

The If 'no news is good news' Then bad news'll do



STARBUCKS




volume 11 number 22

university of victoria

march 2nd, 1972




photograph-tom gore

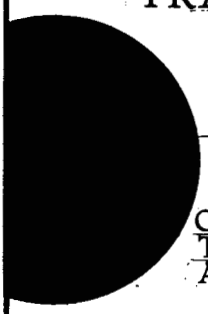

TERM PAPERS
 (for research and reference)
NEED HELP?
 Professional writers,
 researchers, typists  Phone Vancouver 228-0022
 or call in at Term Papers Unlimited 2605 Alma

*The Search
 is On...*

"The Victoria Junior Chamber of Commerce is now engaged in its annual pursuit of the typical Canadian girl. This girl symbolizes the youth of our nation - their dreams, ambitions and aspirations. She is a Canadian citizen and a Victoria resident. She has never been married. She has good character, and possesses poise, personality, charm and beauty of face and figure and she is talented. The girl is Miss Victoria."

Miles for Millions
 PARTICIPATES IN
INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT ASSISTANCE 

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN CONTRIBUTING IDEAS OR FORMULATING POLICIES? FACULTY, STUDENTS AND ANY OTHER INTERESTED PERSONS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND A DISCUSSION MEETING MARCH 14 AT 7:30 P.M. in THE S.U.B. BOARDROOM.
 FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT COLIN HEGGIE AT 477-2281

DOLPHIN TRAVEL

 YOUR CAMPUS TRAVEL AGENTS
 2200 Shakespeare 477-0811
 In the University Heights Shopping Centre


"OH MY GOD, I HIT A LITTLE GIRL!"




The injury or death of a child is a terrible price to pay for believing that you could drink and drive with safety.
 You can't.
 As soon as you have more alcohol in your bloodstream than your body can use up, it interferes with your ability to think, act, and see properly. Your reactions slow down. You can't stop as quickly or steer your car as efficiently as when you're sober.

You risk the lives of yourself, your family, your friends, and anyone else who is unlucky enough to be along for the ride or travelling on the same road.
 The next time you stop off at a bar or go to a party:

1. Don't drink an alcoholic beverage if you intend to drive.
2. If you drink, take a taxi or let a sober driver take the wheel.
3. If you think you can drive as efficiently after drinking as you did before, think again - it just isn't so.
4. If you excuse your behavior by saying, "It can't happen to me," remember that it can happen, and it only has to happen once.

For more information, mail this coupon:

.....
 Government of British Columbia
 Council on Drugs, Alcohol, and Tobacco
 Parliament Buildings, Victoria, British Columbia
 Please send a free copy of "What You Should Know About The Use And Abuse Of Alcohol."
 Name.....
 Address.....

 **GOVERNMENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA**
COUNCIL ON DRUGS, ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO
 Hon. D.L. Brothers, Q.C., Minister of Education - Chairman

Dissension Over New Martlet Editor



Wright ousted from paper...

Two former members of the Martlet, Norm Wright and Derry McDonnell, announced last week their intentions to overturn a staff decision to have Dave Todd appointed next year's editor.

Wright and McDonnell stated on Friday that they were "not satisfied" with the staff's choice, and would "go to any lengths" to see that it was not ratified by the Publications board.

Under the constitution, the Martlet sends its recommendation to the Pubs board, which in turn forwards a recommendation to the Representative Assembly for ratification.

The paper's staff made its choice from among three candidates, McDonnell, Dave Climenhaga, and Dave Todd, voting overwhelmingly to support Todd.

The day following the Thursday afternoon-evening meeting Wright announced that he would destroy the paper if necessary.

"I'm going," Wright told more than one Martlet staffer, "but I'll take you with me."

McDonnell took the same position, saying "The paper's already so fucked... nothing I do will make it worse."

Wright said that they would "fight as dirty as they could" and wouldn't rest until McDonnell was appointed editor.

"It's going to be dirty, and it's going to be political," said Wright, threatening to "take" the Martlet if need be.

Following these statements editor Mark Hume said that Wright's and McDonnell's stated intentions put them outside the staff, and that they were no longer members of the paper.

Unless the staff decides otherwise at the next meeting, the two will remain banned from the paper.

During the marathon screening session Thursday, the staff read submissions from the three candidates, and spent considerable time interviewing

them.

Following that was a lengthy and intense discussion of the candidates qualifications.

During the discussion period it became clear that the staff consensus was that Todd would produce a more balanced and professional paper than either of the other candidates.

The majority of the staff felt that McDonnell would run a highly political paper, and that his staff would have no say in the policies of the paper.

Climenhaga was rejected unanimously by the staff as being totally inadequate, and last Monday said that he was quitting the paper.

Both McDonnell and Wright entered the Martlet office on Monday, and accused editor Hume of lying, manipulating people, and being unfair.

Wright said that Hume, in conjunction with one or two other staff members, had manipulated people into voting for Todd in order that he, Hume, could "run" the paper next year.

Hume, however, says he plans to be travelling abroad next year, and staff members all

seem to be confident that they made up their own minds on the editorship question.

McDonnell also accused Hume of being dishonest, and implied that the screening sessions had been unfair. He did not elaborate. McDonnell further accused Hume of trying to influence members of the Pubs. board, but had no specific charges.

Hume said, however, that he's "been outfront right from the start," and that he'd "never tried to manipulate or bend anyone's mind."

In response to accusations that the meeting had been unfair Hume said "that's crazy... McDonnell and Wright were there, everything was out in the open, and they agreed to the proceedings... they had no real objections until after the votes were counted."

The Publications board is now looking for two students to sit on the committee, and will meet March 13th to formulate a recommendation. The meetings are open, and all students who are interested are invited to attend.

Dean Deaf to Students

Students will have no direct role in the selection of a new Dean for the Faculty of Fine Arts.

In a secret meeting, Wednesday 16th, members of the faculty voted 14-11 to allow students only an advisory capacity in choosing someone to replace Dean Peter Garvie.

The four student representatives in Fine Arts were barred from the session, even though they are usually allowed to attend such meetings.

When questioned Monday Dean Garvie refused to discuss the meeting, saying that it was strictly "confidential".

A copy of the secret minutes, however, reveal that the faculty met primarily to discuss the selecting of a new Dean.

During the meeting Dr's. N.W. Henshaw and Harvey Miller, from Theatre, moved that "since it is to be an internal appointment, it would be best if there were not a student on the committee."

The minutes said that "In reply to a question, the Chair clarified that it was understood that "internal" meant within the University, not necessarily within the Faculty."

The minutes state that Dr. Barbara McIntyre, also from Theatre, suggested that if the four student representatives were consulted this would eliminate the concern expressed that one student could not properly represent all four departments.

Following this Henshaw and Miller amended their motion to state that "there be no student representative on the committee but that the four elected student representatives be consulted by the committee."

The motion was carried by a narrow margin, 14-11.

A reliable source said that nearly the entire Music department voted in opposition

to the motion, and stated further that if student representatives had been present to take part in the discussion the vote would have probably gone the other way.

Dean Garvie would not discuss what happened in the meeting, but did say that he felt there was "Nothing particularly odd," about barring students from the meeting.

One of the student representatives, Dave Comfort, said he was surprised that he and the others had been banned from the meeting, but understood the move.

"After all," said Comfort, "they don't want to be intimidated by these mean nasty students."

Comfort said he was sure that if he and the three other students had been present the motion wouldn't have gone through.

Responding to the argument that one student would not be representative in the four department faculty, Comfort said, "That's right... there should be one from each department."

The faculty also discussed procedures to appoint three members - the president will appoint two - to the five man committee that will screen applicants for the deanship, and forward a list of three to five

Dr. Henshaw moved that "nominations and elections of the three members of the committee be conducted now," but that was defeated by a 11-13 vote. The faculty later approved a motion by Carl Hare that "nomination papers" be sent out by the Registrar, "and an election conducted as soon as possible."

The decision to vote by secret ballot necessitated a two week delay under the constitution, meaning that at the earliest all ballots would be in by late this week.

Indians Protest RCMP Killing

Indians held province-wide demonstrations on Friday and Saturday to protest the death of Williams Lake Indian, Fred Quilt.

The demonstrations were supported by both the Union of B.C. Indians Chiefs and the National Indian Brotherhood. Indian Leaders do not accept the verdict of coroner's jury which inquired into the death of Fredrick Quilt who died in hospital on November 30, 1971, following an alleged beating by Alexis Creek RCMP.

Three Chilcotin witnesses testified that Quilt had been beaten by police; and a nurse stated Quilt told her before he died that an RCMP "jumped up and down on him." However, the coroner's jury stated that the death was "unnatural" but "accidental" and would "attach no blame to any person in connection with the death."

Tony Belcourt, President of the Native Council of Canada said, "There are too many discrepancies in the testimonies of the two RCMP

constables, Daryl Bakewell and Peter Eakins. We aren't going to drop the issue here."

Besides questioning the validity of the jury's verdict, Indian leaders question the legal procedures involved in the inquiry itself.

Points of legality are involved in the RCMP selection of an all-white, all-male jury which was sworn in the night of Quilt's death - and before allegations were made against the RCMP. Also questions concerning the admission of testimony have been raised.

Furthermore, although the witnesses at the inquest included both Indians and white people; the only ones subpoenaed were white.

UBCIC member and Saanich Peninsula chief, Philip Paul, stated Monday night that UBCIC now has a transcript of the inquest and with the national organization will have questions concerning its legal procedures brought before the courts.

Speaking to a gathering sponsored by the Victoria Voice of Women in the Provincial Museum, Philip Paul suggested the Quilt case was just a symptom of a larger issue of Indian human rights.

"Actually I see nothing new about this case. It happens all

the time, only some cases get more publicity than others."

"Last year twenty-five Indian girls died 'unnatural' deaths in Vancouver's skid row alone!" he said. "And the life expectancy of the average Indian is currently 37."

He went on to speak of the Indian employment rate which ranges between 50-75 per cent; and how Indians are only 3 per cent of the national population, yet make up nearly 60 per cent of the prison population in the country.

Others, particularly the younger Indians and their organizations are more direct and specific as to who they hold responsible for Fred Quilt's death.

During the demonstrations many held signs reading: HELP KILL INDIANS. JOIN THE RCMP. Groups such as Vancouver's Native Alliance for Red Power, have openly declared the RCMP a racist police force.

Vancouver's Indian Newspaper "The Native Voice" was also enraged at the general acceptance of the kind of incident that the Quilt affair represents. With other Indians they agree that it is a far from isolated occurrence; that a stand must be made and that the situation must change.

Sean Kenny Arrested

Sean Kenny, strident fundraiser for the IRA on the UVic Campus last December, was arrested in Dublin over the weekend.

Kenny packed the house during his campus visit, part of a cross-Canada tour to raise funds for the rebels in Ireland north and south.

His arrest was part of the aftermath of the shooting of Northern Ireland's Minister of State for Home Affairs, John Taylor.

Significantly, Kenny was arrested by top security men for Southern Ireland.

While in Victoria Kenny admitted that all was not well between the organizations he supports (Sinn Fein, political arm of the Irish Republican Army) and the Government of his home land.

Kenny was reportedly on his way to address a congressional subcommittee in Washington D.C. when he was arrested.

The IRA is outlawed in the

Irish Republic.

In his UVic speech Kenny listed the freeing of Northern Ireland from British "tyranny" his organization's number one priority. After that, he indicated, the number two step would be to straighten things out in the South.

The Associated Press story reporting Kenny's arrest gave no details on charges. Eleven other men were picked up in the security sweep.

Martlet

editor mark hume
 copy editor dave todd
 wire editor jack godfrey
 press manager clodagh o'grady
 photo editor geoff pearce

frieda lockhart doug rowe sue wetmore dana
 weber greg midleton drew jaci bailey tim
 de lange boom chris vonarx dale gamble anne
 sandy mcadams john graham ~~ronald stowycork~~
 filbert desenex clark kent john finch tim groves

advertising del laronde
 477-3611

Editorial opinions expressed herein are those of the Martlet, and not (god forbid) those of the Alma Mater Society, or the University of Victoria. Published weekly throughout the University year in Victoria by the Publications Department of the Alma Mater Society, University of Victoria. Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department of Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription rates: \$5 for students and alumni, \$6 for non students, per academic year. Mail should be addressed: The Martlet Student Union Building University of Victoria Victoria B.C. type set by the Single Finger Press printed in Canada

Days: 477-3611

Martlet

EDITORIAL

During the staff meeting to choose a new editor, Derry McDonell was asked what he would do if he gained staff support but was rejected by the Publications board. Without hesitating McDonell said that he would lead the paper in a strike.

On the basis of that, it would seem McDonell believes that the paper's staff has the right to choose its editor, and that it should not stand for interference from any AMS body. In the past few days, however, McDonell seems to have forgotten his earlier statements, and is now trying to mount a front to overturn the staff's decision to appoint Dave Todd.

It is unlikely McDonell believes that the Pubs board will substitute anyone else for Todd. He, however, is no doubt counting on the Representative Assembly to step in at the last stage, and demand that he be appointed over Todd. As a member of the Assembly, McDonell is no doubt counting on support from his political colleagues, while realizing that on the Pubs board he will be judged on his competence as a journalist alone, and not as a potential political ally.

When you get down to measuring Todd and McDonell as newspapermen you don't have to dig deep to see that the staff made the right decision last Thursday.

Todd has been around for about a year, and has done everything from rehashing press releases to writing indepth features (Campbell River School series) and breaking and putting together hard news stories (Partridge: Knights of Columbus speech).

McDonell on the other hand got his first experience with a newspaper when he joined the Martlet in September. Since that time he has done nothing but features (B.C. Council on Drugs ...) and editorials (A Nigger Speaks). He has yet to turn in his first news story. But perhaps that wouldn't be too much of a hindrance to Derry, after all, some papers have nothing to do with news whatsoever.

Another point to be considered is the motivation behind the individual's applications.

Todd says he wants the job because it presents a challenge, and because he is confident he can put out a well balanced, creative newspaper that would communicate with students rather than fighting them. When asked what he would do if the staff rejected him and selected a different candidate, Todd said he would support whoever the staff chose.

McDonell on the other hand has a somewhat narrower view of things. He apparently wants to be editor for reasons of personal gratification, no doubt with an eye to creating a reference for future job interviews on straight papers, and undoubtedly because he wants to use the paper as a political weapon.

During his screening session McDonell said that he wanted to make the Martlet more professional, to polish the reporting style so that the student paper read like the Times or Colonist.

Was this because he believed that the Martlet should be more objective? Unfortunately no. McDonell said that if the paper read like a downtown daily people would be more inclined to believe it, hence giving the paper greater political power. Apparently McDonell believes that by manipulating the truth, one can manipulate people, and he seems to feel he has that right.

We don't.



Hit the libraries next, boys.

Letters
to us



and
Through
us

a nutzy!

Editor:

Aside from a couple of articles I thought the Feb. 10 issue of the Martlet was a good improvement. A good variety of topics, sports, politics, music, poetry etc.

Not everyone wants to read the editor's personal pet peeves or dislikes. Comparing Peter Pollen and Mr. Bennett to the ever famous Nazi leader, Adolph Hitler, just shows poor taste. If you have some good facts about people in power let us know, but let it be in a tactful way. There's a difference in smearing a person's name into the ground and letting out facts tactfully; as in a very recent case we both know of.

So why not come down a little bit and act in a more logical manner about and of the issues of the University.

Yours truly,

Sheila Haudenschild

(We didn't call him a Nazi, we said he was a Nazi ... but on second thought, maybe he's just a Nutzy - ed. note)

quoi?

Monsieur:

Dans votre dernier numéro, vous avez publié deux lettres exigeant que vous traduisiez en anglais les articles qui paraissent en français à l'avenir. Suivant le vieux proverbe anglais - "Turn

about's fair play" - nous demandons humblement que vous traduisiez également le reste de votre journal excellent en français.

Nous vous prions d'agréer, monsieur, l'expression de nos sentiments les plus distingués.

John Greene
Jennifer Walters

Department de francais

(Reponse du redacteur - Sacre Merde!)

the snake
did it

Dear Sir:

In the interests of objective journalism I would like to present another side to the article "Busted in Bangkok" (Martlet 18 Feb.). The following piece is also pirated, but this time it is lifted from a source closer to the setting of the incident described, namely the Bangkok Post, a morally upright English language daily:

(the article is headed by a picture of a python which is not reproduced here - as you can see or not see as the case may be)

He looks as though he's laughing his head off. And indeed there was certainly a funny side to this giant python's antics - and those of a small army of police trying to catch him - in Mr. Rajen Suyupatham's backyard in Soi Wattanawong, in Makkasan.

It all began when Mr. Ragen found the unwanted guest coiled around the veranda post and called police headquarters at Pah Fah.

Minutes later, the eviction squad - two patrol cars and four tough policemen - arrived at the house.

But the python wasn't having any of that nonsense. He just clung to his pole until they had given up all their efforts to prise him free and lapsed into the

EDITORIAL

To one who watched him closely last year during the Tenure Wars, Wright's actions subsequent to the Martlet editorship meeting were entirely predictable.

To one who has listened to him talk and has worked closely and openly with him for the past six months, however, his actions were mind-blowing.

In the past Wright has set himself up as - and indeed often has been - the champion of students in their battle with the administration.

If the president dared to make up his own mind as to who should get tenure and who shouldn't, as to who was a good man and who was bad, one knew that Wright would be there going for the throat with the cry of "Injustice!" flying from his lips. One knew too that where decisions were being made without student participation Wright would be there pointing the way towards the student-run university.

It seems strange then, maybe even shocking, to hear Wright saying that the Martlet staff was "incapable" of making the "correct" decision, and that he intended to do everything in his power to have that decision overturned.

One flashes to Partridge saying "You're wrong, this prof's a bad teacher. I say so."

One flashes to some arch-typical administrator saying, "Sure the students can run this University, just so long as they run it my way."

Wright was a fine man, but at some point his white armour began to crack, revealing a less than pure soul within, and at some point greed and the need for power became too enticing, and he stepped inside the Ring.

Skelton Wants New Department ...

UVic's Creative Writing section is trying to break away from the English Department.

Robin Skelton and Lawrence Russell have introduced a proposal that recommends "to the Faculty of Arts and Science that a new department of Creative Writing be formed."

In a meeting of the English department Tuesday the merits and disadvantages of the proposed separation were discussed, and it was decided by department head Dr. R.R. Leslie the matter was of "sufficient importance" to warrant a written ballot.

During the brief but intense meeting in the Cornett building, Skelton was questioned closely on the proposal, and often was criticised by other members of the department.

While some members solidly supported Skelton, others were completely opposed to the idea, and some thought a compromise would be best.

"One should avoid the sort of English Department Bangla Dosh that seems to be coming," said one teacher who thought that some sort of agreement should be reached whereby the department would remain unified, but Creative Writing would have more freedom.

Skelton said that what the writers needed was "independence", and "we won't get independence unless we are separate."

Skelton said that the "History of sub-departments such as this (Creative Writing) is that they just don't work ... there are too many grey areas."

English lecturer Anthony Edwards said that there seemed to be "certain reluctance to let the creative writers go," and asked "If the department wants to keep the creative writers, are there any conditions under which they would like to be kept?"

Said Skelton; "We want to run our own shop ... we want to have this separation, we need it to continue."

Skelton said he felt that if Creative Writing were to be separated from the English department more students would be attracted to the University.

Fired back one professor, "Surely we don't want to do something entirely foolish just to attract more students."

Associate English professor Carol Johnson sharply criticised the Skelton-Russell proposal, saying that it was "absolute foolishness," and "unnecessary bureaucratization."

Johnson said that Skelton's suggested programme looked like so much "forced training."

She said that the proposal seemed to be saying that "everybody has to be creative" and added, "... remember, 20 years ago everyone had to have hula hoops."

Johnson said that instead of setting up an elaborate, enlarged creative writing department, Skelton might take a different approach.

She suggested that poets, writers and other artists be paid to come to UVic "not to teach."

Said Johnson; "Let them

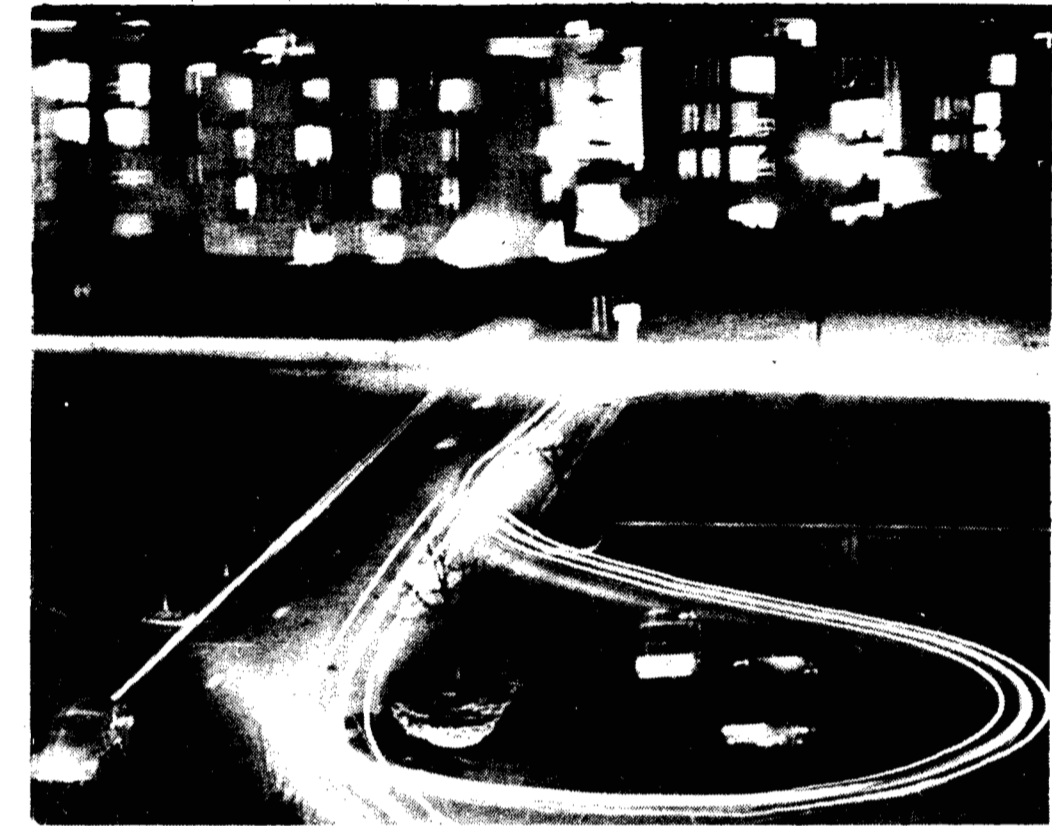
write their plays, or symphonies, or books ... and let serious students meet with them, on a non-credit basis if necessary. That way we might get some real poets writing real poems."

Skelton told Johnson that "In the arts you finally have to get down to an article of faith ... can you or can you not teach people how to be creative? I think you can."

As the lunch-hour meeting drew to a close Dr. Leslie reminded those department members present that no matter what they decided it would not be the final decision. He said that the Dean, faculty and Senate "will make the final decision, whatever we decide."

The proposal was to be put to the department in a secret ballot this week.

Skelton said that he had "no idea" how the department would vote.



...submits proposal

In an 11 page report presented to the English department recently, professor Robin Skelton, and lecturer Lawrence

Russell call for the formation of a Creative Writing department.

The proposal, which was seconded by assistant professor Samuel Macey and lecturer Alexander Hutchison, says that Creative Writing is "comparable in size to a number of smaller University Departments, and might reasonably be regarded as a viable independent structure."

In the report, Skelton and Russell state that it has already been necessary to provide Creating Writing students with a "duplicating and reference centre of their own."

They go on to say that if Creative Writing were a separate department, certain areas could be covered which would ensure graduates of a greater possibility of landing a job.

"There are few jobs available, and a degree in English is a passport to only a small number of them. A properly constituted Creative Writing Department would not only instruct its students in the theory and practice of poetry, fiction and drama, but would also instruct them in those "practical skills" which might enable them to enter professions other than the academic."

The report says that a Creative Writing Department would offer instruction in skills "that would enable our graduates to compete with others for jobs in publishing, television, the film industry, and advertising industry, and journalism, as well as for jobs in certain areas of industry."

Skelton and Russell stated that in their opinions the formation of the new department would "attract new students" and would increase enrollment in the English department, rather than decreasing it.

The report also states that there would be room for a course in journalism if Creative Writing were to separate.

The original proposal contained a statement that it would be advisable to move Creative Writing from the Faculty of Arts and Science into Fine Arts, if it became a separate department. That point has since been deleted, however, because the members of Creative Writing are "not generally agreed" upon it.

The report also contained a

"preliminary draft of a curriculum" which was meant to be "tentative" only, and that curriculum would be decided only after "the proposal to create the Department has been accepted in principle."

Pubic Predicament

Did you know that there is an epidemic on Campus? Well there is. It is called pediculosis, more commonly known as lice.

Pediculosis is an infestation with small blood feeding parasites that carry out their life cycle on the human skin or clothing. There are three types of Pediculosis. Pediculosis Capitis (head lice). This form is found mostly in the scalp and is found chiefly in children. So we don't have to worry about this one. Pediculosis Corporis (body lice). This form selects the clothes area of the body. The lice feeds on the body but lives in the clothing. There haven't been too many of this case found on campus according to Health Services. But Pediculosis Pubis, better known as crabs, is spreading like wildfire. This form selects pubic hair, but it may also infest eyebrows, eyelashes and beards. Itching is the outstanding symptom. (It is carried by both male and female alike, and transmission is by personal contact. In the case of crabs this is generally done by close contact, as in sexual intercourse, or by the sharing of clothes, beds, brushes and so forth.

If you discover that you are infested you should hustle down to the Student Health Services or to your family doctor. If you want to treat yourself, Kwellada lotion may be bought at any drug store. If you live in Residence medications can be obtained from your Don. Also remember to carefully launder and iron your clothing.

Any student wishing to ask for medical advice may submit their questions to Quack Corner in care of the Martlet.

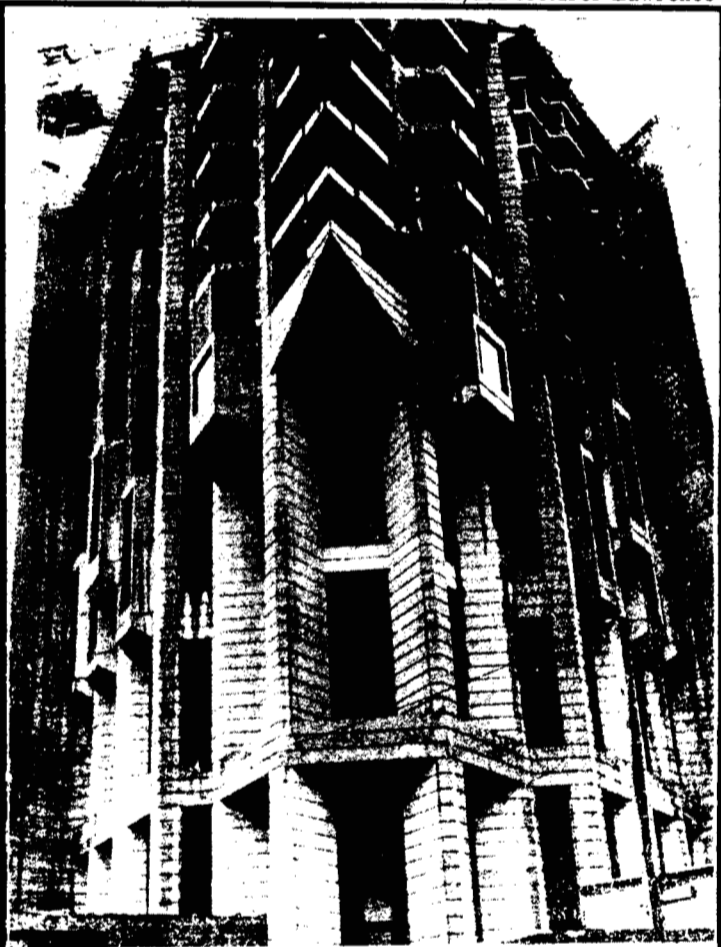


Photo: Jerry Kinosh

Books for the Elite

It's reading week at the University of Toronto but things are far from quiet. A storm is slowly brewing over the John P. Roberts library - a \$43 million ivory tower which denies access to the stacks for all but 3,000 graduate students and 900 faculty members.

About 100 students - with the support of the Students Administrative Council and the Graduate Students Union, staged a protest in the main campus library last week to demand an end to library restrictions imposed on undergraduates.

"Petitions are being circulated, we're mailing out information to a random sample of the campus - about 10 per cent explaining the situation," she said.

"The SAC is doing a library

supplement to be distributed at street corners, factories and shopping centres, telling the taxpayers what's being done with their money."

Ms Reeve said there probably won't be a formal protest before March 10, but admitted that it could develop.

Reaction to the protest was termed favorable by a spokesman for the University of Toronto's newspaper, The Varsity. The Students Administrative Council issued a statement after the protest to say the matter of access to the stacks is under consideration by a special committee of the library council.

A final decision will be made by the University Senate on March 10.



Grounds workers plot theft of bike... while guard prepares to snatch their truck.



Hydro coming like some rough beast...

by dana weber

B.C. Hydro, with its characteristic disrespect for environmental quality and public opinion, is planning to run high tension power lines along Interurban Rd. Although Saanich municipal council stands unanimously opposed to stringing the lines above ground, R.A. MacDonald, regional director for Hydro says they plan to go ahead in any case.

The purpose of the 230 kilovolt line, which will be erected on ninety-four foot steel poles, is to link the Goward substation on Interurban Rd. with the Horsey substation on Tapoz Av. behind the Ingraham Motel. The design calls for three separate lines stacked vertically on the poles.

MacDonald claims that the decision to route the lines above ground was made two years ago and that council's "sudden interest" in the matter is too late to change it. However, Alderman Edith Benning says that Saanich has been opposed to the lines from the beginning, but that its present, renewed effort to stop them is "a last ditch effort."

Help if you can

The Greater Victoria Association for the Retarded need help with an ice-making "happening" they are having on Wednesday, March 8th.

Most of the young skaters are from their sheltered workshop on Kings Road; others are from Glendale Lodge. Assistance is needed to keep the children "skating" and not sitting around waiting for a turn.

Information on this and other recreational programmes for handicapped children is available from Janet Sullivan, 386-3861.

The lines will be run underground when they reach the Saanich/Victoria border and Alderman Benning feels that there is no good reason why Hydro shouldn't go to the added expense of doing the same in Saanich. Under the present proposal the ugly poles will slash through much of Saanich's projected green belt following Colquitz and Swan Lake creeks. The irrevocable damage to environmental and property values in Saanich far outweigh the money Hydro will save by running the lines above ground. Other areas have been "undergrounded" for years, said Benning, and in fact B.C. Electric, Hydro's predecessor, had set a policy of going underground before the crown corporation was created.

As a public company B.C. Hydro ought to be more responsive to people's needs than private ones, but Hydro's history has clearly been one of arrogance and disrespect for the people it is intended to serve. At issue here is whether those people will let it continue to act as a law unto itself. This case may set a precedent which will have lasting effect not only on the Interurban area but other parts of the local environment as well.

For example, Hydro will eventually have to link the Goward and Horsey substations with the Tripp station on Lochside Drive and two other proposed substations; one of these stations will be built on Gordon Head just behind the UVic campus in what is now an apple orchard.

Saanich planning officials have pressed Hydro on its plans for linking the five stations, but Hydro claims it hasn't formed any yet.

cont. on 11

Paper battles for self control

Edmonton (CUF) - The staff of the University of Alberta's student paper, the Gateway, has won a minor victory in their struggle for control of their paper with the election of a council executive slate opposed to the recent council hiring of a non-staff elected editor.

Defeated by a considerable margin in the student elections were David Biltek and Doug Black, present executive members of the U of A council and leading protagonists in the council move to hire an editor against the recommendation of the Gateway staff.

The staff had voted overwhelmingly to support Ron Yakimchuk, the present lay-out editor, as editor-in-chief for the next school year.

But on February 14, Council decided to hire Terri Jackson, a graduate student who in three years at the U of A, had never worked on the paper. Present Gateway staffers, she commented at the editorial screening session, would not be welcome under her editorship. She received no staff votes.

What tenure War?

In a brief presented last Monday to the Legislative committee on tenure, academic vice-president Dr. D.J. MacLaurin defended the existing system used at UVic.

The brief stated that "In his role as teacher and scholar a faculty member must be free to explore and to propound ideas and to pursue research activities without the fear of reprisals even if these ideas prove controversial either to his colleagues at the University or to the community at large." Any change of the tenure system would threaten this security, would be hard to administer and would "introduce far greater difficulties than the present system."

MacLaurin rejected the concept of five-year appointments for faculty, saying that, "...roughly twenty percent of the faculty would need to be considered for contract renewal in any one year." This would lead to "conflict of interest", he said, as faculty members whose "expert advice is essential to

With the decision by Council to hire Jackson, paper staffers voted unanimously to go on strike and ceased regular publication of the paper. They occupied their office, set up informational picket lines, and published three issues of a "strike and election" paper.

The executive election vote indicated fairly widespread student support for the paper. The president and vice-president elect are both present members of council who voted against the hiring of Jackson. The second place had given

strong support to the paper during their campaign.

The question of who chooses the paper's editor in another skirmish in the continuing battle this year between the Gateway and the council over control of editorial policy.

A council by-law last October demanding a half-page per issue of the Gateway for council publicity handouts was repealed only after a Canadian University Press Investigation Commission and considerable publicity by the establishment press in Edmonton.

it's the same all over

Winnipeg (CUP) - Yet another Canadian University paper is under attack by its student council.

This time the paper in crisis is the Uniter at the University of Winnipeg. Giving budgetary overspending and irresponsible editorial policies as her reasons student council president Marilou McPhedran suspended Uniter editor Tom Borowski and ordered the newspaper office padlocked Wednesday (Feb. 16th).

The student association clampdown followed an issue of the Uniter which contained an expose of the discrepancy between the budgeted salaries of student association personnel and what they were actually being paid. A recent budget report indicated that while only \$15,450 had been allotted for administrative salaries, \$25,492 was actually being paid

out. After locking up the Uniter office and suspending Borowski on Wednesday, McPhedran circulated a questionnaire on Thursday asking students whether they thought the paper had been justified in publishing what was described as a "confidential" report. The student association executive has said they will study student response to their questionnaire before making a decision to fire Borowski.

Among the other reasons given for the suspension of the editor and the padlocking of the office was the overspending of \$2500 by the Uniter on a special issue of the paper produced in conjunction with the University of Winnipeg administration. The Uniter staff claims the administration and not the student association is responsible for the \$2500 deficit.

these decisions would themselves be under consideration within the next few years."

MacLaurin went on to say that the University, "Human nature being what it is" would have a tendency to "temporize" in decisions over contract renewals rather than make the "difficult decision not to renew."

The University believes according to the vice-president, that the present system, under which tenure is not granted except after a probationary period of four to five years, is adequate in determining a University member's worth.

The appointment is made "upon the recommendation of the president."

Later in the brief MacLaurin told the committee that the advice of faculty members to the President and Board of Governors (BOG) is necessary in making tenure decisions.

He neglected to mention, however, just how important it was that the president listen to faculty "advice."

Later under questioning MacLaurin told the committee that to gain tenure a person must be an "acceptable teacher" only, but added that it was important that he be "a good scholar."

New Dean 'temporary' - maybe

President Hugh Farquhar said in an interview last week that the new Dean of Fine Arts will probably be pro tem, and not permanent.

When questioned by the Martlet Farquhar stated that "At the moment it seems it should be pro tem." He indicated, however, that that classification was subject to change.

Some members of the faculty are unhappy with uncertainty of the Dean's classification.

"We don't even know if we're nominating someone to be acting Dean, or someone to be permanent" said one.

There is also much dissatisfaction over the delays in choosing the new Dean, and in the control the president is exercising over the selection committee.

Farquhar will appoint two members of the committee,

while faculty will appoint three.

Charged one member of visual arts, "The president's out to get his own man chosen."

The teacher, who wished to remain unnamed for fear of

repercussions from the administration, said that by the

time the new Dean is named it will be "too late in the year for anybody to do anything about it."

Migration coming in Fine Arts?

More members of the Fine Arts faculty may be heading south this summer.

In an interview Monday Dean Peter Garvie, who heads for a Texas university in June, said there is no truth to the rumour that Theatre Head Ralph Allen is going with him.

Allen announced earlier this year that he was accepting a position in Tennessee. Garvie resigned soon after that, and last week set designer Robert Cothran said he was going to follow Allen to the southern university.

Garvie was uncommittal when

asked if he was planning on taking anyone from the faculty with him.

"Some people might well be attracted to it," he said, but added that "At present none of my colleagues in the department have approached me."

Garvie did imply, however, that speculation, surrounding the possibilities of more leaving for Texas, wasn't completely unfounded.

He said there were people at UVic who would be welcomed at the Texas university, but did not elaborate.

ESKIMO: A Talk with Anthropologist Charles Brant

The industries in the north are largely capital-intensive and therefore do not employ many of the native people. And the people that they do employ are at such a high technologically skilled level



that most of them are imported from the south.

The other danger is that the industries endanger the fish and game which in some areas the Eskimos and Indians still depend on. For example, on Banks Island, where despite assurances given the hunters there, the industries have gone ahead with the result that there has been a decline in certain amounts of game. In this case, blasting operations have changed the route of certain types of migratory game.

When mineral exploration camps are set up, whether they develop into towns of real production or not, they lure native people who hope that they will achieve some kind of better living. The jobs turn out to be few and the only ones available are unskilled ones - they may sweep floors in the mess hall and do other kinds of menial work.

And when production really begins in these camps, the skilled workers are imported from the south and the Eskimos who may have worked at prospecting and finding some of the minerals, are told 'well, thank you very much, now you can go back to whatever you were doing before'.

This disrupts the Eskimo's way of life. Because if he leaves the land and the natural economy to work in these kinds of developments for very long, it's very difficult for him to get back to it. So the way the Canadian government (and industry) sees northern development is not likely to do the native population any social or economic good and will probably do them a lot of harm.

difficult to answer

At the same time, it's not easy to provide the answer to what good development should be. Some suggest that however it's done, it is going to cost a lot of money. Now it costs a lot of money to keep Eskimos on welfare. And this destroys their self-respect and keeps them in a kind of idleness; it develops a welfare mentality. So, some suggest that the government set up light industries that would serve the local economy and be meaningful and useful work even if the industries ran at a deficit.

There are very few areas left where the native population lives off hunting and fishing. In the settlements, it's a mixture of subsistence hunting and fishing plus cash income from trapping and selling furs. But the fur market has declined terribly in the last 20 or 30 years because of the introduction of artificial

materials.

In the towns like Inuvik and Frobisher Bay, there are some Eskimos working in service industries and government (in the Department of Transport and on the Dew Line) but again, largely in menial jobs. In many areas unemployment is as high as 80 per cent. There are even families who have been on welfare for two generations.

As far as the government and the industries talk about northern development, it seems that they are only interested primarily in extractive industries for which, of course, there is an export market but none of this does much good for the people up there.

The Eskimos, it seems to me, are in what I call a cultural no man's land. They have been to school but most of what they have learned is appropriate to society outside the Arctic. So the kid comes out of school facing slim chances of doing anything with what he has learned. The choice is to go back to the land to do what his parents have done. But this presents a conflict for him because the school has, in a way, brainwashed him: he loses any skills he ever had or any respect he had for traditional ways.

experimental

Now, the education authorities are experimenting and are introducing some native things in the curriculum with the idea that this gives the Eskimos some choice in what they're going to do - teaching traditional household skills and food preparation and trapping

curriculum by running the school in both languages (Eskimo and Danish). They try to develop a program whereby kids will come out with a knowledge of western skills but with a healthy respect for their own traditions and some kind of option with these two ways of life.

There is no illiteracy in Greenland. The people can read and write one of the two languages. The Danes have a different approach. Denmark has a mixed half-socialist, half-capitalist society, so they pour a lot of money into cultural and educational programs. For example, they have a broadcasting system in the local language, they have a bilingual newspaper and there is active encouragement of writers and artists.

All prices are subsidized so that goods in Greenland cost roughly what they do in Denmark. The retail and wholesale is largely in the hands of a crown corporation (The Royal Greenland Trading Department) unlike the Hudson's Bay Company private enterprise system. Only lately have the Danes allowed a little private enterprise to develop but even here, they are very careful about issuing licences.

As a result incomes and prices are more in line than they are in Canada.

This is not to say there aren't problems there; one major concern is a burgeoning birth rate. There are now roughly 35,000 Eskimos out of a total 40,000 in Greenland as opposed to about 13,000 Eskimos in the



and hunting instruction. Some of the Eskimos now don't know anything about this anymore. But all this has barely begun and is still experimental. It's too early to say what things will turn out to be.

The contrast to all this is to be seen in Greenland where the emphasis has been on the continuity of the old way of life. They reflect this in the

Canadian Arctic.

Greenland has the advantage in that a good part of the west coast has open ports and they don't have the iced-in ports and transportation difficulties that we have in the Canadian Arctic where there may only be a six week shipping season in many places. So the logistics of the whole thing are easier over there.

One of the things about the American approach in Alaska is that the government is apparently willing to entertain claims about land rights and make a settlement with the Eskimos. As far as I can see, there's been no willingness on the part of the Canadian government to entertain these claims. There is an organization called COPE (Committee on Original

schizophrenic cultural environment. They don't know what they are and don't know what they want to be; they have no respect for traditional Eskimo values; they uncritically admire everything that is white. And the white models that live in the Arctic are not the best models to emulate, it seems to me.

The other thing is the complete or tremendous apathy



"Welfare destroys the Eskimo's self-respect"

Peoples' Entitlement) which is pressing for some consideration of land claims.

The American government seems to have a much more open attitude toward this than Canada has shown so far. I remember when the Alberta Indian Association, early in the Trudeau administration, brought up this whole question of aboriginal rights and Trudeau said quite flatly that the idea of aboriginal rights was something the government couldn't pay any attention to because, in his view, there cannot be treaties between one sector of society and another. His feeling was that we're all Canadians and we don't have treaties with each other.

We don't seem to be able to look at this as the way it was when the Indians tribes regarded themselves as sovereign nations who have had their lands occupied and taken away by the emerging Canadian and American nations.

Up until the early '50's, Greenland was a colony of Denmark, run by a colonial administration which then changed to becoming an actual county of Denmark. This means, there is a much greater degree of self-government in Greenland than there is in Arctic Canada. The Greenland Council is 100 per cent elected - as opposed to the Territorial Council in Canada which has a majority of elected members but also appointed officials. The Greenlanders elect their own people to the council and do not elect (as the appointed officials in Canada) prestigious white traders. They elect their own Governor; they're generally speaking much more politically advanced.

Even the minister for Greenland Affairs in the Danish Cabinet in Copenhagen is an Eskimo. It would be as if (Northern Affairs minister) Jean Chretien was an Eskimo. But in Greenland, there are people of that calibre and political ability, because they are much more expressive in political affairs.

What disturbs me most about the Canadian north is that the kids are growing up in a kind of

about the people of the north on the part of the great majority of the Canadian population. This again is in contrast to Greenland where the people of Denmark are very aware of what's going on. There is not a week that passes where there isn't both news from Greenland and also a good deal of editorial comment and rowing about the latest development of Greenland policy.

whose obligation?

There is a strong feeling of humane obligation among the Danes to do the right thing where Greenland is concerned. I don't know why this is - maybe it's a feeling of guilt for having once been a colonial power.

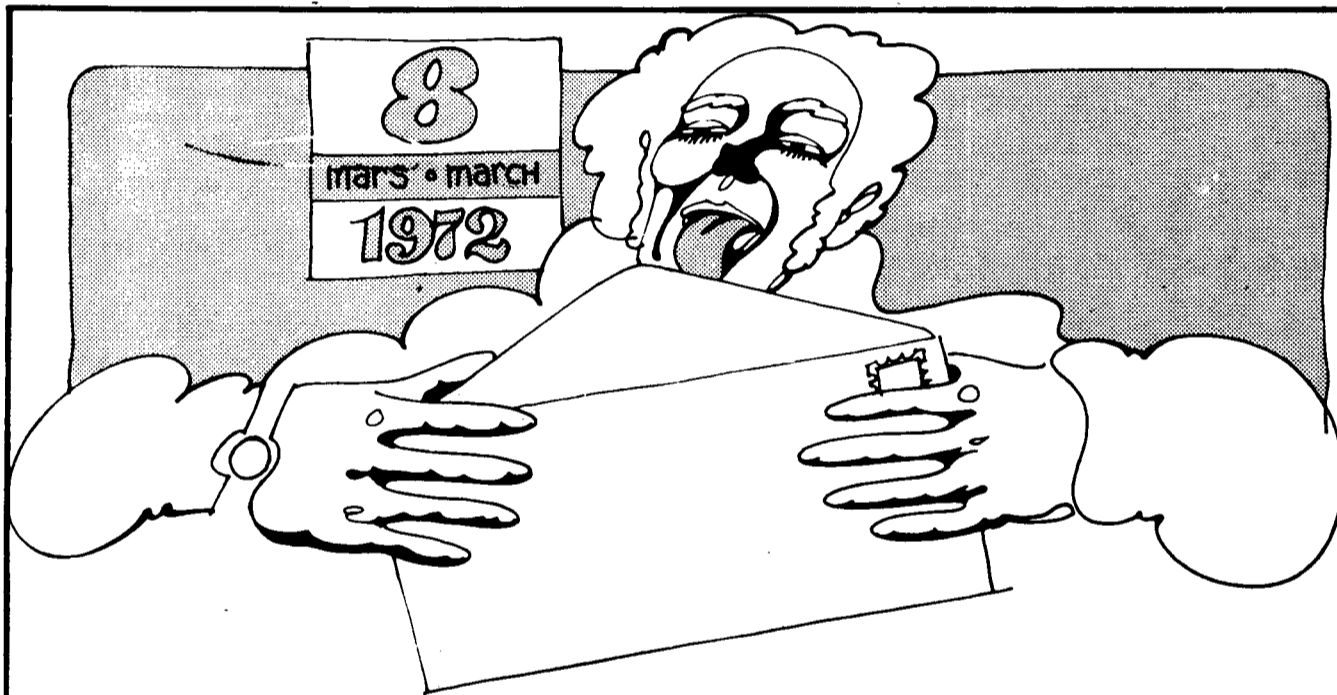
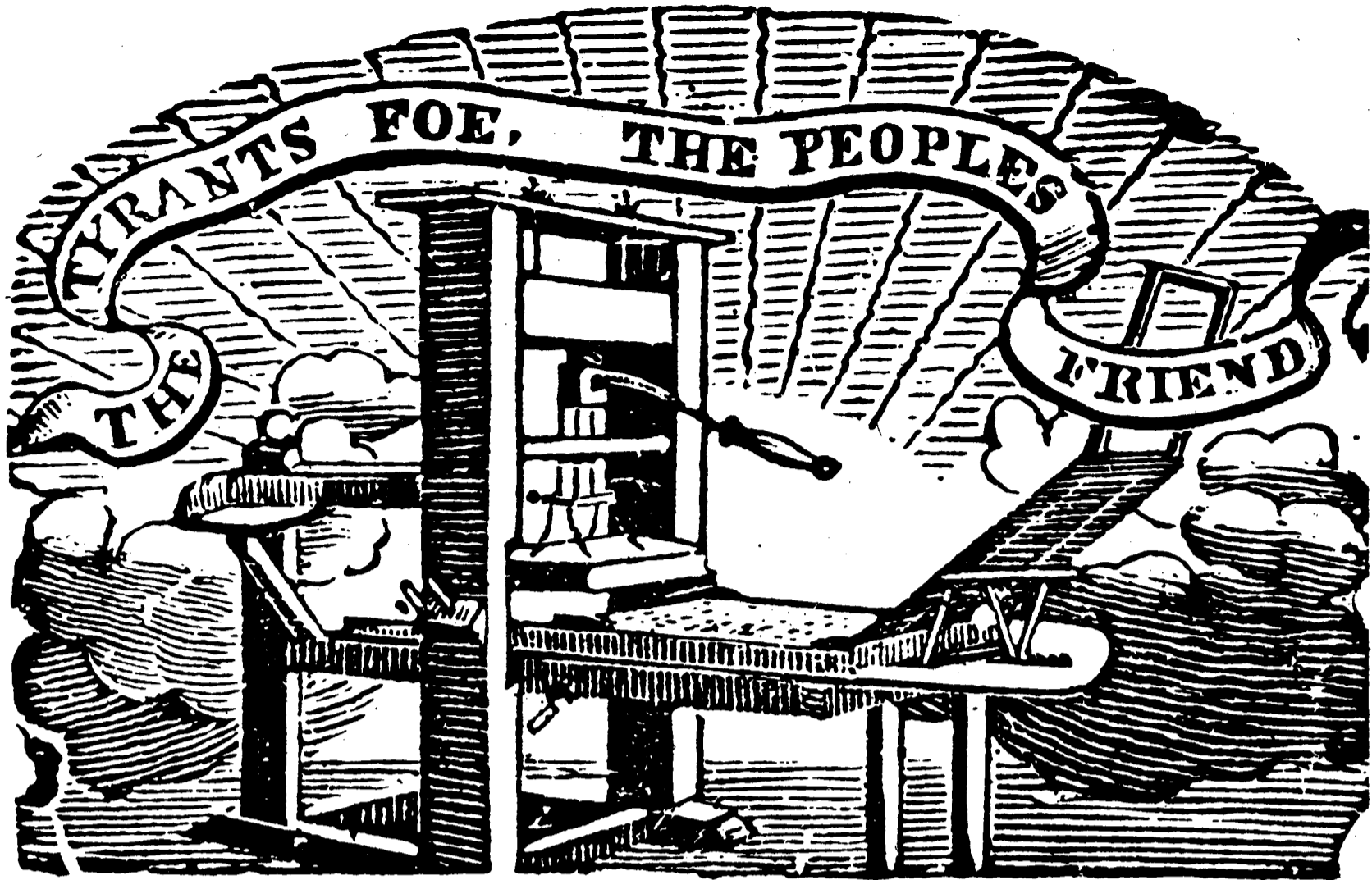
But here, I have the feeling that what the average Canadian feels about the occasional thing that Boyce Richardson writes (in the Montreal Star) is a sense of 'what the hell - it's got to make money or we're not interested'.

This seems very shortsighted. If all the money currently being used for welfare was used in providing meaningful work that would restore the Eskimos' self-respect, it would be much better spent.

The Danes get a big deficit out of Greenland and they are concerned about this in official circles and they are taking some measures to develop fishing with the hope that these exports might reduce the deficit somewhat. But they never dream of breaking even, let alone make a profit.

In 1965, I had an interview with the then Governor of Greenland and he told me "Now, I know you're from Canada and I know what your outlook is but I want to make something clear right away: that any measures concerning breaking even or making money are simply not in our whole philosophy. Our concern is first social development; if we can in the process reduce the cost, we'll be happy but that isn't our aim here."

It comes down to two very different philosophies.



March 8

is the last day to mail applications to:

Opportunities for Youth

for more information telephone
your local OFY representative at:

(604) 753-5941

or contact the nearest Canada Manpower Centre or
regional office of the Department of the Secretary of State.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUTH
A SUMMER '72 PROGRAM



**Government
of Canada**

VEGETABLE
 starting
 Sunday Mar. 5 we will
 be open the following hours:
 Sun. 1:30-7:30
 Mon.-Sat. 11:30-7:30
 *
**VEGETABLE
 NATURAL FOODSTORE
 and
 VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT**
 1020 Blanshard

THE MEDLEVAL INNS



Join us in our 10th
century English Inns
where one can sup
and enjoy hearty
entertainment.

1005 Broad St. Telephone:
Victoria, B.C. 386-8317

The Plain Truth About Hippies

The "HIPPIES" have emerged as a whole new subculture around the world. The drug-taking cult has rejected modern society, rebelled against the Establishment, and withdrawn to a psychedelic world of bizarre thrills. You need to know why the hippies are the barometer of a sick, sick society.

Barometer of...

When I began taking LSD, everything became great - just great. My folks don't care for me - I don't think they ever did. We talked to others as well. One young lady was obviously disenchanted with hippedom. She had come to the "Hashbury" from Canada, where she was returning as soon as possible. "There's no future in being a hippie," she told us. I've had my kicks. Now I'm going back to Canada and become a dress designer." Why is a hippie a hippie?

...a sick, sick society

Hippies, believing in free love, exhibit the morals of a common alley cat. Any kind of sex goes - man and woman, man and man, woman and woman, or even 'group' sex.

One of the saddest aspects of hippedom is the pre-occupation among some with death. "Death is a groove", they think - and to experience it, some attempt suicide.

There can be no doubt about it - crime and violence, dope addiction and murder go hand-in-hand!

Is There an Answer?

Sociologist Lewis Yablonsky conducted a national survey of hippies. He estimates that some 40 percent of hard-core hippies have turned into 'speed freaks' or 'methmonsters' - that is, users of methedrine.

Your child could be next! That is, if he hasn't already been enticed or snared... Before you know it, as soon as your child reaches the mid-teens, he or she will become a 'teeny-bopper' just one step away from an on-and-out hippie. And then, as soon as he or she goes through that stage of metamorphosis - behold - you have created a hippie.

Hippies, with their flower power, may not be able to change the world much. By dropping out of society, they will not much change society. They themselves are victims of the same hypocrisy and double standards which they so volubly reject. They, themselves, are guilty of phoniness, shams, pretense and self-delusion.

Instead of attempting to solve problems, they "drop acid, turn on, tune in, and drop out." They go nowhere fast. Get stoned on drugs, they seem to say, and you can cope with any problem.

What then is the answer? What is the solution to this world's many-faceted, multi-hued problems?

Is there an answer - short of nuclear war and blasting all life off the face of the planet earth? Do you know of any possible answer? Well, believe it or not, the world is going to be set straight and made right in less than twenty years from now.

cont. on 11

It's time you knew the truth - understood the real meaning and dangers of the 'hip' world and what it means to you! Make no mistake. You may not realize it yet, but you are involved - directly.

What's behind hippie music? Sex, drugs, and revolution. These three subjects cover nearly every song in the hippie anthology. Of course, some modern groups such as the Beatles have written some beautiful melodies, but these are rare exceptions to the general rule.

The hippie sub-culture has many types. There is the sincere dropout who became disillusioned with the world and the society around him. This type sincerely believes the world is a rotten place and wants nothing to do with it. So he

Don't be misled. The growing trend toward hippieism is merely part and parcel of a growing degenerate world. It is merely one facet of where increasingly 'anything seems to go'. They are not ultimately responsible for the rocketing increase homosexuality and perversion.

Their parents so often don't teach them properly. Or else their parents are too harsh, strict and confining, causing their children to rebel against all authority. But in most cases, today, parents couldn't care less if their children try a little sexual experimentation. In fact they may even encourage it.

Even the schools and universities parrot the agnostic idea that there are no absolute standards, no absolute truths.

For example, one educator

Songs depicting sexual intercourse are too graphic to print. All one needs to do is see the gyrations of certain singers and all doubt is removed. The blues of Janis Joplin, for instance, "wring the last drop of sex from every song. And sex is a big part of what blues is all about," said Newsweek Magazine.

To get the facts on the hippies, to find out what really turns them 'on', to find out why many youth seem to enjoy and admire the hippie way of life, we sent two of our correspondents to the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco.

Here is their report on the now defunct hippie hangout.

Inside Hippie H.Q.

What we discovered may surprise you!

It was a pleasant afternoon. The hippies were out in force, clothed in their typical outlandish regalia. Some of them looked like wild Indians of the American variety, complete with headbands and feathers. Others appeared more like the Three Musketeer variety with colorful coats and high boots. Many of them seemed to enjoy parading up and down Haight Street, sporting their long hair, smiling for the cameras, selling copies of "The Berkeley Barb".

As we toured the "hip scene", and saw ourselves "where it's at" we had a chance to talk with several of the hippies. They seemed to have nothing at all to hide. They were free, frank, open, and sincere.

A girl told us she had been arrested several times back where she came from - Colorado. "They threw me in jail many times," she said. "My parents didn't care. The school didn't care. I was just bored with life. That's all. Bored. But when I discovered 'pot', my whole life changed.

withdraws, rebels, and becomes alienated.

Then there is the pseudo-hippie. He (or she) only goes into hippedom for the sex, the excitement, the "thrills," and to get away from mom and dad. This hippie doesn't believe in peace or the hippie philosophy, but he does believe in free sex, having fun and rebellion!

There is another kind of hippie - if you can call him (or her) a hippie. This is the violent, insincere, dishonest hippie - the one who takes advantage of other hippies and other people. This is the type that peddles LSD and marijuana to the others, making a profit, short-changing them when he can get away with it. He is liable to be a "pusher" of hard narcotics or other more addictive drugs.

Finally, there is the political agitator type of hippie. This segment is comprised of a small dissident nucleus which is definitely communist influenced. These hippies are more properly called revolutionaries. They infiltrate the hippie movement in an effort to use disenchanted youth as dupes in their schemes to disrupt the government.

Let's Understand

Let's understand. The new psychedelic world of hippies with their drugs and flowers is admittedly a farout, estranged segment of mankind; but they are people just like me and you and everybody. They sleep, they bleed, they cry, they have to eat. They are human, just like the rest of us.

More than that, their morals are not so different from many in the "straight" world. Which is worse - committing adultery, stepping out on your wife and wife swapping - or sleeping for a night with a "chick" whom you happen to like?

said it is not correct to say arsenic is a poison which will kill you. True, it may have killed hundreds of others, but you don't know it will kill you unless you try it. Even then, that doesn't prove it would kill everyone else. The only way to prove it, according to this theory, is to try it.

Arsenic Kills

Does that really make sense? You should know that arsenic will kill you. You don't have to take it in order to prove it.

By the same reasoning, you don't know the law of gravity will work the next time you drop something or lose your balance.

But people are confused by this interesting-sounding reasoning. Therefore they are convinced that there are no absolutes, no laws, that everything is relative. With this type of reasoning permeating our school classrooms and universities, is it not strange that youth are experimenting for themselves.

By the time they catch venereal disease, of course, it is too late. By the time they ruin their young lives, or bend their minds out of shape with drugs, then it is too late!

Symbolizing their utter rebellion against society the hippies have established their own standards of living, their own fashions. They desire to be different. You've probably seen them - all wearing the same type of paraphernalia.

The hippie uniform consists of something like bell-bottom trousers, a pack of beads, a string of bells, a feather or flower in their hair, wide belt with big buckle, boots, moccasins, or bare feet.

Hippie girls usually have long hair combed straight, bright colorful dresses, and don't forget the beads, flowers, and bells.

syphilis or both is 100 per cent".

Although they speak 'peace' and proclaim 'love', there is not as much peace and love among the hippies as you might think. The hippie community seethes with hatreds, persecution complexes, muggings, rapes, murders, suicides, and all kinds of violence! The hippies have withdrawn from the world, but they have not conquered their own human nature!

They still find themselves to be vain; full of ego and selfishness. They are found to cheat, steal and lie. Jealousies crop up, antagonisms arise and drugs sometimes turn them into vicious monsters.



WHO CAN BE SENSUOUS WITH A ROTTEN COLD?

12 HOUR RELIEF

10 CAPSULES

Feel better with Contac-C.

The Coming Scene



Thur March 2

12:30 - Editor of Young Socialist, Richard Thompson, will speak on 'The Coming Crisis in Education and the role of the Student Movement'. He was formerly associated with CYC and CUS.

2 p.m. Lecture, Clearihue 204 - Dr. R.C. Riddell of UBC will speak on 'Elementary Methods of Locating the Zeros of a Polynomial'.

4 p.m. Lecture, Clearihue 301 - Dr. B. Chang of UBC will speak on 'Characters of Chevally Groups'.

8:30 p.m. Men's Volleyball league, Gym - all students, faculty, and staff are welcome.

8 p.m. Lecture, Craigdarroch College Dining Room - Dr. Jack Michael of Western Michigan University will speak on 'Applications of Behavioral Technology to College and University Teaching'.

Fri March 3:

12:40 p.m. Fitness for female faculty and staff - Hut P dance studio.

2 p.m. Friday Afternoon People invite you to Craig. 208. English students and faculty welcome.

Sat March 4:

1 p.m. Women's Field Hockey Campus UVic II vs Bye.

2:30 p.m. Women's Field Hockey Campus UVic I vs Sandpipers I.

7:15 p.m. Film, MacLaurin 144 - 'Wild Strawberries' directed by Ingmar Bergman.

9:15 p.m. Same as above.

10:45 p.m. 'What's up Tiger Lily' directed by Woody Allen & 'Lenny Bruce on T.V.'

Sun March 5:

11 a.m. Men's Field Hockey day.

7:15 p.m. Film, Mac 144 - 'The Seventh Seal'.

9:15 p.m. Same as above.

Mon March 6:

1:30 p.m. Lecture, Elliot 168. Dr. O. Spreen will speak on 'Norman O. Brown'.

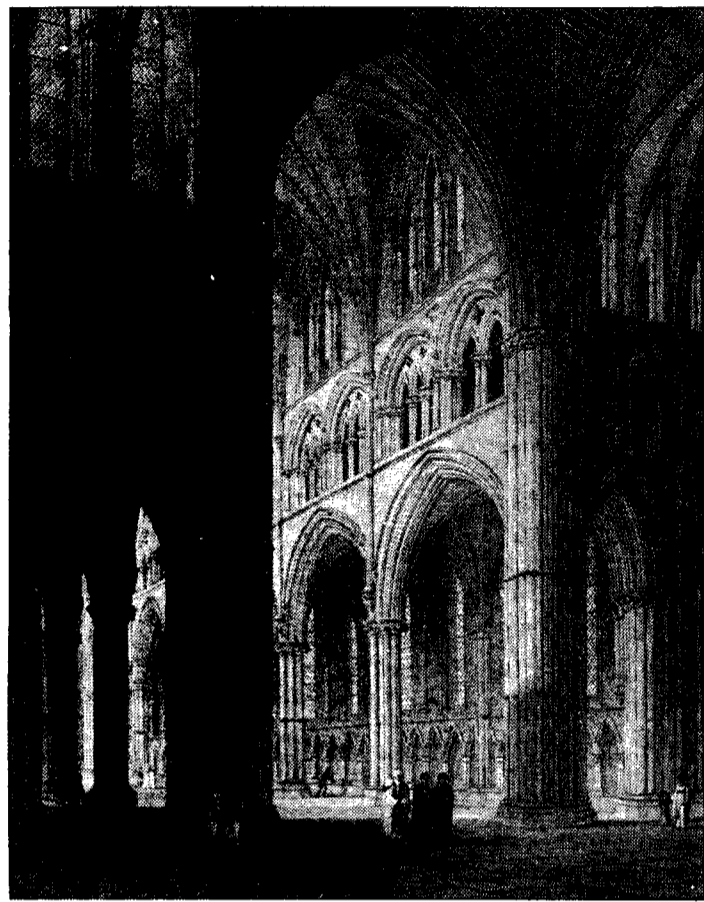
12:30 p.m. The Christian Science Organization meets in Craig. 206.

12:30 p.m. UVic Rock Scaling Club meeting in the Boardroom, SUB.

7 p.m. Young Socialist meeting in SUB, Clubs A.

Tues March 7:

12:30 p.m. Biology club meeting at ELL 060.



7:30 p.m. Seminar, Craig. 206. A.E. Cotton will speak on the 'The Influence of Pesticides on Nutrition'. Miss White will speak on 'The Influence of Pesticides on Animals'. Miss E. Richter will speak on 'The Influence of Pesticides on Man'.

7:30 p.m. Lecture, ELL 168. Dr. Peter Kidson of the Courtauld Institute of Art will speak on 'Early Gothic in Northern Europe'.

7:30 p.m. The Foreign Students Committee will hold a reception in the SUB upper lounge. Anyone interested in meeting a foreign student attending is invited. The function is licensed.

8 p.m. Faculty and staff badminton in the gym.

Wens March 8:

2:30 p.m. Architectural Meeting in the radio shack.

3:30 p.m. Lecture, Cornett 112 - The Honourable Mr. Justice T.R. Berger, newly appointed Supreme Court Justice, will speak on 'Public Interest Law in Canada'.

7 p.m. Abortion Action Committee in Clubs Room A.

7:30 p.m. Film, Mac. 144 - 'Hamlet'.

7:30 p.m. Bridge Club sponsors rubber bridge in the SUB Cardroom.

8 P.M. UVic Fencing Club in P Hut. Fencers are needed.

8 p.m. Badminton Club in the gym. All are welcome.

CINECENTA

Films this weekend:

THE CINEMA OF INGMAR BERGMAN



Sat. March 4

WILD STRAWBERRIES

Sun. March 5

THE SEVENTH SEAL (subtitled)

Mac.144 7:15 & 9:15 Students; 75c

NITE-OWL SHOW*

Woody Allen's

WHAT'S UP TIGER LILY?

in colour

PLUS

LENNY BRUCE ON T.V.

10:45 only Sat. March 4 75c

Next Week:

DAINGEROUS VISIONS festival #2

8 p.m. Folk-dancing club in SUB Upper Lounge.

8 p.m. Watch 'Marcus Welby' show on Channel 8. It deals with cystic fibrosis which is what 'Shinerama' is all about. Also at 10 p.m. in Channel 4.

1:30 p.m. Art History Society meeting in Lansdowne Lounge 203.

4 p.m. Co-ed Softball League at the softball diamonds near gym. All students, staff and faculty are welcome.

CLASSIFIED

For Sale by owner:

Home: University area, 4 bedroom, 2 bathroom, living room with fireplace; living room, dining room and hall all newly carpeted. Professionally furnished rec. room and laundry room. On quiet cul de sac near shops, schools, and buses. Must be seen. Immediate occupancy. 477-2563.

Divers! I will pay reasonable prices for old bottles you find whilst diving. Phone 382-0190.

ROOM AND BOARD in semi-collective house. \$80 per month, easy going atmosphere, no plastic food. Phone 384-5672.

Exhibition & sale. Young Van. Is. artists & craftsmen. SUB,

UVic, Friday, March 10 and Saturday, March 11. Inquiries - Nancy Randall. 384-6357.

TRAVELLING OVERSEASON A LIMITED BUDGET? hen come to the Travel Meeting on Monday, March 13th at 7:30 p.m. in the Upper Lounge of the Student Union Building. Experienced travellers will be

CLASSIFIED

talking to you, and will help you save hundreds of dollars! Everybody welcome - No Admission Charge. Sponsored by the Canadian Youth Hostels Assn.

EXECUTIVE ELECTIONS

Nominations

March 6-10

Candidate Speeches

March 14-16

Election

March 17

E. U. S.

BRENDAN BEHAN IS AT THE MACPHERSON TO-NIGHT

Come and see the Quare Fellow in person.

Sp.m.

Tickets 1, 2, 2.50

CITY REJECTS REZONING BIDS

by garth mayhew

City Council just rejected applications to rezone parcels of land from R-3H (High Density) to R-3 (Multiple Dwelling - low rise) and invited the applicants to enter into a land use contract with Victoria.

By designating the area bounded by Esquimalt Road, Robert Street, and the west boundary of the lot west of Parnard Avenue - a Development Area under Section 702A of the Municipal Act - the city may be able to gain a greater than normal control over design-density. This would ensure public access to a strip along the waterfront.

Lyall Estates Ltd. had planned to build too close to the waterfront south of Seaforth Street and west of Robert Street; while the 87 suite project of West Bay Investments Ltd., a subsidiary of Slegg Bros. Realty had not allowed for road-widening of Maitland and Seaforth. West Bay wanted to build a low spreading structure to avoid the high cost of the concrete floors that are necessary for high rises.

In effect in the new designation the city will be offering to work largely within the criteria of the R-3 zoning. Rezoning would have brought about a reduction of the maximum permitted density from a floor space to site area ratio of 1.68:1 to 1.2:1, and a reduction of the maximum permitted height from 110 to 70 feet, which the city wants to offer anyway as a guideline. Rezoning would also have increased maximum site coverage from 19 per cent to 30 per cent (the city is suggesting a structure whose length is not to exceed 200 feet). The council also wants to see a waterline setback of at least 30 feet, a landscaped area comprising at least 40 per cent of the site,

ample room for parking, and a 10 foot wide waterfront public access strip. If negotiations fail the developers will still be able to build under the R-3H zoning, and not have to worry about public sunbathers.

Prior to the question Alderman Savage spoke strongly against four-storey 'firetraps' that were being built without due regard for aesthetics and proper construction. Savage says he prefers eight storey concrete buildings with underground parking.

Alderman Witt suggested that the Architect's Institute of B.C. be told to dress up future construction, but the city has been issuing permits for buildings that engineers, but not architects, have approved. This

is contrary to a provincial ruling, the Act Respecting the Practise of the Profession of Architecture, 15 March 1955, which states that the plans of public buildings (including apartments) whose costs are expected to exceed \$50,000 be drawn up by an architect. The obvious loophole is that the seal of the engineer and that of the architect are coming under the same footing.

The builder's dilemma, explains developer Robert McAdams, is the public who demand more attractive apartments, and yet cannot afford the rentals that would be needed to pay back the loan. McAdams said that recreational facilities, sound- and fire-proofing, and improved carpeting are now being

provided for complexes of 100 units or more, but often the key lots that are needed to make the development aesthetic cannot be acquired.

Council also authorized preparation of an amendment of a zoning-by-law which will limit the height and bulk of buildings in the C-2 zone (largely central city). If this passes the public hearing, and future council voting, the new limit will be 30 feet at the street line, while two

feet may be added for each foot of setback to a second limit of 140 feet (hence Mayor Pollen's 14 storey limit). Also, the maximum floor space ratio is not to exceed 3.0:1. Under the present system comparing bulk density to lot dimension, the Colonist reports that a maximum of 6.5 or 7:1 is possible.

This amendment could become the victim of the long-awaited report of Community-Planner Harold Spence-Sales.



Sinceres Remerciements

Dans un monde ou la vitesse est elevee a la divinite, ou les machines I.B.M. tiennent le droit de vie des hommes, ou les decisions prises concernent toujours l'aspect materiel des choses, il est reconfortant de retrouver dans cette jungle infernale et machinal un etre humain qui a reussi a resister a la tentation de ceder a l'evolution des moeurs de l'homme.

Il y a quelques semaines, notre heros - qui, par humilite, doit rester anonyme - a mis en pratique ses convictions religieuses. Doue d'un pouvoir special - ministre et procureur general de la Colombie-Britannique - ce brave homme a defie le monde materialiste en lançant une campagne afin de preserver la saintete de l'homme! Sa premiere realisation fut de rhabiller les

denudees immorales de Vancouver, sa deuxieme, d'empecher que nos esprits soient corrompus par ces infames films d'un Hollywood en decheance. Les remerciements ne sone pas prononces a cause du succes de ces grandes actions i.e. notre salut moral mais parce que cet homme a decide de supplanter le droit de decision des ordinateurs et ce qui est encore plus important, c'est que cet homme nous a du meme coup, delivre, pour quelques instants, du jour de la responsabilite.

Les dernieres annees ont vu un accroissement effrayant du nombre des ordinateurs qui decendent chaque jour davantage notre vie. La "bravoure" de cet homme aux convictions religieuses solides, sa facon

cont. on 23'

Hydro ...cont. from 6

Clearly, if the public allows Hydro to go ahead with its Interurban lines, the way could be clear for an above ground high tension power grid all over Saanich.

Hippies cont. from 9

truth is free

If you want to know more about it, and how it is going to happen, then write now for our free booklet 'The Wonderful World Tomorrow - What it Will Be Like' It makes the truth plain. You've never read a booklet like it, revealing in great, interesting detail just what is prophesied to happen within the next fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years!

Also, if you have children and are concerned about their future - if you don't want them to become hippies and dropouts from society, be sure to write for our invaluable book "The Plain Truth About Child Rearing". It will show you the right (sic) way to bring up children so they will be outstanding successes in life.

Saanich officials are outraged with B.C. Hydro's attitude, but without vocal popular support their hands are tied. Legally Hydro is unapproachable.

They can do anything they damn well like," said Saanich Alderman William Noel.

Noel was annoyed that the crown corporation seemed to be doing its best to 'uglify' Saanich, working at cross purposes to its brother agencies like the Capital Region Improvement District which he felt is trying to improve the standard and quality of life in the area.

"The day of overhead power

lines in urban centers ought to be about over," said Saanich planner Thomas Loney, but he noted that The Power Distribution Act gives B.C. Hydro sweeping Authority. "They're pretty free to put their stuff wherever they want to," he said, notwithstanding anything to the contrary in municipal laws. Hydro has hardly been reluctant to use its corporate muscle in the past and they will unquestionably go ahead with their uglification plans for Saanich unless they are shown that, together, people are more powerful than electricity.

THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE



COUNTING HOUSE CINEMA 2 STARTS FRIDAY! Doors 6:30
Eve. shows 7:00 - 9:00
Sat. Mat. doors 1:30 Show 2:00
Sun. Mat. doors 1:15 Shows 1:30- 3:30
Corner of Broad and Broughton 383-3434

EXPORT "A"

CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

NEW IN VICTORIA

"RENT A BUG"

Rent a 1972 Volkswagen

\$5 a day
5 cents a mile

Happy Motoring at the best rates:

corner of Blanchard and Johnson
Victoria

Phone 382-0525

RENT A BUG!

Weekend Rates
7.50 plus 5 cents a mile
Fri. Evening to Mon. morning.



Here now, Behan's image...!

Behan Reborn

by greg middleton

When Brendan Behan was alive, very few people would have passed up the opportunity to spend an evening drinking stout in an English pub with that famous Irish playwright and storyteller. No-one should miss the chance to spend the evening with Shay Duffin as he recreates Behan, at his slightly boozy best, tonight at the McPhearson Theater.

Behan was as notorious for his out-spoken comment and drunken invective as he was famous for his plays and autobiographical novels. Duffin, also an Irishman who even bears a remarkable resemblance to Behan, uses quotations attributed to Behan as well as pieces from his plays and books to create an intimate portrayal of the man and his work.

Drinking a pint of porter while he sings and swaggers; and later staggers and swears, Duffin does for Behan what Hal Holbrook did with Mark Twain. It is absolutely impossible not to be carried away by the Irish ballads or moved from laughter

to tears and back again by Duffin's skillful representation of that great sprawling, brawling Irishman.

Duffin does not just give an impersonation of someone else, he gives an insight into what makes Ireland Irish, and Behan the giant and genius that he was. He also brings back to life a man who had more life in him than almost anyone else in the last century.

Behan-Duffin is also relevant to the Irish situation today. In their youth both were connected with the IRA (Behan spent 5 years in a British reformatory for terrorist activity) and although Duffin's association was brief he has an intimate knowledge of partition, which Behan was violently against, and of Behan himself, as they were neighbors.

Behan himself said "In Ireland it is an achievement to get enough to eat, but a victory to get drunk"; may I add that it was an experience to see Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan.

Only A Shell Of Life Remains

The Last Picture Show
by doug rowe

In the introduction to his selection of D.H. Lawrence's poems, Kenneth Rexroth says at one point that nowadays "men and women torture each other to death in the bedroom, just as the dying dinosaurs gnawed each other as they copulated in the chilling marshes".

Among other things, this is what *The Last Picture Show* is all about. Set in a backwater town in Texas in the early fifties, it deals with what has to be the end of an epoch, a way of life that doesn't work any more. The framework is still intact, trying to preserve itself, but the purpose has gone out of it. All that is left is the shell of existence.

The people in *The Last Picture Show* are derelicts. They all reach after something but they don't know what. They eagerly follow the ritual patterns of growth but the patterns have become mechanical rather than organic, based on what is expected of a person rather than what he feels. Their activities are stereotyped and horribly empty. The dull ritualistic making out in cars; the joyless mechanical banging that passes for love-making; the compulsive chewing and drinking that has nothing to do with any physical appetite other than the need to be always doing something. Avoid the feeling of emptiness at all costs. Anything but confronting the void.

Larry McMurty's script, based on his own novel, is unusually rich and incisive. It creates a sombre mood of tragedy and futility in which all human aspirations prove inadequate. Against the dark background, however, moves a gallery of inadequate yet strangely haunting and sympathetic characters. The



...and gone, white bluesman John Hammond. Maybe things will start

preacher's son who kidnaps a little girl, forces her to take off her panties, and then is too scared to do anything. The school coach's wife who cries while seducing a young boy because she is "scared I could never do anything right, scared I could never do this". The young socialite who forces her boyfriend to bang her because she is the last in her class to be a virgin. The star fullback who becomes the town swinger when he joins the army, and says jauntily as he leaves for Korea "see ya in a couple of months if I don't get shot". The idiot boy who continually tries to sweep the streets clean.

In spite of all though, it is not a negative film. Director Peter Bogdanovich, although critical of his characters, is never unsympathetic towards them, and it is this that is the film's major triumph. Their flaws are totally human, and Bogdanovich forces the viewer, as well as himself, to identify with them. The whole purpose of the film is to understand the situation in its entirety, and by doing so to transcend it.

This is the only positive force at work in the film, and it's a

subtle one. The only way out of the tangle is to totally understand it, and Bogdanovich leaves hope that the hero, Sonny, will one day come to such a stage. There is no route of physical escape. Sonny runs off to Oklahoma but comes back because "there ain't much difference". Love within the framework is possible, but rare, and even in the places where it does occur the characters seem unable to form a life together. The best that Bogdanovich can offer is a brief respite of tenderness in which one can "never mind".

The Last Picture Show is billed as a brilliant evocation of time and place, and it is that certainly, but it is also much more. Without overtly saying so, Bogdanovich passes a comment on our own lives as well as on the greaser era. Precisely because it is a close and accurate assessment of people groping blindly for a kind of fulfillment it is a reflection of our own lives. We too find many ways to avoid the facts of life, Bogdanovich says quietly - such as going to movies in order to forget the predictability of our own lives.

Stowycork! You Turkey!

Ronald A. Stowycork, Martlet reporter, R.A. member, bon vivant and general fine fellow was found hanging from a basketball hoop back of the gym, dead by his own hand.

Even now, two days after the tragedy, it is almost impossible to write this story, but write it I must, so the world will know the true facts, so that Ronald A. Stowycork will be a name that won't be forgotten. A name, but more than a name, a memory, yes, a legend, shining bright and ringing clear as long as man has breath to speak of him.

His body was found late Monday afternoon by two young boys who were playing around the campus. They ran into the gym, told someone inside and then ran away, obviously frightened. The campus police were contacted and they soon had the body down and put respectfully in the locker room before it was taken away.

Much specious speculation has sprung up about the cause of

Ronald's suicide. The muckrakers are always happy to smear an honourable person's name. For this reason we have decided to print the suicide note that was pinned to his jock, a note whose existence was suppressed until now by we, his close friends. We have decided that this, his "last story" should be given to the world as it is a document speaking of a love so strong and pure that all who read it will be uplifted.

"I can't go on without Her at my side. At first I just knew Malinda Flapwell as a smiling face on campus; someone nice to talk to, someone with calm, decent answers to the Big Questions. No sarcasm and sneers from Malinda. And then, as I served with her on the R.A. my respect broadened. I saw a kind face but also I saw a wholesome intelligence at work; with grace and poise enough to fill my cup to overflowing. One day I sat beside her and we

talked, oh, just about inconsequential things like the new summer line of adidas to be previewed next week, the future of the crew cut on campus; just pleasant stuff. But as I gazed into her eyes I felt myself being swept away. My respect deepened into... love. Not cheap physical desire but inexpressibly tasteful need. For her company. This sublime joy transcended anything I had ever felt before, even when we won the rugby trophy three years ago. I had it bad. But Malinda didn't know how I felt. To her I was... just another. I tried to tell her but words are meager things when we are speaking of cosmic emotions. I felt a fool, but Malinda, bless her heart, didn't laugh. She knew what I meant. However, it was with a despair deeper and blacker than the sulphur pits of you know where that I watched, as thru a fog, while she held me tenderly and my ears transmitted vague, unreal

words as she told me that she was sworn to another! A shot-putter from Belgrade. Holding back my grief I told her that they would make a lovely couple; then I lurched brokenly away. I can only hope that no one else undergoes the pain of my tragedy. The excruciating denial of a life without Malinda! Such a thought was unbearable. She was the greatest thing this boy had ever seen. Gone, wrenched from my grasp by cruel fate. I know that she is the only woman I could ever truly love and so my need to commit suicide must be obvious to anyone that has ever loved and lost.

Yours with tear kisses,
Ronald"

And so, as Ronald's troubled soul is laid to rest we shall have to live without his sweet smile and his gentle laugh. The university will go on, it must, for that is what Ronald would

have wanted; but it will be a shaky going for a while before the shock of this loss is lessened by the softening caresses of time. I think it fitting that this eulogy be completed by Malinda Flapwell, who, perhaps better than any of us, can do him justice.

"Ronald was a great man, a great patriot, a great athlete, but above all his life was an example of what virtue is all about. Yes, we can all take a lesson from Ronald, and if we do - then Ronald will live, forever. Good bye, Ronald... we know you will be happy in that great stadium in the sky."

Services will be held next Wednesday at Brotherhood of Society chapel on Fort. Ronald will be buried in his track suit and a borrowed Viking rugby jersey. Nobody finer could be found to carry our colours to the grave



letters...more...letters

cont. from 4

head-scratching stage.

Then he slowly stretched, slithered down the pole and into the back garden.

The police squad was more than a little relieved, but no sooner had they turned their backs than the snake was back again - and up the pole.

A quick conference and it was decided the situation was turning into something of a disaster, so who better to call in than the Public Disaster Relief Division.

Another four men turned up and this time gave the snake quite a shock - an electric shock. But that didn't work either.

The head scratchers got to work again and sure to form, the python took the opportunity for another trip back into the garden.

That brought a raucous cheer from the crowd watching the little drama - and police, deciding they had lost a little face, decided they would have to get a little ornery.

So they pulled out their guns and fired a couple of shots to let the snake know just who was boss.

Surprise, surprise. That really did alarm the monster. In fact there were some observers

who claim he fainted - and that's how the patrolmen managed to grab him.

Onlookers said there were another two pythons in the backyard, but police weren't hanging around to find out.

In spite of his uprightness, then, it appears that the editor of that paper is quite willing to condone the thug-like tactics used by the police in dislodging an innocent reptile from its place in the sun. We would expect that the python, as a Thai citizen, would receive better treatment than he did. Can arrogant white foreigners really hope to receive better treatment from the police than inoffensive natives do?

D.T. Half-Cutt

sexism

Dear Editor:

In the "Martlet" of January 20th, page 11, there is an article by Drew quotes the owner of the Medieval Inn as saying, "Personally I have nothing against blue jeans, I mean I wear them myself, it's just that we are trying to keep that element

of people out of our restaurant, that's all." In that same issue there is an advertisement for the aforesaid Evil Inn on page 18. Good grief, this is shades of Social Credit, taking in revenue from a commodity on one hand and railing against it on the other!

In the "Grape" of February 10-February 17 there is an article on Page 3 concerning the firing of the staff at the Gastown Medieval Inn. Prior to the firing, over 51 per cent of the employees, mostly females, signed union cards. The waitresses (also known as "wenches") were promised \$3 per hour when they began, but only got \$2 per hour instead.

The waitresses also have stories of frustrated males biting females, putting their hands up the girls' dresses, punching girls, calling them shits and stuffing money down the girls' low-cut blouses (the standard method of getting tips at the banquet for which the girls were paid \$4 per hour plus tips).

The owners were planning to raise the banquet price from \$10 to \$12.50 a person, at the same time dropping the wages to \$2 per hour and no tips.

My only connection with the Medieval Inns is that I was

kicked out of the Gastown Medieval Inn last summer, and my only interest in these cases of injustice is why the Martlet continues to publish advertisements for the Medieval Inn, which are obviously sexist to begin with and secondly, are advertisements for profit-hungry owners who have little or no concern for the rights of their employees. I would therefore urge anyone who sees the Medieval Inn advertisements to reflect on the injustices done by these establishments and therefore boycott them.

Sincerely,

"Ralph Nader"

are you religious?

Dear Sir:

In the February 10th edition of the Martlet was a full-page drawing of a restaurant, of which every object in the drawing had individual names associated with Jesus Christ and religion. Perhaps the artist's intention is to illustrate how religion is being commercialized, which is a good point, but one must also consider the possibilities of other views.

There are many people on this campus that are religious. On seeing such criticism, they might possibly believe it to be a satire on religion and accept it in bad taste. If they speak against the Martlet, there is no one else to blame but the staff of our university newspaper.

In future, I suggest that the staff consider carefully what it prints in the newspaper, in order to clarify the view which it presents.

Sincerely yours,

Jack Fonseca
2nd Year Education

long beach

Dear Editor:

We should greatly appreciate your publishing a note somewhere in your paper about our project. We are very interested in hearing more from the Victoria area, and feel many

whom you contact would be interested in this project. This is what it's about:

SUMMER AT LONG BEACH

We need information about your experiences at Long Beach in order to make a proposal to the National Parks for more alternative uses of parks and beaches, such as were instigated at Long Beach in recent years. If we can send you a questionnaire, please write to:

West Coast Habitation Society,
1062 West Georgia,
Vancouver.

We are currently being funded by LIP for 2 months, and then will present a proposal to the Parks Board for their decision.

If you have any questions, you can contact Dave Stephenson in Victoria at 383-8288. Thank you.
Anne Mills

dictator

The Editor the Martlet, Sir:

Learning to live with the truth is the most challenging life project, for in doing so one is guaranteed an open mind. And what is an open mind?

"The pleasure of possessing knowledge is found in learning how to bear its pain with understanding and wisdom."

An open mind, then, is like having an enormous window inside oneself which opens out upon an electrified billboard with the above quotation flashing off and on in luminous capital letters for the whole world to see.

(This incandescent transcendental statement is brought to you by the maintainers of Universal Products Inc. where our motto is:

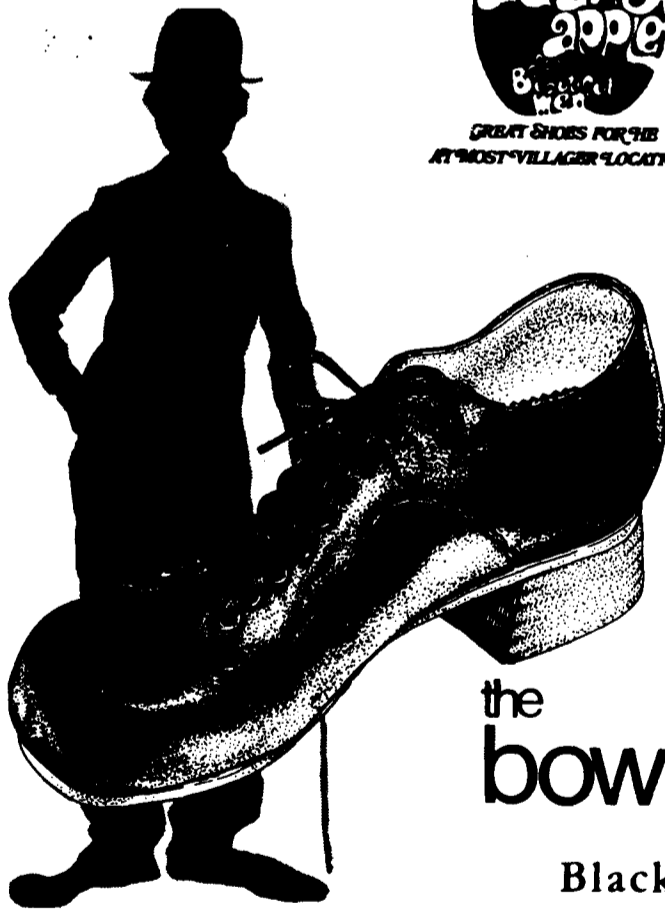
UT FLOS INSAEPTIS
SECRETUS NASCITUR HORTIS
which roughly translated means - to let you be free despite yourself and in spite of your local campus dictator who runs the campus press.)

Love... peace? Comrade X

(As one who's always searching to find truth, I'm sorry to hear there's not more to it - ed. note)



the Villager shoe shoppes



by
T
O
R
I
N
O

the bowler

Black kid leather -
Tan antique kid leather
Only \$27.99

Open Thursday and Friday nites C.O.D. orders accepted.
Credit and Charge Cards honored.

1324 DOUGLAS ST., VICTORIA.

* "Design and word Trade marks in Canada of the Villager Shoe Shoppes Ltd."

B.C. SOUND & RADIO SERVICE
- SALES & SERVICE -
CAR RADIOS-TAPE DECKS-RADIOS
RECORD PLAYERS-TAPE RECORDERS
931 FORT ST. 383-4731



CAMERAS ACCESSORIES
DARKROOM
BOOKS — SERVICE
COMPLETE ON PREMISES REPAIRS

Electric eye

1006 BROAD ST.

386-0333

THE MEN AT TEN TEN

1010 BROAD ST.

DISTINCTIVE MEN'S APPAREL

382-5424



Curling Capers

Alberta and UBC were winners in WCIAA curling last weekend and 3-1 seemed to be the magic number, as a 3 way tie in men's and 2 way in women's resulted from identical 3-1 records after the regulation play.

Thursday, University of Alberta jumped into an early lead, with a 6-4 over UBC and 9-5 over University of Lethbridge.

UVic, skipped by Harris Loy, had their closest game of the men's competition in the first round losing to University of Lethbridge 6-7.

In the second round UVic were defeated 6-4 by Calgary, who had the first round bye in the 5 rink, round-robin competition, played at the Victoria Curling Club.

Friday's first draw saw Calgary throttle Lethbridge 8-3, before taking 3 on the final end to beat Alberta 7-5 ending the day with a perfect 3-0 record over two days play.

UBC and Alberta ended the day tied for second place with 2-1 records after UBC lost to Alberta and beat UVic 8-4.

The final draw saw Alberta trounce UVic 10-5, UBC thrash Calgary 11-3 and a three way tie for top spot resulting in a playoff for the top spot.

Calgary drew the bye in the playoffs and Alberta downed UBC 9-5.

With a 3 point fourth end, giving them a 5-1 lead, Alberta went on to overpower Calgary 7-3, wrapping up the right to represent the Western division of the WCIAA, against the Eastern division winners from Lakehead University.

Women's competition was only slightly less hectic than the men's, 2 rinks ended up in a tie for top spot with 3-1 records.

Opening day competition in the Women's division saw the eventual winners UBC being humiliated 11-3 by Calgary, Calgary having their biggest end in the 7th when they scored a five.

Anne Butler's UVic rink were narrowly nipped in the first round when they lost 10-9 to

UBC, but rebounded for an 8-6 win over the hapless University of Lethbridge foursome, who had earlier lost 9-2 to Alberta.

Friday the U. of A. rink, skipped by Trish Stetler, finished the play with a perfect 3-0 won lost record after edging Calgary 7-6 on the 10th end and humiliating UVic's entry 14-1 in a game conceded after 6 ends.

Alberta and UBC met Saturday and the UBC rink forced a playoff when they drubbed Alberta 12-3. Carrying their winning ways into the playoff round the UBC crew captured the division title with a convincing 8-5 win over the prairie crew.

Calgary and UBC were tied for second place after Friday's competition with 2-1 records - Calgary beating Lethbridge 15-6 and UBC downing the same 10-4.

UVic under Butler could very easily have been in a 3 way tie for first place with only one bad loss and the one stone squeaker to UBC. The UVic crew did handle themselves well and ended in a tie with U of C when they won an 11-10 thriller.

Vikettes Edge Bisonettes

After losing to the University of Saskatchewan in semifinal WCIAA basketball playoffs the Vikettes rebounded for a 46-44 win over the University of Manitoba Bisonettes, to capture third place.

The Vikettes, who finished the Western division in second place, had previously been beaten by the University of Saskatchewan who advanced to the finals against UBC.

The powerful UBC crew had little trouble handling Saskatchewan, coasting to the WCIAA championship 53-27.

UBC who have only lost one game this season - to the Vikettes, now advance to the intercollegiate finals, to be held in Saskatoon later this month.

editor:

SPORTS

jack godfrey

Elcock New A.D.

Mike Elcock a former UVic student has been appointed Athletic Director pro tem.

Elcock, who has been filling in as Athletic Assistant since the resignation of Dr. Bob Bell last summer, was officially informed of his change in status Tuesday morning in a memorandum from the office of Vice-president Jack Kyle.

A transplanted Scotsman, Elcock travelled extensively before settling down at this hallowed institution, receiving his B.A. in English 2 years ago.

Working for Ted Sawchuck in the Department of General University Services at the time Dr. Bell resigned as A.D., Elcock originally became Athletic Assistant for a period of 3 months, while a committee was formed to make the selection of a new director.

Since taking over the relatively meaningless title last summer Elcock has proven himself capable of operating under less than ideal conditions and willing to listen to student ideas, while cutting through the crap and settling the problems.

Only time will tell if Elcock can handle the job, but he does have a lot of ideas he wants to implement and feels strongly that "5000 young people could make this a magnificent place if they would stop bitching all the time and get together."

U.B.C. & Sask. Split

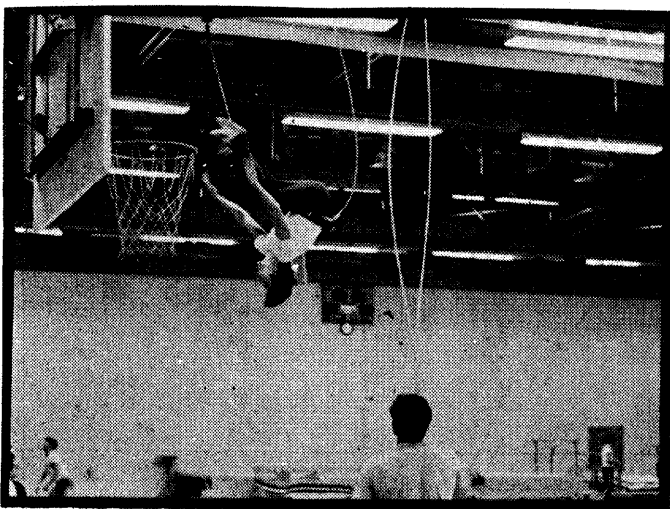
Defending WCIAA men's basketball champs, UBC Thunderbirds got off to a bad start in defence of their crown last Friday.

UBC, with the home court advantage, were narrowly beaten by University of Saskatchewan Huskies 74-71.

Saturday the "T-Birds" weren't to be denied their glory and knocked off the prairie team 105-88, going away.

The final game saw the UBC squad led by high scoring guard Ron Thorsen and centre John Mills with 30 and 27 points down Sask. 97-75.

Thorsen who already holds the UBC record for most points scored during a school career seems to keep rolling along, adding to his total points, plus his worth to the pro teams.



Up...and in! 2 points for UVic.

SPORTS COMMENTS

by jack godfrey

The hierarchy of the University are to be congratulated on their selection of the new Athletics Director. For once it would seem the main criterion hasn't been an impressive string of degrees, but the ability to get a job done.

If desire is one of the requirements for the job of Athletic Director, Mike Elcock should do well - he served his apprenticeship under trying conditions. but at all times

maintaining an honesty and enthusiasm.

Elcock has proven himself to be willing to listen to student ideas, even though he did not always have the authority to implement them.

There will be pressure on the new A.D. to prove himself, both to students and the administration, but the final proof will not be seen until next fall, when the shape and direction of UVic athletics will be Elcock's.



Volleyballers Victorious

UVic's male volleyballers managed to come up with a big win last weekend when playing in the BC Open at Langley.

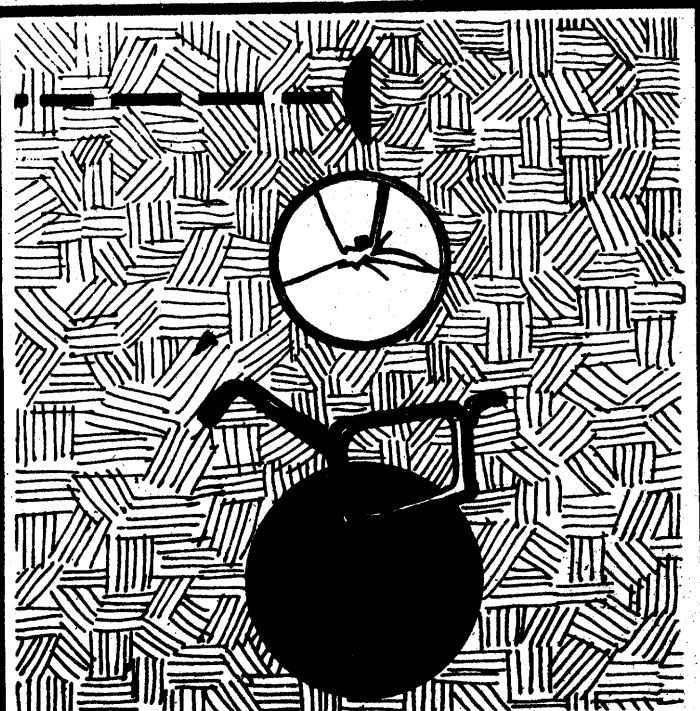
The UVic team led by Captain Ken Lundeen and coached by Don Smythe have been close in previous competition, but just haven't been able to put a complete tournament together.

In Langley, playing against top rated teams in the province, the university team showed their potential and came out of the 6 team round-robin tournament with a 4-1 record,

second only to Vancouver Volleyball Club, with a perfect 5-0 record.

This was a tough tournament and the UVic men deserve top marks for their effort which earned them the added bonus of a trip to the national finals in Edmonton, March 10 to 12.

Mike Elcock, UVic's new Athletic Director, is optimistic that the team will be able to reach the national finals, when contacted Elcock said, "In all likelihood they will go, it all depends on if we can come up with some cash for them."



10% Discount to Faculty and Students

AYCOCK OPTICAL

1327 BROAD ST.

PHONE 384-7651

Psychedelic Fascism

"Die Self, Die World."

by lucian truscott

Early in the summer of 1970, around the middle of June to be exact, a monstrous party was given at a ranch about 10 miles outside of Aspen Colorado. The party had been announced for several nights at Danny's, the local rock 'n' roll joint in Aspen, just as it would be several months later when the guys who lived at a ranch decided to give another one. It was said that they gave the parties twice yearly, to usher in the summer and the ski season.

That June, a rainy, boring month between the end of the ski season and the height of the summer tourist business, it didn't take long for the word to get around. By noon that Saturday, several hundred of Aspen's hard-core mountain hipsters and soft-core local freaks had gathered at the ranch. By 2 more than 1000 summer celebrants were present for the festivities.

And such festivities there were! The scene would get so heavy, a friend had told me the night before, that the sheriff and town cops wouldn't go near the place for fear of being shot at or stoned. And in fact, as hundreds of long-haired, dope-crazed freaks poured down the dirt road leading to the ranch, the cops sat idly by watching the procession, their radios crackling occasionally with a status report request from headquarters. These the police and sheriff's men apparently provided with some chagrin, for right before their very eyes the floor of the pitkin valley was being rendered into the kind of carnage that is possible only through the forces of modern-day psychedelia.

The barn at the ranch, a huge, aging structure with a classical peaked roof and peeling, rust-colored paint, fairly shook on its foundations with the sound of the rock group from Danny's. The barn was full of dancing freaks, many of whom had overflowed into the pastures surrounding the barn. There, in various stages of dress or undress, they frolicked in the grand style of hippedom. Drugs of all kinds were in wide-spread use. Girls' breasts, bared in the midday sun, were openly fondled. Couples could be seen in varying states of couple in the high grass of the meadow. Cycle freaks did dusty wheelies up and down the dirt roads and around the barn. Occasionally a stark naked guy would wander forth from the barn, and staggering beneath the load of pills that were frizzing his brain, piss an irregular stream into the dirt of the coral. In general, and even from a distance, the scene was recognizable as a drug-crazed orgy, which in the finest sense of the phrase it certainly was.

Her eyes got deeper ...

Into this scene of gay abandon, about the time the sun was beginning to disappear behind the mountains, came a woman of some 50 years. She was attired as you would expect a woman her age to be, wearing a print dress hemmed at mid-calf, and her hair was so silver-gray it looked to have been dyed. At first glance in fact, only one thing would distinguish her from your mother or aunt; her companions. One, a man at least 15 years her junior, seemed to be a kind of valet. He was dressed like a Madison Avenue advertising executive, complete with silk tie and wing-tipped shoes, and was carrying a two-and-a-half gallon thermos jug and paper bag full of unbreakable plastic cups.

The other was an 18-year-old Chinese boy, dressed in flowing tie-dyed velvet and snakeskin boots, who stood at least six feet two inches tall. I must confess that, as I was a bit stoned at the time, this lady and her strange assemblage looked like some kind of apparition. She walked right into the barn, as if following a plan, and summoning forth the man with the thermos jug and bag, began filling cups full of a ghastly purplish-pink juice and passing them around.

All this time she was beckoning those of us still in the barn to come and taste her wonderful punch. "Come" she would say, "have some of my punch. It will make listening to the music so much nicer, won't it John? John would nod, his mustache curling down almost in a sneer, and answer, "Yes, Jean, of course it will my dear." The Chinese kid passed the cups around, taking an occasional sip himself.

I refused the cup when it was first passed to me, saying no thank you, I don't really care for any punch right now, I've still got some beer. This didn't seem to upset the kid, but a little later when it became obvious that everyone else in the barn, at this point somewhere around 50 people, had taken the punch, this woman zeroed in on me.

It wasn't very subtle, the way she did it. Standing at least 30 feet away across the barn, she stared at me for a good two minutes. I found it extremely difficult not to stare back. Then, when she saw she had caught my gaze, she motioned with her hand for me to come over. I turned my head. She waited. When I again looked over there, she motioned the same way, smiling this time. I looked at her eyes, and they seemed at least 30 feet further away than her body.

They were large, with dark circles surrounding them, and when she smiled, the circles got deeper, making her eyes look to be sunk in two holes that got deeper and deeper as you stared at them. Suffice to say that her eyes were extremely weird, and to make a long story short, I



was fascinated by her, by her eyes, and walked over and took the punch she had been holding in her hand for me.

As I approached she held out the cup and smiled, saying, "Now there, it isn't all that bad, is it?" All I could do was shake my head negatively. She seemed to have known my reaction and how to deal with it. I felt better. Returning to my seat atop some haybales, I sipped the punch, and entering my mouth, it felt alive vibration with a strange power of its own. The punch was in fact, alive with acid. The lady, still smiling, gathered her little brood, and summoning several of the people in the barn individually including me—went outside.

She had apparently gone through a process of selection. When she got outside, she formed the group into a circle and sat down on the grass at the edge of the meadow. There she instructed the Chinese kid to read everyone's palm and tell their fortunes, which he did obediently.

Her manner of dealing with her two charges, the Chinese kid and the middle-aged valet, seemed very curious to me then and it still does now. It seemed to be based on total submission and obedience. They did whatever she told them to do, and didn't ask questions. The valet sometimes made a sarcastic comment, as the lady asked him if something wasn't as she said it was. "Isn't that right, John," she would say. If his reply wasn't one or two words in the affirmative, however, she silenced him with a glare. At that point he would shut up and literally hang his head. She had no such trouble with the Chinese kid. He seemed to be a stoned automaton, responding to her every beck and call with a conditioned grin and unintelligible mumble.

This lady moved about the group slowly, scooting from person to person with probing, personal questions. "What are you doing here? Why did you join the group? Aren't you glad you're with us, and not OUT THERE?" She emphasized the importance of the group and the undesirability of OUT THERE, as if everyone outside the group were in a lesser or lower state.

Before she got around to me I left the group and staggered across the meadow to a spot where I could see, but not hear, what was going on with them. It didn't take long for her to notice that I had left, however, and again she beckoned me from across the meadow to join them. "Come join the group," she said.

From that far away, her voice sounded like a whisper. I got up and walked back toward the barn, skirting the group as I went. As I got closer to the group, she became more insistent. "Why don't you join us?" she asked, almost plaintively. "Do you really like it better OUT THERE? Wouldn't you rather be IN THE GROUP?"

My steps slowed as once again she caught my eye. This time, however, I wasn't just slightly stoned on a little grass and a lot of beer. My head felt like it was coming apart. Reason was escaping me, and I could feel jolts of electricity shoot across my brain. I was even beginning to lose some control of the physical functions. Walking was a

chore, turning my head next to impossible. It seemed that all I could do was stare straight ahead and stumble, and when she caught my eye again, the pull was almost unbearable. I sat down at the edge of the group, not as an act of will but in complete psychic exhaustion.

This woman, who by this time had complete control of the group, again began to zero in on me. Almost everything, as before, was in the form of questions. "Come, move in closer to the group." I moved closer. "Now" she said with another calm, knowing smile, "aren't you glad you're not OUT THERE?" I couldn't answer, so I nodded. Affirmatively. I was glad I wasn't out there, because out there I had been a spastic fool. I had stumbled. I had fallen down. I couldn't think. Sitting there in the groupy mind had something to focus on, and that something was the woman. She was beautiful, I thought, in an odd sort of way. Her face was lined, and yet it seemed ageless. Her eyes were all knowing. Her mouth was all telling. Her hands were as expressive as the deepest of my inner thoughts.

After I nodded yes, the woman began telling us of the party she was holding for us that night at her house. We would all be coming, wouldn't we? We were now, after all, in the group. There were things we knew, known by no one else. At the party, we would know more. Her house, she said, was large, and we all could stay there, as long as we want. "Isn't that right, John," she said. "Yes," he replied, "as long as you want."

The party, she said would be much better than the one that afternoon. MORE ORGANIZED. More to do, more to learn, more to feel. More to experience. "You can leave your cars here," she explained. "John has a station wagon to take us there."

At that point, responding to some unknown impulse, I got up and began walking away from the group. The woman called after me, and this time there was anger in her voice. "Why are you leaving the group?" she demanded. "After all I've done for you. Come back here!" The order rang out with the authority of someone well accustomed to giving them. I turned, only to find her smiling and beckoning again.

This time I opened my mouth and said that I didn't want to be in the group. That I was going home. Again, she intimated that I was somehow in her debt. "You drank my punch," she said, "now stop this and come back to the group." It was all so very logical, so perfectly set up. I owed it to her to at least listen, she explained. Why wouldn't I listen? I backed away, and still she said "Come back, come back, come back, join the group," over and over again. I backed further away, and her voice dimmed.

I broke into a run across the meadow toward my car, and looking back I could still see her with her hand held out. By the time I reached my car panting, I was in a cold sweat. As I slid behind the wheel, I could see her leading the group away. I buried my head in my hands and shook.

I never found out what happened at her "party". Most of the people she had gathered together were apparently homeless hippies, young

runaways, freaks too stoned or too lonely to care why or what was happening. I found it difficult to explain to others what had happened, and this woman had passed out the acid punch, why she had gathered together her "group", and, in the end, what she was going to do with them. She WAS and they WERE and that's all that seemed to matter.

For by the time it was over, I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that she was in total and complete control of the individuals who made up the group, beginning with her two assistants, who looked to have been under her control for so long that the line between themselves and her hand blurred to the extent that it was non-existent.

This is the first time I've written about this experience, which I now look back on as a living nightmare. I never found anyone I could talk to about it until one night in a bar I saw Ed Sanders. I had the idea that the woman might have been part of an occult scene of some sort so I described the whole thing to Sanders. He was fascinated, for what I described to him was the same kind of psychedelic fascism he had encountered in the enigma of Charles Manson.

Psychedelic fascism. In a way, it was inevitable. The drugs, beginning in the flower-power days of yesteryear, and their accompanying expanded consciousness, got weirder and weirder.

Manson: product of psychedelic revolution.

As Ken Kesey predicted on the front of his bus in the early days, everything went "further". Beyond that which was there just before, past that which would come not long after. Kesey and some of the smart ones "graduated" from acid some years back. Others journeyed "further" along the psychedelic trail. The search became a quest, and the quest... an obsession.

There had to be an answer at the end of the long acid rainbow in the sky, there had to be something there that would give it all meaning. That would prove, beyond anyone's doubts or fears, that it was all RIGHT. The woman in Aspen had reached this acid point of n, where for her, there was only the "group", and "out there's". Nothing else mattered. The group KNEW. The group was RIGHT. All else was WRONG. She knew this, with her smile and her valet and her Chinese fortune teller and her little stash of supplies for the future, and her eyes... her magnificent, all seeing, all knowing, unreachable eyes. I still see them sometimes, if I let myself slip. And they're one reason among only a few why I've stopped taking drugs.

Sander's book, "The Family: The Story of Charles Manson's Dune Buggy Attack Battalion" (published by E.P. Dutton) tells the story of how one man's psychedelic fantasy became a reality; how the scene, not stopping to ask where or why, evolved past good into evil. Just as Rusty Calley is, an a perverse way, the ultimate product of the military machine—an unthinking, unquestioning robot capable of premeditated murder on his own well-conditioned initiative—Manson is the ultimate product of our society and its psychedelic revolution.

The machine that created acid's expanded consciousness allowed man to vicariously SEE DEATH. Once you have seen death, if you don't have anything else to look forward to, you can also envision the end of the world which for you, death certainly is. If you expand your consciousness OUTSIDE YOURSELF, where you become just one of an entire host of beings, your death becomes the death of all. Die, self. Die, world. The coming of Doom.

Imminent death, of course, justifies all. Imminent death for the world, doom, can be all the more self-satisfying. Once you believe it's all going to end, anything becomes possible. Enter Chop. Enter Snuff. Enter Gore. Enter the staggering of the collective Amerikan imagination.

Doom justifies all

Doom, the Manson folks say, is nigh, and no longer is the message being carried across Times square on a gray-haired old man's futile placard. Manson-style, doom was carried into the living room of Sharon Tate and friends, and enacted, not announced.

Five people died that night, two were to die later, and one had been killed previous to the days of "helter skelter." All of the Manson family murders are faithfully recorded in Sander's book, in previously unavailable detail. It is some of the goriest reading you'll ever come across in your life. Sanders calls it "chop", and the reason is obvious. No fewer than 102 stab wounds were found by the coroner in the bodies at the Tate house and similar number were found in the Labiancas. Later, according to Sanders, Leslie van Houten would write poems about the stabbings. How fun it was. Chop. Chop.

More important than Sanders' amazing descriptions of the actual murders, however is the body of the book itself. Sanders spent a year and a half researching the book, during which time he enlisted the aid of up to three private investigators, sometimes working simultaneously.

His tapes and files on the Manson phenomenon weigh more than 100 pounds and take up the better part of one room of the house. As he says in his introduction, he became a data junkie. He was totally absorbed in the thousands of bits and pieces of information that, sorted out and related to one another, created the picture Sanders gives of Manson.

One result of Sander's private obsession with data is that the book sometimes bogs down in facts and becomes boring. On the whole, however the book is a fantastic document that provides, for the first time, many of the clues, and several of the keys that taken together unlock the mystery of this horrifying, fascinating man.

The scope of Sander's book is necessarily narrow. Because he was collecting not only on Manson, but also on 20-odd members of his family as well Sanders did not concern himself with Manson's distant past, nor with the personal histories of the family. Had he done so, the maze of excess information would have rendered the book completely inaccessible.

As it is, the book deals with Manson and his family from the day he was released from Terminal Island Prison on March 21, 1967, until they were charged with murder in November of 1969.

The book follows Manson's day-to-day moves, from the beginnings of his harem-like collection of females to his involvement with some of the biggest names in Hollywood.

In the course of the book's 412 pages, Sanders draws no conclusions. There isn't enough room. The conclusions must be your own.

Sander's tracing of Manson's actions right down to the minute particulars, provides the clues to what created the "House of Manson".

For example, Sanders says that the "Jean" I encountered last year in Aspen reminds him of Jean Bratton, the head of an obscure evil-worshipping occult society in Southern California known as the Solar Lodge of the OTO. Bratton has been wanted on state and federal ed on state and federal fugitive warrants for child cruelty has reportedly turned himself in.



He was charged with locking up a six-year-old boy in a closed wooden box for 56 days as "punishment". In any case Bratton's occult society was well known in Southern California for its use of acid, demerol, scopolamine, jimson weed, datura root, ether and balladonna in psychedelic brainwashing.

According to Sanders, Bratton used acid to "program" people while they were on a trip, a dandy little trick that Manson was to put to great use with the family.

"The hype was similar to other groups, including Manson's," writes Sanders. "Learning down the mind through pain, persuasion, drugs, and repetitive weirdness—just like a magnet erases recording tape—and rebuilding the mind according to the desires of the cult."

The Bratton cult, interestingly enough also subscribed to the imminent end of the world, doom theory, and like Manson, believed Armageddon would be brought on by race wars. The similarity between the two groups even extends to the fact that the Bratton cult also planned to escape to the desert when the end came.

The Bratton cult is probably best known, however, for its belief in blood drinking, animal sacrifice, death worship, and sadomasochistic sex as part of the cult's personal brand of perverse sacraments, practices that the family held in great esteem. At the Tate house, Susan Atkins liked the blood of Sharon Tate off her fingers. What went on at the party after their party in Aspen last summer is still a chilling mystery.

Perhaps foremost among the "sleazo inputs" as Sanders calls them, that influenced the church of the final judgment. The process, as it is commonly called, is another occult group that subscribes to the "there is no good, there is no evil" line of bullshit.

Christ and satan exist equally in each person, they believe, as in the writings of the church's head, Robert de Grimston: "Christ's enemy was satan and satan's enemy was Christ. Through love, enmity is destroyed. Through love, saint and sinner destroy the enmity between them. Through love, Christ and satan have destroyed their enmity and come together for the end, Christ to judge, satan to execute the judgment. Salvation or doom."

If that sounds to you like Manson's the-end-of-the-world-is-coming cont. on 22

English 110 reviewed

The advisability of a non English 110 credit for students is presently under discussion.

Any student who enters this University must write an English entrance exam. If the student passes the exam he has the option of entering English 110, 120, or dropping English altogether. However, if the student fails the exam or refuses to write, he must enroll in English 110.

Recently there have been numerous rumors around campus pertaining to the fact that English 110 will eventually become a non credit course, and still remain a requirement. If this were to happen students would be carrying 18 units and getting credit for 15.

According to Dr. R.F. Lesile, head of the English department, "no formal discussion has been set. The majority of my colleagues and I feel that English 110 is useful and it should remain a creditable course. Of course there are some who differ with this opinion, but that is to be found in any department."

Dr. McOrmond, head of Freshman English verified that if "any such change were to take place, such an event will not happen until 1973." Dr. McOrmond added that the evaluation of English 110 will be changing in the fall.

"In the previous years students were marked on a pass fail bases," he said, but starting next year students will be listed on a one to five system.

cont. from 21 *continued... "Die World,*

rap, it's understandable. It is known, according to Sanders, that Manson read some of the process-printed material, which was being passed out in great quantity on the Sunset Strip in 1968, and also that Manson attended at least one process meeting at the Old Digger House on Waller Street in San Francisco.

Sanders says that Manson has written an article for the just released sixth issue of the process magazine, called "death issue."

Manson probably glommed his end of the world act from the process, as well as, possibly, their use of drugs to influence members.

The process, like the Solar Lodge cult, is based on obedience and punishment.

According to Sanders, Manson also used the Christ-satan sham on family members.

Manson would get one of the girls stoned, and then instruct her. "I am Christ, I am satan." he would intone. And then: "Fuck me. You are fucking God. Fuck me You are fucking satan." The effect this might have on a teenage mind, completely warped on 1000 or so micrograms of acid, can only be guessed at.

Two things emerge from Sander's elaborate description of the birth and growth of the "house of Manson". The first is the inevitability of the murders themselves.

In the reading of the book, by the time you reach the two chapters devoted entirely to chop, you know so much about Manson's complete control over the minds of those in his family that his orders for them to kill, and their blind obedience, seem completely logical.

A favorite head game Manson would play with his followers went something like this:

The follower would be ripped on acid or an equivalent drug like belladonna, and Manson would hand him or her a knife and say, "Kill me" The follower would inevitably say that he or she couldn't, at which point Manson would accuse him or her of disobedience, and say that because of this he had to kill the follower. This would go until the follower could accept simultaneously the death of himself and the death of Manson. Of course, no one would die, but can you imagine the lingering effect on that wounded brain? When you've accepted your own death, as well as that of your god, would a "piggie" death really matter?

The second thing that emerges from Sander's massive body of research is the blurring of the distinction between the killer and the killed. At the time of the Tate-La bianca murders, the papers painted the picture as a dirty-hippies-kill-good-gyp-hollywood-socialites and business-man-couple.

The real story told in detail by Sanders makes that book like a typical Daily News mock-up job. Sanders reports that several nights before they were murdered, Sharon Tate and crew whipped--and filmed it--a drug dealer from the sunset strip had burned one of them on a several-thousand dollar cocaine deal.

Family members, Sanders believes, may have been present at the Tate residence for the filming of certain home movies, the contents of which are unknown, but which are widely believed to have celebrated the freer aspects of the hippie love scene.

It is known that the Manson family had several 8mm cameras of its own and was fond of making "helter skelter" movies of various kinds.

According to several people Sanders interviewed, the family regularly showed movies at the Spahn ranch.

These movies, says Sanders, dealt with three subjects: (1) family dancing with knives, and fucking; (2) animal sacrifices; and incredibly (3) human sacrifices. Sanders says it is well known that some of these movies are available in the L.A. area at understandably outrageous prices. What would you pay to see a movie of the Manson family, in which a dog is killed, blood from the dog is poured over numerous family members fucking? What would you pay to see a movie in which a red-haired young hippie girl has her head cut off by a band of black-capped, black-hooded ghouls on a lonely stretch of beach? These and other film scenes were described to Sanders by several different sources during interviews. Significantly, none of these sources knew each other, and in cross-exposing details and information, everything checked out.

If what Sanders says is true, as he puts it, the age of "video vampirism" is here. And according to Sanders, several films with unknown contents were confiscated by the police when they searched the Tate house and when they raided the Spahn and Barker ranches. Who was in those films, and what they were doing, is anybody's guess.

So the society that spawned those murdered by the Mansonoids was far from idyllic. In the course of his investigation, Sanders uncovered the livelous fact that the sons and daughters of several prominent movie-types were frequent visitors at the Spahn Ranch. He also discovered an underground agency which, if you're bored with parlor games, puts you only a phone call away from a fresh, pre-heated corpse for your Bel Air party. Why play charades, you jaded Hollywoodite, when you can order up a little necrophilia for your next cosy super-hip bash? Be the first on your block...

Actually, it doesn't take much imagination to conceive of what has become the typical occult modus operandi. Several of these death-gore groups, in attempts to legitimize themselves, are seeking out high-placed government officials on the guise of setting up drug programs or neighborhood feeds. They hope their linkage to the big names will make them virtually untouchable by the law. This has been particularly true in Boston.

The saddest aspect of this story is that it's continuing. The phenomenon so widely reported at the time of the Tate-La bianca murders as the ragged horrible edge of the hippie scene was something

cont. on 23



TICKETS
NOW
ON
SALE
FOR
THE
1971-72



SWIMMING

A late-evening swim session for members of Craigdarroch and Lansdowne Colleges has been booked at the Crystal Pool for Sunday, March 5. Tickets must be obtained in advance from Craigdarroch College General Office. Numbers are limited, so please collect tickets early.

★ SOCIAL CREDIT
TAKES CARE ★
OF ITS FRIENDS!

Alex MacDonald NDP, MLA,
speaks on the West Coast gas
pipeline issue.

Wed. March 8

12:30 Lansdowne 204

-Uvic NDP-

A.M.S.-ATHLETICS AWARDS BANQUET

THURSDAY, MARCH 23rd
COMMONS BLOCK DINING ROOM



*giant smorgasbord dinner
bar facilities available*

Tickets are \$3.00 per person and are available
at the S.U.B. office until 1 p.m. Friday, March
17th.

Open to all A.M.S. members, staff and faculty.

continued... Die Self."

more than that, and it wasn't something we left behind in the 60's. Take a look around you. How many of the new crop of pseudo-religious cults that spring up every day hold the tried and true Manson end-of-the-world-is-coming-and- we've-got-to- get-ready-for-it doom rap as the basis for their belief?

How many of them worship satan, as well as Christ or God?

How many of them profess abstinence from drugs in their teachings, but use monster quantities of the most horrible psychedelics secretly in their sacraments as a brainwash?

Just what is the "final judgement" that the process talks about?

Why for instance are there still 80 unsolved murders of young, unidentified white females, listed as jane does one through eighty in police files in California, ranging back over the last few years?

Why have there been at least 44 unsolved murders across the United States in the past few years that have shown signs of some sort of ritualistic sacrifice?

Many readers will doubtless scoff at sanders' book as the latest paranoid gibberish to see print.

And, indeed, much of what I write here can only be alleged at this point. Evil has not yet become such a large national product that statistics and facts are readily available to prove every allegation.

Still, the indicators that something has run amuck with the spirit of this country are here.

Still, the indicators that something has run amuck with the spirit of this country are here. At this time, no fewer than three quasi-religious occult groups are operating openly in New York City. They are similar in their seemingly insatiable appetite for legitimizing publicity, and each has been the subject of an innocuous article in at least one national magazine.

"Video vampirism"

One so-called religious sect is pyramidal in structure, with its leader, who is said to believe himself to be god, at its top. It is rumoured that this "leader" convinces his followers by feeding them 1500 micrograms of LSD and instructing them what to believe. This is done over a 12 hour period in a locked room.

The followers, it is said, emerge as ardent believers, and if at any time they show signs of losing their faith, they are re-indoctrinated with another 1500 mikes and a "talk" with their leader. This time, however, the talk is not so simple. He plays the most devious, evil head games with them, preying upon their weaknesses and fantasies until total submission is achieved.

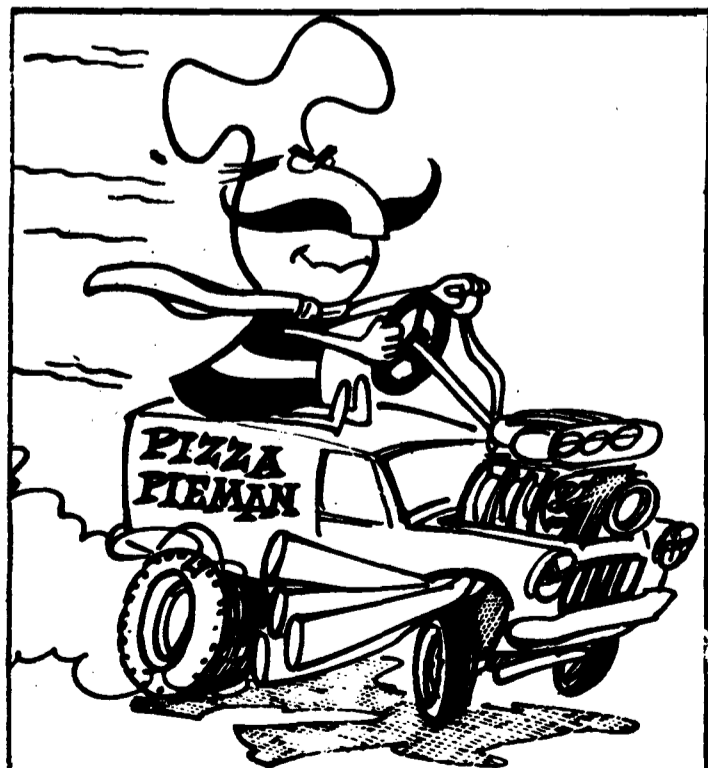
Sound like Manson? Well that isn't all. The group is also alleged to indulge in such Mansioned obedience-punishment devices as locking a member in a tiny cell for several days if he proves especially intransigent in his disobedience of the ways of the cult.

So the word, though until now well guarded is getting out. The age of psychedelic fascism, of "video vampirism" and high society spank-spank parties, of dial-a-corpse and living room necrophilia, of evil worship that goes beyond the cover of Look magazine, of blood-sucking death cults that worship both god and satan and have "thou shalt kill!" as an absolute-if unadvertized--commandment, of the knife movie, the blood-fuck movie, the snuff movie-- the age of psychedelic fascism is here.

I shudder to think of it. And I shudder, too, to think of the locust-swarm of eviloids that are devouring some of the best young minds of the country at this very moment.

Read Ed Sanders' book

Read about Charles Manson and his private little hell that all of a sudden isn't so private any more, and you'll see what I mean.



PIZZA TO PEOPLE FAST

Town and Country Esquimalt Oak Bay Vancouver
383-1177 382-3177 592-2404

Ten Years After

{Exerpts From

Martlets Past}

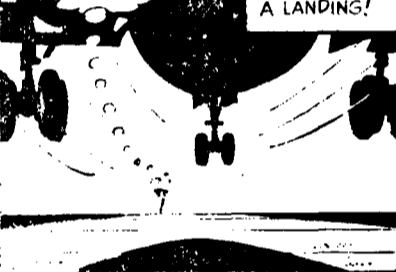
"Governor Wallace of Alabama, who bestowed his presence on UVic last January: 'Yes, we have a club's day down South, but we use them all on Negroes'..."

"Construction is scheduled to begin this week on a Student Union Commissary capable of serving hot foods. The hot food will be pre-cooked, delivered daily in sealed cellophane, and heated to eating temperature in three minutes in one of six infra-red ovens. This will eliminate preparation labour and mess plus the stench of frying hamburgers."

"A number of beer bottles were found in the S.U.B. during last week's Soc Hop. In a spot check, the night supervisor, Freeman, found at least four bottles of beer on people attending the dance, including one in the handbag of a young lady."

IF I CAN MAKE IT ACROSS THE FIELD TO THE AIRPORT HIGHWAY... AND MAYBE JACK A PASSING CAR...

HIS MIND ON ESCAPE, TED DOESN'T SEE A JUMBO JET COMING IN FOR A LANDING!



cont. from 11.

Sinceres Remerciements Discontinued

d'avoir du coeur au ventre, sa force de Gibraltar, est comme dit un certain astronaute "un petit pas pour l'homme, un immense saut pour l'humanite". Imaginez que pour la premiere fois depuis plusieurs annees, les concensus furent ignores, les tours d'horison politique furent delaissees, que meme les tas d'informations dans les memoires machinales des ordinateurs ne furent meme pas consultees. L'homme a pris l'initiative, s'est lance a l'encontre de la dictature des machines et il s'est libere.

Par ses sages decisions, le defenseur de la pudeur nous a

garanti une liberte accrue. En face de cette ecoeurante nudite de Vancouver, ou en face d'un film marque X, les humains perdaient beaucoup de temps a se decider de ne pas ou d'y assister. Puisque aujourd'hui la decision est deja prise par notre "liberateur", tout ce temps qui etait autrefois depense a decider, peut maintenant etre consacre a des poursuites bienfaisantes et saines a l'esprit.

C'est dommage que plusieurs insatisfaits crient "dictature, viol de la liberte" et qu'ils emploient cette liberte de temps a critiquer la saintete deun devoue!!!

SUMMER JOBS

Guys & Gals needed for summer employment at numerous locations throughout the nation including National Parks, Resort Areas, and Private Camps. For free information send self-addressed, STAMPED envelope to Opportunity Research, Dept. SJO, Century Bldg., Polson, MT 59860. APPLICANTS MUST APPLY EARLY ...

ARCHERY CLUB

is reactivating. For further information phone 598-4764

or attend a meeting in the Boardroom at the S.U.B.

-12:30 Tuesday, March 7.

POETRY WANTED

for possible inclusion in cooperative volume. Include stamped envelope.

Editor,
Box 4444C,
Whittier, California 90607.

PUBLICATIONS DIRECTORY COMMITTEE

- Two AMS members are required to sit on the Publications Directory Committee to assist in the selection of the Martlet editor
- Any interested students must apply by 12 noon Friday, March 10 at the S.U.B. office
- The successful students will be required to appear for the Committee meeting on Monday, March 13
- All AMS members are invited to make suggestions to fill the position of Martlet editor
- All suggestions must be received in writing by 12 noon Friday, March 10 at the S.U.B. office
- To be considered, the suggested candidate must be a member of the AMS of the University of Victoria
- No consideration will be given to applications received after this deadline

