

Don't just
swear
by Democracy

the Martlet

Vote
CUS
Friday

Vol. 8

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA, VICTORIA, B.C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1969

No. 23

CUS is essential argues CUS

Articulate Loney woos student body

"Don't bring your crumby, rotten labour tactics into the university — there are a lot of people who don't like them," yelled a hostile student.

Martin Loney, president of the Canadian Union of Students visiting Uvic to plead his organization's case before a crucial "in or out" referendum Friday, fielded the brickbat with a slow smile.

"I'm sorry," he grinned, "I find your anti-working class attitude typical of a form of thought that went out with the 19th Century."

CUS should be a catalyst; a spokesman for students on educational issues, Loney told about 300 students with a rapid-fire delivery Tuesday at a noon-hour rally in the gym.

He said the national body, beset on all sides by withdrawals this year, can provide a national forum for debate and a forum to plan strategy if students use it.

While the body has, perhaps, minority support on campus, he said, it is "building a momentum of involvement at the University of Victoria."

CUS is important because it involves a national lobby for students, he said.

"We can, for instance, demand that federal governments finance student scholarships, we can demand more federal aid for welfare, we can start raising public interest for the production of more social workers, more civic organizers, more research workers," he said.

"We can organize students around an issue, in other words make it a political issue."

He said the university in the modern situation should get involved with society rather than remain a cloistered refuge for academics.

"It is impossible to think of the student as student without thinking of the social context," he said.

"The university, independent of society, should assume the role of social critic and social activist. It should try and train students to view existing society as one possible form of society and judge it accordingly."

He said university students can participate outside by having student councils organize lectures to involve the community and by organizing at the high-school level.

Chinese studies proposed for Uvic

Planning to enter the Canadian diplomatic service or talk to Chinese students at Uvic? The Department of Slavonic Studies may be offering just the course for you.

A Chinese 100 programme may be introduced in 1970-71 — if student and faculty response is enthusiastic.

Questionnaires on what is wanted in such a course of studies will be left in Martlet distribution points Monday, said Dr. Terence Rickwood, acting Head of the department.

Cantonese or Mandarin will be the dialect taught, depending on what students request in the questionnaires.

Dr. Rickwood said the possibility that Canada may soon recognize Red China will make the proposed course even more relevant.

He asked that the questionnaires, which can also be obtained at the SUB general office and the department office in MacLaurin, be returned to him at MacLaurin 325.



Jim Netherton reclines with bottled bliss while Chris Statham grins on. Whether over-stuffed sofa is sagging from the load Netherton's carrying or the boots he's wearing nobody knows. Only way to find out is check Pirandello play CeCé at the Canadian University Drama League festival at Phoenix Theatre, Friday and Saturday nights. See story page 3.

Council president denies confrontation politics

Actions of the present student executive have been greatly misrepresented in a circular being distributed on campus by the United Student Movement according to Frank Frketich, current president of the council.

"The statements made by the United Student Movement probably arise from a misunderstanding or lack of knowledge and I find them disheartening," said Frketich.

"This council has never advocated confrontation policies, in fact, quite the reverse is true."

Frketich went on to say his council had established relationships with the faculty and administration based on mutual respect and co-operation.

He added that through this policy new channels of communication have been opened and relations with the faculty and administration have never been better.

Commenting on candidates Frketich said he felt the USM representing the conservative point of view, did not seem to understand current policies of council and he fears that if they are elected they may not avail themselves of all the gains in student-administration relations his council had built up.

Asked about candidate Norm Wright he stated that he felt the 46-year-old man's views were more in line with what the students need.

Frketich's only comment on the candidate Cow from Saanich that is rumoured to be running for the office of president of the Student Council was, "Well it should make for a good choice."

Voting will take place January 31 at polls in the SUB Library, Cafeteria and the Arts-Education building.

Candidates will speak at various places around the campus on Jan. 28, 29, and 30.

Last day for registering candidates is Friday, Jan. 24.

Talk-In session set for SUB

If you like a free-for-all and think you can out shout your neighbour, come to the Talk-in.

CBC radio will record the evening bitch session and discussion which will be held in the SUB upper lounge at 8 p.m. Wednesday.

General topic will be British Columbia's Dilemma, and that means you can talk about almost anything. Faculty, students, outsiders all welcome.

CUS referendum Friday - VOTE

King Kong coming

Preview by DR. NELSON SMITH

Followers of camp and pop-art movements, those which may still exist now that Batman and Robin are only cartoons, will have the opportunity to view one of the classics of the genre next Thursday night with the Student Film Society showing of *King Kong*. They may be somewhat surprised at what they see.

The 36-year-old Kong has weathered the years remarkably well. As the father of the monster movie, Kong contains some elements which have never really been equalled, notably the technical effects of the battles between prehistoric beasts. Bad acting, too — a staple of modern horror movies — is at its best here, with the 16-inch mechanical ape far surpassing the human actors in range of emotion.

Moreover, since the film has now attained some status as an art film, one might assume that it has some significance beyond mere popularity. In fact, it does. Kong insists upon being studied (not as blatantly as 2001, perhaps, but just as compelling) not only in technical but also in psychological terms.

One can talk, for example, about such archetypal motifs as the fable of beauty and the beast, the voyage to a strange world, the god reduced to human terms, the conflict of primitive and modern societies. One can see in the film such sociological and psychological concerns as the matriarchal society, misogyny, erotic dream fantasy and sexual frustration (what does a fifty-foot ape want with a five-foot woman, anyway?).

These elements can all be found in Kong. And besides, it's immensely entertaining. January 30 at 8 p.m. in MacLaurin 144, guest memberships, \$1.00.

Music electric

By MARLENE ALMOND

Electronic music and a zany . . . wow! Tuesday noon, listeners swarmed to the MacLaurin auditorium.

Students shut themselves off from the "somnia" of a routine day at Uvic and turned on to the latest in synthetic music.

Brutal, angular, inhuman were some of the words Mark Schafer used to describe his own music. The music, he says, is interminable, the sounds are produced by machines that do not have to stop for air.

For many it was a first with the new sounds. One such person, confused with the strange new sequence and wary of a castrated future in musicology, asked the suave, young composer, Peter Huse for a definition of music. Huse replied, "music is sound, I collect those sounds which interest me and organize them . . . the result being a composition."

Unlike a symphony or even rock n' roll, electronic music expresses a planned yet unplanned openness of interpretation. The therapy afforded by electronic music is relevant and satisfying for this age and undoubtedly will be more so in the future. Mark Schafer sums it up by calling it a "schizophonia" of our age.



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Stones

The Editor, Sir:

Would you be so kind as to pass the following cryptic and rather cynical remark (for which I am so famous) on to Martin Segger?

Dear Martin:

While I shudder in awe at the immensity of your vocabulary, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to point out that you did not encounter an "obelisque" in 2001, rather, a monolith.

Gleefully yours,
Martyn Douglas.

Intolerance

The Editor, Sir:

I am angry at the large number of people who laughed at the ending of D. W. Griffith's silent movie, *Intolerance*. Laughing at his ending shows -one of two things, either you are a person with no intelligence whatsoever or you are a person who does not try to understand, in this case, a serious, creative work of art. If you are of the latter case, as you must be, then you are a fool.

You may say: but the ending was just too corny. But was the film "corny" in relation to the social atmosphere of the United States in 1916? Was the acting bad in relation to the limited money supply Griffith had, which meant limited time to work with the actors and improve the scenes? Were some of the scenes too "sentimental" for you? Was Griffith's film, as

an imaginative work of art on four different levels, a failure in communicating something to you? I'm sure it wasn't. But did you let the "corny" ending, the silent acting, and the "sentimental" scenes get in between you and your appreciation of the film? Perhaps the film wasn't "avant-garde" enough for you, was that it?

I think Griffith's film has great relevance even today, for a lot of people who still are intolerant.

Brian Wade.

Reaction

The Editor, Sir:

There are more reasons for Mr. Lex Varmley's reluctance to be identified than he would like us to realize. From my personal experience, which covers considerably more years than Mr. Varmley's, whenever anyone wished to remain anonymous, it was an attempt to hide something. For one thing, why does no-one fitting the description of Varmley ever appear on campus? I've never seen a mulatto around the SUB. But I met one at UBC, a scar-faced individual who had escaped the U.S. following manslaughter charges in connection with the Blackstone Rangers. He said the charges had since been dropped, and added that he planned to "go to some smaller University where a man can hole up for a while and decide where he's going." I saw him again at registration here last fall, and believe me, he has reasons to remain anonymous. One look at him would dis-

courage most voters. Both his reasons for running, and his desire to remain unknown are suspect. In all likelihood, he is avoiding the draft, and actively associated with black power movements. I, for one, intend to prove my suspicions. We must see through his cloak of 'ideals' to the destructive force behind them. Fortunately, AMS policy will, I hope, prevent him from running anonymously, and it would be absurd for him to run if his real identity and past were known. Examine his approach for yourselves, and you will see that I am right.

W. Tantalus.

Financing

The Editor, Sir:

In the last issue of the Martlet, an editorial appeared that was concerned with outside money supporting an on-campus political movement. Because I am convinced your editorial was not based on fact, but on rumours circulated by certain campus political groups, I must strongly protest the inference and bias of your editorial. A campus newspaper has an editorial responsibility to its readers, a responsibility that grows out of the freedom of all students on the campus to voice their opinions in all matters. I believed the Martlet has failed to discharge this responsibility in that the editorial concerned was not based on fact, but unsubstantiated hearsay. I challenge you, as editor, to reveal the sources of your information and the causes of your apparent concern. As a candidate in the upcoming election and as a member of the United Student Movement, I am willing to make known to yourself and any others interested the amount of money spent on my campaign, and where that money came from. This won't be difficult, as it is coming right out of my own pocket.

Yours sincerely,
Alan Peterson.

CUS

The Editor, Sir:

As a member of the current R.A. I would like to remind students of the CUS referendum this week. The ballot, to be held Jan. 24, will be for the information of the Assembly, and will largely influence the decision to stay in or out of CUS. I would strongly urge all students to make themselves aware of what CUS is, why it can be an asset to our university, and also the reasons for much of the current opposition to it.

The question of CUS membership has been kicked around this campus for the past six months, and hopefully we will finally resolve Representative Assembly the question January 24. The Representative Assembly wants to hear your voice, so get out and make your feelings heard this week!

Alan Peterson.

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Jim's afternoon effort heads festival fare

By ROBIN BURGESS

"Oh, one afternoon I wrote a play." is the casual way Jim Leard puts it. But there is an undertone of pride.

Leard and Joan Mason-Hurley, two Uvic theatre students, are directing their own original one-act plays for the Canadian University Drama League Festival Friday and Saturday.

A third play, for the festival, *Ce-Ce*, written by the Italian playwright Pirandello is also being directed by a Uvic student, Bruce Johnston.

Entries in the west regional festival include student-acted, student-directed plays from SFU and UBC.

Mrs. Mason-Hurley's play, *The Assassins* won second prize in the CUDL playwriting contest for Canada last September. Carleton University won first prize and UBC third.

Plot of *The Assassin* will remain a secret until the actual performance.

"It would spoil the play to tell about it now," said the director-playwright.

"I'll just say that it's a play about reality."

She did reveal the idea behind the play was generated by the assassination of Robert Kennedy.

The title of Jim Leard's play is rather uncertain at the moment. "I'm considering four," said Leard. "Games, Anyone Can Play, Cornflakes Custard, or Fred's Fruitful Life."

Top contender seems to be *Anyone Can Play*.

He outlined the plot briefly; "In the play there are two characters who play games. They lose sight of reality and the games become more important. It ends in disaster."

Leard described his two male characters as involved in a power struggle but unable to break away from their dependence on each other.

The characters, Bill and Fred, are played by Dave Harris and John Peter respectively.

Active in the Improvs under Keith Johnstone, Leard admitted the whole idea behind his play was based on Johnstone's view of people and the way they react to each other.

"Being in the Improvs really takes over your whole life," he said.

Setting for both plays will be simply a bare stage—"I'll just grab a couple of chairs for props" said Leard.

He talked about some problems a director faces.

"You know exactly how you want a scene played but you don't want to be a dictator. . . . You have to be able to work with people."

Jim Crowder will stage manage for Jim Leard's play and Joyce Bartholomew for *The Assassins*. Pat More will do lighting. All are students.

Denis Johnston, student director of Pirandello's *Ce-Ce* described this third Uvic entry in the CUDL festival as an "Italian farce".

"It's a funny play," said Johnston, "studied often but seldom performed."

Ce-Ce has three characters: a playboy, Ce-Ce, the main character played by Chris Statham; a country bumpkin named Squatriglia played by Jim Petherton and Nada, a prostitute who's come up from the gutter. Julie Moon plays Nada.

The play is set in an apartment around 1930.

Uvic's three plays will be competing with a one-act play from UBC and a one-act play and a mime from SFU.

Winning play will go to Waterloo to perform at the National Conference and the national winner will be sent to perform at Yale.

In preparation for the festival a theatre workshop is planned for Saturday at 2 p.m.

EUS program set

The Education Undergraduate Society is lining up some work for itself this term.

Feb. 3 at 12:30 p.m. in Elliott 167, Mr. B.C. Gillie, Superintendent of Schools for the Northwest Territories, will give a slide presentation of Canada's Northland and its teaching opportunities. In past years the presentation has drawn quite an interest, and it should be just as popular this year.

The EUS has set up a committee to study relative merits of specific education courses. Any students who have ideas or are willing to help should contact Mike Farr.

On January 30 and 31, the EUS sponsors the 11th annual Future Teachers' Clubs Conference. Part of the conference entails a tour of the campus and discussions.

The conference committee is presently asking education students to help with these tours and discussions.

Anyone interested phone Mike Farr evenings at 477-1506 or leave name and phone number in the EUS mailbox at the SUB general office.

Snow-job weather cuts landscaping

Carpenters, painters, security officers have all been out in full force clearing Uvic causeways of the chilly white stuff.

Since Christmas Day a sum total of \$2500 has been used to combat Arctic weather on campus, says Art Saunders.

Saunders, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, stated that because of the extra cost involved it will mean less landscaping can be done this year.

Operating on a \$920,000 budget the department has found it necessary to engage other maintenance workers employed by the university, for the job of clearing and sanding roads and entrances to parking lots.

Indian speaks Friday

Duke Redbird, a Canadian Indian, poet, dancer and social worker, will speak on Indian Culture in the Twenty-first Century Friday at 12:30 at Corbett 112.

Redbird, writer of the EXPO Indian theme and former president of the Canadian Indian Youth Council, was a dancer at the Mexico Olympics.

Founder and president of the Thunderbird Council of Indian Activities, Redbird is a former Company of Young Canadians social worker.

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—BURL GRIFFITH

Course unions

guest editorial
by Frank Frketich

In a brief statement, let me try to outline what I consider to be the purposes, functions and advantages of course unions. This will also state why I think that they are essential at the University of Victoria.

I would define the membership of a course union as those people who have a common interest in the study of a subject or area. They may be majoring or honouring in that area, or they may be sampling it with the idea of becoming more involved in it. These people, I would say, have a common interest in the subject and should be members of a course union.

Why course unions? The basic reason in my opinion, is to keep the pressure on the faculty of a given department — if it is needed — to get changes, adjustments or modifications in curriculum, text books, course loads, or any other related matter. I would see the main function of course unions as being concerned with academic questions or problems affecting the student of a given department.

Those who would say that the AMS can get changes in curriculum and other related matters affecting students are correct to a certain extent. But the AMS deals in university wide situations much more than with isolated departmental problems. Indeed, it is very difficult for the AMS to deal with a localized departmental problem — thus the necessity for course unions; I do not foresee course unions in any way breaking up the AMS; rather, I see them complementary and a necessary part of the AMS structure. Course unions would only be concerned with academic matters at the departmental level.

General principles for changes at the departmental level as well as specific changes are being laid down by the various sub-committees at work now. But in order to make these changes meaningful and indeed ensure that they are carried out, there must be a group of students in each department capable of enunciating the things they want from their courses. In other words, the committees at work now have laid down useful guidelines on the various issues, what is required from the

course unions is to see that they are followed to the fullest possible extent.

The most useful function course unions can perform is to get students in the various departments thinking about the origins, development and content of their courses. Then, given this data, they would be able to prepare and propose constructive changes, if they feel they are needed, to those people in the department responsible for these areas.

Course unions must not be looked upon as a threatening kind of organization; this is not their purpose. I see them as the means by which people in each department can sit down and discuss problems which one group or the other may think valid. If students can make a good case for changing some aspect of a course, the faculty would accept it. Similarly, if the faculty can make a valid case for a course, the students should accept it, or research the problem more extensively before going back to the faculty with new proposals. The result of the whole effort should definitely be a deeper understanding of issues involved on both sides. Also, the educational value to students would far outweigh the efforts required.

In many ways I see this kind of discussion as being along the same lines as traditional negotiating sessions. Students have certain interests and proposals and faculty have certain interests and proposals. The two sides sit down and talk them out; either agreeing, compromising or changing certain things if the arguments brought forth from either side are valid. This is what I think course unions should be all about.

Consider this: sure, you can go to your prof. or department head and tell them of a problem, but how willing will they be to act on the suggestion of one person? However, if a group of students were to make similar views known with the support of many in the department, the ideas would be much more acceptable.

Again, may I stress, course unions are not a means of threatening, they are a means of communication and discussion which is what we desperately need at this university.

What we have here is a failure to co-ordinate Martlet editorial

The interesting thing about investigating rumours is the reaction that often comes with each probe.

With all sorts of harum-scarum rumours roving about Uvic last week regarding the existence of off-campus backing for student politicians, the Martlet published an editorial commenting on the possibility and expressing disenchantment.

In a front page story of the same issue, two directors of the United Students Movement campaign absolved their candidates of any such backing, although they did admit to parental contributions.

And this issue, in a letter to the editor appearing on page two, the Martlet has been summarily tried, convicted and condemned of rumour-mongering and a failure to live up to the responsibilities of journalism by Alan Peterson of the United Student Movement.

We are interested observers of the fact that Mr. Peterson seems to feel last week's editorial was aimed at him, considering the fact that it was commenting only on the possible (rumoured or otherwise) influx of money into campus politics in general.

We are glad Mr. Peterson is paying his own way, we are glad of honourable men in campus politics. Honourable men are an attribute to any politics.

the Martlet

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Trials of a Uvic boy tasting Morocco

By BURL GRIFFITH

After serving a two-week jail sentence as Franco's guest in the maximum security block in the Spanish National Prison for the Mentally Depraved for sending that last article, I find myself in the bowels of Morocco, driven to write another article of little importance.

The only word for Morocco is UNIQUE.

With the possible exception of some remoter parts of North Saanich, where else could you see a plow team of one old horse and one camel pulling a plow dating from before Christ over a field of 100 square feet in a desert that disappears into the horizon in all directions?

Then there's the dress.

How many people do you see walking around in dark, hooded robes that come down to their ankles? Then again, knowing Uvic . . . Here everyone wears them.

The dress of female portions of the population is even stranger. Every woman or girl over the age of 12 wears ground length robes with hoods and veils over their faces; a real drag with the possible exception of a few isolated cases, where it's not such a bad idea! But you'd really have to come to believe how different it is.

If you ever do come, one thing you shouldn't miss is swapping things in the market place in Marrakesh. That is, if they still allow Canadians anywhere near the market place after our bartering spree. Anyway, that is what I intended writing about, and seeing as I am barricaded in our hotel room with the whole black market outside the door, waiting for me to take one step outside, I'll sit here and relate some of our experiences.

We seem to have hit Morocco in the middle of some sort of religious deal called Ramadan. It's a pure example of Moroccan logic in that, while it is a fast, the people not being allowed to eat, drink, or smoke between the hours of 5 am and 5 pm, it's really a feast, the people absolutely stuffing themselves and smoking dope like chimneys in the other twelve hours.

During this feast there are all sorts of added attractions in the market place besides the usual goods stalls. We saw snake charmers and witch doctors one of whom, after our total donation of half a box of matches, 2 used London subway tickets and a quarter of a roll of toilet paper (which is really pretty good, because in this country toilet paper is scarce; that's why you have to carry it around with you!) started screaming wild things at us, curses or something, which probably accounts for our following problems.

Another choice sight is seeing some old lady pack up her things and charge off down an alley

as fast as she could, which wasn't very fast, after taking a dirham for a half-dirham drum you bought, promising you change (it's worth a half-dirham to see it!)

The market place starts in the Medina, the centre of the city, and stretches back in a maze of narrow, winding alleys that are cuttered beyond belief — bloody filthy is what they are! But once you enter, every merchant in the market knows you're there and does his best to fleece you.

I guess the best way to explain the market place thing is to relate my robe-hunting ordeal.

I had three good hiking boots and wanted to trade them off for two robes or Julavas as they call them here.

As soon as you enter the Medina you collect a bunch of merchants as you move from one booth to another, and a lot of other characters of all ages that seem to work for everybody.

When you go to a booth and make an offer on a swap, you have this chorus of about 7 or 8 Arabs bursting into laughter. This system needs a counterbalance, so what you have to do is go with a bunch of fellow travellers (as many as possible) and stand like two opposing armies, each bursting into forced, spontaneous laughter at the offer of the other! Now, this goes on until both sides are laughed out and then the swearing starts, and the Arabs come out with their prize English blurb of "You crazy?!" and you march off yelling the same thing, but you're usually called back and end up with something in between, like I did — one good, big Julava that wasn't for me anyway, and one crumbly Julava that was for me, but was a lousy colour and too small.

Man, this is where the fun starts. Once you get a Julava, you're stuck with it, and it's real hell trying to change it.

However, realizing that you've already been taken, some of these characters that seem to float around decide to try and take you some more, and the ones that speak a little more English than the others grab you and say, "More big Julava, come."

Before you know it you're being dragged through places you never would have believed possible to exist. Pretty soon you're going through the same thing again, and both armies are pitched against each other laughing their heads off painfully at the other. But, by this time you've picked up the dope-dealers. They're not so bad in Marrakesh, but in Tangiers . . . Man, we had hardly got out of the car when this little Arab guy came up, who looked like he'd been clubbed in the head with the city's mosque, and whispered the usual "Pssst . . ." and asked us if we wanted to buy hash and adding the familiar reassuring "Special for you." But we got rid of the guy quick by lettng

him follow us until we came next to a cop and then turned to the little Arab and in un-smothered tones asked if he still wanted to sell us some hash. Well his face dropped a mile and he took off in as close as one can come to a sprint in Tangiers, declaring war or something in flowery Arabic as we stood smiling at the cop.

But it's in Tangiers' Medina and the Cos-bah where you really get bothered. Everywhere you go you hear "Pssst . . . Pssst" from mouths hidden under hoods or right in the open, or even from lads of 5 or 6! And if you convince them you're not interested in dope and don't want anything else to do with them, then they try and sell you everything else under the sun, from their sister to a genuine diamond ring they found on the beach that morning. If you go to Tangier or even Marrakesh a super-large, heavy-duty fly-swatter is recommended!

Anyway, to Marrakesh and Julava-buying and the herd of screaming Arabs and as I was about to say, the occasional "Pssst . . ." or being grabbed by the arm, foot or anything else that they could lay their hands on, including your hair, having the usual battle of laughter . . . Anyway, in this state of insanity we went from one dealer to another trying Julava after Julava, being offered silk trim on Julavas that were too short and a set of charcoal pencils for the ones that were the wrong colour. Well, to make already a long story somewhat shorter, I got another Julava for mine and a mouth-organ and half a package of cigarettes.

Sorry everyone, but that wasn't the end. You see, this "fleecer" guy who took me to this last dealer expected a tip, and having got rid of our roll of toilet paper, the only thing left to give him was a 5 pereto coin we had left over from Spain which he somehow didn't understand but figured wasn't enough. Now we'd bought a little oil for our car in the market place previously you see, and they had put it in this old wine bottle and seeing this, this Arab character went out of his mind yelling "Whisky, whisky . . ." and before Ron, one of the guys with me (from Vancouver, incidentally, for those of you who are interested) could stop him, this cat grabbed it and took a healthy swig. We make a hasty retreat as this guy was bouncing off one wall to another screaming, probably promising to get even at the negotiating tables at the U.N.

Anyway, that's it. You've really got to try it sometime, even if it's only down at the Bay! But Morocco is really wild. Like I said, the only drag is the constant harassment of the locals to sell you stuff. Fred Hourteau, another from Vancouver, found a solution to this problem though. Everytime a little kid or anyone would come up to him, he'd stamp and rave and say that all he wanted was a 16-foot Chriscraft with a 500 horsepower engine and he wanted it NOW, and he'd pay \$2000 Canadian for it! We were then all branded as complete lunatics and everyone stayed right away from us, until one of them got wind of the fact that it was a boat, and the harassment started all over again. Dozens of kids promised us a really good friend had one hidden away somewhere in the Sahara Desert.

Drop-out

by John Wilkie
and Wayne Lemasurier

In mid October we dropped out of the University of Victoria and we strongly urge you to do so too. Attending university is a tragic waste of time. To put it in plain and simple English, the university is a factory based on the mass-production system. The raw materials used, you, are of poor quality. Let's face up to it boys and girls, you only had to wade through twelve long years of academic hassle and emerge with an average of fifty per cent to gain entry into university. It doesn't take a great mentality to realize that poor quality raw materials turn out finished products of equally poor quality—you and your degree.

Going to university is a trap, but after twelve mind-bending years in school most people just keep being lured by the false bait, the

good job, the security, dignity, and respect which supposedly come with a university degree. Naturally many of you are just along for the ride because you don't know what else to do, or your old man lays the bread on you, or you dig the country club atmosphere of the SUB. Well that's not so bad at least maybe you're not trying to fool yourself into thinking that you really want or need a degree. But you poor wretches who are taking out student loans every year and spending ten hours a day studying are really in the bag. What are you going to do after you stand in line on the day they hand out the degrees? You will soon find out that the market has been flooded with poor products similar to yourself. The supply of products turns out to be greater than the demand. There you stand with your degree in your hand, a \$4000 student loan debt and no job, or perhaps a job, but with a salary that you could have secured four years and \$4000 ago.

By the time you graduate from university you have been horribly conditioned for at least sixteen years. Your parents and teachers who were also conditioned constantly came up with those filthy little delusions, such as higher income, security and better job. Man you don't

need a mortgaged home in the suburbs with a mortgaged car in the garage. They're another part of the trap, they put you deeper in the bag. Bob Dylan once said, "money doesn't talk it swears." I mean you can't buy happiness or freedom but you sure as hell can sell them. Naturally you have to eat and have a place to live but this is a simple matter. In Victoria contrary to what you might think, a respectable comfortable apartment can be rented for seventy-five dollars a month. Aside from that you need another seventy-five a month for food, entertainment and maybe dope. This adds up to one hundred and fifty a month. You can avoid the high cost of living in the suburbs and you can also avoid the excess worry caused by owing all the excess trash that the people in the suburbs are fooled into thinking they need. Your monthly one hundred and fifty can be earned by working two or three days a week or four or five months a year. The forty hour week trip is an unnecessary waste of precious time. Wouldn't you rather have the better part of the week, or the year to yourself? It gives you time to relax, read, write, sleep, make love, get stoned and dig living — or would you rather, "gargle in the rat race choir, bent out of shape from society's pliers."

"it's like some sort of womb"

Getting processed at Penn State

By RANDY FURST

In our zone innocence is born in banks
And cultured in colonies the rich have sown:
The one is spared here what the many share
To write the histories that others are.
The oak escapes the storm that broke the
reeds,
The read here; they read, too, of reeds,
Of storms; and are, almost, sublime
In their read ignorance of everything.

The poor are always — somewhere, but not
here;
We learn of them where they and Guilt
subsist
With Death and Evil: in books, in books,
in books.
Ah, sweet to contemplate the causes, not the
things!
The soul learns fortitude in libraries,
Enduring the patience in another's pain,
And pity for the lives we do not change:
All that the world would be, if it were real.

from Randall Jarrell,
The Soldier Walks Under
The Trees of the University

"I'm scared to graduate. Really, I've never made any decisions for myself. They don't let you become independent here. Like when I graduate, I'd like to get married right away."

Colleen McGuigan, 21, is a senior at Pennsylvania State University, a mammoth complex in the Allegheny Mountains. She's one of 25,000 students.

Colleen is from McKeesport, a Pennsylvania steel town of 60,000. She's one of several million students enrolled in higher education in the U.S. She says she has no story to tell. "I always think people will think that what I say is stupid. I don't talk in class."

To the intellectual and political community, Colleen would be considered "unaware" and "apathetic". But in the spring she rang doorbells in the rural community of State College for Sen. Eugene McCarthy. "It was the first time I was in politics," she says.

Colleen isn't in politics any more. She's frustrated and isolated, she says. "I'm not part of the protest group. I'm not part of the social group. I'm caught in the middle. I'm a nobody."

One hundred miles from the nearest city, Harrisburg, Penn State intrudes on the Allegheny landscape as a monument to sterility and an indifference. Its high-rise dormitories, anonymous student population, meaningless examinations and alienated faculty intensify the loneliness and frustration.

Conversations with the students of Penn State invariably include the word, "isolation".

A study of the freshmen and sophomore classes by a team of administrative researchers last spring revealed that the majority of students felt none of the faculty gave them encouragement. The same survey found that 65% of the students thought their faculty showed no genuine interest in them at all.

"There are those few close ties," says Ron Hetrick, 21, a student in broadcasting.

I attended an introductory sociology class one morning. There are 156 students in the class, which is taught by a Mr. McNevin. After the class I asked one student after another what McNevin's first name was. No one knew.

I spoke to Jack Atzinger, a sophomore. He eats in "Pollock C", a huge dining hall, impersonal and cold. The food is decent and tasteless.

By Jack's own account, his life is "eating, sleeping and studying".

We talked about Vietnam. "Everyone you talk to knows at it in a different way," he said. "I don't know. It's confusing. I go back home and say one word about Vietnam and they say you're a nut."

PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY

Defense Contracts: \$12,000,000
Classified: \$ 3,500,000

Penn State's Lab specializes in antisubmarine warfare, the study of torpedoes, underwater missiles, and structures for use at great depths.

The aerospace engineering laboratory is in the basement of a giant classroom-laboratory building called Hammon. Much of the equipment is contracted through the U.S. Army. In one small room there is a harmless-looking glass-encased device with camera attachments.



"the soul learns fortitude in libraries"

Steve is a graduate student. He explains that the device is used to study the movement of aerosols. He was asked why the Army is interested in aerosols.

"I imagine they are interested in gas warfare research," he said. "The equipment is owned and leased by the Army. We just do the research. It's unclassified." And then he added, "I hope to god they don't use this stuff. The Army is doing a lot of research and spending a lot of money. They must be up to something."

"Why are you working here, then?"

"I only have a few weeks to go here. This work makes me very uptight. I don't like working for the Army. It's a moral decision. I don't like it. I'll have to resolve this for myself."

John Lundley, 38, is a professor of aerospace engineering. He's Steve's adviser. He leaned back in his chair and outlined the various uses for his Army study. It could be used for studying sedimentation, he said, or to study air pollution. "It could also be used for military operations to measure the transfer of certain aerosols and sprays."

"How could it be used by the military?"

"Well you could use our research to calculate how rapidly particles could be spread downwind." He agreed that the Penn State research might be used to kill people. "But you can't stop the military from using military research," he explained, "without

stopping basic research."

Lundley explained the "nature of the problem". His department has a \$20,000 contract from the Navy and a \$35,000 contract from the Army. "If we dropped our Army contracts," said Lundley, "we'd have to fire a substantial number of the faculty, and we'd have to drop a large number of graduate students."

John Lundley is a liberal. He backed McCarthy and opposes the war and supports draft resistance.

There is something for everyone at Penn State. In the student union building on a weekday morning, a half dozen tables are lined up, where students can sign up or rap with various organizations.

At one table is a homecoming display. At another is the International Voluntary Services organization where students project in South Vietnam. At a third is Students for a Democratic Society (SDS).

Judy Berkowitz is a senior. She sits behind the SDS table with several others, selling literature. Her first question is reasonable: "What are we doing in this god-forsaken hole?"

Ray Cynwinski, 19, a sophomore from Kingston, Pa., wears a button that says "What election?" He points out that in a campus poll last spring, McCarthy won. "There are a lot of people who really are radical here, but they don't think anything can

be done. They drop out—take drugs—a lot of apolitical long hairs.”

Apolitical does not quite seem to be the word. The students at Penn State have politics, but their views of the world are lost in a sea of confused liberalism, inactivity and personal problems.

There is a class at Penn State entitled “Man and Society I”. The day I was there, Mrs. Hallitz, the instructor, was showing a movie on urban renewal to her students.

The movie began with a description of the urban crisis. The camera panned across a Detroit ghetto street corner surveying the faces of angry blacks. The film quickly cut to a meeting of concerned white citizens. The narrator intones, “The good citizens are afraid. The bad ones are fearless.”

The movie showed how Detroit’s concerned white citizens finally agreed to tear down the bad ghetto and replace it with high-rise middle-income apartment buildings.

After the movie, Mrs. Hallitz led her class in discussion.

A girl in the front row raised her hand. “What happens when they tear down the homes for urban renewal? Where do people go?”

Mrs. Hallitz smiled, leaned over her desk at her class. “Where do they go?” she repeated to the class. No one seemed to know.

“How can they do it?” asked the puzzled young girl. Mrs. Hallitz tried to explain with a question. “Why does the city try to attract high-middle-class people to the city?”

“It brings in more money,” said one student.

“What about the image?” asked Mrs. Hallitz.

“It brings up the cultural level.”

A girl waved her hand. “It raises the standard of living,” she said proudly.

“Most lower-class people have never had roles in solving their own problems,” explained Mrs. Hallitz. “One way is to bring in upper-class people to serve as leadership roles in solving the problems.”

Among Pennsylvania State University’s many wonders is a four-year program in Law Enforcement and Corrections. Its purpose is described in the department’s brochure:

“The appalling increase in crime in this country and the urgent need for personnel (both men and women) who are qualified to work in areas related to the administration of justice motivated the College of Human Development at the Pennsylvania State University to initiate a four-year major.”

Among the program’s sponsors are the Pennsyl-

vania Board of Probation and Parole, and the Pennsylvania State Police. The emphasis is on “crime prevention, control and treatment. We don’t teach people how to use Mace around here,” explains the department chairman.

The introductory course is Crime in America. The classroom is packed, some 150 students squeezed into a small auditorium. About a third are girls. Four black students sit in the corner of the room, together. The text is a Presidential Commission report on law enforcement and administration.

In the front of the room, the teacher leans against the rostrum and discusses the grades. He’s young, tough, crewcut. He could be a cop. But he’s William Parsonage, an instructor. “The correctional apparatus in this country takes in some 2.5 million persons a year,” he says, reading from his notes. His voice is deep, tough. He looks up. “So it’s big business.” He notes that “95% some day return to the communities they have offended.”

“I think you should know,” explains Parsonage, “that most crimes are against property. I think you should know this.” The students get the hint. They scribble away furiously.

Who are these “community offenders”? According to Parsonage, “many have experienced material failures in a society that has become luxury-oriented and materialistic.” He notes that prisons are “bastions of antiquity”. What the country needs is better prisons. He advises that “parole supervision of people on the streets must be of an intensity suited to the degree of the case.” He calls for “a consortium of services to turn the criminal “from an inalterable liability to a productive resource.”

Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity occupies an imposing mansion a block from the main campus. We sit around a small table in the kitchen. Dave Barnherst, a good-natured athletic type, explains that he’s for Nixon “with a little Wallace thrown in”.

John Connelly, a hefty political science major who says “I’m a liberal despite my looks”, disagrees. But he also has misgivings about the left. For failing to understand the fraternity men, he says, campus members of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) are the real bigots. “They think that all we’re interested in is girls and parties and cars. And just because we don’t demonstrate, they don’t think we’re individuals.”

Tim Nicholson is a junior, majoring in economics. His father works a 60-hour week in an electrical supply company and his mother works as a secretary.

Both are over 50. They are putting Tim through college.

“It seems as if SDS is against everything,” he says. The old refrain. “They might have some good points. I don’t know. I haven’t heard a whole lot about them.”

Penn State is the proud host of Army, Navy and Air Force Officer Training Corps. It is also the base for the Ordnance Research Laboratory (ORL), which receives the major portion of its financial support from the Naval Ordnance System Command. And although it involves only 475 students and supervisors, it absorbs more than one quarter of the University’s \$30-million research budget.

The lab received defense contracts worth \$9.6 million in fiscal 1968 for its research and development of torpedoes and underwater missiles. The ORL facilities include the Garfield Thomas Water Tunnel, the “largest water tunnel in the Free World for research on problems of hydromechanics”, and an underwater test range near Key West, Fla. In 1961 ORL also assumed responsibility for the management of an anti-submarine warfare research centre at La Spezia, Italy, in conjunction with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Dick Bland is an assistant to the director at ORL. Besides being a probable accomplice in some future war he is the organization’s grinning liberal and spokesman. He assured me that ORL is “a department of the university”. He said that having ORL on the campus was a way of keeping civilians in control of the military. “If we don’t do it,” he warns, “it will be done behind closed doors.”

From all appearances, however, the research at ORL is already not only closed-door, it is top security. The department employs a security force of 28, armed guards travel with its outgoing and incoming mail and a box just in from the Railroad Express office was marked “Armed Surveillance”. A flashing sign inside the building reminds workers as they leave: “Desks cleared, files locked”.

A threat of a demonstration last year reportedly threw ORL into turmoil. Special security precautions were taken.

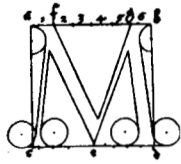
The left is small and isolated at Penn State. The lone radical force, SDS, is disorganized and romantic despite a remarkable consciousness among its leadership. Some have written off the student body.

Jeff Berger is a graduate assistant in philosophy and a member of SDS. “We have an extremely high level of ideology,” he says. “It’s totally anti-imperialist.”

(continued on page 11)



“... interminable twilight of these latitudes”



Measure

the case for the rebellious students and their counter-revolution

by John Fischer

The revolts which boiled up on scores of campuses last spring—and which probably will begin to seethe again next month—have a good deal more justification than one might gather from the press and television accounts. Some commentators have put the blame on a handful of romantic New Leftists, playing at revolution; on clumsy, indecisive academic administrators; on the malaise of Vietnam; or on the vague epidemic of student unrest which seems to be sweeping the world. All of these elements are in the cauldron certainly, but they are not the main ingredient. They could not produce such widespread disorders unless a considerable number of ordinary, nonrevolutionary, usually-well-behaved undergraduates felt a deep sense of grievance. And with good reason.

So it seems to me, anyhow, from what I have observed in the academic community where I now live, and from visits during the past year to a good many other campuses. What is going on is not just a passing commotion which can be put down by firmer discipline. Neither is it a revolution. Instead, I believe, it is the beginning of a *counterrevolution* by students—liberal-arts undergraduates in particular—against a quiet, almost unremarked revolution which has changed the whole structure of American higher education within the last two or three decades. The main beneficiaries of that revolution were the faculty. The victims were the liberal-arts undergraduates. Only recently have these students begun to understand how they are victimized—and their protest is likely to swell until at least some of the results of the earlier revolution are reversed. (Or, perhaps, until the victims desert the conventional colleges and universities for some new kind of educational institution.)

During the uproar at Columbia—and elsewhere—the rioters were almost never students of engineering, medicine, law, journalism, and the physical sciences. Very few of them were graduate students aiming for a career in teaching. The ones who sacked the president's office, burned the professor's manuscripts, and barricaded the library were, typically, undergraduates in the liberal arts. This, as Lenin used to say, is no co-incidence.

Some youngsters come to a university with their life-plans already laid out. They know that they want to be doctors or lawyers or professors, and they are looking for a sound training in their chosen trade. By and large, they are well served. They fit neatly into the structure of the postrevolution university, and—unless their minds begin to roam beyond their narrowly defined professional tracks—they will have no serious complaints. (They probably will have minor complaints, of a kind to be noted in a moment; but these alone seldom lead to riots.)

Other young people (often the brightest) enter the freshman class not yet sure what to do with their lives. They come to college to find out. They want to learn something about the world and about themselves—to make an appraisal of their own capacities, and of the dauntingly complex world beyond the campus gates; and to estimate how they might best come to terms with it. They don't want professional training—not yet, anyhow. What they want is understanding, and they hope to pick up at least a smattering of it by talking to wise, mature men; by reading under these men's guidance; and by observing how such men conduct their own lives. In sum, they are after what used to be called "a liberal education". As recently as twenty years ago they might have found it in most good American universities. Today their chances are close to zero.

For, as Irving Kristol pointed out in *Fortune* last May, "... in the overwhelming majority of

universities, liberal education is extinct." It was destroyed by the academic revolution. Its destruction probably was unintentional, since many professors and administrators don't yet seem to realize it is gone. In their official oratory, at least, they speak of it with pious respect, implying that their institutions still provide it in copious life-enhancing drafts. The freshman who is drawn to the university because he takes this rhetoric seriously, quickly discovers that it simply is not true. Hence his accusations of hypocrisy, his disillusionment, and his impulse to throw bricks through classroom windows. He feels that he has been sold a bill of goods under false pretenses; and he is quite right.

What killed liberal education The best account is set forth by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman in their recent book, *The Academic Revolution*. The revolution began, roughly, at the end of World War II, when the demand for higher education began to grow with explosive speed. The increasing complexity of our technological society required a sharply rising supply of university-trained specialists. As a result, a diploma became an almost indispensable document; a combination meal ticket, union card, and passport to upper-middle-class life.

The only people who could meet this demand—the university teachers—suddenly found themselves in a highly strategic position. Only recently they had been humble pedagogues, on a social and economic par with bank clerks and used-car salesmen. Now they are the sole purveyors of a scarce and precious commodity. Like all monopolists, they used this new-found power to enhance their own wealth, prestige, and authority. Their salaries climbed rapidly, as the expanding universities—and score of brand-new educational institutions—bid for their services. Today \$50,000 incomes, from salary, government and foundation grants, outside lectures, and consulting fees, are by no means uncommon in academic circles.

The professoriat also used its new clout to seize a big share of power from university trustees and presidents. Within a decade or so, *de facto* authority to run the university moved from the administration building into the academic departments—just as the governance of France moved during the Merovingian period from the palace into the hands of the great barons. On most campuses the faculty now decides, in fact, who shall be hired and fired, although the president and trustees still give their formal consent. So, too, the new ruling class decides what shall be taught, and to whom. It also controls much of the budget, since an eminent scholar usually hustles up his own research grants; and if he moves to another university he is likely to take the money with him.

With such leverage, the professoriat soon began to reshape the university to suit its own desires, rather than those of the students or their parents.

For one thing, teachers today are doing less and less teaching. Jencks and Riesman note that "until World War II even senior scholars at leading universities did a good deal of what they defined as *scut work*: teaching small groups of lower-level students, reading papers and examinations, and the like. . . . Today, however, few well-known scholars teach more than six hours a week, and in leading universities many bargain for less. . . . The routine problems of mass higher education have therefore fallen by default to graduate students."

What little teaching the professors do, according to the same authorities, often "is dull and ineffec-

¹Formidable authorities in this field. Riesman is professor of social sciences at Harvard, and has taught at Yale, Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago, and the University of Buffalo. He is a graduate of Harvard Law School; his best-known book is *The Lonely Crowd*. Jencks is a resident fellow of the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., a sometime lecturer at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, and a former member of *The New Republic* staff. He has written many articles on education.

Measure is a motley collection of reviews and opinions. Hopefully it will prove to be a good collection, but that's as much up to you as to us. Our primary concern is with the arts; don't let that upset you. We're not going to insist. If you have a paper on the nocturnal activities of the aardvark and it turns out to be interesting and relevant, we'll print it. Nor are we particular about whom we associate with; we don't care whether you're a student, a prof, or a little old lady from Oak Bay. Or all three together. Our mailbox is in the Martlet office. Fill it.

They are never required, at any point in their career, to get any professional training in the art of teaching. And they have no incentive to learn it on their own, because good teaching is "no help in getting a salary increase, moving to a more prestigious campus, or winning their colleagues' admiration." It may even be a handicap, because "the able teacher finds students beating a path to his door and leaving him little time for anything else. If he is really committed to research he may well find that the only way to make free time is to remain aloof."

Research, of course, is what he had better be committed to, for that alone pays off in money and reputation. It doesn't have to be significant research. Much of it, "at least in the social sciences and the humanities, tends to resemble finger exercises for the piano." It is not concerned with "answering real questions or solving important problems; it is simply a display of professional narcissism . . . a roller-coaster ride along a well-worn track." All that is absolutely necessary is that the research be published, so that the senior satraps of the academic realm can measure the scholar's "productivity" by the column inch.

The standard defense for this emphasis on research is that a man cannot be a good teacher unless he is constantly learning something new: in theory, research and teaching go hand in hand.

But in practice, they don't. "Teaching is often adjusted to the exigencies of research, but research almost never is shaped by the experience of teaching", Messrs. J. & R. observed. "We have never encountered a professor, for example, who said he was working on a research problem because year after year his undergraduate students showed an interest in it."

Indeed, the typical professor couldn't care less about the interests of undergraduates. As a result of the academic revolution, he can safely ignore them. He is concerned only with graduate students; for, as Kristol noted, "a professor's status is defined by his relation to the graduate program. If he is active in it, his prestige is high. If he is not, he is viewed as not having 'made it'."

This is true not only in the universities but in the small, so-called liberal-arts colleges.³ The prestigious ones, at least, no longer bother with youngsters who merely want four years of liberal educa-

²By commercial standards, the bulk of this research is unpublishable. Who would buy it? Who would want to read it—since its intended readership, in many cases, is merely the tenure committee and a handful of colleagues in the same discipline. Consequently, Academia has created a large and growing machinery for subsidized publication, by university presses and a proliferation of professional journals. This is an expensive business, accounting in part for the steady rise in the cost of higher education.

³There are, of course, exceptional faculty members who dedicate their lives to teaching and to sympathetic guidance of the undergraduates, deliberately jeopardizing their chances for promotion and academic glory to do so. One or two can be found on nearly every campus—but they probably are most numerous in the women's colleges, community colleges, and the obscure liberal-arts colleges which make no effort to compete with prestige schools.

tion. Since their academic standing depends on the number of students they send on to graduate school, they have become in effect prep schools for the big graduate institutions. The undergraduate who is not aiming for an eventual Ph.D. is considered "unscholarly"; he can be disregarded because "he really doesn't belong in college" and he may even be encouraged to drop out.

If such an undergraduate hangs on regardless, he will get scant nourishment. The questions he asks—What is the good life? The nature of justice? The remedy for the evils of society?—are a bore and embarrassment to his professors. After all, none of them profess to have answers to such large and unscholarly questions; each professes his own narrow specialty—econometrics, say, or minor British poets of the eighteenth century. The students who expect "a visible relationship between knowledge and action, between the questions asked in the classroom and the lives they live outside it", get instead "pedantry and alienated erudition". (Jencks and Riesman again.) Is it any wonder that they are "completely turned off" and convinced that "all systematic and disciplined intellectual effort is a waste of time"?

This tragedy is compounded because they often are "the best students in the best universities"—a Jencks and Riesman conclusion which I can confirm from my own conversations with dozens of them. They have considerable talent for leadership—a talent which they are all-too-likely to use, in their frustration and disgust, to disrupt the university which has failed them. Frequently they become leaders of the New Left, turning for guidance to *gurus* such as Paul Goodman and Herbert Marcuse who do profess to have answers to the Big Questions. (The answers may be wrong, as in the case of Marcuse, or ridiculously oversimplified, as with Goodman; but in the absence of anything better they find many buyers.) In other cases they simply drop out—both from the university and from society—turning to drugs, hedonism, and the pathetic private world of the hippies.

These grievances, it seems to me, are the underlying reason for the campus rebellions. The nominal issues—whether a Columbia gymnasium or the dismissal of a favorite instructor—are merely triggers, opportune excuses for venting more basic (and often vaguely formulated) discontents. When undergraduates demand "student power" they are really pleading for a partial reversal of the academic revolution which made liberal education extinct. They are protesting against the new kind of university which that revolution created—a university which, in Kristol's words, "is very good at training scholars and specialists" but is "very bad at educating young men and women."

Because they sometimes do not fully understand the nature of the academic revolution, the students' counter-revolution often is aimed at the wrong target. They are inclined to attack the administration, because the ostensible authority still seems to rest with the president and trustees. Few undergraduates yet realize how much of the administration's former power has now shifted into the hands of the faculty. But in time they will. And my guess is that their rebellion will continue, in one form or another, until the students get a reasonable share of that power for themselves.

Specifically, they want a voice in what is taught, so that at least some courses will be relevant to their lives and interests, rather than to the graduate schools and the research projects of the professors. They also want better teaching, and hope to get it by setting up some kind of procedure for rewarding good teachers and penalizing bad ones.⁴ Moreover, they feel they deserve some say in "the general

⁴There are many ways in which students could take a responsible part in such evaluation. Some of them were mentioned here in February 1965 in a column titled "Is There a Teacher on the Faculty?" Predictably, it stirred up choleric indignation among a good many faculty members, who were horrified by the notion that their teaching performance might be called to account by anyone, least of all by students.

drift of university policy", for reasons which Joel R. Kramer of the *Harvard Crimson* explained in a brilliant article in *The New York Times Magazine* of May 26. Such as, for example, checking "the incredible growth of graduate education relative to undergraduate education" or finding ways to "devote university man-hours and money to the improvement of the local ghetto."

The struggle for even this modest amount of student power is likely to be long and tough. For the faculty, like any ruling class, will not surrender its privileges easily. After all, few elites have ever had it so good. Once he gets tenure, a teacher is sure of a lifetime job as a cozy salary; he can do pretty much what he likes, with virtually no supervision; distasteful chores such as teaching or administration can easily be scamped or delegated. As Jencks and Riesman put it, "large numbers of Ph.D.s now regard themselves almost as independent professionals, like doctors and lawyers, primarily responsible to themselves and their colleagues rather than their employers, and committed to the advancement of knowledge rather than of any particular institution".

But in this comparison, the author overlooked a vital point: if a doctor or lawyer does not satisfy his clients, he is soon out of business.

It is not surprising, then, that academics almost invariably are hard-shelled conservatives on questions of university reform, no matter how radical they may be on their issues. Even Herbert Marcuse, the chief sachem of the New Left, recently admonished his disciples not to dream of "destroying the established universities". They are, he explained, "one of the very rare cases in which I think you can achieve what you want to achieve within the existing institutions." All he wants to destroy are the other institutions of American society, on which the universities depend.

The rebellious students have another set of complaints—relatively minor, although they often are the pretext for campus uprisings and even more frequently make headlines. They are concerned with the housekeeping of the university: its rules about living quarters, food, women, liquor, marijuana, and the like. Historically these rules generally date back to the previous century, when students were regarded as children who were entrusted to the university as a substitute parent. Its chief concern, in those remote years, was supposed to be their moral upbringing; and to this end parents insisted on regulations like those of the stricter reform schools. What Mama and Papa really feared, of course, was premature pregnancies and shotgun marriages, so they demanded that the college serve as a relentless chaperon.

Today, as we all know, "moral upbringing" sounds as quaint as *The White Man's Burden*. Children mature so fast nowadays that by eighteen they won't even accept their real parents *in loco parentis*, much less a dean. And for any youngster smart enough to get into college, unwanted pregnancy is no longer a real danger. Yet on many campuses, the old rules remain in force.

Nominally, that is. The administration is afraid to repeal them, lest parents and legislators (who hold the purse strings) suspect that Alma Mater U. has become a hotbed of sin. But it knows it can't enforce them, and usually makes only a perfunctory pretense of doing so. Liquor, for instance, is commonly forbidden to minors, by state laws as well as college regulations. Nevertheless, students are well aware that they can drink all they like without serious risk of trouble, so long as they don't fall down

in the public streets and block traffic. (So it was even back in the Bonnie-and-Clyde era, when I was an undergraduate, except that dormitory bars then were stocked with homemade beer and Mason jars of bootleg corn. One enterprising friend of mine, name of Eight-ball Eubanks, went so far as to steal a ten-gallon carboy from the chemistry laboratory, to equip the brewery he installed in his fraternity basement. It paid his way through college.)

Policing the sex lives of students is, of course, equally impractical; boys and girls manage to get together, as they have since Eden, regardless of parietal rules. The pretense that it is an Argus-eyed chaperon merely makes the university look both silly and hypocritical, as Barnard did last spring when one of its girls set up housekeeping off-campus with her boyfriend. After pondering for weeks, the Judicial Council composed of faculty and students "punished" her by withdrawing her right to eat in the school cafeteria.

Most students would consider that a nonpunishment, since the typical college dining hall serves the kind of food that causes riot in badly managed jails. (I have, in fact, eaten better in the Pennsylvania Eastern State penitentiary than in some of the Harvard houses.) At an age when food is nearly as important as sex, undergraduates find university catering a perennial cause for complaint.

A sensible solution, as some of the more venturesome academic administrators are beginning to realize, is to hand over to the students a major share of responsibility for housing, feeding, discipline, and similar quartermaster operations. When given the chance, student organizations usually handle such responsibilities pretty well. In routine disciplinary matters, student courts often have proved more strict than the deans would have been. And the undergraduate approach to such matters is refreshingly realistic. The *Yale Daily News*, for example, recently suggested that in view of the overcrowding in residential colleges, any student who found it necessary to keep a motor bike, a large dog, or a female in his room overnight really should be encouraged to seek quarters off campus.

In the handling of money and related managerial problems, the student organizations naturally need (and generally welcome) adult help. Serious law violations, such as drug peddling, can be handled by city and state police. Insurrectionary outrages, such as sacking college offices and burning professors' manuscripts, obviously have to be put down swiftly and decisively by whatever police action may be necessary. Outrages may become a little less likely, however, if students are given a substantial measure of control over their own living arrangements. That kind of student power not only could reduce many exasperations, frustrations, and petty conflicts between the generations; it might also be the quickest way to teach adult responsibility.

Moreover, if the administration and faculty could get rid of most of their present Aunt Nannie functions, they should then have more time to work on their big problem: how to restructure the university to make it once more a center of liberal education, rather than a mere training camp for professional specialists. Until they solve that one, they will have no peace.

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DUEL THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY MONTREAL, CANADA

Contestants not limited by academic status, nationality or publishing history, but must be under 30 years of age and adhere to the following rules:

1. Fiction in English and previously unpublished.
2. The length of manuscripts should not exceed 8,000 words.
3. Manuscripts are to be type-written and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
4. Entries are to be forwarded to: DUEL, Students Assoc., Sir George Williams University, 1455 de Maisonneuve Boul., Montreal, Quebec.
5. Some brief autobiographical note is desired.
6. The deadline is March 1, 1969; late entries will not be considered for the contest.
7. The decision of the editors is final.

The prize-winning story will be published in the next issue of DUEL (April '69). All other entries will be considered for publication in the same issue.

Theatre as liberation

By IAN ANDERSON

Theatre today addresses itself to three major questions.

Firstly, how can we make plays relevant to what goes on outside the very doors of the room called a theatre? Secondly, how can we democratize the theatrical experience to make it meaningful for both the now-alienated actors and the "voyeur" audience? And thirdly, can we overcome the limitations of the physical form of the stage and, in the larger sense, the uniqueness of the event itself? Relevance, participation, and environment are the key issues for our immediate concern.

Having asked those general questions, I should like to examine the in the inter-connected fashion in which I think they exist.

Bourgeois theatre left ritual behind; it separated the theatre into two groups: those who enacted the ritual, and those who looked on as voyeurs but were no longer except in religious experiences allowed to participate in any real sense in the event. Bourgeois theatre in its most advanced form in the 19th century demanded total involvement and identification on the audience's part with the characters; the protagonists mirrored the audience and reinforced their own image of themselves. Gradually the characters began to be used to point out all the dilemmas and contradictions within the bourgeoisie's role in society.

With Brecht the theatre reached a point where it was no longer interested in examining the hangups of the bourgeoisie. Brecht confuses the viewer, alienating him from any identification with the actors on stage, and forcing him to take a more detached perspective. The so-called detached perspective is not unrelated to a new role for the theatre, the final result of a gradual social awareness and social reorientation on the playwright's part. This new theatre refused to deal

either with exclusively Homeric characters (gods, kings, nobility), as the protagonists nor with exclusively bourgeois characters. Rather it sought to make the audience self-consciously aware of their role in society; and that society's role in suppression and exploitation both in the white homeland and in coloured communities everywhere.

The Exception and the Rule is a fine example conforming to the intent of this sort of theatre.

But even this theatre was destined to be superseded by the latest form. This new form has one great qualitative difference from all that had gone before since the start of a theatre having a particular environment, the stage constructed exclusively for its use.

This qualitative change is simply this: Theatre up to now has a finished product from a script. The new theatre is a process, a continually evolving process, willing to change every day during every performance. In this sense, it differs even from most forms of ritual, which are careful stimulus-response programmes.

Secondly, the new theatre attempts to transcend the old actor audience dichotomy by creating a sense of community which includes in all the environment: it welcomes participation, but only in the sense of a shared experience, not in the sense of "doing your own thing".

The irony of course is that while the theatre is seeking to liberate the totality of the theatrical community, the world outside, at least in this society, is still seeking to preserve the old power relationships. The new theatre tries to destroy plot, roles, actors, directors, technicians, playwrights and voyeurs; the old society seeks to reinforce the existing roles.

There is no issue of competence involved in the new theatre; if the theatrical experience concerns you, you must participate in its processes. The new theatre is concerned with overthrowing the old environment; we must overcome the phys-

ical limitations of the stage by dissolving the boundaries between stage and seats. Then we must if necessary take the theatre to the people; perform wherever people are trying to change their own day-to-day environment, wherever they like those in the new theatre, are trying to take control of their own lives.

The relevance of the new theatre does not consist in putting on powerful social dramas, because by the very nature of the new theatre it subjects the established reality to a form of criticism other than the philosophical one. Liberating art, whether it is modern action painting, music by Cage, or films by Godard or Lapoujade, subjects reality to the dialectics of the form: the form which is in a continual process of transcending itself.

Unfortunately the Player's Club and the English Department are not successfully bringing the theatre to the people or relating their work to what goes on in McGill, in Quebec, or in the Third World, except in a very roundabout fashion. This is primarily because both groups are concerned with a polished finished product; neither make theatre an evolving participatory process.

University theatre groups, of all people, should be trying to experiment not only in basically traditional forms, but also in "post-product" theatre. We must open the doors to all those interested in the evolving process of drama as it is happening in Harlem with Black Theatre, in London with Brook, in Poland with Grotowski, and with countless troupes in the United States. University theatre should be in the cultural vanguard.

Let us create a theatre relevant, participatory, critical of both its own reality and the reality outside the experience; let us take the theatre out of the theatre, and then out of the university, let us liberate the form, let us begin the cultural revolution now.

Reprint: the McGill Review

Symposium

The newly-hatched English Union is throwing an extravaganza the weekend of the 31st which promises to be enlightening, if not a gas. The only thing it needs is a maximum of 150 people, so get your tickets from the general office in the SUB (or the secretary in the English Department) right away. A nominal fee of one dollar will buy:
2494 Arbutus, Queenswood

FRIDAY NIGHT:

Panel: Psychology and Literature. Starring: Dr. Charles Gregory, Dr. Charles Tolman, Dr. M. Faber, and Dr. W. Goede.

J. Michael Yates will read from his new book, "Man in the Glass Octopus".

Two student plays (gratis from English 201) will be introduced.

SATURDAY:

10 a.m.—Panel: Computational Humanism. Starring: Dr. R. Leslie, Dr. P. Koster, Dr. J-P. Vinay, Mrs. M. Menhennett, others.

Lunch (bring your own).

Mr. Grant from the National Film Board will speak on "The Experience of Folm".

Panel: Politics and Literature. Starring: Dr. R. Powers, Mrs. C. Berger, Dr. C. Partridge, Dr. F. Mayne, others.

Dinner — supplied — with folk singing, etc. on the side.

Fine Arts Seminar: film, architecture, stage design, art, music, literature, mythology. Starring: a cast of thousands.

Rock Band.

Continual NFB and student films.

SUNDAY:

1 p.m.—Creative Writing Seminar: On the Creative Process. Starring: Members of the Creative Writing Faculty, Dr. J. Peter.

3 pm.—Richard Courtney will hold a creative drama workshop.

Dinner — supplied; with folksinging.

CELEBRATION — that is the only way to describe it. Within a dramatic structure, there will be several 'total participation' things happening concurrently. Classical music featuring oboe and recorder. Poetry readings and creative dance. Leonard Michaux et al will render jazz to us. And, providing we're still all together, the evening would not be complete without a spontaneous chorus of Hey Jude.

Come, one, come all. Just feel free—do I have to tell you?—to wander around, stay an hour or three days, swim in the indoor pool which will be open at all times, sit in on some discussions, do a little 'emoting' or whatever . . . the symposium needs people but there's no definite structure to this happening—so be prepared to run your own trip. And for God's sake don't bring your mother.

Intolerance

Reviewed by REID GILBERT

"When women are no longer attractive to men, they often become reformers."

The titles were only partly responsible for the impact, both comic and epic, of the Student Film Society's recent presentation of D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*.

The enthusiastic reaction of some 200 society and guest members proved how completely the 1916, silent film had, for three hours, captivated its audience. The excellent quality of the print obtained by the society and the taped, accompanying music made the showing a technical as well as brilliantly artistic success.

Intolerance portrays in a revolutionary advanced manner for stories each illustrating the title thesis. Fantastic sets, striking camera techniques and "a cast of thousands" characterized the flick which was, indeed, as Griffith called it, "a sun play of the ages".

The editing even provided subliminal flashes, as in *The Graduate*, although of Lillian Gish rocking a cradle, rather than of Ann Bancroft rocking Dustin Hoffman. Griffith here used the first close-ups in movies. And in addition to these achievements, undoubtedly fascinating to cinema buffs, the film is often hilarious, especially to a modern audience.

The Student Film Society's next presentation, on Thursday, January 30, is the original, uncut *King Kong*. If it is half the tremendous success of *Intolerance* it will be a great evening. I wouldn't miss it.

(continued from page 7)

ialist and anti-capitalist. But it doesn't seem to be doing anything." He says the condition of students here is "pure passivity to anyone in authority." He adds, "We're totally isolated."

"It's like we're in some sort of womb," says John Ciarrochi, a sophomore from Philadelphia and a member of SDS. "We're sheltered. We're all coming here to be processed. The radical here is more like a drop-out radical, not an activist. People feel very frustrated and isolated."

At this fall's first SDS meeting in September, 250 people showed up, some lured by a Lenny Bruce film that was never shown. While many hold out the hope that SDS will flourish, the meetings seem disorganized and directionless and despite a number of very committed people, the necessary work has been avoided. Attendance at a recent meeting had dwindled to 30.

Lonnie Flanagan and Joanne Buchler are both 20. They live in one of the dormitory complexes.

Cooper Hall. Their room is small and the two beds take up most of the space. Over one bed is a small poster advertising the Mothers of Invention.

Lonnie comes from Doylestown, Pa., population 15,000, she's blonde, pretty. She went to the first SDS meeting. "They didn't impress me. They're very idealistic. They're too radical and they have to conform to what's here now. They're not very organized."

In the first week of school about 10 students camped out in front of the administration building, Old Main, to protest the housing shortage. There were some rock bands and fiery speeches. It lasted for about a week. The encampment was dubbed "Walkertown", after the university's aging, despotic president, Eric Walker. Walker had warned freshmen students in his convocation address that "Penn State offers no sanctuary to any person or group which advocates the initiation of physical force or intimidation or the takeover of classrooms or office buildings. . . . We at Penn State," he said, "will act

immediately, firmly and without hesitation to deal with any student or group guilty of such tactics."

"I liked Walkertown," says Joanne, "but I'd like to see something more constructive, more radical."

Bruce Horowitz, 19, is a junior from Haverton, Pa. He has flirted with the left. "Their whole thing," he says, "is here we are to educate you, the dumb masses. Here they are sitting in their great radical rocking chairs in the sky. Like it's a virtue. And they come on, like, because I'm radical, I'm better than you. They're alienating people."

But all is not static at Penn State, and while few are full-time radicals there is a sense of commitment among the students drifting left. This winter SDS will start a Free Press, headed up by Amy Millstone. The need for radical media here is critical.

"We've got to get ourselves together," says Cindy Rosenthal, "and reach people in a more personal way, a more total way." She believes it's possible.

reprint: the Guardian

A modern curriculum for a modern university

By ROBERT McCONNELL

I was recently asked to play a minor direct role in the debate over academic reform at the University of B.C., but was forced to turn it down on the grounds that newsmen should not become newsmakers.

In partial recompense for the honour that was offered, however, here is the McConnell Model Curriculum for Modern Universities.

Despite its facetious title, the MMCMU is a serious proposal. It is intended to outrage the radicals as well as the reactionaries, but perhaps provide some thought for those who are really interested in changing the university for the better.

The MMCMU is based on the following assumptions:

- That there is a serious malaise at our universities that must be corrected.

- That the heart of the problem is what is taught and how it is taught. The essence of a university is not political control or how many seats there are in the cafeteria — it is education. Although few people realize it, Simon Fraser University has not shown itself particularly vulnerable to the student power movement because most students there are learning well and enjoying it. But they could do better.

- That any university administration that shapes its course to the demands of the student radicals is doing most students a great and lasting disservice. The literature of student power makes it obvious that education is a minor concern. What is important is to secure the university for a revolutionary power base. In an issue of that magnitude, something as insignificant as education is likely to be overlooked.

- That Canadian universities in particular must find their own answers to their own problems. One of the flaws of the student power movement is that it adopts basically the same approach to universities everywhere, despite the obvious differences in pre-university education and in universities themselves. The Canadian system is fundamentally different from both the British and American — every Canadian university has a responsibility to educate both the elite and the mass. They cannot afford the luxury of ignoring the mass, or of separating the mass and the elite in different institutions.

- That a number of the demands of the student power movement must be met, not in the interests of campus harmony — which is not a student power objective anyway — but in the interests of better education. Of these the most basic and most contentious is the demand for student participation in course planning. This leads to MMCMU.

The basic logical flaw in the plea for student participation is that it assumes the student knows before he takes a course whether he should take it and how it should be taught. If this seems absurd, it is important to note that the same assumption underlies the course requirements at UBC, where a student is expected to know upon

entering university what subject or profession he intends to study. From his first lecture, his course program is limited by that intention.

Unfortunately, the student entering university is ignorant. Intelligent, yes. Eloquent frequently. Morally aware, often. But he is undeniably ignorant, and it is to correct that ignorance that he is attending university. He knows nothing of what it means to spend one's life as a physicist, or a philosopher, or economist or sociologist or oceanographer.

The first task of the university should be to correct that ignorance about knowledge. It would certainly be done under MMCMU.

The first year program would consist of three compulsory courses — one in science, one in the humanities and the other in the social sciences. The basic courses would have to be designed and delivered by men who are outstanding in their particular disciplines, with sufficient breadth of mind to be able to relate their disciplines to the broad area of knowledge of which they are part.

The object of the courses would be to demonstrate the whole scope of the basis areas of human knowledge — their history, their philosophy, their present techniques and their future prospects. The courses would consist of large lectures, followed

by smaller classes and seminars in particular. Each course would be accompanied by a substantial reading list. Examinations would have to be few; essays and term papers frequent. It would not be a program for the faint-hearted.

At the end of the first year of MMCMU, each student would have a better idea of what the world of ideas is all about than any of today's university graduates. He would also be in a position to make an informed decision as to where he wants to go in the second year.

That decision would take him into one of the three areas he covered in first year. The basic approach of the second-year program would be the same, but the seminars or sub-classes fewer and far more intensive. The over-all thrust, however, would still be toward a co-ordinated approach to a basic area of knowledge.

In the third and fourth years, the courses would be much as they are in the existing curriculum — with a few vital differences. Basically, the students would be far better than today's third and fourth year students are. They would be taking each course in perspective, rather than picking up information in the present helter-skelter fashion. They would be equipped, both in knowledge and in mastery of academic techniques, to do far better and more independent work. And they would be in no mood to take pap or poor teaching from any professor.

At this point, too, they would be quite capable of discussing courses, course content and teaching methods in an informed and responsible fashion.

Basically, MMCMU departs from present practice in refusing to treat high school education as an acceptable basis for a particularized university program. High school education is little more than an indication of intellectual potential, and a most imperfect one at that. In this country university education must start from scratch.

Who would benefit from MMCMU? The faculty, which would find a much more exciting teaching environment with far less of the drudgery of tests, quizzes and examinations. The administration, which would find course scheduling and statistical chores greatly reduced. And the students, who would get an education rather than a haphazard collection of training sessions.



The university would no longer be producing educational cripples — the people who come out after four or six or eight years to discover that a minute knowledge of one particular field is too small a basis on which to live a satisfying life. No longer would students work for three or four years on a particular program only to discover they would far rather spend their lives doing something else — something the existence of which they had never suspected because they had never come close to studying it.

There would be far fewer artists who are ignorant of science, or scientists ignorant of art. There would be a great many people who would be much more able to appreciate and participate in life in this very complex world.

reprint: The Province

Summerhill: ant-crowd psychology

"the world is sick because its crowds are sick"

I have more than once written that if the emotions are free the intellect will look after itself. What a waste it all is! Sixty years ago I could read some Latin and Greek. Today I can't decipher the Latin words on a tombstone. Our schools teach children to read Shakespeare and Hardy and Tennyson and when they leave school the vast majority never read anything better than a crime story. For my part I'd abolish nearly every school subject, making geography and history matters for the school library, and quadratic equations a luxury for the few boys and girls who loved maths. Abolish exams and my school will have only creative teachers-art, musics, drama, handwork, etc.

Working for many years with problem children made my belief stronger. I saw that the aim of all education must be to produce happy, balanced, pro life children, and I knew that all the exams and books in a million classrooms could not do a thing to make children balanced. A B.A. could be a hopeless neurotic — I am an M.A. myself. A professor could remain at the age of 10 emotionally. What the emotional level of the British Cabinet or the American Pentagon is anyone's guess; my own guess is a low one. Today in any school anywhere it is the head that is educated; every exam paper proves the point.

Now one cannot flee from reality I could not say to prospective parents. "Exams and school subjects are not education and I refuse to teach the ordinary school subjects." That is what the Americans would call flunking out, and, by the way, I get too many letters from students in the U.S.A. saying, "I can't go on with my college career. The teaching is too dull; I am flunking out I want to be a child psychologist." I answer that they won't let one be a child psychologist unless one accepts their qualification demands. I wrote to the last man who had flunked out. "If you haven't the guts to walk through the muck heaps, how can you ever expect to smell the roses you value so much?"

I do not find this flunking-out element in old Summerhill pupils. One of my first pupils spent two years standing at a mechanical belt in a car factory. He is now a successful engineer with his own business. His brother who wanted to be a doctor had to pass an exam in Latin. In just over a year he passed the matriculation exam in Latin. "I hated the stuff but it was in my way and I had to master it." That was over 40 years ago when students did not as a rule flunk out. I do not think that youth has become defeatist; rather it is that society has reached a point of futility and cheapness and danger where youth, frustrated by the mundane standard of success, simply gives up in despair.

I think that one aspect of Summerhill is that it, rightly or wrongly, gives pupils an anti-crowd psychology. I could not imagine any old pupil following a Hitler or for that matter a Kennedy or a Reagan. This sounds incongruous because the chief feature of Summerhill is the self-government the making of laws by one and all from the age of five to 84. Pupils become ego-conscious and at the same time community-conscious. Bill can do what he likes all day long as long as he does not interfere with the freedom of anyone else; he can sleep all day if he wants to but he is not allowed to play a trumpet when others want to talk or sleep. It is as near democracy as one can get; every child is a member of parliament able to speak "in the house." No doubt because this democracy is real and honest our old pupils cannot tolerate the sham we name politics. Because politicians have to rely on votes nearly every urgent reform is delayed for two generations. Was any great man a politician? Any Darwin, any Freud, any Einstein, any Beethoven? Was any big man ever a crowd-compeller, a demagogue?

This crowd psychology angle is important. It is at the root of the sickness of the world. A neighbouring country insults your flag and many thousands of young men die for the honour and glory of their fatherland. National hatreds everywhere. Greek v. Turkey; Israel v. Arabs; Rhodesian white v. Black. And it is not only the nationalism crowd. Our football grounds are full of irrational, partisan hate and violence. Gang warfare is not confined to Chicago. Yet in a way violence is minor. It is the violence that a crowd inflicts on its members that frightens, the violence of intimidating, of molding. A school uniform means: We are members of a crowd, a crowd that will not tolerate opposition. We must all dress alike, think alike, act alike. For the great law of any crowd is: Thou shalt conform. The world is sick because its crowds are sick.

Education therefore should aim at abolishing



crowd psychology. It can do this only by allowing the individual to face life and its choices freely. Such an education cannot lead to egocentricity and utter selfishness, not if the individual is free within the confines of the social order, an order made by himself. The slogan "All the way with L.B.J." shows the iniquity of the crowd, a system that makes crowd members sheep who can feel the most elementary emotions without having the intellectual capacity to connect such emotions with reason. Today our schools educate the head and leave the emotions to the crowd-compellers — the press, the radio, the TV, the churches, the commercial exploiters with their lying advertisements. Our pop heroes and film stars have become our leading schoolmasters, dealing with real emotions. What teacher in what school could have a few hundred hysterical females screaming their heads off when he appeared?

The danger today is undeveloped emotion, perverted emotion, infantile emotion. Millions scream in Britain every Saturday afternoon when their favourite football teams take the field. If the evening paper had a front page in big lettering "Atom War Very Near" most of the spectators would turn to the back page to see the latest scores. Crowd emotions are not touched by news of starvation in India or China. It is this same unattached unrealized emotion that makes the crowd numb to any realization of a likely atomic war. Crowd emotion is not shocked by our inhuman and un-Christlike treatment of criminals in prison: it does not even realize that the inhumanity is there. And none of us is guiltless. I do not cut down my tobacco and give the savings to the starving nations.

One answer to the question of world sickness is sex repression. Make sex a sin and you get perversions, crime, hates, wars. Approve of children's sex as the Trobriand Islanders did under a matriarchal system and a Malinowski will fail to find any trace of sex crime or homosexuality before the missionaries came and segregated the sexes.

Summerhill society is a sex-approving society. Every child soon learns that there is no moral feeling about masturbation or nudism or sex-pay. But every adolescent is conscious of the fact that if approval meant the sharing of bedrooms by adolescents the school would be closed by the Establishment. One old boy once said to me: "The fear of closing the school if pregnancies occurred gave us a new form of sex repression." The difficulty was and is this: How far can a school go in being pro-sex in an anti-sex society? Not very far, I fear. Yet one factor is of moment; the pupils are conscious of our attitude of approval. They have had no indoctrination about sin or shame, no moralizing from Mrs. Gruncy. Their free attitude shows itself in minor ways. In our local cinema a film showed a chamber pot. The audience went fits of obscene laughter but our pupils did not even smile; one or two asked me later why the people laughed. Free children cannot be shocked — by cruelty, yes, but by sex, never.

Most of our old pupils are pacific. They do not march with banners against the H-bomb or against racial discrimination. I cannot imagine any of them ever supporting warmongers or religious revivalists or play censors. But how much has this to do with a free attitude to sex I cannot know. Certainly sex is the most repressed of all emotions. Most of us were made anti-sex when in our cradles our hands were taken from our genitals, and it is an arresting thought that the men who have the power to begin a nuclear war are men who were made sex-negative long ago. Anglo-Saxon four-letter words are still taboo in most circles, maybe partly for class reasons; a navy says fuck while a gentleman says sexual intercourse.

I confess to being muddled about the whole affair of sex. I do not know if we all experienced Reich's perfect orgasm there would be an end to war and crime and hate. I have ma doots. Yet it is true that people who have a pro-sex attitude to life are the ones most likely to be charitable, to be tolerant, to be creative. Those who do not consider themselves sinners do not cast the first stone. For charity I would go to Bertrand Russell rather than to Billy Graham.

What is the outlook for freedom? Will the minority ever take over from the majority? And if it does, will it remain its belief in freedom? Doesn't Ibsen say somewhere that a truth remains a truth for 20 years, then the majority takes it up and it becomes a lie? Summerhill has 64 children who are free from molding; the world has millions of children who have little or no freedom, millions of adults who frankly are sheep.

One tragedy of life is that men have followers. Men who remain disciples are always inferiors. The Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men may have been a conceited ass but on the other hand he may have got hold of something. There is something wrong when millions who praise the Beatles never heard of Milton or Freud or Cezanne, when millions kill the life of their babies, when thousands of young men die in a battle for they know not what. Anti-life is all around us, and I wish I knew why. I wish I knew why mankind kills what it loves. I do not know the answer; all I know is that when children are free they do not kill life; they do not condemn their fellow men. They do not want to tell others how to live. It is significant that old pupils do not seek jobs where they will boss others; few have gone into business. I used to daydream of one becoming a tycoon and endowing the school, knowing all the time that he would be so hard-boiled that he would not endow anything.

I am trying to say that the cure for the sickness of man does not lie in politics or religion or humanism; nay, the cure is freedom for children to be themselves. Like many others I once thought that the Russian Revolution would bring Utopia to youth, for it began with freedom for children, self-government in the schools. Then, according to Reich, the psychologists took charge and youth became sacrificed to political anti-life, so that today communism has no connection with individual freedom to grow naturally. Indeed I often wonder why the Americans are so scared of communism. Both systems believe in the terror of the bomb; both discipline and castrate children; both believe that education means subjects and exams and acquired knowledge. The only difference I can see is who takes the profit? The Russian Revolution proved that the sickness of the world cannot be cured by politics.

No one should accept any creed, religious or political or psychological. I got much from Homer Lane; later I got much from Reich. But in both men were views that I could not accept, and thus I escaped discipleship. If a teacher claims that Summerhill inspired him, good, I wish him luck, but if a school claims to be a new Summerhill I fear it will fail. There is a pioneer in each of us, an explorer, a visionary. As in sport we pay others to play the game for us, so in pioneering; we find it easy to look for a leader and be content to be a humble follower of Billy Graham, Sigmund Freud, Barry Goldwater, Karl Marx. Fans are arrested creators, arrested pioneers. And the big question in a world in which the vast majority are fans, is how can a few independent people set about "curing" the Establishment?

reprint: Chevron

These are excerpts from an article by A. S. Neill which originally appeared in "Psychology Today," May, 1968, under the title, "Can I Come To Summerhill? I Hate My School."

Concentration camps for radicals could be okay . . .

"There is no revolution in America"

observations of a
roving student senator
by Ray Kraft

Mr. Kraft's opinions regarding the current American situation do not reflect those of the Martlet editorial staff. The following article is published in the interests of furthering the Martlet's role as a campus forum for articulate dissent.

A cool Christmas visit to America finds the other cheek of a Sun City turned and winter drizzle evokes a different temperament out of summertime radicalism. I went to San Francisco to trace and clarify some of the problems posed by such characters as Rubins, Cleaver, and Farber etc. Some of the thoughts and ideas that I salvaged there I should now like to share with Martlet readers.

First of all I should begin by saying that there is no revolution in America. What is going on — of which the happenings in San Francisco are typical — is a disconcerted rebellion by three minority factions, the hippies, the black power negros, and the activist students, mainly in the colleges and universities. However, within certain loosey defined areas the actions of these factions overlap and this has led to some unfortunate police retaliations that included severe beatings and injuries; but as far as I could learn, the aims of each faction or "front" differs fundamentally from the other.

I took a "straight" look at Haight-Ashbury, the Hippie Mecca of the West Coast. It certainly wasn't the poster-plastered eat-houses or market stores or the garbage and excreta splattered in the dingy streets, (or the endless streams of pasty faced, ill clad, flower children, or the acid and speed offerings of the turned-on pushers, or the zonked out zeros who mechanically beg passers-by for "spare" change, or the vacant, glazed eyeballs of creatures whose daily hunt for the means of survival adds a sinister note to the atmosphere) that created for me the more apt impression of the face the Haight exposes for society's consumption. Put into a nutshell, I would sum up the life there with one simple word: synthetic. The Haight gang is looking a dead-end! In doing so, the inhabitants have become crackpots who have borrowed every facet of their existence, from art to clothing styles, and have lapsed into a decivilized mode of living in terms of viable social, cultural, and philosophical perspectives. As far as the behaviour evidence can be observed they have retreated psychologically into a kind of pre-technological mental existence; they have eloped with the inertia of the past and honeymooned themselves into hapless human grubs. They cling to a single commercial value, a form of social interchange designated under the trade name, LOVE.

So much for the externals of the Haight. What about its role in the so-called revolution in America? As a minority group, and expatriates in their own land, turned off to the American Dream, hippies have become inconsequential caricature rebels. But they are not without a dream, as I discovered in a small cafe on the Haight. It seems that an unexpected source of leadership has arisen in the form of the Messiah. Here is the Messiah's message which I copied from the wall of the cafe:

"We already own the world and all that's in it. It is our gift from our creator. God expects us to pass on to others as he has given to us.

God has never sold anything, charged rent, signed a note; nor has he even been sick.

When you're sick, you're getting well. So relax and rejoice! Your mind will heal you.

'Satan' is an imaginary being who is sustained by our giving thought to material things, as material things! That old devil!, is the peon to progress and the latch of retrogression.

Communism has evolved out of Capitalism and serves as an opposing force to it. They evolve together to a point of equalization. They will disintegrate a negative world condition or join hands and build the New Age.

Things are just the opposite to what they appear to the carnal mind. It isn't the flesh that is weak — nor the will that is strong — nor faith that can see — or the falling away of faith that is wrong: It is only to know what is wrong and then do what conscience asks of you.

For practical purposes here — there is only God, the Earth and humanity. There isn't God up there and you down here. The Father and You are One."

Messiah is now in jail on a trumped up narcotics charge and his net is set at \$25,000.

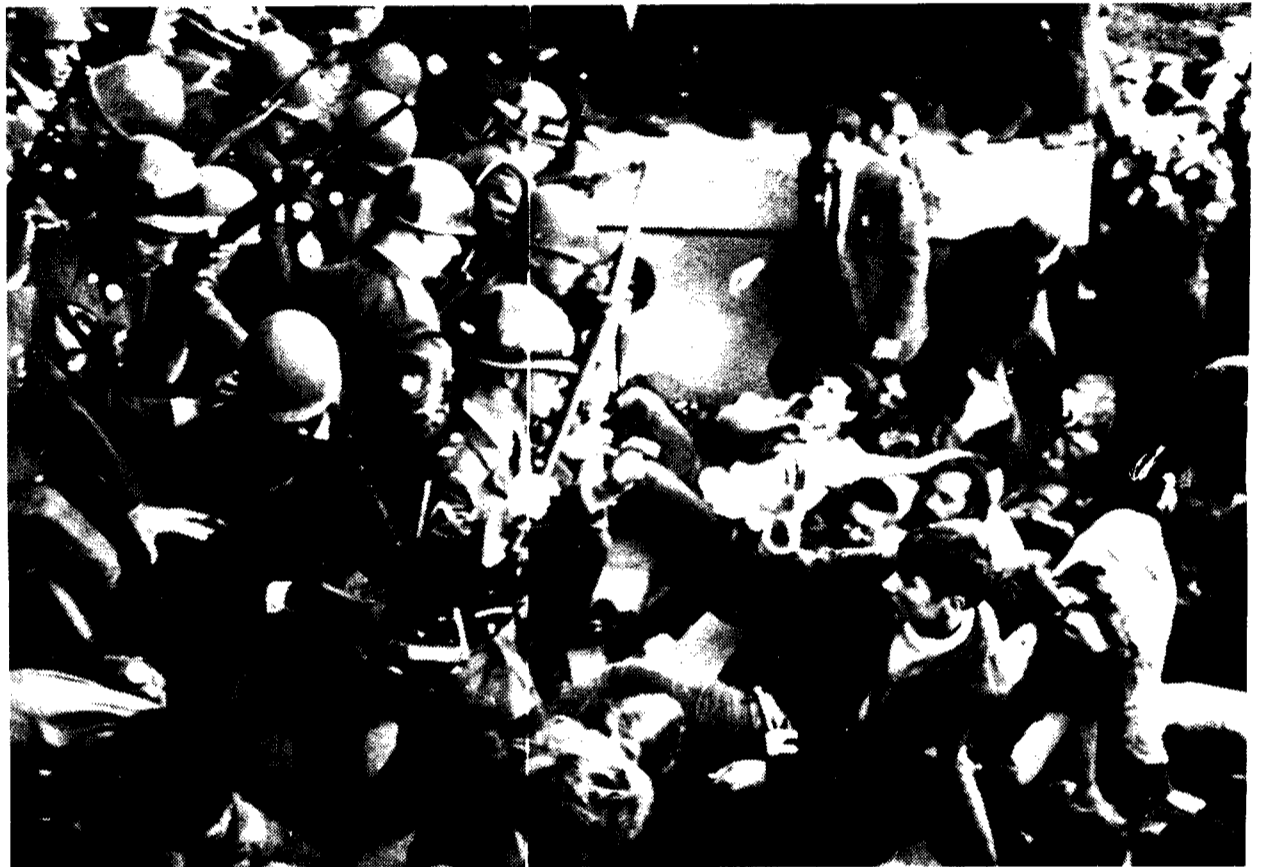
But, perhaps the degree of concern by the citizens of America for the "revolution" is stepped up considerably by the overt militancy of the black power groups, America's instant rulers. As I understand it, the black power claim goes like this: We are black people; we are oppressed; we now have guns and bullets; we therefore demand our freedom and independence (among other things) and we believe that if we burn and kill we will achieve the justice we deserve . . .

In short, the black powerists have taken arms against a sea of troubles and propose to end them,

his own thing." It is on this common student front that the three factions meet in uneasy alliance.

There is another kind of activist student and one more familiar to Uvic. He is the reform-seeker, and his concern is to pave the way for a kind of Futurist man whom I shall denote as the post-technological man.

Now post-technological man is essentially a myth. He is a phantom composed of a few rough predictions about the future and has his innards built out of propositions concerning the technological breakthroughs America could make if the present developmental pace is continued unobstructed. The idealist reformers claim, for example, that working for a living by the end of the century will be abolished or at least limited to a few, highly-skilled, technologists who will run the whole show. THEREFORE, the reformers insist, we must teach people just to be people and



violently. Theirs is, for all practical purposes, a battle with the present technological structure or establishment in America. This is made abundantly clear in an article written by Eldridge Cleaver (the "Minister of Education" of the Black Panther Party) called the "Death of Protest; the Birth of Revolution" he made the following key points using the assassination of Martin Luther King as an emotional springboard:

1. "Black leadership must get down to the nitty-gritty and start talking about basic alterations in the form of ownership of the means of production in America.

2. When Black leadership is able to unleash as much of the energy of the masses and focus it, say, on the tantesles (sic.) of the Chase Manhattan Bank, General Dynamics, the Ford Motor Company, or General Motors, in the same way that this energy is unleashed for an icky March on Washington, we will have left the age of protest behind and entered real revolution. We will then know who put the gun in the assassin's hand — then, also we will know whom to kill."

Cleaver has since disappeared and his Black Panther's are awaiting the decision for the next move. Whether or not they will be involved in future disturbances at San Francisco State College is still uncertain. But judging from the amount of hate — Hayakawa literature spread around the city, allegedly by black power interests, it would seem that the college will be in for a continued rough time when classes begin in January.

Thus far I have discussed two factions: the hippies — who have more or less "escaped" into a pre-technological environment; and the black power negros — who wish to remodel forcefully the present technological structure of America. The third group, the student activists, are not so clearly defined because of the fact that many types from the others groups are found here. For example, an activist student may be a negro who belongs, (say) to the Black Panthers; or, an activist student may be a hippie (or hippie-type) whose concern is to transform the educational system into a pseudo-church, where each cat "does

to show them how to live with one another. It is with this rudimentary and simplistic view that the reformists demand a lowering of university or college standards; moreover, they insist that administrators be limited to mere paper-shuffling routine; and finally, they want students to hold the balance of decision-making power on academic matters related to the intellectual content and levels of achievement in all courses offered at the university or college.

Well, such are a few of the directions in the tangled web which the "revolutionaries" in America have spun for themselves and their followers. Their clarion call is act first and figure out a rationale for the action at a more convenient time. I leave it to the reader to determine for himself which part of the web has attached itself to his own frame of reference. I personally feel more certain now that this three-sided rebellion in America is one of the more insidious problems facing Canadians; it poses the question: just because it's happening in America does it necessarily follow that it must happen in Canada?

By way of a postscript: While on the San Francisco State College Campus I spoke with a disenchanted undergraduate who is in his final year. The word or rumour is out, he said, that concentration camps are being planned for radicals; many rebels want to get the hell out of America, possibly go to Canada (I mentioned that Uvic already has had a wave or two of them recently). So it would seem that the slow coalescence of the New Left is reaching the make or break stage in America. Many students who have insisted on allowing their heads to meet up with police blackjacks are painfully learning that America is still primitive enough not to allow crackpots, militant gun-slingers, or noxious student agitators to be the only shapers of her destiny. If America was forced to provide concentration camps for the more dangerous radical elements, it might be in the best interests of all concerned; at least the rebels could do their own thing while suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune on their own time and in relative security.

Vikings shoot down snow-bound Oregon

Uvic's rugby Vikings bounced into first place in the Northwest Pacific Intercollegiate Rugby Conference Saturday with an impressive 9-3 win over University of Oregon Ducks.

The Vikings, displaying good speed despite ankle-deep snow covering the pitch, out-classed the Ducks, last year's conference champions.

From the opening kick-off the Vikings powered into Oregon territory, and the Ducks never managed to threaten in the first half of play. Only a few booming punts penetrated the Uvic 25-yard line, and full-back Jim Wenman never faltered in kicking the ball up-field.

The snow was a big help in containing the Ducks hard-running, high-speed back-field led by international fly-half T. K. Kariya.

And big, tough forwards quickly ran out of gas ploughing through the heavy white stuff.

Ted Hardy, last week's hero against Oregon State, boomed out two second half penalty goals for the Vikings winning margin while winged Ken Neufeld got a piece of the action by dropping on a loose ball for a try.

Ducks had pulled ahead on a penalty kick by Joe Raven when Hardy grazed the goal-post from a difficult angle to tie the match up.

Neufeld picked up his points on a sprint into the end-zone to recover a loose ball kicked upfield by Rick Donald, Neil Bonnell and Wayne Gundrum.

In second division play the Norsemen dumped an Oregon junior varsity squad 5-0

on a first half try and convert by Bruce Panton and Mike Elcock.

Vikings now appear team to beat in the Norwest Conference, and they can consolidate their lead Saturday when they clash with University of Washington Huskies at Seattle.

Vikettes drop hoop double

Vancouver Molson's blasted the Vikettes into third place at the weekend with a pair of impressive victories.

The Uvic squad, tops in the Western Canada Intercollegiate Athletic Association, couldn't handle the sophisticated Vancouver tea min the regular Inter-City Senior Women's Basketball play Saturday and Sunday.

Molson's hammered the Vikettes 50-38 the first time round, then lowered the boom to almost triple the score with a humiliating 62-25 tally.

Vikettes were plagued with shooting troubles in the games, although Heather Witzel scored 26 points, while Jean Robertson picked up 14 points.

League Standings

Molson's	15	12	3	586	505	24
Maplettes	14	8	6	559	501	16
Vikettes	14	6	8	453	498	12
Mt. Pleasant	13	6	7	540	544	21
UBC	14	3	11	474	564	6

Net squads bounced

Kelowna defeated University of Victoria 15-6, 15-3, 15-3 in women's volleyball Saturday night to advance to the national championships at Fredericton, New Brunswick March 7-8.

Kelowna is the defending national championship squad. Uvic still has a chance for a berth in the final if they win at the WCIAA championships next month.

In men's play UBC Thunderbirds moved to the national bracket after eliminating Vancouver 15-12, 15-10. Vikings, weakened by loss of players who get degrees last year, were knocked out early.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TO FEBRUARY 3, 1969

January 24, 1969 — Canada Packers Limited—Male graduating students interested in a Merchandising and Sales career.

January 24, 1969 — Bank of Nova Scotia—Graduating students interested in a banking career. Those with a background in Economics or other financially oriented courses preferred.

January 27 and 28, 1969 — Reserved for additional member firms of B.C. Institute of Chartered Accountants — to be announced.

January 28, 1969 — Thorne, Gunn, Helliwell & Christensen—Graduating students interested in a career as a Chartered Accountant.

January 28, 1969 — Upjohn Company of Canada—Male graduating students for the promotion of pharmaceuticals to hospitals, doctors, dentists, druggists, etc.

January 29, 1969 — Reserved for additional member firms of B.C. Institute of Chartered Accountants —to be announced.

January 27, 1969 — Midland Oiler Securities Ltd.—Graduating students interested in a training program for a career in the investment field.

January 27, 1969 — Peat, Marwick and Company—Graduating students interested in a career as a Chartered Accountant.

January 28, 1969 — Clarkson, Gordon and Company—Graduating students interested in a career as a Chartered Accountant.

January 29, 1969 — Price, Waterhouse and Company—Graduating students interested in a career as a Chartered Accountant.

January 30 and 31, 1969 — Province of British Columbia Civil Service Commission. Interviews for permanent employment. Note: For further summer employment opportunities see bulletins on Notice Boards in Elliott and Student Union Buildings.

January 31, 1969 — B.C. Telephone Company—Background in Economics, Statistics, Psychology, Sociology or accounting desired.

January 31, 1969 — Deloitte, Plender, Haskins & Sells—Graduating students interested in a career as a Chartered Accountant.

February 3, 1969 — Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.—Graduating male students interested in a life insurance sales career. Background in Economics or Mathematics helpful.

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The Bay Service Award

A two-year Service Award offered by the Bay (Victoria) is open in competition to students completing Second Year Arts and proceeding to a higher year. Preference will be given to students interested in Department Store Careers. To be eligible for this award applicants must qualify in respect to academic standing, ability, aptitude, and personality, and should be considering possible employment with the Bay on graduation. Under the terms of the award whereby tuition fees will be paid and employment with the Bay guaranteed during Christmas and Summer vacations and at other times such as Saturdays, one of these plans will be followed: (a) For a Second Year Arts student tuition will be paid for third and fourth years toward successful completion of the B.A. degree at the University of Victoria; (b) For a student completing first year Commerce, tuition fees will be paid for second and third year Commerce at U.B.C., with a possible continuation, or renewal of award for final year Commerce studies toward successful completion of Bachelor of Commerce degree. Subject to satisfactory performance, a winner will, on graduation, be given an opportunity for an executive career with the Company. Interested students should apply to the Personnel Manager, The Bay, not later than March 15. Selection will be made by a representative of the Bay.

Classified Classified

Room and Board

FOR ONE WOMAN TO SHARE WITH first year girl — laundry, morning transportation to university, walking distance to campus, lunch provided. — Phone 477-2168 after 6 p.m.

STUDENTS — GOOD FOOD, QUIET study. 2 miles, \$65. — 386-7477.

WANTED — BOY STUDENT TO share double room. Breakfast and kitchen privileges. — Phone 479-2277.

Lost

\$10 REWARD. ENGRAVED ROUND silver brooch lost January 6 near SSC. — Please return to Anth. office, Room 217 SSC.

For Rent

FOUR ROOMS LEFT, ONE \$30, ONE \$50, two \$45. Clean linen weekly. Community kitchen, all young people, butcool. — R. Hunter, 386-8401. After 6, 386-6404.

COTTAGE ON SIDNEY WATERFRONT cosy with fireplace for June-August. \$120. Married couples only. — 656-3550.

For Sale

MOTORCYCLES - RETAIL - YAMAHA - Triumph sales, service, accessories and repairs. — Mullins Marine Sales, 925 Yates, 382-1928.

A-1 BARBER SHOP — 1720 LILLIAN Road, haircuts \$1.50, closed Wed.

I have for sale a large supply of chemical ware: flasks, pyrex, funnels, mortars, bell, bottles different sizes. Will sell for a reasonable price. For information phone 479-2277.

Typing

30 CENTS A PAGE. — APT. 5, 811 Charles Street.

Personals

BAHA'ULLAH: Lord of the new age

WANTED: DOWNTOWN FINANCING for student presidential campaign. — Lex Varmely.

LINDA, WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH U & I — Love Drew.

WANTED: THE WRIGHT MAN FOR President.

happenings to happen

Diving Club

Dive, Brentwood Bay. Untouched virgin waters great for tanking and snorkling. Bring 75c for boat rental. 9:30 Town and Country, Sunday January 26.

Diving Club

Splash Party, Wednesday, January 29th, 9:00 p.m. Crystal Gardens. Admission 50c. Bring skin and/or scuba gear.

Liberal Club

Meeting to discuss forthcoming Young Liberal Convention and direction of Club for Spring Term. Important that all interested members attend. Clubs A & B, 12:30 Friday, January 24.

Student International Meditation Society

Regular weekly meetings. Group meditations, discussions, refreshments served afterwards. 1792 Townley Rd. 7:30 p.m.

Campus Crusade

day, January 27, 12:30, Clubs A. Ron Schmidt speaking. 12:30, Clubs A, SUB.

Graduating Class

Party, refreshments served at 3/\$1.00. No admission fee. Saturday, January 25, 8:30-? SUB Upper Lounge.

Ama Mater Society Constitution Committee

All society members are invited to attend and propose changes to the AMS Constitution. Each Wednesday at 12:30, Board room.

Elections

For AMS executive council, the following positions opened for nominations Friday, Jan. 17. President, vice-president, Communications director, extramural, academic affairs chairman, intramural, student campus development chairman, treasurer, activities co-ordinator.

Nominations close Friday, January 24, 5 p.m. forms at SUB general office.

Sports Car Club

Rally Sunday, 1:30, start from M-Hut lot — bring containers for sealing of watches — Entry fee \$1 — \$1.50. Wine and cheese part afterwards, approx. length of rally 70 miles. Next meeting Wednesday 12:30 in Club room A.

Craigdarroch College

Rob Walsh, President of Simon Fraser's AMS will be a member of a panel to discuss "The Nature of the University." Other panel members are — Mr. Ted Stroyen (Executive of MacMillan Bloedel) and Mr. Lloyd McKenzie, Q.C. (Board of Governors, Uvic). This will take place on Thursday, January 30, at 7:00 p.m. in the Lower Lecture Room of Craigdarroch College. All students and faculty welcome.

A Christian Science Lecture

"EDUCATION PLUS"

by Charles M. Carr, C.S.B.

will be presented FRIDAY 12:30
in the SUB Lounge

The lecture shows that academics alone are not sufficient for the best overall results in life. The student needs to integrate spiritual values with learning processes and living. As he does this he can begin to overcome time barriers, develop fresh inspiration in academic or career challenges, cope successfully with personal and interpersonal concerns, and come up with a platform for improving social and community affairs. The lecture points out applying spiritual values in these areas gives a plus to education and to life.

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STUDENT HOUSING QUESTIONNAIRE

Students:

As you may have read in the Martlet last week, the AMS and the university's Campus planning Committee are co-operating on a proposal for Married Student Housing and Single Student Housing in some form of apartment development on campus.

Before actual planning can begin certain statistics are required in order to clarify student wants in this area. This is your opportunity to participate and so see that student opinion is taken into full consideration by the planners. Please read the questions and consider your answers carefully—but—we want to know your wants, not what you think other students want.

Note that the questionnaire is divided into three parts, the first for all students and the second and third for married and single students separately.

Circle the letter reply closest to your situation. The questionnaire is quite anonymous and we have not asked for any information other than that essential for the success of this project. Please return the completed sheets to the SUB office as soon as possible, preferably by **9 a.m. Tuesday, January 28.**

We ask the indulgence of many married students who have co-operated in similar surveys before; it was considered desirable to bring out information as up to date as possible and to circulate the questionnaire as widely as possible in this way.

Finally, the sooner we can arrive at a consensus of student needs, the sooner planning can begin; please return your questionnaire promptly.

IMPORTANT

- 1 Read questionnaire through.
- 2 Consider your replies.
- 3 Circle answers in relevant sections.
- 4 Detach and return to SUB office promptly.

PART A

All students answer questions 1 to 11 inclusive.

1. Sex.
MaleA
FemaleB
2. Age
18 to 21.....A
22 to 30.....B
31 or over.....C
3. Faculty
ArtsA
ScienceB
EducationC
Graduate StudiesD
4. Year
1stA
2ndB
3rdC
4thD
5thE

5. Bachelor's degree held.
YesA
NoB

Degree intended.
Master'sC
DoctorateD

6. Estimate travel costs per month to and from university.
Less than \$5.00.....A
\$5.00 to \$9.00.....B
\$10.00 to \$15.00.....C
Over \$15.00D

7. Method of travel
Own carA
Ride with another student.....B
Walk or cycleC
BusD

8. Your present residence
Own houseA
Rented house or duplex.....B
ApartmentC
With relativesD
Other: please specifyE

9. Your present rent including utilities
Less than \$65.00.....A
\$65.00 to \$85.00.....B
\$86.00 to \$105.00.....C
\$106.00 to \$125.00.....D
Over \$125.00E

10. If new apartment accommodation on campus was available this fall would you apply?
YesA
NoB

11. Which would you prefer?
FurnishedA
UnfurnishedB
Unfurnished with major appliancesC (stove, fridge)

PART B

Single students only

12. If you rented an apartment on campus which would you prefer to do?
Cook in own apartment.....A
Eat in cafeteriaB
Combination of aboveC
13. If meal tickets were available to apartment dwellers would you take advantage of this, for how many meals per day?
NoneA
OneB
TwoC
ThreeD
14. Would you prefer to share apartment?
YesA
NoB
Would you prefer sharing an apartment with
One bedroomA
Two bedroomsB

PART C

Married students only.

If husband and wife are attending university fill in one form only.

Ages of children as of January 1969

- | | 0-19 mos. | 19-36 mos. | 3-5 yrs. | 6-9 yrs. | over 9 yrs. |
|----------------------|-----------|------------|----------|----------|-------------|
| 15. Youngest child | A | B | C | D | E |
| 16. Next older child | A | B | C | D | E |
| 17. Next older child | A | B | C | D | E |
| 18. Next older child | A | B | C | D | E |

19. Are you in full or partial salary from a company, armed forces, etc.?
YesA
NoB

20. Do you have a part-time job?
YesA
NoB

21. Your spouse's employment
HousewifeA
Full-time jobB
Part-time jobC
StudentD

22. What was the total income of your spouse and yourself for 1968? (Includes all money except loans.)
Less than \$3000.....A
\$3001 to \$4500.....B
\$4501 to \$6000.....C
\$6001 to \$7500.....D
Over \$7500E

23. If you employ a baby-sitter what is the average weekly cost
0 to \$10.00.....A
\$11.00 to \$15.00.....B
\$16.00 to \$20.00.....C
Over \$20.00D

24. Would you take advantage of a day-care centre for pre-schoolers at the university?
YesA
NoB

25. What size of accommodation would you apply for?
One-bedroomA
Two-bedroomB
Three-bedroomC

26. Do you feel a coin-operated laundry center is necessary in the complex?
YesA
NoB

27. Would you accept a twelve-month lease if provision was made for you to sub-let your suite during the summer if desired?
YesA
NoB

Married students wishing to make inquiries or suggestions on housing contact 386-9745.