

the *mag* *bullet*



university of victoria

If no news is good news
Then bad news is good news
// snau //

volume 11
number 26
march 30th
1972



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The Coming Scene

Thur MARCH 30

4:30 Poetry reading given by
 John Woods at Elliot 168
 8:00 Play at Phoenix Theatre
 'Everyman'

Fri MARCH 31

7:15 Film at Mac. 144 'Brand X
 and Bambi meets Godzilla'
 8:00 Play at Phoenix Theater
 'Everyman'
 9:15 Films at Mac 144 (as above)

Sat APRIL 1

7:00 p.m. Faculty and Staff
 family night the gym
 7:30 p.m. Film at Mac 144.
 Marx Brothers April Fool's Day
 Special 'A Day at the Races' and
 'A Night at the Opera'

8:00 p.m. Play 'Everyman'

Mon APRIL 3

University closed
 7:15 Film at Mac. 144 'Die
 Buddenbrooks' (German)
 Admission is free.

Tues APRIL 4

12:30 V.C.F. meeting in Clubs
 rooms A and B. Discussion,
 singing and elections.
 1:30 Lecture at Ell. 168. Dr.
 Lowell Hinrichs (Math) will
 speak on 'Post-Historic Man'

7:30 p.m. Lecture Ell. 165. Dr.
 L. Laudadio will speak on 'The
 Development of the Soviet
 Economy since the Revolution'
 and Dr. G. Reid Elliot will speak
 on 'Russia in the North Pacific'

9:30 p.m. Channel 10 'Outlook'
 Discussion with Dr. Danesh.
 Phone 592-7021 or 592-1124.

Wens APRIL 5

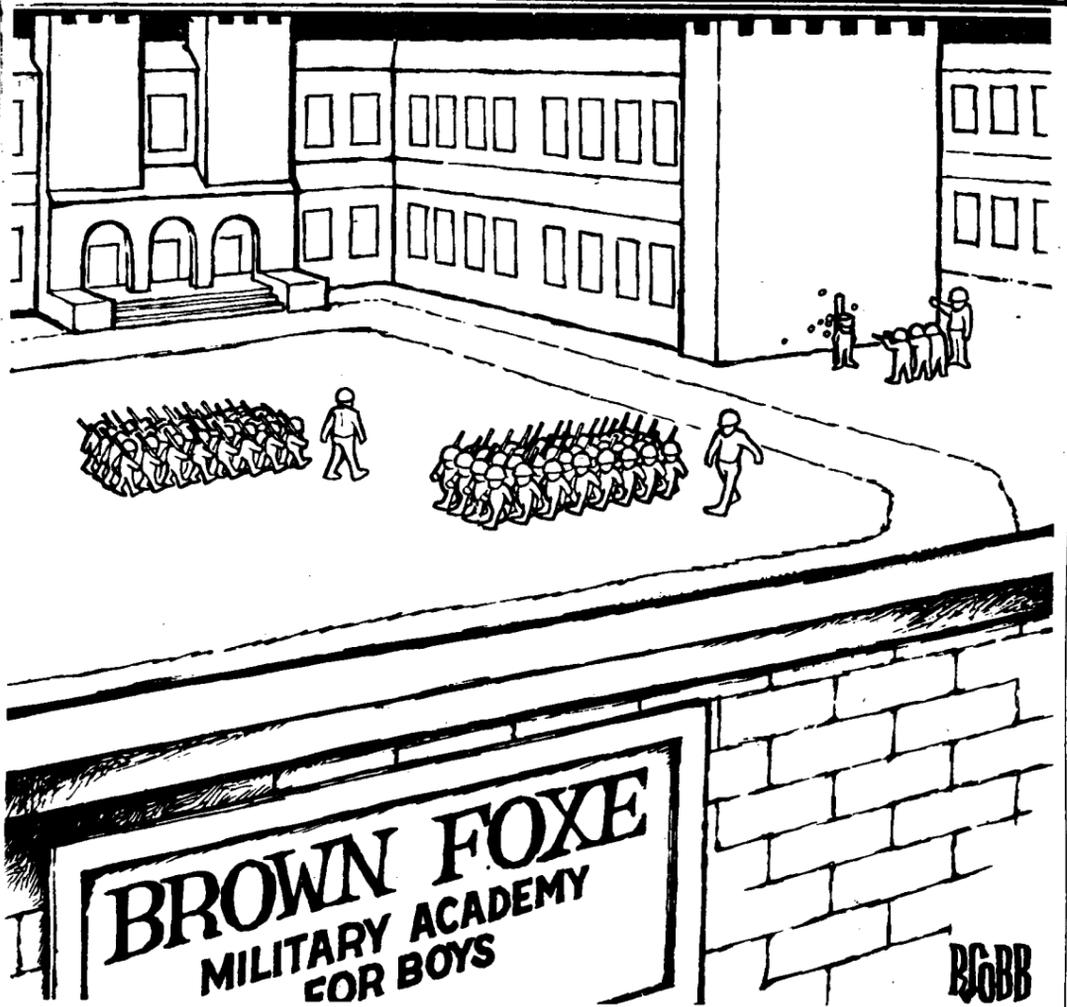
12:30 Lecture Mac. 103 Dr.
 P.M.H. Edwards (French) will
 speak on 'La musique des
 impressionnistes: Faure et
 duparc'.
 Lecture at Commons Block 203-
 204 Dr. Arne Daartz
 (Mathematics) will speak on
 'Zipf's Law and Linguistic
 Relevance'.

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Another good man goes victim of University's quest for "excellence"

An untenured History professor has become yet another victim of the Administration's master and servant approach to hiring and firing faculty.

Lecturer Christopher Rowe will be released by the University this June because he has not completed a PhD. Rowe has been refused promotion by Dean Climenhaga despite the unanimous support of the Tenure Committee, a recommendation from Department Head Dr. Hendrickson and the likelihood that his departure will eliminate the teaching of a number of History courses.

Rowe came to UVic in 1967. His contract was renewed in 1969, with the provision that he would be promoted to assistant professor on completion of a doctorate.

"It has been made quite plain", he says, "that lack of a PhD is the only issue involved."

Rowe is enrolled in a doctoral programme at the University of Liverpool. While his thesis is in progress, there is "no possibility" that it will be completed by the end of his present, terminal year. He says he could satisfy UVic's requirement by "submitting something to a backwater college in the States" but that would not satisfy his own academic standards.

Climenhaga last year made an "informal agreement" with Rowe to give him an assistant professorship if his thesis were completed by January 1972.

"The problem," says Rowe, "is to find the administrative mechanism to have it go through the University of Liverpool or to have it accepted at another university of equal standing."

Rowe was quick to emphasize that any blame in the handling of his case did not lie with the History Department.

"Within the system it has done everything it could. I would hate anybody to bring a Departmental clash into this."

Unlike most cases, that of Rowe's appointment did not go through the Dean's Advisory Committee but to him directly. After Climenhaga's refusal to allow promotion, said Rowe, "Dr. Hendrickson spent several hours arguing with the Dean."

"One of the reasons why I assume the Department recommended me is that I'm the only person in the University in my particular field." Rowe is a specialist in colonial history, the expansion of Europe, and the history of imperialism.

He anticipates that his leaving will cause a number of courses to fold up.

"If I go, the field will become defunct for the foreseeable future." The university has not begun to search for someone to replace Rowe.

Aside from minor inconveniences to students resulting from the cancellation of courses, some Honours history students under his direction will have to change their areas of study.

"At UVic the principle that you go to the people competent to judge you has been completely deserted", said Rowe.

story
by dave todd



"Departmental committees make recommendations to the Dean, but these never come back. If the Dean says no, the decision goes to the Department Head. The committee never finds out. There is no way for it to re-state its position."

"What a Dean, whose interest is in Physics, thinks about History, is a matter of the most monumental indifference. The whole principle of departmental autonomy has been made nonsense of."

Rowe is in the terminal year of his present contract, the conditions of which, if he remains a lecturer, do not allow an extension. He must be promoted or leave UVic.

The History Department has made two appeals to the Dean, both of which have been rejected. Letters of support for Rowe, including one written by Professor Sidney Pettit, have been ineffective in reversing Climenhaga's decision.

Rowe says he is not interested in "a martyr campaign" because it would generate destructive personality conflicts. But, "I don't care what embarrassments come to the Administration. They've made their bed and they have to lie in it."

A petition to the Dean is currently being circulated by History students wanting Rowe to be kept on Faculty.

Young locked in struggle with School Board heavies

John Young, Principal of Campbell River High School, refuses "under any circumstances" to resign, despite a School Board request that he do so.

In a Martlet interview yesterday, Young said he would continue to fight all political attempts to remove him.

On March 21, the Board voted 4-3 to ask Young to step down. Trustee Ray Sharpe had earlier accused him of "abusing the privileges of his office."

Young responded the next day by informing the School Board in writing that their action was unwarranted and would be disregarded.

"Any further action is now up to the board. We will meet soon and decide on Mr. Young's refusal," said Sharpe.

"While the Board can take any action it wants", the principal says, "it is doubtful whether they will fire me. If they did they would have to show cause. This is why they probably did not try to fire me outright in the first place."

Young maintains that if the Board does take steps to remove him as chief administrator of the school, the issue will be taken to the courts. He has been promised full financial backing by the B.C. Teachers' Federation, with counsel to be provided by their lawyers should the need arise.

The pretext given by the Board for their request is that Young has refused on three occasions to supply them with information they had requested.

Young believes the attempted removal of him to be political and that constant demands for trivial statistics are a mask for an attack upon the school's policies.

Sharpe said last week, "My major concern is that he has

defied the decisions of the board while that should be his first responsibility."

A public meeting, called by students and Campbell River parents, gave near-unanimous support to Young March 22. Of 700 people attending, less than a dozen were in opposition to him.

The day the School Board challenged him to resign, Young had been scheduled to speak to the Education Students Association at U.B.C. This appointment was cancelled the Friday before by the Board, who refused to allow Young time off from his school.

It was the first time in seven years that he had been denied such a privilege. Not having had time to make a formal request at a School Board meeting, Young phoned a number of members to

ask their permission. Obtaining verbal approval is a standard procedure when the other method proves impossible.

Don Timchuk, Board Secretary-Treasurer, later denied that Young attempted to get approval by telephone.

The EdSA President at UBC and the Dean of Education, disappointed at the decision, said that not only had Young tried to get a release but that they had both vainly tried to arrange one with the School Board.

"If Young was willing to lose a day's pay for the absence, perhaps we could arrange it," said Timchuk.

Young hoped that he could come to UBC on another occasion.



Who was that unmasked man?

A review of a poetry reading that appeared in the last issue of the Martlet has apparently caused some consternation in the English Department.

The article which appeared under the pseudonym of Irving Schwartz was primarily concerned with the presentation of a poet whose identity was clothed only in secrecy. Following the review there was a rumour that the poet in question was Robert Sward. This, however, has since been found to be untrue.

Within minutes of the Martlet arriving at the English Department, Lawrence Russell, head of Creative Writing, called the Martlet office to ask if the article was true. When assured that the events reported had been verified Russell commented that somebody would probably have to answer for it.

In a later interview he said "it was bad man, bad man, really bad man, I didn't realize it could be true. I thought it was a rip-off." Russell stated that it was a bad thing for the creative writing division which is presently trying to establish itself as a separate department, and commented, "I'd rather just cool it. That article was like getting an axe in the neck. People think it was any number of people, really bizarre, really sensational."

Russell explained that the poet, who took off his clothes and later simulated masturbation, has graduated and is not a current student of the creative writing division. Russell expressed concern that people

TODD RATIFIED

Todd's in, but did he use intimidation?

Dave Todd was ratified as Martlet editor for 1972-73 by the Representative Assembly, Sunday night, and has vowed to clean up corruption on campus.

Todd, elected on a law-and-order platform, says there'll be no room for drug addicts, criminals and other perverts on his paper, and has already started to look for a new staff.

So far, he reports, he's found no likely prospects.

Todd, a second year Arts and Science student who describes himself as a "purfekshunist, or close to it," discounts as a "smear campaign" rumours that he got elected by intimidation tactics.

"Da R.A. members," says Todd, "one by one come around to my way a thinkin - on their



Todd: Puzz-a-na-la-tee

own a course!"

Todd said that his first project as editor will be "to get the criminals on this campus straightened out."

"If there's crime," he said, "it's gonna be organized."

"Unorganized corruption is dirty to my mind," said the editor-elect.

Todd attributes his success to a wonderful "puzz-a-na-la-tee," but there is reason to believe there may be something more to it.

An R.A. member said "It's because he promised to clean up the Martlet," while one Martlet staffer said he'd been told Todd intended to clean up the R.A.

When questioned on this apparent discrepancy Todd said "I ain't talken on da constitudinal grounds that I'z asparagus!"

Todd also pointed out to the reporter that a "brogan arm" would be uncomfortable, and "besides yer fired!"

Martlet

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

staff.....tim de lange
 boom, tim groves, frieda
 lockhart, doug rowe, sue
 wetmore, greg middleton,
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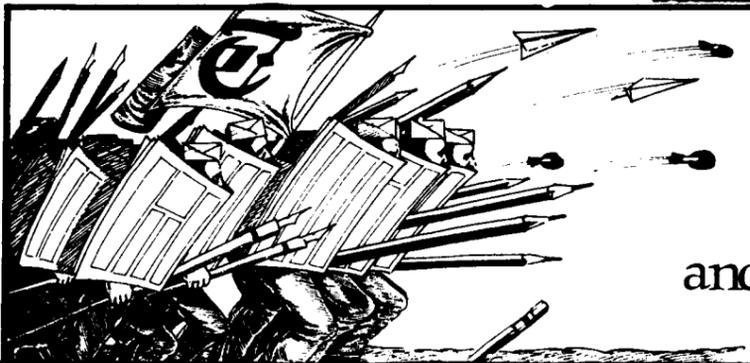
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Martlet



BOBB



LETTERS to us and through us

correction

Dear Sir,

In today's (March 23rd) **Martlet**, comments attributed to me regarding censure may give a wrong impression of what was said.

I cannot, of course, predict what will happen at the May meeting of CAUT Council: nor has any CAUT official asserted to me at this stage that CAUT "may" censure the Board of Governors. It simply occurred to me that such is one possible course of action available to Council.

Yours sincerely,
Charles Doyle

sick

(sic)

Dear sir:

I have been informed that on the occasion (sic) of the recent AMS Awards Night I was made the recipient of an award for "significant contribution to the Martlet" or some such thing. I must say that I find this honor a bit inconsistent (sic) with your published statement on the same subject - but then, consistency has not exactly been your 'forte'. (sic) I therefore conclude that this award represents either an earlier sentiment which is now something of an embarrassment (sic) to you, or that it is a belated attempt at some sort of reconciliation. If it is the former, the award is not being offered sincerely. If it is

the latter, it falls short of the mark, for I will accept nothing less than a personal apology from you, and those who support you. In either event, I respectfully decline to accept the award, and moreover, I wish it publicly (sic) understood that I have done so.

Last year I spent a considerable amount of time opposing Pres. Partridge on the grounds that he had ... (deletion by editor) in public about several people, and refused to acknowledge the fact. My ethics have not changed since then. May I suggest, therefore, that you reassign this trophy, perhaps to someone like Frieda, or Dana, someone whose morals (sic) more closely parallel your own.

D.A. McDonell

(If you knew how much the atmosphere's improved around here since you left, you'd know why you get the award. -ed. note)

ruud again

Letter to the Martlet

After reading your article on Brian Ruud I came away with a bad taste in my mouth. I'll agree with you that his "Southern Revival Meetin'" style leaves a little to be desired but your article was quite unfair.

His "up tight, out of sight, in the groove" language wasn't used as a way of talking down to us but was used to show the way things were when he was doing drugs. This was clearly shown by the way he spoke at the end

which was not cliché ridden.

Your quote about his cure for "marijuana addicts" was way out of context. The quote was used by him in his story. A friend was telling him (not to be afraid, for) he was stronger than a joint and could "drop a joint to the floor, step on it, break it, and watch the little white powder blow away in the wind."

The other point you slanted was your insinuation that Ruud thought marijuana led inevitably to stronger drugs. What he said was that most people could take it or leave it, but a small minority would go on because of problems in their personality.

On the other hand Ruud did his share of shoveling too. I have a sister who went to his meetings at the Baptist church. After his talk they were split into groups and given these cards saying:

On date at place

I name was turned on to the real Jesus and asked him to put me on a natural high. Now with his help I am going to walk over Satan every day. Tell the whole world I want to walk with the man.

This was put out by his Houston based company designed to spread the word of the Lord. Step right up to the religious luncheonette.

You may wonder why I wrote this letter then. I wrote it because I want to see the Martlet produce accurate and as far as possible unbiased articles. Your treatment of Ruud was inaccurate and quite prejudiced according to the facts you presented. You are the only source of information on this campus and so you should act as

a factual alternative to all the B.S. we are given from the other sources.

Terry Harris

(As the article you question was a review, we'll disregard your charges of bias. As to the accusation of inaccuracy, our notes just don't bear you out. But then our notes could be wrong - after all he was talking at a terrific rate and some of us didn't listen as closely as others. However, as you back us up on the quote itself we feel perhaps we should point out to you that joints don't contain "white powder". Unless there's such a thing as 'heroin joints' - and there might just be! After seeing Ruud I'd believe anything. I might even believe that you meant to say, in your last sentence, that we're the "only source" and as such should "act as a factual alternative to all ... the other sources." -ed. note)

NDP win?

Dear Sir:

In the last issue of the Martlet there was a critical article concerning Mr. McGeer's appearance at UVic. It was, I feel, a little too critical. Mr. McGeer is obviously ten years behind the times, but so are most of the people in the B.C. Liberal party. One has only to listen to the other partner in the dynamic duo - Mr. Couvelier. Mr. McGeer was attempting to warn us of the dangers inherent in foreign ownership and control of the Canadian economy. He particularly emphasized the trade union movement and was upset because the audience continually criticized federal economic policies rather than agree with his labour statements.

Mr. McGeer is the last of the provincial opposition leaders to come courting the youth vote. With an election soon to come we must decide who will run this province for the next four or five years. Mr. Bennett, now 72, is rapidly approaching the end. Some say he will never be

defeated; they said the same thing about the other 'book-end of Canada' - Joey Smallwood. So who in his cabinet of mediocres, or his back-bench of nobodys is to replace him? What about the Conservatives? With two members and six years of experience between them, they certainly can be discounted for the next twenty years at least. The Liberals? With Couvelier and McGeer they will be lucky to hold their upper class Vancouver ridings again.

So the choice must be the NDP. Mr. Bennett knows this and we are seeing his response. Another campaign of divide and rule; he creates a problem then calls an election - claiming he alone can save B.C. Remember Ross Thatcher. He tried the same thing by announcing that labour unions had suddenly become a threat. The people of Saskatchewan saw through the manufactured issue and overwhelmingly returned the NDP.

So don't be too critical of McGeer. The election fight will be between a worn out Bennett government and the godless-Marxist-socialists once again (with Darryl Warren thrown in for spice). McGeer is fighting a losing campaign and he knows it. But probably he believes that the Liberals are a "free-enterprise alternative"; even though the Social Credit government doesn't practice free-enterprise. Or maybe he just got his UVic speech on "Youth Involvement" mixed up with the anti-union speech he was going to give in Point Grey.

Rick McCandless

saint peter

Sir:

Proceeding on the usual assumption that it is enough for a reporter to have seen and heard, without necessarily understanding anything, **The Martlet** has once again got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Your account of a recent meeting between the Department of English and the Dean of Arts and Science

(letters cont. 10)

President 'flexible' but department still worried

President Hugh Farquhar said earlier this week he is confident that a compromise can be reached between the English department and the administration.

The department expressed dissatisfaction with the department head selection procedures given them recently.

Monday Farquhar told the Martlet that the administration was prepared to compromise its stand.

"I'm adopting a flexible position," he said.

The president stated he felt it important the department "do whatever is necessary...whatever they want to get a head...to get the head they want."

He added, "That doesn't mean we have to throw out everything," and said that he didn't intend to give English a completely free hand, as there are certain procedures that must be adhered to.

Farquhar said the department has "to take a very, very responsible attitude," if they wish to make changes to the selection procedures.

Last week members of the English department expressed their opposition to the selection procedures during a meeting with Arts and Science dean, J.L. Climenhaga, and later a petition, bearing 34 signatures of English teachers, was forwarded to the president.

Climenhaga told the department last Tuesday that according to the "established" method a committee had to be formed to choose three candidates for the headship, which will become vacant next year when Dr. R.F. Leslie steps down.

The dean said that the department could appoint "two or three members" to the committee, plus a student if they wanted, while he would appoint three people.

The committee would then select three names from among the applicants, forward the list to him, and he would forward his choice to the president.

Several English teachers apparently felt that those procedures did not give the department enough control over the selection, and Leslie said Monday that "The prime concern...is simply the question of communication between the

committee and the department."

Commenting on the petition, Leslie said "It hasn't passed through my hands."

"We (the department) haven't got to the point of doing anything official yet," he said, but indicated some formal move would be made soon.

Late Monday afternoon four "unofficial representatives" from English, Drs. C.J. Partridge, C.L. Lambertson, David Thatcher, and T.R. Cleary, met with dean Climenhaga, vice-president D.J. MacLaurin, and Farquhar to discuss the department's

grievances.

Dr. Partridge said he found the meeting "very helpful," and it "seemed to me they (the administration) were willing to listen." It wasn't "like one brick meeting another brick."

The assistant professor said, however, that "very little" had actually changed. He stated that "If the English department wants to depart from the established procedures it has to go through all sorts of rigmarole...which would take about six months."

Because of this, he said, the department will probably "prefer to work within the

established procedures," trying to find a suitable "compromise within the framework."

Partridge gave a brief report on the meeting to the English department Tuesday, and the four man committee suggested how the department could achieve their objectives within the system. The general reaction, he said, was "They wanted the thing on paper," before making any commitments.

He added that "in private conversations," he'd detected "a note of optimism-cautious optimism" among department members.

Partridge said that the "crucial problem" facing the department, is whether they'd be able to establish an adequate input into the selection committee.

It's imperative, he said, that "a lot of people...play some part, no matter how small, in the procedure."

His committee's suggestion on this, he said, is that the onus for communication be put on the selection committee members.

"The burden must fall on the three members (appointed to selection board by English) to keep in touch."

He pointed out, however, that "You can't lay down rules for a committee that isn't formed yet."

He said that the first thing to be done should be to "get this selection committee formed and get the terms of reference...then we can start thinking, and then maybe worrying."

In support of English

Dear Sir:

I am writing to express my surprise and outrage at the procedures that, according to the Martlet's report, were recently forced upon the Department of English for selection of a new Head, and described by the Dean as "established."

It is essential that the Head or Chairman of a Department be both highly qualified himself in his field and able to recognize the professional qualifications of others in his field. He must be highly qualified himself because his duties include that of teaching, because he is an especially visible representative of his university to his profession, and because his opinions and decisions carry considerable weight with respect to such matters as course offerings, recommendations, and

programs of graduate students. He must be able to recognize the professional qualifications of others in his field because it is his job to negotiate new appointments and encourage achievement within his own department.

These are essential qualifications of a Head or Chairman, and the only persons who are themselves qualified to judge whether or not an individual possesses these qualifications and which of several individuals possesses them to the highest degree are professionals in the same field, whether within the university or without.

Under the proposed procedures, however, half of the members of the selection committee are not professionals in the field and are therefore unqualified to

make the educated judgments that are required. Worse yet, this committee is to select not one, but three candidates, and the final judgment between the three is to be made by the Dean, who is not a professional in the field either and is, for that reason, not qualified to make the finer discriminations necessary for making the final judgment, much less for making that judgment by himself.

I construe that "establishment" of these deplorable procedures as an infringement of departmental autonomy and hence of academic freedom.

My sympathy goes out to the members of the English department, and I hope that their protests will meet with success.

Sincerely yours,
Charles B. Daniels



'If men looked like their minds, what a frightening world this would be.'

Anonymous

Unmasked cont. from 3

would associate this type of behavior with the division.

Roy Leslie, head of the English Department had very little to say. On Friday morning, when he was first contacted by the Martlet, Leslie said he had heard about the review but had not read it yet. He said it sounded rather interesting and he would read it over the weekend.

On Monday his comment was "it was very interesting".

Doris Schuh, head of Food Services, witnessed part of the poetry reading but told the Martlet that there would be no action taken on the part of the University as far as she knew.

Schuh said she really had no comment to make, and went on to say, "I just happened to go in and saw, if you'll pardon the expression, the tail end of it. I just saw a body and it disappeared quickly." She also added, "As far as I'm concerned it was an academic thing."

Robert Sward, a creative writing prof that was at the poetry reading, when later approached by the Martlet, looked hurt and said he had written a series of poems in response to the Martlet's review.

The naked poet still remains unidentified although there is a rumour that he was seen boarding a bus for Duncan wearing a Wonder Wart Hog t-shirt under his green plastic rain coat.

Essentials needed

An organization that's setting up a rehabilitative "Half Way House" for Native inmates of Federal and Provincial Institutions, needs some help in getting started.

The house, to be set up and run by the Qua Win Nah Society, will "provide accommodation for inmates upon their release for

the purpose of rehabilitation; to encourage "self help" through getting inmates involved in community activities, leadership training, industrial trades, and correspondence courses to increase their skill and adjustment towards Society."

Opening date for the house is April 1st, but some of the basics of a home are still missing.

The organizers say that bedding, dishes, pots, and pans, etc., are in short supply. Anyone who can do anything to

help, should contact Bonnie (386-3957) a representative of the Indian Educational Club.

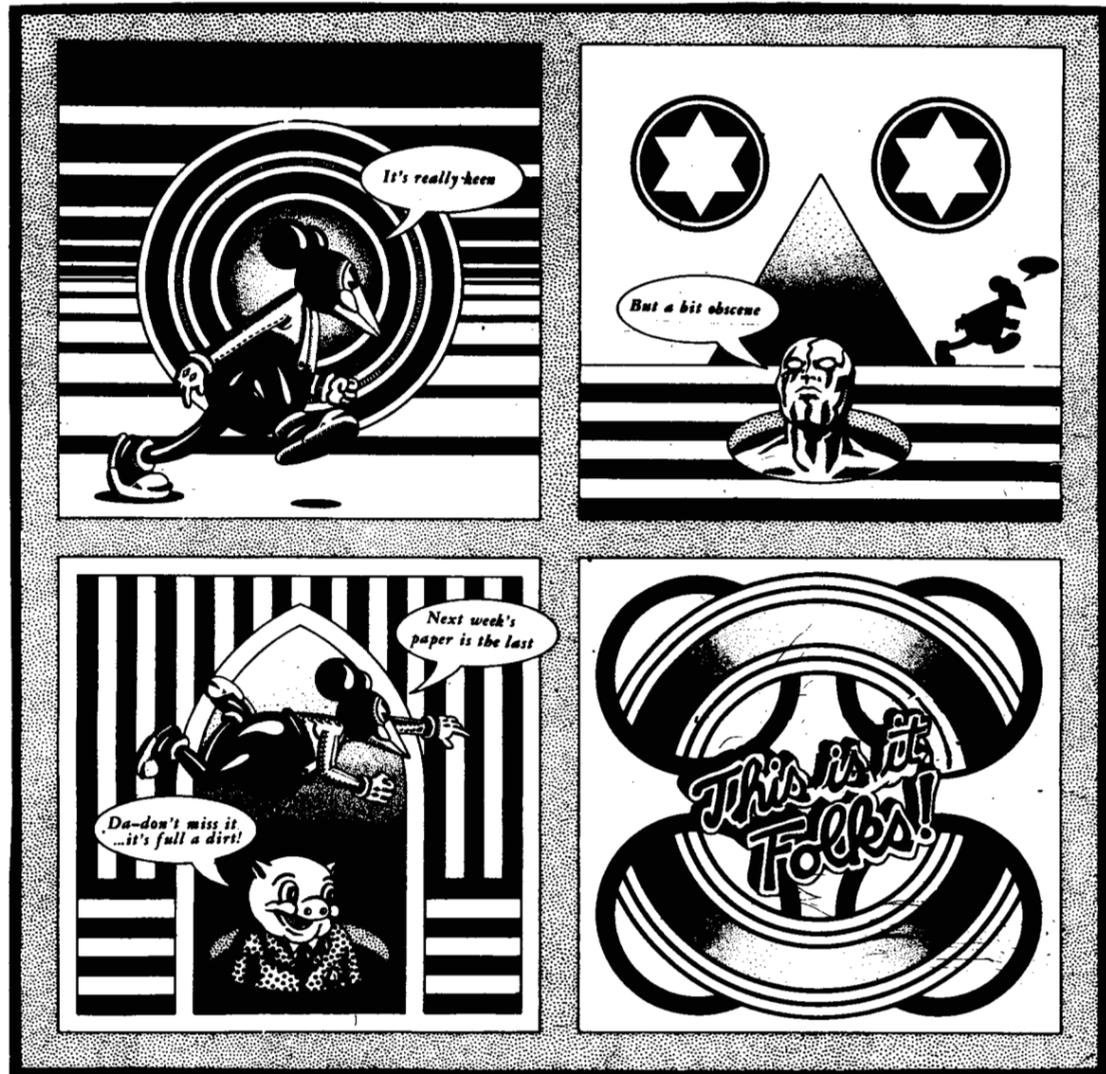
No news on new dean

Word on the new dean of Fine Arts won't be released until April 17th, at the earliest.

President Hugh Farquhar said Monday that the selection committee's list of "three to five" candidates was "on its

way" to his office.

Farquhar said the final choice would be made soon, but "nothing can be published until the next board (of governors) meeting," April 17th.



La Maison Francaise

The University of Victoria will again be offering the above program from July 3 to August 18, 1972.

A number of bursaries are available under the Secretary of State Summer Language Bursary Program, and will cover tuition fees, room and board. The bursaries are available to persons who were enrolled as full-time students during the academic year 1971-72.

For further details and application forms contact:

Office of the Director of Summer Session

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MIND CONTROL

the religion of reality

by Ron Brown
Graduate Student
Sir George Williams

Being a student of religion I am quite often the subject of assault by all manner of sincere persons who refuse to accept the statement that religion is ideally, the most relevant of all academic disciplines, pointing the way out of the limitations of the nineteenth century into the twentieth. But that's not entirely true: physicists seem a lot closer to the absurdity of reality than even the most freaked-out students with their imaginations stretched to the limits (and too often find that they have regressed into a fundamentalism of a sort that makes the most primitive southern Baptist look like a liberal). Only the innocent and naive find refuge and escape in what they call religion; once they lose their innocence they still retain their naivety: theist and atheist are one and the same - although the atheist considers himself more sophisticated. The test which exposes the falseness of that sophistication is to suggest to the devout atheist that, by the power of the spoken word alone, we can influence and project help to others at a distance - even to those whom we have never met. Then stand well back: atheists have an even greater propensity for violence in defense of their beliefs than theists. When he calms down show him how to use a telephone.

Most attacks of religion by sophisticates are similarly misplaced.

One of the saddest periods of history was the second half of the nineteenth century when the world's most eminent scientists resigned their posts in despair: the end of all knowledge had been reached; Newtonian physics applied to all phenomena; there was nothing more to do except fill in the details and graduate students could handle that. Feuerbach, as refined by Hegel, dealt a similar death-blow to "religion". Everything could be understood in terms of causal-effectual linear thought processes; the absurd was the product of false perception. Most of us, one hundred years later, are still operating under these models even though our science (adulated as the final test of truth) has been belying these nineteenth century assumptions for the past seventy years. Still, even science students quite often refuse to accept the irrationality of the electron. But what is genuinely absurd is that we should expect the universe to conform to the laws which govern the operations of one small aspect of our brain.

Now the cry of anguish often expressed by students of religion is the telling mark. "These words are very nice," they tell their professors. "Your argument is sound. But what does it mean? Where does it touch me?" It is an

embarrassing moment; let's not be fooled: religion may be the only science and science the only religion, but still, despite that twenty-first century statement, the fear of the apocalypse of the mind still determines much of what we are taught and teach. We cling desperately to the conceptual mind while lamenting alienation, refusing to recognize the source of that alienation. The universe will not oblige man and so we cry, "Foul!" Maybe, if we are liberal enough, we will read Kafka. But that could be the problem: he cannot get into the throne room of the castle and so we assume likewise for ourselves. Somehow, it is more satisfying to beat one's breast at the gate than to kick it open. It is easier to blame the environment for our problems than to change it. We love our failures. It is no coincidence that prophets of doom dominate the best-selling lists of Amerika.

What we have been overlooking, both within religious studies and without, is that religious statements are not statements qua statements: they are reflections of experience. It is understandable that such an important point should go unnoted: the nineteenth century added to the opus of world writing much second-hand reworkings of earlier compendiums. The printing press had provided the rationale for this type of work by its reduction of the word to a unit which could be interchanged with any other unit. At least it gave the philosophers something to do and eventually distorted, almost beyond recognition, the original experiences upon which what we call religion was built. The end result was "rational" theologies and the right wing Ayn Randian thesis that morality and logic have something to do with each other. The B.F. Skinners were naturally misled into believing they could program "morality", seeing that morality was just a sub-system of logic and thus, with sufficient analysis, could be fed into the organism in a systematic manner. Is it any wonder that psychology has such a bad name in academia? While most disciplines have hedged somewhere between 1899 and 1900, psychology has regressed and is currently baffled by the psychological equivalent of the steam engine.

Religion departments, as they are now constituted, have done little towards alleviating this situation. Previous to the twentieth century the only means to transcendence was through a life-time of devotion to a discipline with no guaranteed results. University departments cannot use such clumsy methods of training students and so religion



departments have fallen back on comparative studies; i.e. reworking secondhand systems into thirdhand systems. The words get vaguer, the referents emptier, and the students more frustrated. What I propose is that religion departments begin casting about for contemporary means of achieving transcendence instead of poking about in antiquated writings as though to prove that we have learned nothing new in the last few years.

LSD, for example, offered one possibility and failed - largely because it was ignored by those who argued it was better to spend a life-time sitting on a pole in a desert or in a Zen monastery than to mess around with new-fangled chemicals. Professors, who had lectured for years about transcendence, politely dismissed the testimony of their students, driving them out of the universities and into the hands of the lunatic fringes and destroying the possibility of "instant mysticism" - at least by chemical means. It may not have worked anyhow, but the failure to experiment within the university is a measure of their lack of academic nerve. Even today academic "autopsies" on the psychedelic revolution are avoided, despite the fact that the course of the theological and moral history was radically altered

during the primitive sixties. So much for academic objectivity! But what if someone were to come along with a method of instruction which did not rely on chemicals or machines and claimed he could train students to experience the truth of revelation for themselves within a week - money back guarantee? The immediate reaction is: "He's just another nut. The twentieth century is remarkable for its ability to produce messiahs. Besides, as we've pointed out already, it's impossible to train students in religion unless they are willing to devote their lives. Monasteries already provide that function. But such arguments fail to take into account another feature of the twentieth century: all is possible, nothing improbable. We are limited by imagination only. All that can suffer are the tomes of contemporary philosophy; but after all they are only books. Knowledge, like the universe, is not very tolerant of whatever system we happen to be labouring under at the moment. Well, it's already happened. It's very interesting that those who graduated from the Silva Mind Control course are meeting with fear and resistance as they try to explain to their professors that after one week of instruction they have learned, among other things, how to

develop a photographic memory, how to program their dreams for problem solving, how to find lost objects, how to control habits, how to "read" a professor's mind during an examination, and how to receive and send images via ESP. The irrefutability of the evidence is in the personal experiences of the graduates themselves, most of whom were extremely skeptical before taking the course. I am still reeling mentally from the shock of experiencing the "impossible" and yet the above is only the beginning. At this moment courses are being prepared to teach languages to students using the same methods so that a student can master a new language within two weeks. And there is no reason why it cannot be extended to other disciplines. The revolution of the seventies may well be the most profound yet. ESP, like television or spaceships, "is impossible, but it works."

It would be a tragedy of catastrophic proportions if Mind Control were to go the same route as LSD. If the older generation were again to hide behind clever arguments while the young stand on their experiences, the split will be so

from the Georgian

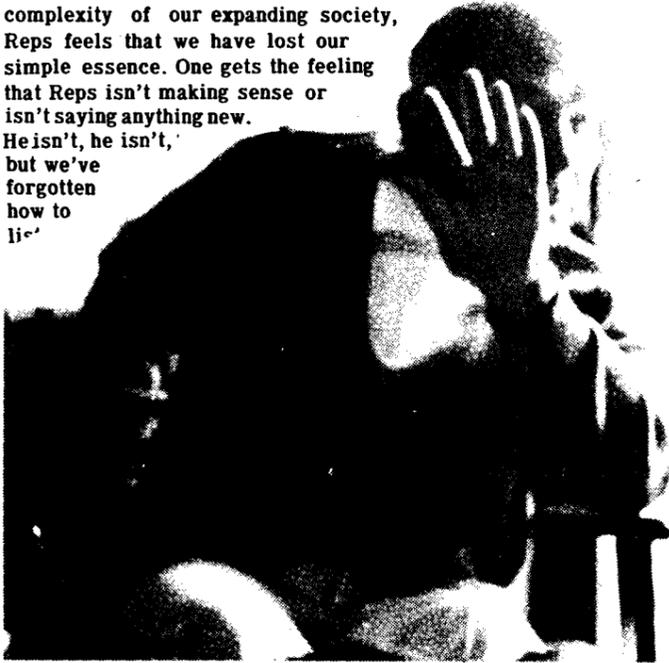
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Reps: 'don't walk too fast'

by tim groves

It is hard to say what Reps isn't - even more so to say what he is. The name is Swiss; he was born in Iowa probably about seventy years ago (he says 22). Reps travels a lot, spending about a month or two in most places giving talks when asked. Since the 1950's he has published 8 or 9 books on Zen but, as opposed to books that deal with Zen as though it were philosophically understandable or logically extendable, his picture-poem "verbal insight systems" as he calls them are more Zen - "if you read my latest book (Be! New Uses for the Human Instrument) you will realign your whole nervous system because that's what it does to me every time I read it." He is presently playing on a new book form called "Sipping with a Wooden Spoon" and preparing several 3' x 6' screens for semi-permanent exhibition - ("until people get tired of them") at the Potter's Wheel. Some books include GOLD and FISH SIGNATURES; ZEN FLESH, ZEN BONES; 10 WAYS TO MEDITATE; SQUARE SUN, SQUARE MOON.

Reps is a vigorous little man as he looks out from the fifth floor of his hotel room over the multi-levelled skyline of downtown Victoria. In contrast to the complexity of our expanding society, Reps feels that we have lost our simple essence. One gets the feeling that Reps isn't making sense or isn't saying anything new. He isn't, he isn't, but we've forgotten how to live.



After a glass of refreshing parsley juice, I asked him further about his diet...

Martlet: Do you have a special diet?

Reps: If you chew a little bit of this dulse every day then you've got your minerals. (So now you've got your greens and minerals.) Then if you take a steel pot and put two cupfuls of water in it and one cupful of rice and bring it to a boil and shut it off, then within a couple of hours you've got your rice all cooked. If you add vegetables to the rice you've got your full meal. But if you're still lazier you can put a cupful of rice or wheat in a thermos bottle and put hot water on it and then pour it off in twelve hours, pour some more hot water on it and then it'll be cooked. That's all you need.

M: Is that a particular macrobiotic diet? Do you feel that there is an importance in macrobiotics?

R: Of course, that's a simple diet - a simple essence plus the green life that macrobiotics misses.

M: You would suggest sort of uplifting or complimenting macrobiotics?

R: Oh yes. They are making much tamari sauce because it gives them sea minerals. Also, now macrobiotics are breaking down to take salads but this method breaks down salads.

M: A Herbalist once told me that ideally or really one shouldn't eat more than one particular vegetable at a meal because all the vitamins and different acids cancel each other out.

R: That's just a theory, that's just a thought. There's no should's or should not's because everybody's going to do what they want to anyway. The needs of the human race are so varied that you can't make laws for it; there are too many different kinds of ways of eating that are right for individuals over the world. So somebody can't come along and say "my way is right". The only thing, if you don't get live food and just eat dead food, cooked food, you don't come alive and that's what is wrong with macrobiotics; they want to cook all their food.

M: Do you feel that the strict laws of Zen, to use an analogy, have cooked their worth now?

R: Yes surely, they formalized. They saw somebody sit down somewhere and get enlightened so they said we must get enlightened by sitting down somewhere. As a result they made formal rules of how to sit. It was all framed up by ignorant people in order to produce the enlightenment which came spontaneously.

M: Christmas Humphreys was explaining the relationship between Buddhism, Zen Buddhism and Zen, indicating that the scriptures of Buddhism were the principles of enlightenment whereas Zen itself, as practiced in China and Japan, is not that.

R: In the Orient, Zen originally was a protest against Buddhism because it was a transmission without sutras or scriptures and that threw over the Buddhist scriptures entirely. So it was anti Buddhist in the beginning but got so good that they included it later as the true Buddhism. Zen was taken in because the Buddhist view was a wider view.

M: Are there any scriptures in Zen?

R: It's oral but they do chant some of the scriptures before meditating.

M: How did you extrapolate your own approach to Zen from this? Did you study in Japan?

R: Yes I've been to Japan to study but it isn't a question of Zen, it's a question of life. How do you come to your own views in life, not only in Zen. The formalization of Zen is not the problem, the problem is how you formalize in life and how you can get free from that formalization. Though we have to formalize, we don't want to be slaves to our formalization.

M: That would correspond to the growth of science in that it tries to particularize everything in the hopes of freeing it.

R: Yes, but they free it also because they leave their rules alterable. So science isn't just formulating but it frees also and that's why it has made such terrific progress - with new inventions, new devices, new motive powers.

M: You've said that Zen and Yoga are essentially opposites yet don't they both have value?

R: Both Yoga and Zen meditate and both are the still paths. They're not a path of words, but of practice and are similar in that respect. But Zen comes from China and Yoga comes from India. Chinese and Hindus are opposite kinds of peoples - the Chinese are very practical and the Hindus are very theoretical. That depends on the climate. India is a much hotter climate than in China, so a different kind of individual comes out of a different kind of soil.

M: I was setting up those two as opposites because you have also said, in Zen "honour the image" whereas in yoga the predominance is sound, is mantra?

R: No not at all. Yoga is the same thing because yoga always wants to transmute the image by raising the eyes up to the center of the forehead. It has become predominantly handling the image all the way through and before they want to stop seeing they're concentrating or applying their attention to an image. For instance, Rama Krishna's whole life was related to his worship of the image of Kali who was in his view the consciousness itself and he used this image for the purpose of his concentration, to wake up the consciousness in his own person.

M: Each Yoga, each Zen, and each discipline has its own set of practices; why do you feel your particular Zen is good?

R: Well, Zen is very good because it makes people sit down and stop talking and that's discipline, self discipline. Instead of trying to mind other people's business the Zen people mind their own and that's fine as far as it goes. So it is a game, it is something to do in life and it seems to me more admirable than just trying to make money. It is an old, old philosophy but it's a practical thing because it is an endeavour to discipline the mind into the silent levels of the mind.

M: By will?

R: Yes, by will because you have to decide to do it. It's the diversion of will from willing over others to willing over one self. So it's managing one's own instrument, so it's self search. They're searching in themselves for the reality of their lives. That's wonderful, that should be everyone's privilege and there should be a hundred such ways presented to people for self search. But the people in the Occident are ignorant of these ways which have been going on for centuries in India.

M: Is there anything comparable in the Western Hemisphere that helps an individual search for himself?

R: Yes, science does it because whatever you're drawn to be immensely interested in focuses the mind, brings the mind to one

Shake the trunk not the branches

ast'



Framed

point. That way you stop the jumping around and the mind intensifies and begins to grow. In other words, whatever you're interested in you grow through. But there is no taught system in the Occident where disciplines are used - of course the Tibetans have invaded the country now and are teaching long and hard disciplines which are out of this world and very difficult requiring a great deal of concentration. But that's only for a few people.

M: You were saying that it's important that we become aware of the spaces between our thoughts which is really our true self. Can you, by talking to me or to anybody else, help one to realize that?

R: Of course, because if you say that there is the table and there is the chair and then if you say "now I am appreciative of the space the table is in and the chair is in" then you have the table and chair as objects and the space as the subject. So you're automatically twice as wealthy as you were before. When you just had table and chair or objects you are not so wealthy as when you have the no objects. Now the no objects is the same as the void in Buddhism. So if you have emptiness plus fullness you are richer than the person who just has emptiness or just has fullness. For when you release the image then you're in the emptiness and when you see the image you're in the chair or table or image. My teaching is very simple ...

M: How do you apply this to the rest of society?

R: The problem all starts with one individual. With welfare it ends up with thousands of people but it all starts with one. So if we don't get back to our one and solve our own problems then we'll never be able to solve the thousand people's problem.

M: If someone hears Reps say that thinking is a trap, they may take it literally - "maybe we shouldn't think, we'll be trapped".

R: Did I say don't think? If we think that thinking is a trap then we've broken the trap. If we don't know it then we're throughly trapped.

M: Talking about Zen, and talking about the way to live is abstract in that sense, especially to someone who reads it; can you say something practical?

R: First you have to do self-search. Then you have to be honest, then you have to be simple, then you have to keep at it eagerly and have interest in it. Or don't eat too much, don't walk too fast, or don't talk too much ... then you come up with your own answers.

M: There was that fellow asking you at the lecture about your relationships with others, that perhaps you shouldn't enter into them because there's a possibility that you will be affected negatively.

R: I talked at Camosun College and a young man put up his hands and said "I just wandered in here, I've never heard about the word Zen before, I never read anything about Zen". Wasn't that wonderful? This man was completely innocent. Whereas at the University of Victoria there were a lot of people who knew more about Zen than I did - or they thought they did. They took their rigorous knowledge of Zen and tried to pound it over my head because they thought my Zen didn't agree with theirs and anything that didn't agree with theirs was wrong. So I got a lot of

antagonistic questions - in fun - to try and undress my Zen, to compare it with their Zen. But their Zen is not from experience it's just from what they've read about it. But at Camosun there was this man who had never heard anything about it. So probably his Zen was more innocent than anybody else's.

M: You're saying 'my Zen' and 'their Zen', what do you mean by

R: It means my idea of what Zen is, their idea of what Zen is.

M: What does 'Zen' itself mean?

R: Zen is a word like God; its so general you could make it mean anything. It's also the name of a small sect of Buddhism in the Orient which goes in for 'still-sitting' or 'no talking' - they still-sit professionally. But the word Zen itself, deeply understood, points to the emptiness of one's nature and the realization of one's emptiness which is the same as one's infinity. So it points not to different theories of living but to our emptiness.

M: When we're thinking of all those people 'out there', what is it you like to do for them?

R: Well those people out there are in here ... so what we want to do is make them feel good. All those people are in here because we make them up in our own mind, so we better bring our own self into harmony and "they" will automatically come into harmony ... so far as we know.

M: Do you experience strong emotions?

R: Strong emotions are something that run away with people. It's best not to be run away with one's emotions. But until we can strengthen our feeling can we get into our empty nature or no nature or no-mind or our true mind or our true nature. Zen is a practice to evoke and appreciate and bring into awareness our true nature which is emptiness.

M: Is that what you try and do by giving talks.

R: What I'm trying to do is meet a person and have a friendly exchange with him and perhaps help the person and help me in ways which I do not know. So I don't think of myself as a book writer, I think of myself as a person meeting another person in a friendly manner and making mutual discoveries of some kind. So I'm really kind of a doctor in that sense because I can tell a person "don't trouble and then you'll feel better 'cause the troubling you've made-up in your own mind. So release the mind and you release the trouble."

But when I get before a number of people I don't consider I'm talking to a number of people, I consider I'm only talking to one person. So I refuse to give talks at all; I just break it up into conversations. For instance, I was giving a talk here in Victoria to a small school and there was a man sitting there who said he put one of these instruments (tape recorder) on a tree that they were chopping down. When the tree fell over it let out a terrible shriek. He had it and could play it back; they did play it back and I heard this tree shrieking when it was dying. I told a friend that and he said "Sure! I've heard trees shriek many times when they're being killed." Then I said why shouldn't they shriek because where did our own shriek come from but the same Nature. Now there was a very interesting thing that came up just because we were conversing. So if we would simply converse a little we get a lot of wonderful things come up.

M: Can you say one word or one sentence?

R: One word is "feel".

One sentence

is "you feel"

So if our feel

wakes up

our life

wakes

up.



yes
silently shouts
the bud



...more letters...

represents some remarks of mine as crude attempts to muzzle my colleagues and to obstruct the expression of their preferences through a vote. This is mistaken. Like everyone else, I'm in favour of votes; all I ask is that they should be invited by the proper people at the proper time in the proper place.

What I was objecting to was a blatant attempt to compromise the Dean's position: by involving him in departmental dissension, and by inveigling him into an action which could later be interpreted as an implicit repudiation by him of procedures laid down not merely by the Administration but by the Faculty themselves. I also objected to the sneering tone which the author of this attempt saw fit to use. When an administrative officer visits a Department in order to explain procedures that have been agreed upon by the Faculty at large it seems to me unspeakable effrontery to try to

manipulate him to his own discredit - and then, when he sensibly declines to be manipulated, to pose as an embattled champion of threatened liberties.

John Peter,
Professor of English

(Proceeding on the assumption that open opposition to the administration is as frightening to you as it is surprising to us, we can well understand your interpretation of that meeting. And please allow us to apologize for our reporter - he says that several people supported the idea of an open vote, and further states that all showed due respect for the dean - obviously he was at hallucinating again - ed. note)

pome time

Letter to Mark Hume
No Help From the Martlet

This space created when poems, written in reply to a Martlet review last week, were withdrawn

Robert Sward
English Department
U of Victoria

Reply to that ...

When a poet's mind

becomes tired

of poems

can he PUNCH out

broken lines

without tiring

us all?

offense

Dear Sir,

Regarding Mr. Irving Schwartzee's article "Poets Exposed: Reading a Climax" in last week's Martlet I am somewhat puzzled by his critique of my poetry since I am not sure whether it was intended as a compliment, a back-handed compliment or as an insult. This, in my opinion, is a typical virtue of generalized badly written criticism.

I was at first inclined to regard it as a compliment. Since I told no-one who I was and since there were only two people in the room who knew me I was flattered that Mr. Schwartzee took the trouble to find out, unless of course he remembered my direction of "The Man Who Feared Burglars" at the Phoenix Theatre in February in which case I am equally flattered. Also the first word was "cheers" and Artur Rimbaud is considered one of the better French poets. However, through loaded words and no subtlety whatsoever, he managed to make it sound as if I was either derivative of Rimbaud or resembled him personally. As to the former, after having read the article I looked over some of Rimbaud's work which previously I had been totally unfamiliar with and I was unable to find Rimbaud's relationship with the poet Verlaine was one of the more infamous homosexual liasons of the nineteenth century I take personal offense as does MaryAnne, the girl I read with. Were I queer I would certainly have chosen some pretty young boy to read with instead of her. Since neither similarity between Rimbaud and myself has any veracity I can only conclude you were guilty of name-dropping --- another virtue of bad critics.

Finally, having finished with personal offense, I wish to take issue with the remainder of your article. The majority of the poetry read, including my own, was self-indulgent and a large percentage of it was trash. Yet, these were only student writers, most of whom are not yet masters of their craft. Your "real" poet of the evening was the penultimate of self-indulgence, lack of discipline and just pure crap. I take no moral offense at his actions, yet I do take aesthetic offense. If you consider his performance telling us "something about truth" then I pity you, Mr. Schwartzee, in the same way I pity him. If he needs attention so badly that he is prepared to go to such lengths to obtain it then I think he should seek psychiatric help. Artistic freedom is one thing, but artistic license is quite another. To praise license is to show bad taste and poor judgement. There are limits to self-expression and "Our

Hero" stepped over them. While he may have been producing a life-view, and an extremely limited non-universal one at that, he was not producing poetry as others at the reading were doing or at least attempting to do. I consider his performance the pathetic actions of a psychologically disturbed mind and your critique insensitive and illiterate.

Judging from your present style, I hope you get a job with one of the Victoria newspapers, you deserve each other. In summation I would like to thank you Mr. Irving Schwartzee (or should I say Greg Middleton) for your very convincing impersonation of a poetry critic,

Yours sincerely,
Roger M. Leeming

P.S. I will gladly lend you a trenchcoat if you would like to copy your "hero."

(No, you should say Irving Schwartzee - Greg Middleton had nothing to do with that review - ed. note)

Our problems are man-made; therefore they can be solved by man.

Man can be as big as he wants. No problem of human destiny is beyond human beings. Man's reason and spirit have solved the seemingly unsolvable, and we believe they can do it again.

Today we recognize increasingly the essentiality of artistic achievement. This is part, I think, of a nation wide movement toward excellence - a movement which had its start in the admiration of expertness and skill in our technical society, but which demands quality in all realms of human achievement.

We know that science is indispensable - but we know that science, if divorced from a knowledge of man and of man's ways, can stunt a civilization. And so the educated man reaches out for the experience which the arts alone provide. He wants to explore the side of life which expresses the emotions and embodies values and ideals of beauty.

Too often in the past we have thought of the artist as an idler and dilettante and of the lover or Arts as somehow sissy or effete. We have done both an injustice. The life of the artist is, in relation to his work, stern and lonely. He has laboured hard, often amid deprivation, to perfect his skill. He has turned aside from quick success in order to strip his vision of everything secondary or cheapening. His working life is marked by intense application and intense discipline.

We must use time as a tool, not as a couch."

Author? John F. Kennedy from "Words to Remember".

To say more along those lines would be otiose, except to point out perhaps that the dead (who really aren't) can oftentimes give us better insight and guidance than those who appear to be living. Maybe that's true about universities also - dead ones, that is, huh?

A university at one end of the spectrum is only as alive as it's campus newspaper editor can reflect its life in the mirror he holds, but only the editor can polish his own inner mirror and learn to aim it correctly to get maximum light reflection. Perhaps therein lies the ironic ending to this nearly completed year of Martlet publishing.

Moreover, Mark, as Stanley Kubrick says about his films, and which applies as well, I feel, to editors:

"You have to live with it the rest of your life."

Au revoir, Mark, and good luck on your proposed journey to Europe, have the time of your life, you earned it, or should I say all the rest of us, through our actions and words helped you earn it.

Fraternally,
Comrade Z (ed)

true witness

Dear Greg Middleton -

Monday night I was at Brian Ruud's meeting at the McPherson Playhouse. Brian's ministry is to reach young people and to turn them on to "Christ". I know Brian personally and I know for a fact that he is devoted to Jesus Christ. Don't look at the outside appearance of a person, but look at what's in their heart. Brian has come a long way in six years

{letters cont. 11

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Don't be a Dink: *authority expounds upon the perils of a short manhood*

The noted Cambridge lecturer and Hitlerphile (one who collects objects etc. that were possessed or related to Hitler - ed) Thromorton Shaftsbury spoke last Friday before a hushed audience in Mac 144. A raconteur complete with trenchant wit and a feeling for the humorous, Dr. Shaftsbury caught the audience with his opening statement and sustained a very high level of interest throughout his dissertation.

"World War II was won," he intoned with no smile on his face, "because Hitler was possessed of a small penis." Shaftsbury here gave a tight smile as the gasps echoed around the room. Two girls, white as sheets, had to be helped outside to be revived in the fresh air.

"When Hitler was serving as a private in World War I and previous to this in his early post-pubescent period, he suffered the ridicule of his peers because of the, ahem, shortness and lack of stoutness of his, ah, organ of manhood."

At this there was a sharp outburst from several resident George Rockwell supporters but it was soon hushed up and the speech continued.

"Not surprisingly, Hitler developed a complex about his 'lack'. He subconsciously associated his insecurity with water - the shower room, changing at the beach; scenes where he was subjected to

ridicule. He sublimated his anxiety on to water, developing a hydrophobia, ostensibly unrelated to his problem, but in reality a psychological expression of it."

There then followed some highly technical psychology which is much too recondite to distress anyone with. The Dr. clinched his argument with:

"And so, when Hitler had all of Europe under his thumb and he could have gone across the English Channel by boat and subdued Britain with ease, his hydrophobia asserted itself and, against the insistence of all of his chief-of staff, continued to bombard Britain exclusively by air ...

At this stage in my anecdote I am often asked for some solid proof; although all the facts are recorded and common knowledge to those who dig for it, there is still the complaint that all of my theory is suppositional, nothing is concrete enough to pin anything on. Well, 'he stated with understandable pride in his voice, "I have such proof. It is a well known bit of historical trivia that Napoleon had a plaster cast of Marie Antoinette's breast made, for a drinking vessel. It appears that Eva Braun (Hitler's mistress - ed.) was a precursor of those 'plaster caster groupy types' who make casts of the, ahem, genitalia, or rock stars who



have, ahem, serviced them." (a shocked pause - ed.)

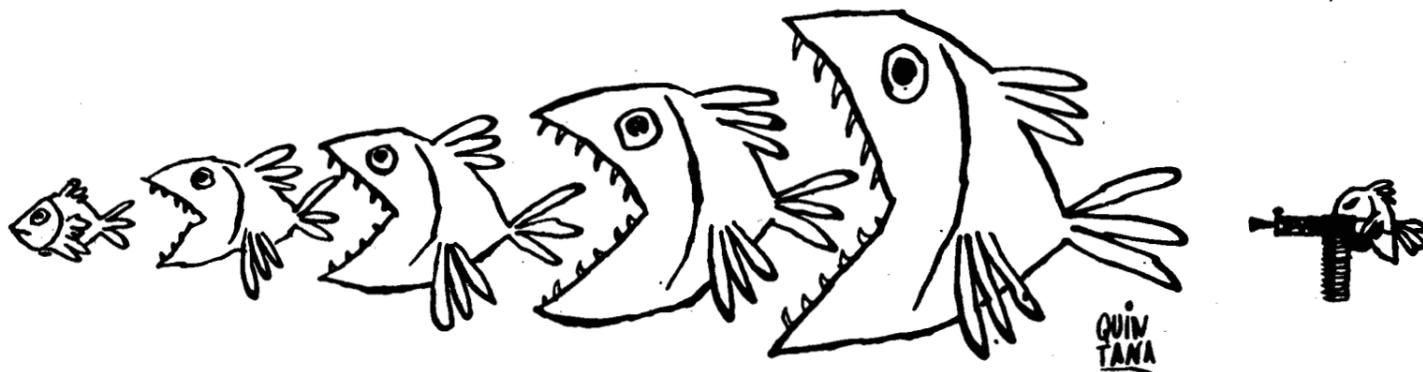
"I have here in my hand a shot glass of an obviously phallic configuration, complete with

inscription which, when translated from the German says: To my darling Eva from your little general. P.S. - Halfmast is better than no mast at all."

This last disclosure brought the meeting to a regrettably premature ending. Being a Martleter and thus impervious to the nausea and giggles that afflict people when confronted with an extreme and uncompromising aspect of sexuality, I followed Dr. Shaftsbury out of the hall (where he was being pursued by several members of UVic's anti-sex league) to get him to continue his discussion. Running along beside him, dodging the bottles and rocks that flew at us, must have created a magic rapport because he opened right up to me.

"You-know," he disclosed frankly, "there is one giant contradiction involved in all this," a gesture towards the angry crowd, "they seem to have neglected to consider the mechanics of how they happened to appear on the earth. Why I remember once when ..." but I was never to know what would have finished that statement for Shaftsbury's private helicopter had snared him with a harness and was lifting him to safety.

Poor Adolf. It was not obvious to me what had driven him to his zenith of megalomania and frenzy. Suddenly my thoughts shifted to Nixon. What could his hang-up be? It must be something pretty awful. And then it came to me. It had been staring me in the eyes all these years. It was obvious. As obvious as the nose on his face.



Mind Control cont. from 7

great that the young will be supermen in contrasts with their ridiculous parents. The tragedy is that this doesn't have to happen. Mind Control can be taught to everyone, regardless of one's beliefs, but fear of radical change can affect one's willingness to take such

courses. The fear of many of us who have taken the course is that the movement will fall into the hands of the same nuts that led the last revolution, thus slowing its acceptance by those who need it most.

Putting all that aside, there is no reason why, at this stage of development towards the fully human, we cannot create courses in "applied religion" - thus bringing religion departments back out of the void of theory and into the front lines of action. In my view, students in such courses would learn Mind Control or some equivalent discipline during the

first week of class and then spend the rest of the year in learning how to apply their new found abilities, developing their own "theological" and "ethical" framework as they go, firmly rooted in their



experiences. Besides collecting "A's" in all their other courses, such students would be the first fully-trained psychics to graduate from universities. Those who conclude that all this is a put-on or the results of lunatic ravings should carefully watch

newspapers for the next year.

The religious consequences, let alone the medical, psychological, philosophical, literary, and educational, will be phenomenal. All that would be required of the professor is that he have a sharp eye for fanaticism and elitism and the ability to correct such aberrations. This is not so revolutionary; after all, most academic departments have "field work" and application in practical concerns. So why can't religion departments actively work to create supermen instead of just reading theories about theories about potentials?

This is 1972; it's about time we got back on the path of developing the new being that was begun two thousand years ago. If Mind Control proves a failure, we can search further.

The time for argument has ended. We must begin to live with our entire being. The kids will anyhow.

By the way, I'm a conservative graduate. You should hear what the enthusiasts are saying.

{letters from 10

(with the help of Jesus) and is a true witness for the gospel of Jesus Christ. Brian is trying to win souls to Christ. He is not "performing" and he is not a "showman". He is, in a sense, a teacher, teaching the young people that they need more than drugs, sex, booze and numerous other things, they need "Christ". Furthermore, Brian's ministry is reaching young people, and will continue to do so. People like you won't discourage Brian one bit. And also I don't think any four-letter words were needed in your article and as far as I'm concerned you are too sarcastic.

Terry Page
(Christian Believer)

My dearest Terry

I would like to offer you my sincerest and warmest thanks for very sincere and warm letter, I mean that sincerely. I am very sure that Brian has

a heart of gold, as I was saying to the recently baptised Ronald Stowycork the other day, "Ronald" I said, "I am very sure that Brian has a heart of gold, gosh, anyone who can drive a Cadillac with that much humility has to have a heart of gold."

I also agree with you, Brian is not performing and he is certainly not a showman. About his teaching however, with the present problems on campus he is unlikely to get tenure.

I also agree that people need more than drugs, sex and booze. About the numerous other things, we would humbly appreciate learning more from you and Brian about your techniques. Are they variations on the missionary thrust?

I am sure that my little fun thing didn't discourage Brian in the least. He certainly wasn't upset for there wasn't even a curl out of place.

As for my sarcasm I am certain that I have already served some time in purgatory; in the McPherson Theater.

Yours sincerely,
gm

SPORTS COMMENTS

The downtown press have been giving a lot of space lately to the feats of a ten year old boy from Brampton, Ontario and his scoring well over 300 goals in minor hockey play this season.

300 goals is an amazing deed and hockey buffs are now comparing the ten year old to Bobby Orr and Gordie Howe.

The amazement should not however be reserved for the goal scoring of this child, but for the adults who have been played him in 73 hockey games this season.

The men involved in this fiasco supposedly are involved in minor hockey because they

have the good of children at heart.

How can anyone foisting this type of hockey on a youngster have his welfare in mind rather than the inflating of adult egos.

The majority of persons involved in minor sport are definitely there for the good of the children, but when a story such as the 10 year old from Brantford comes to light it casts a shadow over the whole of minor sport, particularly that of minor hockey.

I wonder where Mr. Munro's Task Force investigating amateur hockey is now?

SPORTS



Vikings couldn't mount

After playing an exhibition game on Friday the Vikings just were unable to mount a

sustained drive against the inspired Roadrunners on Saturday, in Victoria and District Soccer League play, dropping a 2-1 decision to the 7th place team.

While the Vikings were dropping their game to the lowly Roadrunners, the Cosmo Royals were in the process of losing to London Boxing Club by an identical 2-1 score.

John Leier scored the lone Viking goal. Hector Eurtado and Robert Gutierrez replied for Roadrunners allowing Roadrunners to pull out of the Division basement when Duncan defaulted to Gorge.

After the losses by both Royals and Vikings on Saturday, Sunday's games became even more crucial to the 1st division co-leaders in their battle for the division championship.

On Sunday Jim Marshall's first goal came in the second half breaking 1-1 dead-lock and proved the winner as Vikings

went on to defeat London Boxing Club 3-1, moving 2 points up on Royals, who were beaten 5-3 by Vic West.

The first Viking goal was scored by John Leier on a penalty shot, giving Vikings the lead until Barry Robbins came back to tie the game for London Boxing Club.

After scoring the tie breaking goal in the second half, Jim Marshall came back to notch the insurance marker.

After Sunday's game Vikings have 29 points to lead Royals by 2, but the Royals still have a game in hand over the Vikings and have scored 59 goals in 18 games, Vikings having only 56 in 19.

As 1st division play comes closer to the end of the scheduled every goal is becoming an important factor in the Vikings quest for the championship and anyone caring to take some time out from exam studies could find the games a good way to relax, while giving the soccer team a big boost.

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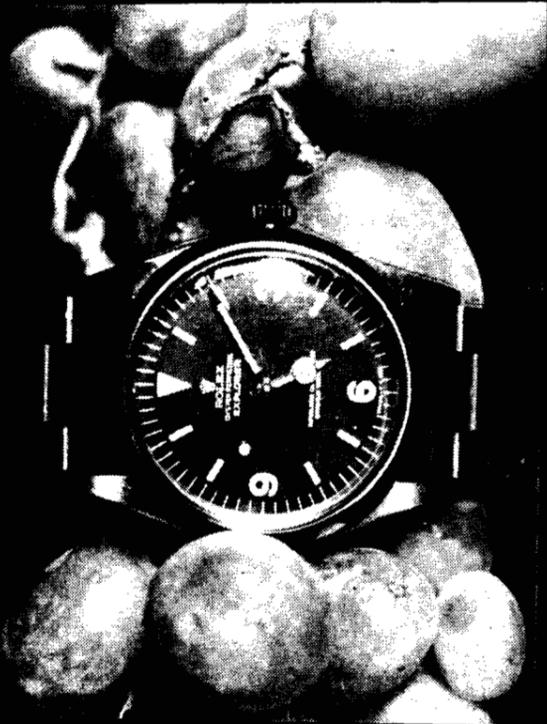
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Awards Banquet

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Elcock and Flavelle mixing it up.

More time at the Churchill and less at the Library was pointed out as an aid in the pursuit of mediocrity, a path which should be the aim of all university students.

This and several more tongue in cheek remarks, were combined by Dean of Education, Dr. David Chabassol, into a 29 minute speech on "The pursuit of Mediocrity", or "The importance of being Average."

Dr. Chabassol appeared as the after dinner speaker at the annual AMS-Athletic Department awards dinner, held last Thursday night in the Commons Block dining room.

If Dr. Chabassol, along with the exvaudeville team of Mike Elcock and Ken Lundeen, supplied the comic relief, there were also moments, such as those created by the head of the Young Socialists, Cliff Mack, of embarrassment.

Mack, who attended the pre-dinner cocktail session, disappeared before the presentation of awards and later explained the disappearance as a result of his being "intimidated by the atmosphere."

For the first time the Robert

T. Wallace Shield, awarded to the outstanding rookie of the year was shared, this years recipients Lorna McHattie of the Vikette basketball team and Chris Mills of the Viking rugger team.

Miss McHattie who came to the university via Clairmont Senior Secondary, where she starred in basketball, was one of the main reasons the Vikettes finished the year as Canadian and B.C. senior "A" champions.

Chris Mills has been one of the few bright spots on this years version of the Viking Rugger team.

His play has been a testament to the rugger coaching received at Shawnigan Lake Boys School, where he starred before moving to the intercollegiate scene.

The presentation, of the fifth Big Block award in as many years to Charlie Thorne was followed by a Special Extramural Award to mark the culmination of an amazing university athletic career for Thorne and the prophecy by Dr. Derick Ellis that Thorne would represent Canada in the greatest of all events for a long

distance runner, the Olympic Marathon.

Not content to rest and savour the praises heaped on him during the awards dinner, Thorne could be seen continuing his training as early as 8.45 a.m. the next morning.

No one could dispute that the winners of the two major awards, the Executive Council Award, and the Martlet Award (with which this paper has no connection whatsoever), for the person making the outstanding contribution during the past year, to the A.M.S. and Athletics respectively.

The presentation of the Executive Council Award to Greg Fraser was an indication that in the midst of the madness known as student politics some semblance of sanity does show through, even if only on occasion.

In choosing Linda Flavelle as the recipient of an award to honour the "outstanding all-around contributor to Athletics" during the past year, the selection committee could not have had to consider the other candidates at any length, due to the outstanding qualifications of Miss. Flavelle.

Golfers engulfed in blizzard

Playing on the Fircrest Golf and Country Club course in Tacoma the UVic golf team went down to a 12-6 defeat at the hands of the University of Puget Sound last Friday.

The match, played under near blizzard conditions, saw Dave Mick top the UVic team with a 6 overpar 77.

Other UVic scores were Frank Bayuk (81), Gordie Rand (82), Keith Burrell (85), Wayne O'Malley (89) and Ken Morgan (90).

Saturday playing at the Richmond Golf and Country Club, in an Intercollegiate tournament with UBC, SFU, and Douglas College of New Westminster, Gordie Rand of the UVic club topped all golfers with a 1-over-par 73, while Mick of UVic and Brian Martin of UBC tied for second with 76's.

In the team scoring UVic tied with UBC at 309, in the competition which saw only the top four scores counting towards the team points.

Red peril

kills 'Birds

Until late Saturday afternoon the UBC Thunderbirds, were without a doubt the greatest rugby team for many a mile, in fact if you listened closely you could have heard rumours, started by the same Thunderbirds, that there just wasn't any competition worthy of them.

The mighty Thunderbirds came to Victoria Saturday for a light work-out against the cream of the Victoria Rugby Union, better known as the Crimson Tide.

Early in the first-half Tide's

Cliff Yorath booted 2 penalty goals and horror of horrors, the mighty 'Birds were on the short end of a 6-0 score.

Adding insult to injury the scrum-half of the lowly Crimson Tide Bruce Howe, used a perfect dummy to beat Barry Leigh, the 'Birds fullback and dive over for a try, the only one the Tide was to get.

With 1 minute left in the first-half and Victoria up 10-0 UBC made their first penetration beyond the Victoria 25 yard line, a play that saw winger John Mitchell score a try in the corner.

Half time score, 10 - 4.

The locals had given it a good shot, but everyone knew they would wilt before the awesome machine from across the Straights, in the final half.

Just ten minutes into the final half, however, Yorath once more put his boot to work, giving the Victorians a 13-4 lead.

The Crimson Tide defensive work was excellent throughout the game, consistently snuffing out any drives the UBC team managed to mount, until the 25 minute mark when UBC centre Doug Schick placed the ball over the touch-line, in the corner.

In the dying moments of the game the visitors mounted another offensive drive, only to have the Victoria defenders pull Eric Lilly down 2 yards short of the goal line.

Victoria then took over and moved the ball with authority for the rest of the game, which ended with Victoria once more threatening.

The Tide played a good solid team effort, with all players contributing to the win which rather rudely shattered the UBC bubble of invincibility, playing the locals in the McKechnie Cup finals.

The referee for the game last week was Tom Patton of Belfast, currently touring with a school boys team from Campbell Collage, Belfast.

Finals of the McKenchie Cup will be played this Saturday at MacDonald Park, when the opposition will be supplied by the Norwest side, from the lower mainland.

California blanked, Viks play mediocre game

If goaler Dave Achurch played for the University of California instead of Vikings the outcome of last Fridays exhibition soccer match between the University of California Davis and UVic might have differed from the 4-0 score Vikings won by.

Even though without the services of coach Ike MacKay and Scott Taylor, Vikings should have been victors by at least 10 goals.

The ineptitude of the Viking forwards in finishing plays inside the California 18 yard line did more to keeping the score down than the California defenders.

The Vikings suffering from an uncontrollable impulse to pass, even when faced with an empty net; passed until losing the ball, or when they did shoot, were very weak and ineffectual.

Although controlling the ball most of the game Vikings managed only 2 goals in the first-half, these coming from Mike Sails and John Leier.

In the second-half Glen Moffit, recently promoted from the Norsemen, and Jim Marshall tallied for the Vikings.

Dave Achurch, was only tested once or twice in each half; not severely enough to create much excitement for the 50 or so fans in attendance.

If the Viking offensive players were playing below their capabilities the defensive squad led by Ken Ross and Danny Bolton played a solid game, giving the Davis based California team very little chance; forcing California to get rid of the ball, almost before they had possession of it.



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Dealing? nothing doing

Dealing is yet another product of a growing trend in films which I find particularly annoying, the 'non-movie'.

The non-movie? What the hell is that? Well, basically it's distinctive for its lack of any distinguishing features. Bad or mediocre movies are always with us, but what makes this particular genre of them so annoying is the 'shit man do your own thing it's cool' attitude on the part of the directors. Life is boring man, y'know, so we're gonna make a boring movie. I mean it's honest man, it's where

it's at. As a result we get scenes of sparkling dialogue such as (boy to girl):

"Think we're gonna make out?"

"I dunno. (pause) D'you?"

(pause) "Do you?"

(pause, then with new inflection)

"Do you?"

(pause, then with intensity) "Do you?"

"I dunno".

Or when a guy walks into a room where a couple is lying on the floor having just finished making love:

"Hi, honey, how you?"

"Kay. How 'bout you?"

"Kay. You?"

"All right. Y' doin' okay?"

"Yep."

(guy on floor as other guy goes)

"Take it easy."

(other guy with real feeling)

"Yeah. Yeah. You too. Take it easy."

Yeah man, the real stuff! Life, right? Shit, I mean that's the way people talk. You know,

they don't ... (pause) reach. I suppose in some ways The Graduate started it all. Remember Benjamin? Benjamin couldn't reach people. He talked at cross-purposes to them, mouthed platitudes, couldn't express anything he felt (if he felt anything). It was true, it was the way kids felt, and it's easy to see how the makers of non-movies, who themselves don't seem to feel or express anything, found the new method useful. Like all imitators, however, what they caught was the shell of the thing, not its essence. Simply because they were imitators they copied the form only, because they never saw the deep moral purpose of the original. It's the difference between emptiness portrayed as a result of the director's deep perception of reality, and emptiness resulting from the lack of anything deeply conceived.

Everything about Dealing is superficial and ordinary. Barb Hershey is one of those numerous young actresses with a pretty face and good body, who seem to specialize in roles which are memorable only as Girl, and Robert F. Lyons is one of those quiet, reasonably handsome young actors who play Boy in hundreds of films.

This makes Dealing sound like a real stinker, and it's not really that bad. It's the trend that I am particularly critical of, not this single product. There are some good race 'em-chase 'em scenes, and the plot has one or two clever twists, but on the whole there just doesn't seem sufficient justification for making a movie. It ends at a point where it might be about to get second wind. If I'd known it was going to be so short I would have bought a smaller box of popcorn.

Violence is artistically justifiable within the context of the film. However, it has been pointed out as far back as Aristophanes that there are some things no matter how real that should not be offered on the stage. I am well aware that people have other people murdered, it has happened here in Victoria, but I don't believe that a film completely obsessed with violence can be of interest as entertainment to more than a few. The film now is riding on the tremendous news coverage that it recieved while it was being made.

On aesthetic grounds I would not class it as more than a competent movie with a few flashes of brilliance. The scene with the old Don and his grandson is touching until the old man drops dead. The wedding sequence and the later baptism sequence are powerful and effective. In these two pieces, the ruler of a Mafia family is arranging a number of murders while participating in a sacred, personal family event.

The film certainly makes a statement about the Mafia but is it a statement that has to be made visually and

merchandised as a movie? Apart from a few exceptional parts the film tended to drag. The areas of the film that did not deal with the violence seemed almost irrelevant at times.

Someone suggested that the movie resembled a promotion film for the mob and it was romantically sympathetic with a number of the gangsters. At the price it could be distributed by a professional extortionist.

WOODS READS

Poet John Woods, from Western Michigan University, will be reading from his own works this afternoon in Elliott 168, at 4:30.

Woods has published five books, including "Keeping Out Of Trouble" and his most recent "Turning to Look Back: Poems 1955-70." He has also produced two LP recordings of his work.



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*A little
brilliance seen
through
the blood.*

The Godfather is the last movie I would ever recommend to anyone other than the most sado-masochistic of voyeurs.

The violence is such that I walked out of the picture and into the lobby several times. Seeing a man shot at close range in the eye and watching the blood pour from the wound in his face is not entertainment. The movie is offered as entertainment and at the exorbitant price of \$2.75 a seat. It is frankly not worth the money.

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History and myth through the filter of Fellini

Fellini's *Satyricon* at The Counting House Cinemas reviewed by Doug Rowe

It's taken almost a year and a half to happen, but *Satyricon* is finally back in town, and it's well worth the wait.

Most of you probably never got a chance to see it the first time around as this most mind-blowing of movies was only here for a week, largely due to the lethargic reactions of the local critics. Peter McNelly, erstwhile cricket for the Times, was bored by it and went so far to call upon the decent people of Victoria to reject these dregs of Felini's subconscious (sic) local cinematic history by the same chap's falling asleep in *The Go-Between*. Oh well, maybe he's set his chickens free by now.

The events in *Satyricon* are based on the work of the same name by Petronius, who for a short while was a favourite in the court of Nero. The original was probably written about 61 A.D., but it is a pre-Christian world that is presented, magnificent in its excesses. As an insider, Petronius had ample opportunity to see the luxuriousness of the court as well as its fickleness (he committed suicide in disgrace five years after he was appointed Nero's Arbiter of Elegance), and it is this richness and variety that forms the background to *Satyricon*.

It's an immoral world that is depicted, vain and brittle, where a human life is of little value, and yet it is not an immoral film. The main characters of the film, Encolpius and Aschyltus, manage to maintain their innocence in the face of all the dissipation that decadent Rome could offer. Not that they don't indulge; they do, completely. But they are adventurers, not possessors. They pursue life, not riches or power, which Fellini sees as vulgarities, insults to the human spirit. At the end of the film, Encolpius sails off to Africa rather than remaining to inherit the wealth of a rich friend, which he could obtain by eating the dead man's body.

Words cannot do justice to the richness of *Satyricon*. In addition to the magnificence of Petronius' language Fellini adds his own spectacular visual effects. It is a totally strange world that emerges, a world that perhaps never did exist and never could exist, except in man's own dreams of a golden past. Myth is as important as history in *Satyricon*; we are watching people who in terms of their own myths are still close enough to the gods to be aware, even remotely, of their own descent from them. The richness of the film's treatment of them gives the character, in all their vanity and brutality, a grandeur that we can never come close to. *Satyricon* presents ancient Rome, not as it was, but as filtered through the mind of one of the most remarkable men of our time. Whether or not the events added

by Fellini are historically accurate, they ring true in terms of the world he creates.

What Fellini does is capture the texture of the time, not just the shell of it.

Satyricon is an often shockingly brutal film, so it might not be a good idea to go stoned, at least not the first time. It's a little too much to take in at once anyway, so you'll probably want to go again in any case, and at least you'll know a little of what to expect. Also, I've been told that the late show on Friday is not the best time to go, as the noise from the movie's rather pathetic modern equivalents upstairs in The Medieval Inn tends to drown out the soundtrack.

Visual impact 'Everyman'

by greg middleton

Ralph Allen's final bid for fame at UVic, the Theater Department's really big show, "Everyman", is an awesome spectacle featuring a set design that is frankly overwhelming and costumes that are absolutely glorious. It is just a shame that "Everyman" is without a doubt the most boring piece of drama in the history of English literature.

The set, designed by Robert Cothran, is massive and prepossessing. Constructed to give the impression of the workings of a clock, it is a symbolic representation of the passage of time in Everyman's life. The size and majesty of the set belie the intricacy of its function as revealed during the performance. It is a credit to a master craftsman.

The costumes are colorful and completely majestic. If you will pardon the pun, God's outfit was simply divine. There seemed to be no end to the splendor and pomp of the robes and gowns. Irene Pieper, the costume designer, must certainly be complimented as much her entire wardrobe crew.

"Everyman", a late medieval morality play, is built on symbolism and allegory, as such, it is an English professor's dream. I was, however, slightly confused by Allen's staging which had God coming out of a pit and death descending from the top of the set. Ohwell, it should keep some first year English classes busy figuring that one out for at least one period.

David Thatcher, is excellent as God, although his positioning on stage is unfortunate. Everyman, John Krich, of course carries the play' Julian Forrester, who plays Good Fellowship, was a bright and



lively spot in the play. Kindred, played by Wandalie Henshaw, was, as kindred tends to be, a little too harsh to be completely intelligible. Eric Schneider, as both Death and the Five Witts, demonstrated a great deal of versatility.

My special credit has to go to Gretchen Krich. She is the young daughter of John Krich, and she was excellent as Good Deeds. She is not more than 12 years old and she stands up well

beside the professional and more experienced actors. She demonstrates an amazing stage presence.

The musicians who played while the audience was being seated were excellent and greatly helped not only to alleviate the boredom of standing in line, but they also helped to set the mood for the play.

Ralph Allen also provided some preplay entertainment by rushing back and forth through

the line up as though he was looking for Audrey Johnsons in the woodwork.

It is visually impressive theater production but it is not great entertainment. I have no idea what it must have cost to produce, but apparently the theater department now feels the need to start scrimping and saving a little. The Martlet was only allowed one complementary ticket instead of the usual two.

"Summer of '42" for everyone

review by g m

In everyone's life there is a Summer of '42; that beautiful and nostalgic but oh so embarrassing first venture into the world of love.

It is a cliché of every course in literary criticism that a critic should put down any work that is sentimental or relies on certain stock responses to achieve effect. "The Summer of '42", appearing for the second time at the Odean, is so romantic and sentimental that at times it is hard to sit through. The nostalgia is so intense that it is painful. However, the discomfort the movie creates is as a result of its accuracy not its inadequacy.

A boy about the same age as Hermie, the main character in

the movie, commented as he was leaving the theater, "God that was a funny show." His friend replied, though with less certainty, "Yeah, it was so funny that it wasn't funny."

This is exactly opposite the type of contradiction that is at work in the film. The embarrassment of the two young boys trying to get up enough nerve to buy a 'rubber' for the first time hits home. That experience is cleverly and sufficiently overplayed so that it creates a similar sympathetic embarrassment. It is not the restless embarrassment one feels watching some incredibly bad adolescent amateur performer. It is rather an 'Oh isn't that just too true' feeling. This is balanced and countered by the beauty and intensity of the

last few minutes of the film. This is played in complete silence and it represents Hermie's first tentative steps into a new and awesome world.

The movie has its faults. The beach scene, where Hermie's best friend is initiated into the pleasures of sex, with the aid of penciled notes from a sex manual, is too exaggerated. It is not believable even in a movie that is essentially exaggeration. There are also a few moments in the film which obviously dragged. It is, however a movie that is exceptionally entertaining, although a little bit below the belt.

If you haven't see it do, it doesn't cost the mafia prices that the godfather does. Take a virgin if you can, and tell her to try it she'll 'like' it.

