the identities of the attackers is discovered but added that criminal charges could possibly be laid in connection with the incident.

THE UBYSSEY

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—eric eggertson photo

ONE IN THOUSAND, literally, first runner passes finish line in Arts 20 relay race in front of bookstore. Engineering team won race marred by kidnap of medicine team member (see story above). For complete race results and story see sports section in Tuesday Ubyssey. Course for race ran from Vancouver General Hospital to UBC.

Kenny knocks Davis' report

The current UBC policy opposing differential fees for foreign students is a good policy, said UBC administration president Doug Kenny Thursday.

Kenny was commenting on the controversial report recently released by Socred MLA Jack Davis which advocates the implementation of differential fees against the "many thousands" of foreign students at B.C. universities.

"(The report) is founded on wrong premises," said Kenny. "It's founded on wrong facts."

According to Davis, foreign students are getting a "free ride" at Canadian universities, and prevent "our own people" from attending post-secondary institutes. He said foreign students make up 20 per cent of the typical engineering class, but admitted his statistics were not sound.

But Kenny rejected Davis' figures. There were 17 visa students last year in the engineering faculty, or approximately one per cent, Kenny said. Only 1.04 per cent of the entire UBC undergraduate class are foreign students, he said.

More visa students are needed at UBC, according to Kenny. "The university and Canada could really gain from having a few more foreign students," he said. "There are a large number of gains to Canada and other countries, to this university in particular, by having foreign students come here. It promotes a better understanding of Canada.

"(Having foreign students) starts to remove the tremendous backlog of indebtedness Canada owes to other countries because in the past so many Canadians have turned to other countries for graduate education."

Graduate programs did not develop in Canada until after World War II, said Kenny. "Before the war if you wanted to be a lawyer you had to leave the province, if you wanted to be a dentist you had to leave the province."

Foreign students improve the cosmopolitan quality of campuses, said Kenny.

Kenny questioned the insular motives of the report. "We are part of an international community of universities," he said. "All of us (scholars) do view ourselves as members of that community."

The report does not represent the views of most people, said Kenny. "I would be amazed if those views are widely shared by the people of B.C. I say that as a British Columbian. I'm not saying (Davis) is not entitled to his opinion. I disagree with the report but I don't take offense at it."

Davis has failed to distinguish between landed immigrants and visa students in his report, Kenny said. Kenny did not agree with charges that the report is racist, saying the word was too ambiguous, but said he was angry at some of the assumptions made by Davis.

"In the report (Davis) seems to imply that (UBC) excludes, to a degree, Canadians from entering our engineering faculty. That's nonsense," said Kenny. Foreign students must meet high standards before they are accepted at UBC, he said.

Davis originally prepared his report to be debated during the presentation of the universities' budget in the legislature. But the paper was not heard and was subsequently distributed to university heads and boards of governors to be discussed.

Davis said he developed the report out of concern for accessibility for Canadian students at B.C.'s universities.

Societies rap AMS complex

By NANCY TROTT

Student council came under fire Thursday from at least two undergraduate societies for failing to seek student input on a $1 million plan to construct a south-side student complex on campus.

Council was particularly condemned for not consulting the agricultural sciences undergraduate society or the forestry undergraduate society on the project.

AUS president Barb Johnstone said considering the location of the planned pub-lounge complex, the two societies should have had more input before council approved the project.

"It'll be right next to our building. We resent the fact that we come back in September to find things all decided," she said.

Social work representative Marty Lund accused Alma Mater Society president Bruce Armstrong Wednesday night of trying to railroad projects, worth $2 million, through students council.

Armstrong denied Lund's "foolish and ludicrous" charges, saying that the plans for a south-side pub-lounge complex, SUB plaza mall and renovations to the SUB courtyard "have been before council for months."

The plans for the pub-lounge complex were given final approval by council July 9. Plans for the courtyard and SUB plaza were commissioned over the summer.

Johnstone said agriculture and forestry representatives were not on campus during the summer because of job commitments. She said she believes the engineering society did not express any opposition to the council plans during the summer.

She said AUS and FUS knew very little about the proposal. "By the

See page 3: COMPLEX

Cutbacks hit in April

UBC's $2.1 million cutback in the campus salaries budget will not affect university operations until April of next year, a UBC administration vice-president said Thursday.

Academic development vice-president Michael Shaw said the university will be able to survive this year without major cuts due to the funding shortfall but will have to put some academic plans on the shelf.

"We can manage the way we're going, but we would like to be able to do a lot of things this year that are academically important which we cannot," said Shaw.

The provincial government, which made the cutback necessary as a direct result of a low operating grant to UBC, is affecting the quality of education through its actions, Shaw said.

"No one wants to make cutbacks which will affect education, but they affect the whole institution," he said. "We know how much money we have to find and we're looking at where we can find it with the least pain to the people involved."

UBC deans are now examining the budgets of their faculties and departments to see where cutbacks are possible but, Shaw says, "all academic services will be affected." He said no decisions have yet been reached on where cuts will occur.

Shaw said the budget cuts have to be made from salaries because 83 per cent of the university's budget is accounted for by wages and non-salary items are extremely difficult to cut, Shaw said.

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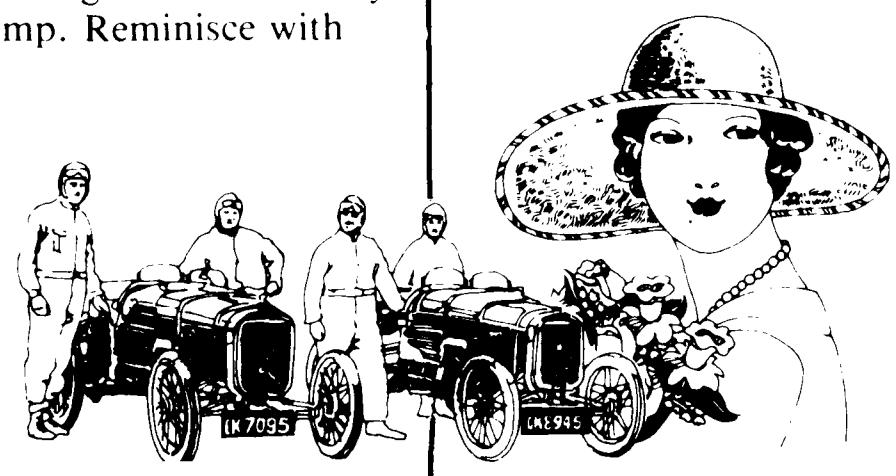

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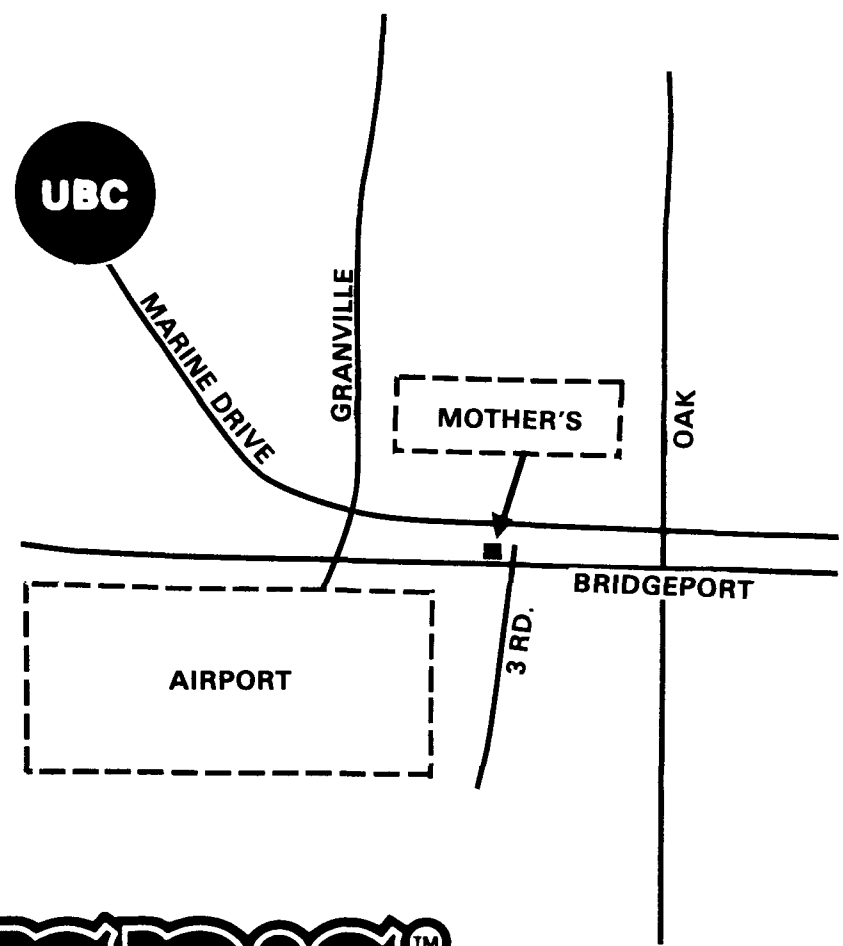

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RCMP hires student as infiltrator

HALIFAX (CUP) — The RCMP hired a Dalhousie University student during the last academic year to infiltrate and spy on a political group, Dalhousie's student newspaper has learned.

According to the Dalhousie Gazette, the student collected information for the RCMP security service about In Struggle, a Marxist-Leninist organization, in return for payments of up to $125 a month between October, 1979 and February, 1980.

A statement released by In Struggle and confirmed by other sources, reveals the individual's description of his involvement with the RCMP. He had trouble with the RCMP three years ago about personal drug problems. The RCMP contacted him again last year offering him a job to go to Dalhousie.

According to the statement, the infiltrator, whose name is being withheld, "was instructed to gather information on In Struggle, the people who were its supporters . . . and where (the members), lived and worked.

He was encouraged to make friends in the group, with the hope of being defended if he was suspected of being an informer.

The student terminated his RCMP affiliation because his conscience bothered him.

The RCMP refused to comment on the allegations. A spokesman for the Halifax division of the RCMP security service said, "we don't comment one way or the other about anything we do."

The infiltration of In Struggle is not an isolated case, but it is an example of established RCMP practice. This has been revealed across Canada by two commissions of inquiry into questionable RCMP practices, headed by Justice David Macdonald and commissioner Jean Keable.

The RCMP have been known to make extensive use of political informers, who they recruit by manipulating human weaknesses. Confidential health records are secretly obtained to learn of an individual's problems, homosexuality or perhaps treatment of mental illness. Potential informers can thus be humiliated or pressured into cooperation.

Other methods of recruitment include long interrogations, reminding the person of his/her criminal record and money offers. This is apparently the method involving the Dalhousie student.

The use of informers in political groups is not illegal, says Dalhousie law professor Richard Evans.

But Evans feels it is a disquieting notion that the police find it a priority to know what this particular organization (In Struggle) is doing, as opposed to any other group.

Political science professor Braybrooke said the RCMP is "unwarranted to interfere with (In Struggle)".

Braybrooke says there is no actual move among political left wing groups such as In Struggle to participate in violence and this kind of police work intimidates groups, makes them secretive and withdrawn and perhaps violent in the long run.

— eric eggertsen photo

LITTLE DAB does it for hardy soul searching for point on head, only to have brain dissolve after heady brew ate through thick curly mop of hair. Experiment in old-fashioned shampooing technique resulted when masses of jaded and disgusted drinkers tried desperately to find use for putrid swill which flowed northward over border during incredible drought of summer past. Lockout of workers is over, only known example of Canadian identity is restored and I'll have two, please (and one for yourself, waiter).

SUS scores

Science undergraduate society executives are breathing a little easier today after a quorum was reached Thursday in the SUS fee levy referendum.

SUS treasurer Victor Finberg said Thursday that if a majority of voters marked ballots in favor of the fee levy the undergraduate society will permanently receive $2 per student annually.

Finberg said that by Thursday more than 400 science students had voted in the five-day referendum. Quorum for the referendum was 360 students, 10 per cent of the science students at UBC.

Half of the funds received from the levy next year will go to pay off a $3,500 Alma Mater Society loan made to cover operating costs for the society this year, Finberg said, while the other half will pay the society's 1981-82 expenses.

The SUS funds borrowed from the AMS this year will go to finance intramurals participation, speakers and conferences and a teacher evaluation report that will be made available to science students before the beginning of the next academic year, Finberg said.

Complex plan drawing fire

From page 1

time I talked to Armstrong, he said it was too late for any more student input," she said.

Armstrong agreed to speak at an agriculture-forestry student forum on Oct. 8.

"If there is a great outcry against the location, council is prepared to halt the plans and tell the land use committee to find another location," Armstrong said.

The proposal goes before the UBC board of governors on the same day.

Plans for the shopping and club mall under the SUB plaza between SUB and the aquatic centre and renovations to the SUB courtyard to create office and storage space have not been given final approval by council.

The AMS has already allocated $11,500 for the projects. Armstrong maintains that council has had plenty of time to study the proposals.

"What more do you want?" he asked.

Council Briefs

By GLEN SANFORD

The UBC housing department was criticized for its outdated and inefficient method of providing a student housing registry at Wednesday night's students council meeting.

Council approved a motion to send the president's advisory committee on student services a letter recommending that UBC model its housing registry after the University of Alberta's.

"Our present off-campus housing system, compared to other universities, is totally outdated," said Al Soltis, Alma Mater Society coordinator of external affairs.

He said the U of A's system was much more efficient because computers there provide thrice-weekly printouts listing every type of available housing in Edmonton.

Soltis blamed the administration for UBC's inadequate housing service.

"Not enough money is put into housing," he said. He added, "(Housing director Mike) Davis is interested in doing it (adopting the U of A's system) but he's just waiting for the official O.K. from council."

AMS administration director Craig Brooks said, "even Okanagan College has a better system than we do. I'm amazed."

Students council also passed two other motions designed to battle the housing crisis.

Council approved UBC involvement in a tri-university committee to present the provincial government with student housing concerns.

Council also agreed to alert Liberal senator Ray Perrault, Vancouver-Quadra MP Bill Clarke, the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, and the Universities Council of B.C. of the magnitude of the housing crisis.

"It's really a crisis out here, and the government is ignoring it, quite frankly," said AMS president Bruce Armstrong. "But it's a problem that won't just go away."

* * *

Despite the objections of AMS finance director Len Clarke, a motion to restrict executive council members membership in AMS committees was passed by council.

The motion limits the director of finance to sitting on the budget committee and one other ad hoc committee, the coordinator of external affairs to the external affairs committee and one other ad hoc committee, the director of administration to only one ad hoc committee, the vice-president to the budget committee and one other ad hoc committee, and the president to only one ad hoc committee.

President Armstrong said the executives of council are too busy to get themselves involved in other areas of the AMS.

But Clarke criticized the motion for being too restrictive, and warned the motion may set a dangerous precedent.

"(The motion) is based upon the personalities of executive people this year," he said. "I think it's a bad precedent."

Student senator Chris Niwinski supported the motion because "the executive should not be blindly joining committees. It's better to let a committee flounder, or even die for a while, than to get one person running everything."

He added, "you've got to let committees make mistakes. We're students and that's how we learn."

* * *

A motion to change the name of the women's committee to the "person's committee" was withdrawn by its mover.

Science representative Nigel Brownlow introduced the motion following last council meeting, at which John Pellizon, student board of governors member said he was intimidated by the women's committee's name.

Brownlow withdrew the motion after Anthony Dickinson, the other student board member, said, "it seems like a waste of time to even consider this ridiculous motion."

But AMS vice-president Marlea Haugen expressed dismay that the motion was withdrawn without further discussion. "Does somebody else want to move it?" she asked. "That wasn't any fun at all."

This space has been specially reserved for YOU. Apply SUB 241k. Manic depressives preferred.

No winners

In 1920, the first race was held. It was meant as a protest, a reminder to the people of B.C. that the students of UBC could be stifled no longer in the inadequate facilities of the Fairview campus.

Two years later, along the same route, the entire UBC population marched, out of the city and into the wilderness that surrounded it, marched because they believed. They had a vision of a better world, one where the knowledge of humankind would be gratefully learned and assiduously applied to improve their society.

They demanded, not pleaded or asked, but rightfully demanded that the people of B.C. open up their tightly-drawn purses and make the commitment to education that before had been only air and empty promises.

Ever since, the Arts 20 race has ended at the Trekkers' cairn and has been a symbol of students working together to achieve something good, an improvement and betterment of the society they were being educated to serve. But, as everyone now knows, the revolution is over.

Perhaps two generations ago, in the 1920s, ideals were easier to come by. They were certainly easier to find among the students who participated in the first Arts 20 race and the Great Trek that followed than among today's students at UBC.

Maybe the ideal of commitment to education and effort toward a higher cause is outdated. The ugly and odious incident that occurred in Thursday's Arts 20 relay race would certainly argue that it is.

From being a symbol of altruism and idealism, the race has become just one more competition. Fastest, swiftest, biggest, most expensive; today's students, it seems, can think of nothing else.

Last year there was the controversy over who won, who had used ringers and whether a team called the West End Bourgeois Pigs should even be allowed to take part.

This year we have an undoubted case of assault, possibly of malicious injury, but most important, sheer poor sportsmanship. Instead of pride in what good UBC students have done for this province, we are left with a feeling of profound shame seeing what harm students do to each other.

Each of us should be embarrassed for those who are responsible for this display of silly partisanship, for they have damaged our self-respect and tainted our best and proudest tradition.

It was for the good of all, not for the glory of a few, that the first race was run and the Great Trek was made.

Yesterday 1,000 students took part.

Most of them participated as well in the true spirit of the Arts 20 race. They should be given the title of winners of the race, and the few responsible for this act that has mocked that spirit should be barred from the race forever.

Let no team be announced as winner. Ever again. Winning is not what the Arts 20 race is about.

THE UBYSSEY

October 3, 1980

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Editor: Verne McDonald

Mark tried to remember the FLQ crisis, but he was way too Leiren-Young. Neither Nancy Trott nor Gail Shaw could help him out. But Verne McDonald reminisced about how he was kidnapped by a terrorist cell led by Tom Hawthorn and Heather Conn, who had recruited Glen Sanford, Lori Thicke and Julie Wheelwright to help them force sovereignty for Greg Fjetland. Evan McIntyre had immediately appealed to Bill Tieleman in Ottawa for troops and Steve McClure, Eric Eggertson and James Hutson had transferred from the plainclothes squad back into uniform to handle the insurrectionist mobs led by Stuart Davis. The Campbellists, Charles, Nancy and Doug, had been swiftly put down through the clever tactic of either shooting them or throwing them in jail and democracy was saved. Verne, of course, was murdered by the terrorists. James didn't remember any of this either, but he, too, is Young.

Letters

Violence is the issue — not racism

Allen Soroka does a great disservice to anti-racism by trying to score ideological points. He seems to imply through his omissions an approval of violent and racist acts perpetrated by communists.

Just recently the Soviet-backed Vietnamese government said that it might throw another 600,000 people to the pirates and high seas where over half will perish. Through the creation of boat people the communist Vietnamese have murdered millions. The fault seen in these boat people by their communist government is that they are Chinese.

The communist government in China has a history of genocide in Tibet and the oppression of its minorities. Russia under Stalin murdered almost as many people as Hitler. Many of those murdered were killed because they were from ethnic groups not liked by the central Russians.

The Russian government has its press put out anti-semitic propaganda. Although one hates to condone any violence or racism the distinction that needs to be raised is that; communist violence seems to arise from the direct orders of the communist government whereas in democracies the violence and racism arise as an indirect consequence of the political process.

Mr. Soroka and or the Marxist-Leninists like to say that Russia, China, etc. are not true communist states and that communism is not to blame for the atrocities they commit. This argument is as deceptive and as dishonest as saying that America is not a capitalistic state since it has not strictly followed Adam Smith. Every ideology looks good on paper.

Mr. Soroka would like people to think the issue is fascist violence and racism when the issue should be all racism and violence. An innocent person is still an innocent person whether they get killed by the Red Brigade in Italy or by a fascist gang in Munich. For any group concerned about racism and violence they would be wisely advised not to let their cause be tainted by letting Al Soroka's bloodied hands carry your banner.

Mike Holland
law 1

Applause

I would like to take a moment to applaud the people at Traffic and Security. As one very quick to complain whenever I find a little blue note on my windshield, (and having noticed letters appearing regularly in this paper from other like-minded individuals) I feel it fair that I should also be quick to commend them for their efforts in alleviating the morning traffic jams on SW Marine Drive.

On behalf of the thousands of motorists who use this road every morning, thank you.

Pete Mitchell
applied science 2

RCMP are wrong

Contrary to the opinion of some traffic enforcement officers, there are No Parking signs on freeways, in the form of signs telling motorists Emergency Stopping Only.

I am a student of Highway Design and have spent some time thinking about the problem of those people whose cars were towed after parking along Chancellor Boulevard. I finally concluded that, in my opinion, the police were taking the incorrect action, for the following reasons:

1) Insufficient notice that Chancellor Boulevard is a no parking zone. I was one of the few who did happen to notice the small notice in one of the summer editions of UBC Reports that cars would be towed; however, some 25,000 other students never saw it.

2) It is not implied that Chancellor Boulevard is a no parking zone. It has two lanes in each direction so that cars parked in one lane cannot block traffic on the road except during rush hours. As well, Chancellor fronts a residential section and is often used by University Endowment Lands residents for overflow parking.

I haven't seen any of those cars ticketed or towed, but then UEL residents don't have access to UBC Reports and so can't be warned about not parking there.

I would hope that somebody (either the department of highways, UEL caretakers, or the RCMP) feel it's their obligation to straighten out the parking question along these access roads and sign them accordingly. Also, until proper signs are posted, I'm sure that all those who did get towed would win in court against the towings.

R. H. Grabowski
unclassified 5

Pit praised

We feel the negative attidue displayed by students in letters to The Ubyssey towards the facilities provided by the administration and the AMS is deplorable.

The unconstructive criticism about the AMS' activities (re: the Pit) is unfounded. We find the Pit to be a comfortable relaxed place to meet friends and have a few beers. Many other people feel this way we're sure, but they have not expressed their opinion publicly.

The Pit's decor is not elegant, but it is not shabby. A bar is a bar. (The new sound system is great!)

Negative attitudes seem to be the vogue; they disturb us. Enjoy.

Jeff Reid
Mark Simpson
science 3

No more bad news, please

The Ubyssey claims to be available to all its readers and reflect all of their views. Anyone who has been reading it, however, can soon see just how illusory your objectivity is.

There are articles criticizing student government but none, except those that quote the governors themselves, that praise it. There are articles on atheism but none on churches. You have plenty about how government is neglecting or ripping off students, but no mention of the many programs they do have to help us.

Recently we learned a lot about Stan Persky, a has-been activist who seems to have a lot of time on his hands these days. Where's the comprehensive articles and interviews featuring J. V. Clyne?

After all, it is he, not Persky, who is chancellor of this university right now.

The list goes on and on. So do I.

You claim you print what is important to students, but when pressed you admit you need a clearer idea of what students want.

If you want to know what the students want, I can tell you.

They want some fun and amusement to take their minds off the dreariness of class. Why don't you run some real funnies rather than your didactic political cartoons?

They don't want to know about the necessary evil of capitalist corporations, but rather about what they do from a job and education point of view and how to get hired by them.

Let's face it, we're here to get a job. We don't need to hear bad news about the places we're going to be working in.

Students want to know how to get along with the society they're in, not attack it. That's why you get so many demands for coverage of dances and other social events. There is no longer a pressure to conform, but a desire.

Mostly I can tell you what students don't want.

They don't want to hear what's happening on other campuses in Canada. Things are no different from here. So long as we have to put up with bad news about the student government at UBC, what need do we have for the exact same news from Winnipeg or Halifax?

Nor do students want to hear about things happening in other countries. Let the newspapers in Chile, South Africa, Russia and China tell the people there what's happening there. We want our own newspapers to tell us about us.

Your constant strident coverage of how the Alma Mater Society, the university administration and the government are trimming tiny incremental bits of money out of the student wallet is laughably out of proportion to reality. Times are tough, you know.

Compared to the average student, who is usually from a higher income bracket family than 10 years ago, the university is a poor entity indeed. And in these times of economic hardship, a luxury like post-secondary education must be cut back to ensure enough funds for our elementary and secondary education systems. You don't want them to go short just to make life easier for us, do you?

You scream 'ripoff' at the AMS, but how much really are they supposed to be ripping us off? The Pit renovations seem to bother you, yet they only cost about $4 per student. I can afford that, and many more amounts like it if they will improve things around here a little.

Why does The Ubyssey seem to print the exact opposite of what students want to hear? You make it hard on yourself and us poor bastards that read you. You hate society and I have to tell you, my friend, it's the only one we have and there's no place left to go.

If there was, I wish you would go there. And take me, too.

Are you getting the message?

Half Gainor
lunar studies 7

Letters

Rambling writer refutes wretched reporting

First of all, I would like to thank The Ubyssey for ensuring that I must spend my life writing letters refuting the sensationalist and inaccurate reporting that The Ubyssey fills its pages with.

The article 'AMS president railroading' (Oct. 2) regarding the proposed renovations to SUB and a new 'mini-SUB' at the south end of campus, is a prime example of this.

Maybe Marty Lund (one of the 'dissenters' that you quoted; there is only a total of three to my knowledge out of 35 council reps) should attend some council meetings, where he would learn that it is SUB, and not the Aquatic Centre, that is paid off this year.

As for the phrase that it is Bruce Armstrong that is doing all the planning, maybe Mr. Lund would like to be on the student council committee that is planning the buildings (not mentioned in your article, probably because it sounds too 'democratic'). This committee has been meeting regularly and has been sending regular reports to council for discussion and approval.

If Mr. Lund is interested in joining this committee (as is for any student), I would be glad to nominate them for it at the next student council meeting. As for the 'fact' (quoted by Mr. Lund) that $15,000 has been spent already, a quick check of student council minutes and reports reveals that only about $7,000 has been spent on all three projects combined.

Now for a few more facts that The Ubyssey, I gather, deems to be irrelevant. Never have I seen any mention that before student council can proceed with any of these projects, a referendum of the society (ie. students) must be held. The $7,000 expense is for basic conceptual drawing, basic plans, etc., that must be done before referendum to give students something 'concrete' to vote on.

Also not mentioned in the article is that a full discussion of the full student council will be held on the proposals at the next council meeting on Oct. 8 at about 7:00 p.m. ALL interested students are welcome.

As for the phrase in your editorial of the same day 'up to $2 million on bars and other unnecessary recreational facilities', I can only assume one thing. It is obvious that The Ubyssey is deeming the following as 'unnecessary facilities': about 14 more club offices, full colour darkrooms for PhotoSoc, a 300 seat conversation area at the south end of campus (serving such controversial items as milk and submarine sandwiches), a further 125 seat conversation area in SUB, a mezzanine style lounge overlooking the main concourse and an expanded area for Speakeasy.

From recent disagreements between The Ubyssey and student groups on campus over student news (I found the full page story on Latin America in Thursday's paper most interesting), I have no problem seeing that The Ubyssey deems these facilities as 'unnecessary', so unnecessary in fact that they have yet to mention anything other than 'bars'.

Maybe The Ubyssey should look at quoting other student council reps instead of just one or two people who are con, especially when such motions pass 18-2. Or how about interviewing clubs on the expanded facilities? Or PhotoSoc on their proposed new darkroom? Thank you.

Craig Brooks
director of administration

Real statistics

In regard to your article on Jack Davis and his imaginative research work (Sept. 30):

- 65 per cent of Mr. Davis' brain was lost at birth due to a strange disease that crept across the Canadian borders from the U.S.
- 15 per cent was lost by exposure to a WACky politician.
- The rest was lost in his involved attempts at research.

Actually not all the rest. Mr. Davis retains .00012 per cent of his brain for use in public appearances — enough for us to see that this man is not a man, but a fool.

Now — those are statistics.

M. Sobrino
arts 1

No racism

Right on, Jack!

Jack Davis' proposal to make foreign students pay for their Canadian education is wise policy that is long overdue. Why should I, as a future hefty taxpayer, subsidize education for foreigners who will provide no real benefit for Canada when they return home? I do not object to foreign students desiring to better themselves via a Canadian university education; indeed, this is commendable. The real issue is simple economics: no free riders!

One merely has to look at the plight of a Canadian student studying in the U.S.A. or abroad: tuition in these places is around the $8,000-$9,000 Jack Davis proposes to charge foreign students studying in Canada. Certainly this is a fair, reciprocal transaction and has nothing to do with racism whatsoever.

Derek Wiens
commerce 4

The Ubyssey welcomes letters from all readers.

Letters should be signed and typed.

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

The Ubyssey reserves the right to edit letters for reasons of brevity, legality, grammar or taste.

Tolerance, not denouncements

Obviously a word of support must be given to Kurt Preiusperger — one would think the wrath of God had descended in the form of letters to the editor should one read the piles of scorn directed his way.

First, a Christian is only displaying a sadly characteristic arrogance and stupidity should he deny that Preiusperger's article is not only a clear but very effective presentation of a thoughtful atheist's conclusion concerning the nature of the human condition. Any careful philosophical study of the arguments presented will clearly show that Preiusperger is correct in his conclusion.

However, if one wishes to suspend their ability for critical analysis and delve into the mysterious areas of faith, ESP, voodoos, or astrology there is really very little that one can say. If one chooses to believe in ghosts, holy ghosts, or pies in the sky he must be allowed the freedom to do so.

It is here that I wish to caution Preiusperger — much as one may wish to convert the Vatican into a state-owned museum and send the pope and his cohorts into exile on the moon, we as a society must be tolerant of religious sentiment.

Granted, religious fervor can be extremely dangerous (I need only point to Jonestown), but providing it does not limit the freedom of others we must tolerate its existence.

Humans since the beginning of time have believed in spirits and all sorts of other ridiculous "metaphysical realities" — we must not revert to their pernicious activity of madly denouncing opponents. Let religion co-exist with modern society, I've little doubt as to who will ultimately succeed.

Bill Flanagan
arts 3

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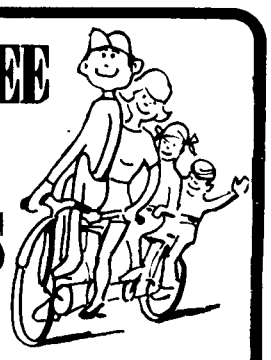
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1980
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BUCHANAN BUILDING
ROOM 102
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Rev. Morar Murray-Hayes (Moderator) Vancouver School of Theology
Ms. Wendy Latta - Instructor, School of Nursing, UBC
Mrs. Maureen Okerstrom - Serena Representative
Dr. Evelyn Shukin, M.D. - Family Practioner
Dr. Robin Percival-Smith, M.D. - Student Health Services, UBC
Co-sponsored by the Women Students' Office and Student Health Services
Enquiries: 228-2415

'Tween classes

TODAY

AMS WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
Women in Focus: presentation and film on women in the media, noon, SUB 130.

GAY PEOPLE OF UBC
Film: La Meilleur Facon de Marcher, noon, SUB auditorium.

GAY PEOPLE OF UBC
Planning meeting, noon, SUB 115.

LE CLUB FRANCAIS
General meeting and organization for hike, noon, International House lounge.

DEBATING SOCIETY
General meeting, noon, SUB 215.

UBC DANCE CLUB
Free introductory lessons, noon, SUB party room.

LUTHERAN CAMPUS MINISTRY
T.G.I.F Gym activities, 2:40 p.m., meet at Lutheran Campus Centre.

SLAVONIC CIRCLE
Wine and cheese party. Bring your own cheese. 4 p.m., Buch. 1256.

LUTHERAN CAMPUS MINISTRY
T.G.I.F. Happy Hour, 4:30 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

GRAD. STUDENT ASSOC.
Annual general meeting, free wine and cheese following 5:30 p.m., Grad Centre ballroom.

HISTORICAL DANCE
Wine and cheese for members only, 7 p.m., 6349 Yukon St.

DEBATING SOCIETY
Evening meeting, 7 p.m., SUB 213.

B.C. SURVIVAL ALLIANCE
Benefit with Reconstruction (Reggae) and Kokuho Rose (folk rock). Also Speaker John Trudell (AIM) and anti-nuke art exhibition.

SATURDAY

ASSOC. FOR THE PROTECTION OF FUR-BEARING ANIMALS
Big rummage sale, bargains galore for the poverty stricken student, 11 a.m.-4 p.m., Victoria Drive community hall, 2026 E. 43.

EAST INDIAN STUDENTS' ASSOC.
Welcome dance, 7:30 p.m., SUB 207/209.

MONDAY

CAR AD COLLECTORS' CLUB
Contest for best ad finder, 11:30 a.m., outside Arts One Building.

WINDSURFING—UBC
Grand Prix Auto racing simulation organizational meeting, all welcome, noon, SUB 224.

W.U.S.C.
Film: Cost of Cotton, about a workers' role in the cotton industry in Guatemala, noon, Buch 205.

ROCKERS CO-OP
SAC decision regarding this new club will be made at 6 p.m., SUB 224. For further info contact Mark or Roman 9 a.m. -5 p.m. at 228-5446.

HISTORICAL DANCE
Baroque class, 7 p.m., SUB 207/209.

INTRAMURALS
Men's Inner Tube Water polo begins, 7:30-9:30 p.m., Aquatic centre.

TUESDAY

AMS WOMEN'S COMMITTEE
Meeting, noon, SUB 130.

PRE-MED SOCIETY
Speaker, Dr. Blanchard on family practice, noon, IRC-1.

CCCM
Eucharist, noon, Lutheran Campus Centre.

WOMEN STUDENTS' OFFICE
Free film series The Long Search, noon, SUB auditorium.

CHARISMATIC CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP
Singing prayer and fellowship meeting, noon, SUB 211.

INSTITUTE OF ASIAN RESEARCH
Film: Thunderbirds in China, noon, Buch 322.

HUMAN SETTLEMENT VIEWING CENTRE
Two Habitat films: The Digestors (Fiji) and Forest Villages (Thailand), noon, Library Processing 308.

LSM
Dinner and discussion on Jewish liturgical traditions, 6 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

FILMSOC
Film: The Great Gatsby. Attention English 100 students, 6, 8:30 p.m., SUB auditorium.

INTRAMURALS
Men's Fort Camp Hockey League begins, 7:30 p.m., Thunderbird winter sports centre.

WEDNESDAY

NDP CLUB
Mike Harcourt (mayoral candidate) speaks noon, SUB party room.

FILMSOC
Film: The Great Gatsby, 3:30 p.m., SUB auditorium.

INTRAMURALS
Women's badminton league begins, 4:30 p.m., gyms A and B.

LATE PAYMENT OF FEES

A late payment of fee of $35.00 additional to all other fees will be assessed if payment of the first instalment is not made on or before September 19. Refund of this fee will be considered only on the basis of a medical certificate covering illness or on evidence of domestic affliction. If fees are not paid in full by October 3, 1980, registration will be cancelled and the student concerned excluded from classes.

If a student whose registration has been cancelled for non-payment of fees applies for reinstatement and the application is approved by the Registar, the student will be required to pay a reinstatement fee of $35.00, and all other outstanding fees before being permitted to resume classes.

STUDENTS!!

This is your chance to get involved with your AMS.

Join the **PROGRAMS COMMITTEE** — Speakers, Concerts, Special Events. See Cynthia in SUB 238 for more information.

Applications are now being received for one (1) position on the **STUDENT ADMINISTRATIVE COMMISSION.** Applications are available in SUB 238. Submit your application to Marlea Haugen in SUB 240. **Deadline: Friday, Oct. 3, 1980 by 4:30 p.m.**

Applications are now being received for the following positions on **STUDENTS' COURT:**

Chief Justice — must be in 3rd year Law
Four (4) Judges
Two (2) Alternate Judges
(At least one (1) judge must be enrolled in Law)

Applications are available in SUB 238. Submit them to Marlea Haugen in SUB 240. **Deadline: Friday, Oct. 10, 1980 by 4:30 p.m.**

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Deadline is 11:00 a.m. the day before publication.
Publications Office, Room 241, S.U.B., UBC, Van., B.C. V6T 2A5.

5 — Coming Events

ATTENTION: English 100 Students. Have YOU read "The Great Gatsby"? If not, it's time to see the movie. Tues., Oct. 7, 6:00 and 8:30 p.m., Wed., Oct. 8, 3:30 p.m. $1.00 w/AMS Card. SUB Aud.

ATTENTION GRADUATING STUDENTS It's Not Too Early!!! If you're interested in Career Opportunities upon graduation, we're interested in you — NOW. Procter and Gamble is making a Brand Management presentation to students of **all** faculties, on Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1980 at 12:30-1:30 p.m. in Henry Angus 221. Take the time to explore your Careers future!

GRADUATES: Careers for graduates from all faculties will be discussed with representatives from Proctor and Gamble on Wednesday, 8th Oct. at 4:30 p.m. in S.U.B. 205. Refreshments will follow. All graduating students are invited.

THE VANCOUVER INSTITUTE
FREE Public Lecture
PROF. FRANK KREITH
Solar Energy Research Institute
Golden Colorado and Sigma Xi Club National Leader
Topic:
SOLAR ENERGY PROMISE & REALITY
Lecture Hall 2, Woodward Building at 8:15 p.m. on Saturday, Oct. 4

BOB DYLAN FILM
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Wednesday, October 8th 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.
Thursday, October 9th 12:30 p.m.
STUDENTS: $2.00

11 — For Sale — Private

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15 — Found

20 — Housing

25 — Instruction

STUDY GROUP for students of the **URBANTIA BOOK** meets weekly Wednesday nights. Call William, 736-0066.

30 — Jobs

PIANIST for **BALLET** Classes on campus. Information: 683-5073 or 224-6591 evenings.

35 — Lost

5 MONTHS OLD TABBY kitten in area of Dalhousie Rd. U.B.C. white nose, chest, paws. Short bob tail greatly missed. Reward after 5:30 p.m. 228-1782

40 — Messages

50 — Rentals

65 — Scandals

ATTENTION English 100 Students. Got an essay due? Haven't read the book? Well it's time to see the movie. "THE GREAT GATSBY" Tues., Oct. 7, 6:00 & 8:30, Wed., Oct. 8, 3:30 p.m. $1.00. SUB Aud.

70 — Services

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99 — Miscellaneous

PAGE FRIDAY

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Williams reaffirms faith in humanity

By HEATHER CONN

He's no wizened old codger with a Southern drawl, tragically muttering at the world to self-destruct. Nor is he a pathetic, bitter man, sentencing people to solitary confinement inside their own skins by mumbling about alienation and death.

In fact, Tennessee Williams, the 69-year-old playwright who laughs and rolls his eyes when introduced as "such a great man in the 20th century," is alarmed and animated when discussing the crumbling world around him.

"Human life will endure, even in a thermonuclear war," he told the local press in the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse upper lounge this week. "People will build society up again on a more viable, safer and more humanistic basis."

"People run into tragedy constantly in their lives. Most of our entertainment is meant to whitewash human existence. We're sort of brainwashed into an insensibility to human suffering until we encounter it personally," says the visiting UBC distinguished artist-in-residence.

A self-proclaimed humanitarian, the Columbus, Mississippi-born playwright never hesitates to scorn life's superficialities, social inequities and human weaknesses. His recently rewritten play Red Devil Battery Sign, which opens Oct. 18 and is now in rehearsal at the Playhouse, shows in the playwright's words: "the malign aspect of the military-industrial establishment that governs the United States of America."

WILLIAMS . . . confers with director Roger Hodgman during rehearsal.

Williams says the play, which ends with a bomb explosion, reveals a system that disregards today's changing times and conditions — one that is favorable only to the very rich. A deeply rooted power structure and its potential use of nuclear warfare is an ongoing concern for the bearded playwright.

He is currently working on a surreal play entitled The Fruit Bat's Droppings, which he claims deals with the cycle of life. Framed photographic negatives of a missile launching, a mushroom cloud and a jet fighter are part of the distorted set, with floor to ceiling doors and unevenly placed windows.

Despite the latter play's comic title and the writer's witty nature, the threat of nuclear warfare is no laughing matter for Williams. In the spring of 1978 in Key West, he writes of his attitudes towards the first nuclear blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki:

"I have heard it said that multitudes of 'American lives' were saved by these barbaric actions.

"And yet I have also heard . . . that the Japanese were attempting to negotiate an all but unconditional surrender before our military command (including the genial Mr. Truman) chose to play games with our new toy, the kind of toy that belongs in, and never should have emerged from the Devil's workshop."

Today, with the upcoming U.S. presidential elections, Williams is quick to condemn Republican candidate Ronald Reagan who advocates increased military spending and U.S. hegemony.

"Reagan will be defeated, thank God," he says without hesitance. "Mr. (Jimmy) Carter is a human being. He's kept us out of war so far."

Williams is not noted for any overt political stance, but is instead heralded for his esthetic achievements; he believes that "art is only anarchy in juxtaposition with organized society." Hence, he has become a grand analyzer of social and personal relationships. His is the study of truth of character.

And indeed, his own character revealed no blatant falsehoods, flagrant condescension or pompousness in this week's discussion with the press. He has not been overly accessible to students or available for any personal interviews with reporters, but for one hour he was more than willing to share the enjoyment of his work with about 40 others.

He made several jabs at the press in general, then told humorous personal anecdotes of typical career indulgence. He had a sharp tongue for anyone who had misinterpreted or miscast his works, but praised actors and directors who had vividly transformed his material to his liking.

He gushed about Vancouver's beauty, and commended the city as a good example of regional theatre. He glowed in his fond memories of novelist/lyricist Carson McCullers.

Of his works, Williams has declared that the human organism was created for struggle and his characters reflect this concet; trapped by circumstance, they delude themselves in violent disorder through love, decline, and sometimes, death. His well-known plays The Glass Menagerie, A Streetcar Named Desire and Cat on a Hot Tin Roof reflect the conflict of human desire and sexual ambivalence within the context of Southern decadence.

People have called William's plays depressing, disillusioning and degenerate, but such is the "naked study of life" which makes the theatre public so squeamish, says Williams. His plays demand the viewer's self-awareness. As he himself stated in the late '50s:

"I think, without planning to do so, I have followed the developing tension and anger and violence of the world and time that I live in through my own steadily increasing tension as a writer and a person."

Receptivity and gritty soul-searching is understandable from a man with William's personal history — he's a reformed alcoholic who has suffered a heart condition since age 24, had a nervous breakdown and brain convulsions in the early '70s and subsequently spent three months confined in a sanatorium which he called a "snake pit."

As for his homosexuality, Williams told reporter he remembers neighborhood children in the last decade hurling the taunt "faggot," along with rotten eggs and even a dead cat onto his property.

But the playwright claims he does not let his own homosexuality intrude in his works, although gay characters do appear in his prose fiction and plays.

"I think it's a great mistake for a serious writer to use his own sexual orientation to influence his own creative work too strongly," says Williams. "It limits the work, its appeal, its interest. It offends a great deal of people and it's quite unnecessary."

But a deep examination of sexual roles, human relationships and the resurrection of sensual values is a far cry from what Williams considers the sham and shallowness of contemporary theatre in the U.S. Good theatre is "practically gone" in New York, he says.

"I'm ok, not senile . . . Broadway is senile," he declares, laughing. "They use chorus girls cavorting, kicking about. They're not serious on anything. On Broadway, the consumers will consume anything. We're a great consumer society."

It's likely that much of Williams' negative attitude is due to his past victimization by wrathful Broadway reviewers. He adamantly swears that Broadway critics write the most vindictive notices he's seen and admits their negative reviews have a terrible effect on him physically.

He evidently feels only contempt for those who criticized his play Clothes for a Summer Hotel last year about F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald after he spent about six months on research and documentation.

To make matters worse, the play's characters were cast without any input from Williams and the actor who played Scott was a "leadened character with no Irish wit or levity about him at all." As Williams admits now, the casting was a disaster.

But the playwright is currently not deterred by bad press, although he declares with conviction that reporters give him a lot of attention "any time anything disagreeable happens." Williams, instead, feels a determined incentive that he must write: "You can't teach someone to write. People write because they have to."

In fact, in the June 1960 issue of the New York Times Magazine, Williams went as far as to say: "No significant area of human experience, and behavior reaction to it, should be held inaccessible, provided it is presented with honest intention and taste, to the screen, play and TV writers of our desperate time."

To campaign against such literary freedom is "perilously close to a degree of cultural fascism," continues Williams, which spawned the Nazi book burning and the " 'correction' of all the arts in the Russia of Stalin."

In 1950, during the early days of McCarthy's Red scare and upsurge of Cold War mentality, Williams pessimistically describes his fate as a writer: "At the present time it (American society) seems to be entering its extreme phase, the all but complete suppression of any dissident voices.

"What choice has the artist now, but withdrawal into the caverns of his own isolated being?"

Today, Williams says communism is an "oppressive and bureaucratic" force.

But now the playwright's spontaneous creativity is continuing unfettered. His inspiration for plays still comes from sudden images and unconnected events. As he explained to a UBC creative writing class this week:

"Very often you know the end of a work before you know the beginning. The evolution is very hard to pinpoint. It just surfaces. A few lines will come to your mind at a time."

For example, he says he got the idea for A Streetcar Named Desire from the image of a lonely woman in her late youth (who became the play's character Blanche) sitting in a chair by a window with moonlight streaming in. She had been stood up by a man who had invited her out for dinner hours before.

Williams is now spending most of his time in Vancouver at rehearsals for the upcoming Red Devil production of "a woman hiding from her past and a man living on his memories." He praises the set, designed by Cameron Porteous, but adds that the play belongs on screen and will never be fully realized until it is filmed.

The play's first version was produced in Boston in the early '70s, then rewritten with brief but successful productions in London and Vienna. The Vancouver version, directed by Roger Hodgman, is presumably the final definitive version.

Up to this point, the short man who dons a brown corduroy cap and autographs publicity shots of himself after the press conference is still without his whole story told.

Williams has written about 30 plays, many of which have film adaptations, including Suddenly Last Summer, Summer and Smoke, and Night of the Iguana. He has written two books of verse, four volumes of stories, two novels, a screenplay and his memoirs, a best-seller in 1975.

For the next three weeks, Williams will be sharing his ideas on playwriting, poetry, film writing and fiction with UBC senior students in theatre and creative writing. His only public appearance will be a Vancouver Institute talk at 8:15 on Oct. 11 in Woodward IRC.

Cosmic zero search leads to naught

By CORRUGATUS MAXIMUS

It was raining when we decided to search for the cozmic zero. Naught, as in celestial. We thought that nobody could find that much nothing. Only the Dalai Lama had ever talked about it. Perhaps mushrooms would show us the way.

And so Glutinous Conehead, Slippery Jack and I set out on our quest for the universal nothing. We went to the airport fields but found more people than mushrooms.

Coprocybes. There was a hirsute seeker from Ontario with three kinds of mushrooms in his bag and two more in his mouth like a horse with so much hay. "Which are the right ones?" we asked.

"Blue," he said. "Blue all around. The inside knows the outside from the mushroom...and blue all around."

"Homo non-lineus," Jack remarked as I wondered if zero coud be blue.

It was then that the gaunt prophet approached us. His eyes reflected his inner turmoil, his deep philosophical search and his lack of sleep. He spoke like Christ risen. "I do not trespass except in the spirit of healing and prophetic vision. I speak from the knowledge of the white angel of death, the Amanita phalloides. Have you seen this sacred plant, this profound pearly white purveyor of perfect truth? The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: the most important stone of the foundation!"

I mustered my composure before I spoke. "Where can we find magic mushrooms, we are seekers of the zero."

"I know nothing, I know nothing," he said, but refused to reveal the secret of his enlightenment. We watched in awe as he staggered regally across the highway.

It was as we were leaving that drama maniacally seized the seat of my pants. There was a fungus amungus. The red shaft stood erect, a solid fleshy stem, the head delicately draped with a luminous goose turd green slime. I whipped out my Golden Guide to Hallucinogenic Plants. I revealed nothing. Research would reveal this plant to us as Caninus mutinus, the dog's prick fungus, an infamous relative of Phallus impudicus, the common stinkhorn. Edibility unknown.

Our search for nothing led us everywhere to no avail. We learned that mean-tempered bulls live and breed west of Spain. We learned that farmers often carry shotguns. The devil was invoked against us by the mycophobes and we feared eternal damnation. We were warned that we would be boiled with our false god for soup stock by deranged mycologists. Yet we continued our mycophilic search.

We were told the secret of the dreaded Amanita nothing. "You eat only the cap," and upon further inquiry were told, "Well, you don't eat the stems anyway." Eat the warts and not the cap. Eat the skin and not the warts. Peel the skin and boil the stems. Dry everything in the microwave. Smoke them to be safe. Surely a religion founded on the philosophy of the klein bottle.

Our vocabulary mushroomed. We learned variously to look for liberty caps, space caps, little tittie caps, blue meanies, heavy duties, and buddha temple caps. We learned to look for mushrooms only where the stud horse pisses. But we could not find the sacred key to the universal nothing.

Conehead said we might find nothing at night. "The ranks will be unprepared. We can catch them before dawn."

It was a valiant effort but the rain put our candle out and took the life away from our once crisp, upright Crown Z paper bag. B.C. forest products, ha. The introduction of a petrochemical baggie and miner's hardhats with carbide lamps did not improve our success ratio. We hadn't seen nothing yet.

The season wore into October. One Sunday we set out again on our quest. But after hours of searching for naught we became discouraged. Thus it was a surprise when Jack gleefully knelt in a cow pie and pawed furiously at the grass. But then he rose dejected. "It was nothing," he said. "Excuse me, it wasn't anything."

It was then that we noticed the first shoe. It wasn't what we were looking for but it inspired a certain curiosity. It led us to another shoe. And then a sock. And then a shirt and another sock. We followed the trail until we discovered our naked erstwhile prophet spread-eagled face up on the grass.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

But before I heard his answer I saw them. Troops of hypnotic orbs. Semi-hygrophenous orbs. Glutinous orbs thrusting upwards through the warm moist soil. Lubricous orbs revelling in their own viscosity.

"Are they the right ones?" asked Maximus.

"Fuck it, eat 'em," said Conehead. He plucked one and placed the mammilate cap in his mouth lubricating the mushroom with his saliva. The discovery of maggots contorting the soft flesh of the mushrooms that he still held provoked the former route. He expectorated his cud with his breakfast.

We overcame our misgivings and discovered that with the mucous membrane thoroughly lubricated the mushrooms were easily abandoned to the rhythms of the throat.

"....The winds were sparkling and Diamond-clear, yet full of colour as an Opal, as they glittered through the valley; And I knew the Golden Age was all about me, and it was we who had been blind to it, but that it had never passed away from the world."
--AE

And so in this manner we coupled with every mushroom we could find. Such rapturous ecstacy was the result that we did not notice the onslaught of evening. It was a tedious journey in darkness over barbed-wire fences to our vehicle.

The policeman's voice was devoid of sympathy when he pulled us over. He asked why we hadn't stopped when we sideswiped his patrol car.

"Did we sideswipe your car?" said Conehead. "Oh, what a giveaway."

Down the corridor of the police station I heard Maximus yell, "Oh God, OH GOD!...The cozmic ZERO! JESUS!" There was a rattling of metal and then silence. I knew he was alright. He had found what he was looking for. In the darkness of my cell I too could see nothing clearly.

Editor's Note: This is what can happen if you ignore the fear and trepidation in your heart and venture blindly forth into the world of hallucinogenic fungi. The author is now suffering from a terminal case of Timothy Leary and conducts dandelion picking expeditions in the fields of Pitt Meadows on his out time from Riverview Hospital.

Folklore vs. Fact in the Mushroom Jungle

By CHARLES CAMPBELL

Myths and misinformation have always surrounded the identification of mushrooms, particularly hallucinogenic mushrooms. Folklore tells us that a poisonous mushroom will blacken a silver spoon and that you can peel the skin from an edible one. Folklore can kill you.

With the intense interest in hallucinogenic fungi it is still surprising that until a few years ago there was a vacuum of information. The only reliable descriptions existed in scholarly journals and what little was available to the public consisted of amateur interpretations of incomprehensible monographs.

Part of the problem lay in the science itself. Many species had not been described or their range had not been fully documented.

To confound the problem mushrooms often appeared from nowhere. Psilocybe stunzii was first collected at the University of Washington in 1975. It is now one of the most common mushrooms on lawns and mulch beds in the Pacific Northwest. This prompted some authors to suggest that it had been introduced from outer space or by a religious sect.

In 1976 a new species resembling Psilocybe semi-lanceata — the liberty cap — was discovered in Vancouver. Psilocybe subfimitaria is distinguished from its cousin by a slightly smaller spore. And Psilocybe pelliculosa is distinguished from these other two as much by habitat as by appearance. Even mycologists have trouble telling them apart in the field.

Gaston Guzman, when writing a monograph of the Psilocybe species, would hold off publication of his work in the wake of each new discovery. After three years of that he finally abandoned The Genus Psilocybe to the press in 1979. It documents 140 species, approximately a dozen of which grow in B.C. Unfortunately, it's in Spanish. However, a number of good field guides have grown out of Guzman's research.

The best of these is Psilocybe Mushrooms and Their Allies by Paul Stamets. It contains basic information for the beginner as well as easy to use keys, good color plates and small section on cultivation.

Another more broadly based book is Teonanacatl: Hallucinogenic Mushrooms of North America. Although it lacks the key and extensive color plates of Stamets' book it includes sections by R. Gordon Wasson, the discoverer of the Mexican mushroom cult, Albert Hofmann, the discoverer of LSD, and Richard Evans Schultes, the world's foremost expert on hallucinogenic plants. It also includes species descriptions and an extensive section on cultivation.

While these two are the best, there are a number of other adequate guides to collection and cultivation listed below. But I warn you, don't stray from the list. The number of charlatans writing books about blackened silver spoons is frightening.

If you have any doubtful specimens you can take them for identification to the Vancouver Mycological Society's mushroom fair at Van Dusen Botanical Gardens on October 19th.

Hallucinogenic and Poisonous Mushroom Field Guide, Gary P. Menser, And/Or Press.

Poisonous and Hallucinogenic Mushrooms, Richard and Karen Haard, Cloudburst Press.

Hallucinogenic Plants of North America, Jonathan Ott, Wingbow Press.

How to Identify and Grow Psilocybin Mushrooms, Jule Stevens and Rich Gee, Sun Magic Publishing.

Psilocybin: Magic Mushroom Grower's Guide, O. T. Oss and O. N. Oeric, And/Or Press.

Magic Mushroom Cultivation, Steven Pollack, Herbal Medicine Research Foundation.

Despair in Quebec's October

By GERALD GODIN

Friday, Oct. 16, 5 a.m.

I awake with a start. Men's voices can be overheard through my bedroom door. "Are there others? Did you search the house?" I slip into my pants, open the door: three policemen are on the landing.

The first notion that comes to mind: firemen have come to put out a fire in the house. Then, unarmed, they tell me not to move. "Do you have a warrant?" "We don't need warrants anymore," he replies, "we can search any premises we want without warrants, we can arrest anyone we want without warrants. Listen to the radio and you'll see." All this was said with a kind of triumphant smile.

Images arise in my mind: this Polish friend who had thrown himself out of the window when police had broken into his home, in and around '65; and the memory of a publication distributed to primary school students in the '40's, which was called "A quand notre tour" (When will it be our turn). It was a publication aimed at instilling the fear of communism in our young minds. I was eight or nine at the time.

A kind of film strip projected through terror, where the secret police would break into homes, to arrest people in the middle of the night. At our place the search lasts about two hours. They seize two typewriters, a cheque book, a bank book, and a mass of documents labelled "Quebec sait faire l'independence" (Independence, Quebec knows how), which belonged to an issue of La Claque, a small Montreal leftist paper.

Gradually the mood slackens. The most hostile policeman becomes almost pleasant. There are four of them in all, one in plainclothes. Then after the search, we depart.

We all take off in an old, dark-blue, unmarked Chevy, for a destination unknown to me. The policemen wonder which way to take to Parthenais, also known as "the Montreal Prison." We take St. Catherine Street.

While passing "Le Parisien" movie house, the policeman who had previously been hostile, asks me if I have seen the latest film of Denis Heroux: L'amour humain. "I saw his first two films, that's enough," I said. "I don't like Canadian films," he said, "my wife saw Deux Femmes En Or. She told me it wasn't any good. I was glad to have missed it." "I thought there were some funny parts," I replied. We enter through the basement garage.

The police cars line up. A Montreal police officer, on foot, passes alongside the car I am in and makes a nasty remark. It will be the only one during my eight days of detention.

First a photography session, like those administered to criminals. Next, we pass the check-point, where we are relieved of our personal belongings. At that point I become number 1738. Next, a barrage of questions on my civil status: date of birth, weight, color of eyes etc., and an endless series of fingerprints. It is like a dance. The officer in charge of prints takes one finger after another, swinging you to the right to ink the finger, and swinging you to the left to print the finger on the index card. Only the music is missing. Afterwards, we leave the world of the living . . . and enter the cell-block.

The language changes. "No. 1738", "cell X or Y", I don't remember. The hall is narrow and without windows. A door opens automatically. I enter, and the door closes behind me. Then, the door in front of me opens, and I am led right to the end of the corridor towards the cell. On the left, the cells have solid doors, with a kind of porthole. From their cells, the inmates can see Parthenais street. On the right, the cells are without windows, with no view on the outside; the doors are made of bars, which face the wall of the neighboring cell. The cell where I am taken is a common or group cell, red cement floors, yellowish walls and ceiling. One whole wall consists of bars facing onto the guards' passageway, and the cell windows overlook Fullum Street. There are 10 of us. In a little while there will be 35. It is 7:30. Some of us are standing, leaning against the walls, others are pacing back and forth, others are lying on the cement. I do the same. One or two amongst us still have a watch. Now and again, the doors open with a clatter, and a new prisoner joins us. No one had had breakfast. Towards 10 o'clock our restlessness increases at the same rate as our hunger. Viau biscuit trucks pass in the streets like "provocateurs."

Finally, at one o'clock, three guards arrive with a large basket filled with brown paper bags. Each bag contains two ham sandwiches and two cookies. Afterwards, we are offered a choice of coffee or tea. We pounce on the sandwiches with fury. It's a feast! After dinner — so to speak — it's a siesta. But we are already too numerous, there is not enough room along the four walls for all to stretch out. We take turns on the dusty cement. A cellmate who gives his place up to another tells him: "I softened the mattress for you, it's more comfortable." Another: "I warmed the bed for you." It's the beginning of solidarity. From time to time, prisoners are called forth for questioning. When they return, we surround them like radio broadcasts during the war. Will we learn, at long last, why we have been arrested? Those with cigarettes pass them around.

During the first day, my strongest feeling is that of being uprooted, of floating in absolute uncertainty. Why am I here? If only they'd question me, at least I might know what to expect. Is it for something I might have said, written or published? If I knew I might be able to stand on solid ground. For the time being, it is the void.

After the siesta, time out for sports. Someone makes a ball out of the sandwich bags, and two teams are formed. "Those who receive penalties must step out of the cell." Others joke about our status as prisoners of war. We ask the guard, "Is the war over?" Others tell themselves: "At least here, we can't get picked up."

A mattress — coarse pressed fibre — is leaning against the wall. On the iron bunk fixed to the wall, there are two narrow sheets and a woolen blanket with a couple of holes. The cell is approximately nine by five feet. On the right side, there is the bunk and a wardrobe. On the left side, secured to the wall, a small

table and bench. At the back, the toilet, and between the toilet and the bed, a basin. Hot water, cold water, and the taps are pushbutton. As the time passes, new prisoners are taken to their cells. In the course of one evening there will be 24. Our cell block is full.

Saturday, Oct. 17

The night is sliced into fragments by the rounds of the guards. During each round, they make an infernal racket. In the middle of the night, the lights are turned on. Someone shouts: "Turn on the lights, turn on the lights. Breakfast, breakfast. Get up, get up." My cell door opens. In the corridor, a guard is pushing an aluminum cart with its doors ajar, and a tray on each one of its shelves. Another guard is standing in front of my door with a tray. "Come and get it," he says. My first meal as a prisoner of war. Porridge the consistency of custard. Three pieces of toast, a pat of butter on the first. An aluminum bowl with a reeking mixture of hot chocolate-coffee-tea. Undrinkable. It sails down the drain. And so goes the custard-porridge. The toast is O.K. In order to digest the toast, a healthy jaunt: four steps forward, four steps back; it is our whole universe. A half-hour later, the guards take back the trays, saying: "Keep your silverware." After that, it's silence.

In the evening, after supper, surprise: "Section AD, cells one to 12, recreation. Those who want to take a shower, go ahead." The door opens and we are allowed the common room in what the guards refer to as the "sector". It's freedom!

Our recreation over, cells 12 to 24 have a turn. A kind of restlessness begins to swell. The inmates want to smoke. But it's Saturday night, the canteen is closed. At 10 o'clock, the lights are turned out. Only a bluish hue is left glowing, like in the night clubs.

Sunday, Oct. 18

The routine starts again around 5 a.m. By midmorning, a group of inmates is clamoring for cigarettes. The guards come to take three of our colleagues for an unknown destination. This Sunday, we are supposed to have three half-hours of recreation. Towards noon, an inmate draws our attention to the flag at Radio-Quebec, flying half mast.

Speculations are rife. Someone important has died. Who is it? We will be in the dark for two days. In the evening, it's the canteen. A guard passes all the inmates a kind of voucher listing all the things we can buy, Craven A to Brylcream, as well as a deck of cards, trademark Target.

Only tonight am I able to regain some kind of footing. The cell is my home. I'm setting in already. I'm beginning to feel rooted . . . Even in prison, I create a kind of universe, which will be my life for an unknown period of time.

Monday, Oct. 19

The "beans a la Parthenais" are forgotten. I start getting hungry. Macaroni with meat, not bad at all. We learn from one of our cellmates, who has returned from the infirmary, where he saw a newspaper, that Pierre Laporte was found Saturday night in the trunk of a car, shot twice in the head. So the news gets to us, anyhow. Then, in the evening, through neglect or whatever, CFGL-FM gives us a complete news bulletin. It's as if a window were opened onto Montreal. From our cells, in the evenings, we see a police roadblock on Jacques Cartier Bridge.

Tuesday, Oct. 20

Nothing new. It's the day our comrades taken away Sunday, return amongst us. They are pale. They were in the hole. No openings, the light on 24 hours a day. "When they brought me back here," one of the survivors told us, "it's as if they had set me free."

The guards gave us some magazines, and I managed to put my hands on an excellent little novel, Blue City, by John MacDonald (like the father of Confederation) — a novel of the forties. I stretch it out. I read the same chapters over again. It's the story of a war veteran who returns to his home town to find it completely taken over by corrupt politicians. The only appealing characters were an old European who owned a pawnshop and pinned up a picture of Frederick Engels in the store window and one of Karl Marx in the back shop; and an antique dealer, a socialist, who expressed little faith in North American Democracy. — I'm reading these pages in cell 13 AD 1, of hotel Parthenais. He succeeds in cleaning the town out of all the speculators, corrupt politicians and their hacks, after several days of intense violence. Blue City, American Libarary, not for sale anywhere.

Wednesday, Oct. 21

The days trail one another and we are all the same except for meals. Today, it's cod. One of the guards, who is probably from Gaspe, warns us in jest not to say anything disparaging about the cod "from up our way."

In the night, aside from the clatter of doors, to which we are growing accustomed, there is something new. I notice my neighbor, from cell 13 AD 2, going by with his belongings under his arm. Destination unknown. Then, at dawn, another is going. Nobody knows where.

Thursday, Oct. 22

Those who left in the night numbered three. They were released, a guard confirms it to us. Another tells us, "Don't get excited, you're here for 90 days." In the course of the day, the three liberated prisoners are replaced by three others. We go after the news. They were picked up Tuesday. They give us a resume of life since last Friday. Outside of prison, life goes on. We are excluded for an "X" period of time.

Some of my comrades seem to believe I will be the next to leave. Maybe sometime Thursday night. I don't believe it, but I sleep with one eye open. At each round of the guard, I think it's for me. But it's not the case. I wake with the yellowish dawn, this time more despairing than ever.

Friday, Oct. 23

It's my mother's birthday. I am in prison for reasons I don't understand — and for reasons I still don't understand today. At five in the morning, the radio presents us with an editorial by Paul Coucke in support of the War Measures Act. It's sadism. The second canteen passes. For the first time I get my hands on some paper and a Bic pen. I make myself a 90-day calendar. I have until the 15th of January . . .

The prison routine slackens. For the first time, we are permitted group recreation for the whole afternoon. At supper, for the second time in a week, we are allowed a salt shaker. A meal with salt, what a feast! After supper, more group recreation. Then around nine o'clock, surprise! "13 AD 1, Godin, take all your things and report." My feet hardly touch the ground. In two and a quarter seconds, my towel, and my pillow case. I return to the cell block for the last time . . . A flurry of handshakes. My 23 comrades are at the door. "Don't forget to feed my dog." "Phone Isabelle," etc. Then, from the 13th floor we are taken down to the 4th, where, two by two, we go to pick up our personal papers.

Two hours later I am on Parthenais Street. I go up St. Catherine Street, from Parthenais to Guy. It's the most beautiful street in the world. Half-way, I fulfill the promise made to my comrades to drink a beer to their health at the St. Regis Tavern. Now I must see to their liberation.

Gerald Godin was a reporter for Quebec-Presse and secretary-treasurer of Les Editions Parti Pris cooperative publishing house at the time of his arrest. He now sits as a Parti Quebecois member of Quebec's National Assembly, having defeated Robert Bourassa in the November 1976, provincial election.

October crisis threatened media

By TOM HAWTHORN
for Canadian University Press

CBC reporter Rene Mailhot and his technical team were driving near a Montreal police station on a Thursday night 10 years ago when they spotted three unmarked cars following them.

They were hardly surprised to be stopped by their pursuers, who identified themselves as members of the anti-terrorist squad. Ordered to come to the police station, the four CBC men followed quietly.

Placed in a small room, they were induced to answer questions and hand over their personal belongings. But that room was close enough for them to overhear a truly stunning announcement — officers in the next room were being told that the War Measures Act was to be implemented in a few hours.

Mailhot naturally rose to investigate, but a policeman abruptly stopped him, shaking his fist in Mailhot's face. "Goddamn bastards," the officer growled. "One of these days you're going to get it. We're fed up to here!"

Mailhot eventually did "get it"; the first reporter to arrive at the scene of the discovery of the house where Pierre Laporte had been held, he was roughed up by a police sergeant. Mailhot also was struck at a police stakeout later on in the crisis.

SUPPRESSED ISSUE:

GUERRILLA WAR IN THE USA.

Mailhot's experience was not unique and is no means the most extreme case of media harassment under the War Measures Act. At best it represents what was the norm for journalists in Quebec in the two months separating diplomat James Cross' kidnapping to his release.

Under the act, which made it illegal to support the Front de Liberation du Quebec or to disseminate its philosophies, police forces were given the opportunity to harass and detain journalists they felt were being critical.

So numerous were examples of unmotivated arrests of journalists, searches at their homes, censorship and physical attacks that the Federation professionelle des journalistes du Quebec was able to compile a sizeable dossier "reporting only the most significant (as) examples of this kind are legion."

But one astounding incident recorded by the association took place the evening Laporte was kidnapped and five days before the act was invoked. Claude-Jean Devirieux had questioned Pierre Pascau, a reporter who had received several FLQ communiques and an old associate of Laporte's on the CBC French network.

The program Devirieux moderated had just ended when he took a call from Quebec justice minister Jerome Choquette. Devirieux thought the minister was both very angry and very emotional. He wondered if Choquette was speaking to him in his official capacity.

After reproaching the reporter for taking part in the special program, Choquette warned, "If this continues, it is you who will be blown up."

Devirieux then told the minister he was only doing his job as moderator and had respected the rules of objectivity. Replied Choquette: "I know that you are objective but now one can no longer sit on the fence. Objectivity now means to denounce."

After examining the media's performance under the act, it becomes clear that Laporte was not the first casualty of the crisis. That dubious honor goes to the media's ability to report on events without interference.

While reporters in Quebec certainly faced the greatest repression, in that some were arrested and others suffered frequent searches of their homes and work places, the authorities elsewhere in Canada had few qualms about threatening newspapers and their editors.

Police were using the provisions of the act so they could selectively harass the student press, said Susan Reisler, then a Canadian University Press vice-president.

She said some newspapers were closed because they published all or sections of the FLQ manifesto, while other student papers did so without police threats.

"We feel it's harassment of certain papers and editors," Reisler told Canadian Press. "We think the authorities are just using the act to hassle editors they don't like and to threaten them.

"It's a dilemma. We don't really know what to do. Why some papers and not others?"

The McGill Daily, after printing an editorial denouncing the government actions, was warned by police officials not to print similar editorials. Two editions were eventually stopped from being distributed on campus.

Le Quartier-Latin, student newspaper at the University of Montreal, was ordered by police not to distribute an edition carrying the FLQ manifesto. Earlier, a lot of copy for the Oct. 24 issue was seized by police in a search a few days before the invokation of the WMA. Senior staff member Jacques Geoffroy was arrested twice.

Police in Guelph confiscated the typeset flats of The Ontarion, a newspaper published by students at the University of Guelph. The newspaper had been attempting to print the manifesto. The police held all copies after they were shown a copy of the edition by the paper's printers.

In Lethbridge, the editor of The Meliorist student newspaper decided to hold back distribution following warnings from local police that distribution would mean arrest.

Only intervention by Saskatchewan's attorney-general prevented Regina's police chief from arresting the editor of the University of Saskatchewan Carrillon.

Bob Higginbotham, editor of the University of Victoria Martlet, had several visits from the RCMP and Saanich police one October press day. The police apparently had discovered he was considering publishing a letter from a member of UVic's teaching staff expressing support for the goals and methods of the FLQ. The police told Higginbotham that printing the letter would be a flagrant violation of the War Measures Act.

BOURASSA . . . repressive.

The letter, written by UVic philosophy professor Ronald Kirby, caused a major political debate in the provincial capital. W.A.C. Bennett's government passed an order-in-council after the news of the letter become public instructing schools to fire professors supporting the FLQ.

But so haphazard were restrictions on the press that the University of B.C. Ubyssey printed the same letter the Martlet decided to kill after the police visits. The Ubyssey also successfully printed several FLQ manifestos through the Canadian University Press news service without police interference.

Yet the greatest difficulty student newspapers faced during the crisis came from printers who feared police charges. It was a bizarre twist to the repression that surely must have proven very satisfactory to the authorities that wanted to deny papers the opportunity to publicize events in Quebec.

Certainly the strangest tampering was by printers at the Dartmouth Free Press in Nova Scotia. Both the Dalhousie University Gazette and the St. Mary's University Journal returned from the printers with large blank spaces. In the Gazette's case, the entire front page was left blank — after the printer arbitrarily decided not to print three stories which originally appeared in the Montreal Star, not exactly known as a radical or anti-government paper.

The Memorial University Muse in Newfoundland was printed only after a call to the federal justice department to get clearance of copy dealing with Quebec. The Muse, though, fared better than the University of P.E.I. Cadre. Because of censorship from their printers, the Cadre staff asked the Muse's printers to run an extra 2,000 copies of a supplement on the crisis.

Censorship often resulted in student newspaper staff creating statements much more powerful than those the authorities feared. The University of Toronto Varsity was barely miffed when their printers refused to print an FLQ manifesto. They ran a photograph of FLQ lawyer Robert Lemieux with two pieces of tape in an "X" across his mouth.

Underground and leftist journals also received visits from the police. Logos, an English-language underground newspaper based in Montreal, had to stop publishing when police arrested most of the staff after raiding their co-operative house, which also served as an office. They confiscated files, photographs and stories, not to mention typewriters, making it virtually impossible to publish.

Staff members of Our Generation, a Marxist journal still publishing in Montreal, suffered 10 police raids from October to Christmas at their shared home. Just before supper on Nov. 18, eight policemen raided the journal's nearby office. Four officers carried machineguns, another a pistol. They seized several documents and later called the landlord, hinting he should not be renting to such people.

Two days later, they conducted another search. They arrested the managing editor, a woman by the name of Casselman, telling her she was to be detained for 90 days. She was questioned for a couple of hours at the police station about the group and its politics, the FLQ and her personal sex life. She was released later that day but, according to her statement to the federation des journalistes, the police said they "would be sending a couple of men to her house, to take care of any sexual frustration she might be having because of her political involvements."

The editors of Scanlan's Monthly had just completed a move to a Quebec printer after having difficulties with the American printer's union when their printer's plant was visited by RCMP, Quebec Provincial Police and Montreal police. At that time, an RCMP spokesman said he had found no violations of the War Measures Act in the latest issue.

Two days later the printshop's owners broke their contract with Scanlan's. A week after that police seized 100,000 copies on the grounds that its contents might be seditious. The Quebec justice department then told the magazine's distributor that it should not be delivered. Police eventually cleared it of possible sedition, levying a $20 fine for not having registered in Quebec.

But the authorities had not completed their delaying tactics. Customs authorities seized the just-released copies and held them for another week. The copies were finally released for good but by that time no distributor in Montreal would handle them. The article in question concerned urban guerilla warfare in the U.S., with no mention of Quebec.

Quebec's commercial media fared much better with the authorities than did the student and alternative press, largely due to their own self-censorship at the start of the crisis.

But even that was not enough for Quebec justice minister Choquette, who said on Nov. 9 he would ask the federal government to impose temporary censorship on news media.

"I would consider that it is in the public interest that the news media should accomplish their duty of informing the public," he said. "But they should also respect the duty of the government to see that order is respected.

"I prefer a situation of non-censorship as long as (the news media) cooperate with us. I am adopting a wait-and-see attitude and I

believe the news media will provide the necessary cooperation."

Choquette's message was clear: the press could publish whatever it wanted as long as it did not interfere with the government's plans to handle the crisis.

And while the commercial media was more than willing to go along with the self-imposed censorship at the beginning of the crisis, the unlikely cooperative relationship with the police and justice department quickly soured. Radio reported Pasceau, whose television interview brought the angered call from Choquette, eventually became fed up with general warnings to the station by the minister to "be careful."

"It's not direct censorship," said Pasceau. "It's much worse than that, it's indirect. From now on we decide whether to use FLQ material on the basis of its news value."

Pasceau reversed his policy after he received an authentic FLQ communique and handed it over to the Montreal police chief, who promised to return a copy. He did not do so. Said Pasceau, "I felt it was an important communique, it was a lot like the original manifesto. The next time I'm going to copy it first and to hell with them. They can have it after we've got a copy."

That early relationship in the crisis fundamentally changed the nature of the media; it became a willing accomplice of the state and its forces, whether through fear of harassment or by general agreement, instead of acting traditionally as a recorder and sometime-interpreter of events.

Perhaps the most criticized media outlet was Radio-Canada, the CBC French-language arm. Even the union representing the news staffers said the station was tragically lacking in principles and norms in its coverage of the crisis.

Replied Radio-Canada management: "The CBC does not abdicate its management's exclusive responsibility to evaluate the orientation and effect of the information it provides to the public."

The management then went on, in the midst of a hiring freeze and just after the firing of almost 100 employees, to hire an additional five supervisors, bringing the total to 10, to direct surveillance of Radio-Canada's 40-odd reporters. That is an absurd ratio which exists at Radio-Canada to this day.

Midler falls into vat of vulgarity

By LORI THICKE

"Fuck them if they can't take a joke," is Bette Midler's motto. The Divine Miss "M" certainly can take a joke. And make them. And she does both with style in the movie version of her Broadway hit, Divine Madness.

Divine Madness
Directed by Michael Ritchie
Playing at The Stanley

Unlike her previous movie, The Rose, in which she portrays a self-destructive rock singer a la Janis Joplin, Bette Midler plays Bette Midler in Divine Madness.

From the moment she arrives on stage — arranged on a silver platter supported by several young men — Bette Midler regales her audience with an energetic non-stop orgy of song, dance, mime and her notoriously vulgar humour.

Fans expecting a Bette Midler concert will likely be disappointed. While Midler does give her audience a generous sprinkling of her hits — from "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" to "The Rose" — the sound quality is inconsistent and in spots even the lip sync is off. In fact, Midler uses a wireless microphone that gives her more freedom at the expense of good sound reproduction.

The film, produced and directed by Michael ("Bad News Bears") Ritchie and Alan Ladd Jr.'s company, was shot non-stop during three consecutive live performances at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium outside L.A. Ten cameras strategically placed around the auditorium, filming continuously were required to film a live performance without breaks and with a full audience in attendance.

Miss Mildew opens by telling her audience that because the show is being filmed she has decided to "leave my sordid past behind and emerge from this project bathed in a new and enobling light." She is determined not to fall into a "vat of vulgarity." Her good intentions notwithstanding, the undisputed queen of "trash with flash" is soon mired in obscenity, much to the delight of the audience.

BETTE MIDLER . . . regales audience with energetic, non-stop orgy.

As she flounces on stage in a sequin-and-peacock feather dress Midler confesses, "This isn't a garment, it's an investment!" She goes on to say, "The first time my manager saw it, he said to me, 'Honey, you're sitting on a gold mine'...At least I think he meant the dress."

The raunchy one-liners are as much a part of her performance as are the gut-wrenching ballads and dynamic interpretations of songs like the 60's "Leader of the Pack." She juggles camp ("I knew a 10 once...We had a deep relationship.") and the intense emotion songs like "Stay With Me" and "I Shall Be Released" evoke.

Most of Bette Midler's humor is directed at herself. With a self-deprecating grin she complains, "Once you reach 30 your body wants a life of its own."

Her jokes are based on personal experience. Of her recent tour: "We went around the world last year...This time we took a plane." The Queen, she says, is "the whitest woman in the world...She makes the rest of look like the third world." In France when a bathroom attendant asks her for a tip, she replies, "What for? I did it all myself."

Throughout the film Bette Midler is transformed into a wide array of characters, ranging from Shelley Winters to a sado-masochistic maid, to an old derelict, the Magic Lady. In a forgettable skit as a tacky nightclub singer Dolores Delago, "the toast of Chicago," she drives on stage in a motorized wheelchair (complete with palm trees) decked out as a mermaid. Her back-up singers, the Harlettes, chime in unison, "The question before us/is where's her clitoris."

What you think of this movie will ultimately depend on how much you like Bette Midler. For her legions of fans in Vancouver, it's a "must see." The others probably lost interest in this review a long time ago.

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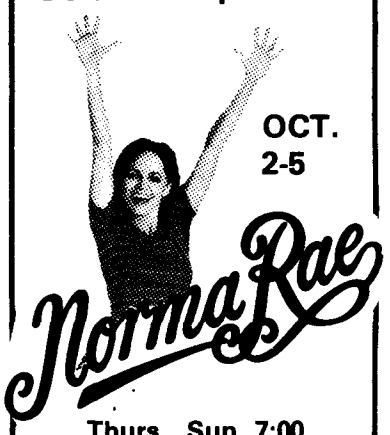

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GRADUATE STUDENT ASSOCIATION
Friday, October 3, 1980
5:30 p.m.
The Garden Room — Graduate Student Centre
FOLLOWED BY VINE AND CHEESE PARTY IN BALLROOM

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1980 AUTUMN LECTURES BY VISITING PROFESSORS

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"OPPORTUNITIES IN TRANSPORTATION ENGINEERING"
Tuesday, October 7 In CEME 1202, 1:30-3:30 p.m.
THE INSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS RELATED TO TRANSPORTATION
Thursday, October 9 In Room 110, Angus Building, at 12:30 p.m.
Seminars are also being presented. Call 228-5675 for information.

ALL LECTURES ARE FREE
sponsored by
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Banff purchase, North America verité

By JAMES YOUNG

Photography as art. Anyone remotely interested in the subject should enjoy The Banff Purchase, an exhibition organized by the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts, and now showing at the Vancouver Art Gallery until October 19.

Curators Lorne Falk and Hubert Hohn have chosen 120 images by seven contemporary Canadian photographers to illustrate their belief that Canadian photography deserves greater recognition.

While not completely uniform, the overall quality of the show is high, both in terms of technique and visual impact. Also, this judicious selection of artists lets the viewer experience seven very different visions which are fairly representative of the major currents in contemporary North American photography.

The work of three photographers proved of special interest. Nina Raginsky's informal portraits of friends or acquaintances when she had a one-woman show at the Art Gallery this spring were impressive. Her subjects are so warm and responsive that one feels encouraged to smile back at these unassuming everyday folks. Working within the snapshot aesthetic, Raginsky creates images which seem like the best of so many family photo albums.

While the photos seem strong enough to be shown unaltered, Raginsky hand tints them to give a nostalgic effect, effectively placing her modern subjects back in the simpler times of the 1920s and '30s.

While Raginsky's portraits are personal, Lynne Cohen's photographs function on the more public level of social commentary. Working along lines similar to the American photographer Chauncey Hare, Cohen portrays the almost pathetic sterile sense of design found in the institution interiors where many middle-class Canadians eat, work and play.

The spiritual emptiness of these spaces is heightened by the fact that Cohen has chosen to photograph interiors such as the Isle of Fun Skating Rink and the Italian Banquet Hall empty of patrons. In many of Cohen's images, she successfully communicates the typically unpleasant glare of modern artificial lighting.

Although many images are recognizably taken in B.C., there are details (a swimming pool, tree trunks resembling palms, flowering shrubs, parking lots and licence plates) which seem more consistent with images of California.

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881 GRANVILLE
682-7468
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CHARLTON HESTON
BRIAN KEITH

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851 GRANVILLE
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Resurrection
ELLEN BURSTYN
Showtimes: 2:00 3:40 5:40 7:40 9:40

MATURE
Warning: Not suitable for children. Frequent coarse language; a satire on drugs and sex. —B.C. Director.
CORONET 2
851 GRANVILLE
685-6828
Showtimes: 2:00 4:00 6:00 8:00 10:00
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NEXT MOVIE

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874-1927
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707 W. BROADWAY
874-1927
THE BLUES BROTHERS
JOHN BELUSHI
Showtimes: 7:30 9:45

MATURE
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Sunday Mat. — 2 p.m. only — Leslie Howard in "Pygmalion" (1937).
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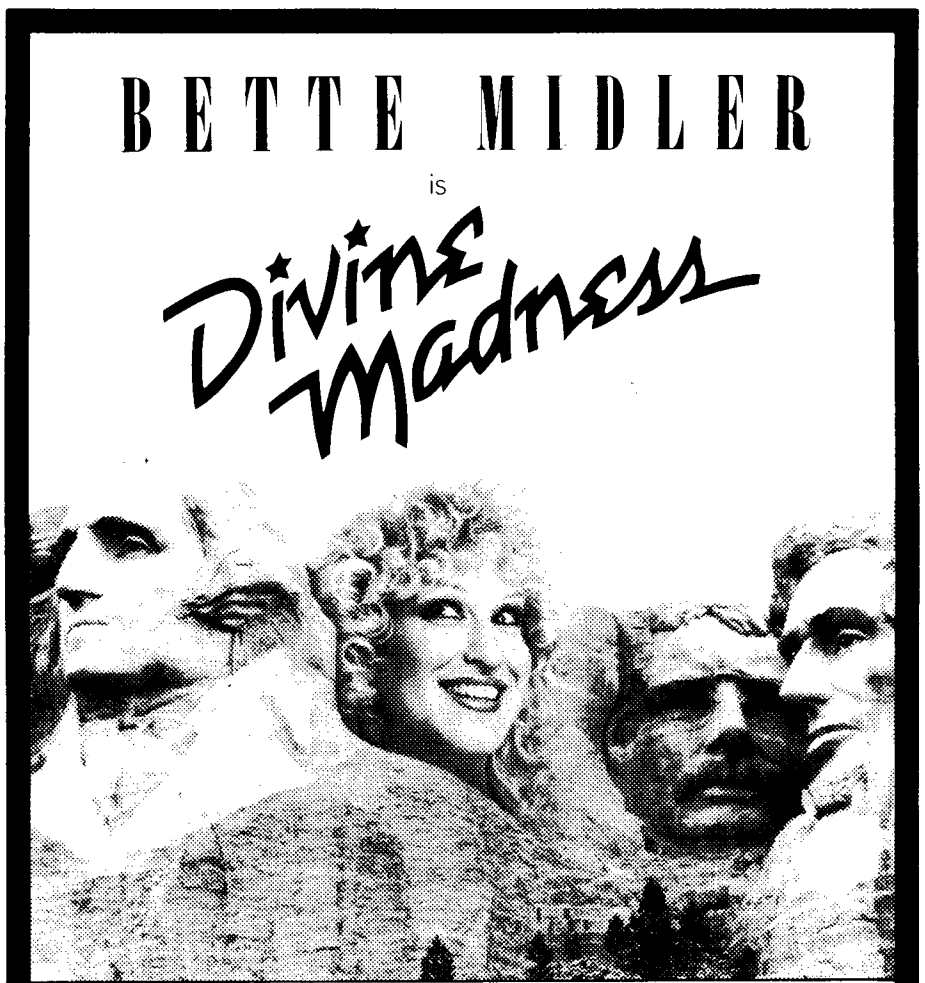
BETTE MIDLER
is
Divine Madness



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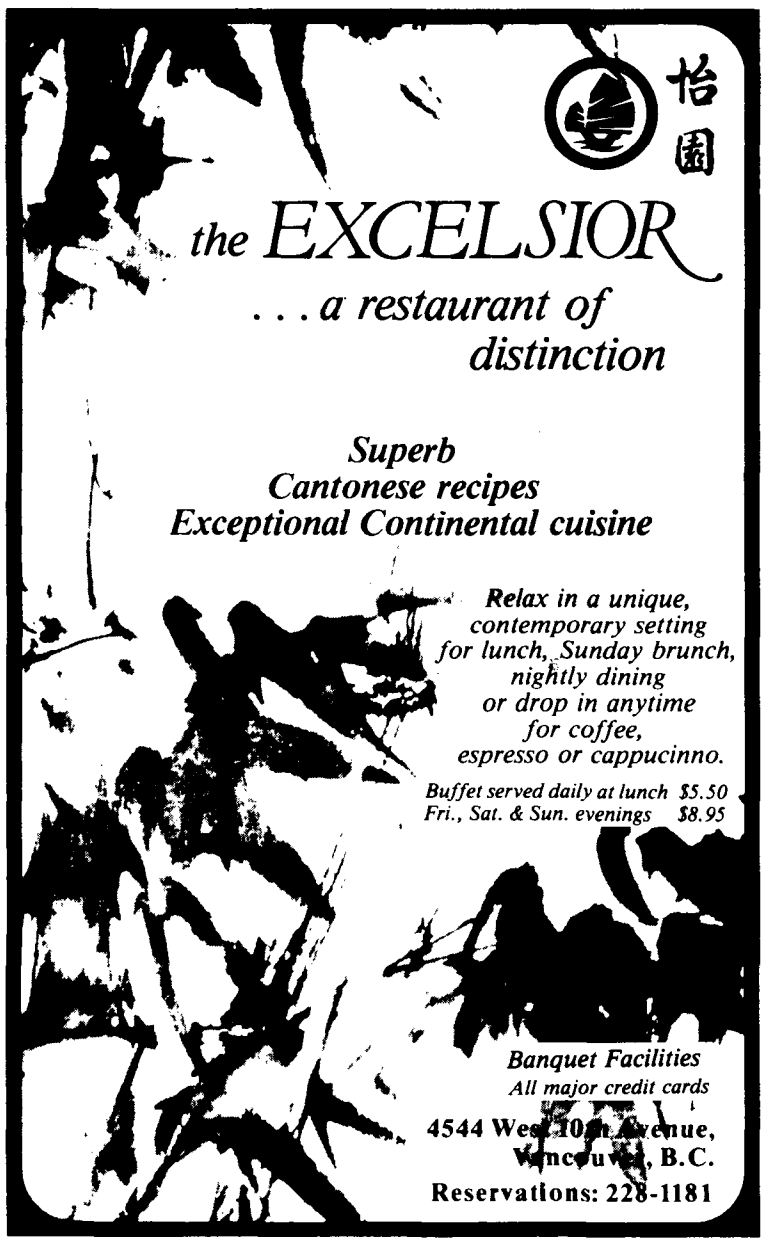

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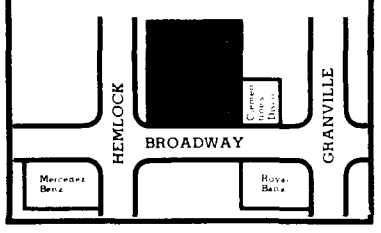

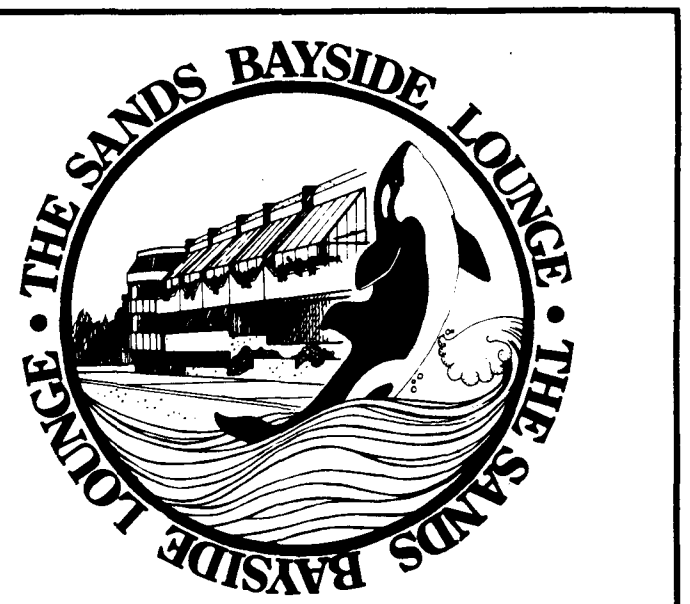

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The **Emily Carr College of Art,** 1399 Johnston St. on Granville Island, will be officially opened by the honorable Brian Smith, minister of education on Friday, Oct. 3 at 2 p.m. The public is invited to tour the college during open house Saturday, Oct. 4 and Sunday, Oct. 5 from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Bob Hadley's guitar concert will premier **The Acoustica Showroom's** Sunday evening concert series on Oct. 5 at 8 p.m.. at 4607 West 10th Ave. for the admission price of $3. The series features a variety of musical styles by west coast musicians and songwriters.

The **Vancouver Youth Orchestra** and the **UBC Symphony** will give a joint concert under the direction of Kazuyoshi Akiyama in the Old Auditorium on Friday, Oct. 10 at 8 p.m. Works by Rachmaninoff, Jerome Summers and Dimitri Shostakovitch will be featured. Tickets are $2 for students, $4 general admission and may be purchased or reserved through the UBC Department of Music.

Pianist **Emanuel Ax** will join the Vancouver Symphony for Chopin's First Piano Concerto. Also on the program are Mercures Kaleidoscope and the Sixth Symphony of Tchaikovsky. Showtimes are 2:30 Sunday, Oct. 5, 8:30 Monday, Oct. 6, and on Monday, Oct. 7 at 7:30. Tickets at Vancouver Ticket Centre outlets.

Dear Liar, by Jerome Kilty comes to Presentation House Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 21 to Nov. 1 at 8:30 p.m. For tickets call 986-1351.

Harold Pinter's **The Caretaker** will be presented at Hendry Hall, 11th and Hendry in North Vancouver on Oct. 23 to 25, Oct. 30 and 31 and Nov. 1. Tickets are $3.50 for general admission, $2.50 for students. For reservations call 985-0188. Curtain 8:30 p.m.

The **Vancouver Folk Song Society** presents its third Ceilidh on Sunday, Oct. 5 at 8 p.m. at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, 1895 Venables St. Tickets are $4 general, $2.50 for students. For reservations call 254-9578.

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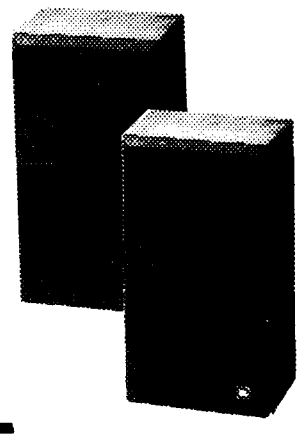

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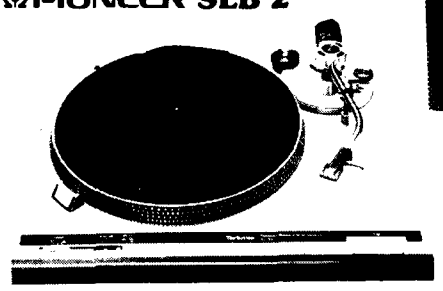

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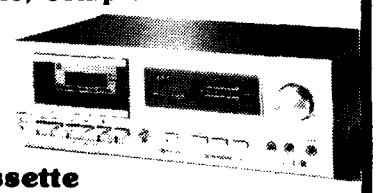

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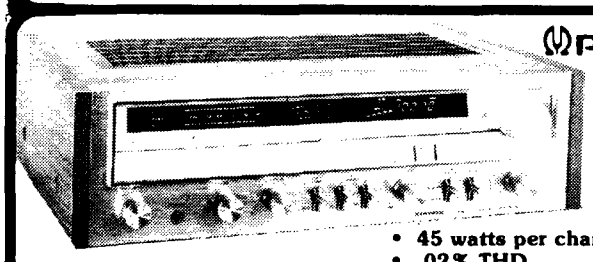

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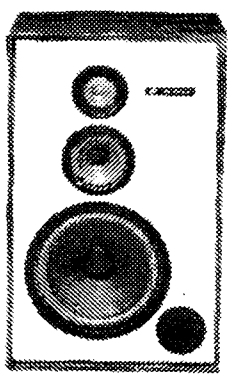

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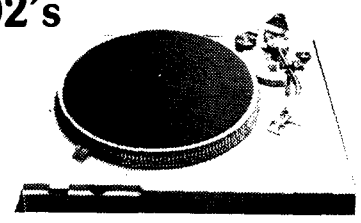

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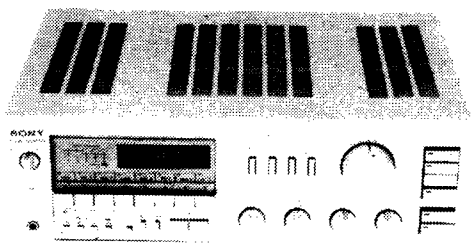

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