

THE MARTINET THE N

MARCH 30, 1967

Psychedelic drugs pose a greater challenge to men than nuclear weapons. There is at least one safe attitude towards the atomic bomb — don't use it. The fact of awareness-expansion produced by LSD can arouse no similar easy attitude.

Legislators could apply the fools' yardstick and condemn the extra-laboratory use of psychedelic or "mind-manifesting" drugs. And legislators form the laws which the police must enforce. If society does not outlaw and effectively curtail the psychedelic experience, then psychedelics may very well transform man's knowledge of the world. At present the experience and our society are incompatible.

We now live to produce, to consume, to kill a Commie for Christ, above all, to participate. There must be no interruption in the 70-year life momentum. Let the past burden the present so that we may violate the future.

The literature of psychedelics show another way, another path of endeavour. Prominent in the literature are the works of Aldous Huxley, whose *Doors of Perception* and *Island* describe the author's personal experience of awareness-expansion with the drug mescaline, and the kind of social order which may be possible using "moksh-medicine" in the context of enlightened behaviour. The California student of Religion, Alan Watts, lately has written a *Joyous Cosmology*. Also relevant are the poets Blake and Coleridge; Blake's visionary art and poems were unique products of natural inspiration, while Coleridge victimized himself to the torments of opium. The *Tibetan Book of the Dead* makes for high reading.

In the writings of mystics certain phrases and words have come down to us describing full experience, full awareness. The *istigkeit* (isness) of Meister Eckhart, the *sat-chit-ananda* (being, awareness, bliss) of the Vedas. The peace that exceeds all understanding, the divine Ground. Men have searched out this awareness through years of meditation, right conduct, following the Way or Tao. They have sought it through music, poetry; in solitude and with drugs. The pre-Hindu civilization found it in soma,

the Indians of Arizona in peyote, the Turks in hashish, and the 'cool, crazy, committed world of the 60's' in LSD.

Timothy Leary claims, "The psychedelic experience is exquisitely effective preparation for the inundation of data and the problems to come". He begs the question, though, for the experience itself is a problem. What is it good for? Here a paradox arises, best expressed in the couplet:

*He who knows he does not speak,
He who speaks he does not know.*

The apologist for psychedelic would contradict himself, making out a case which follows—

All our senses have evolved in a manner to promote our survival. We perceive to survive. We assume that growth of awareness or consciousness is dependent to some degree upon perceptions.

If the essential fact of man's existence is that he is aware of his existence, then perceptions allow him to regard his position with respect to the objective world, and form subjective concepts of essence and relation.

When men were busy surviving only, they learned to regard the world as a vast field for the exercises of living — hunting, farming, and the objects of the world as obstacles and tools.

Man saw things for how he could use things, and benefit by things, and overcome things.

But, too, he saw the spirit of things, observed order into things, worshipped the sun and moon, sketched images on cliff walls. He could feel love for the dolphin in the sea, and knew the haunt of a night sky.

"Be still and know that I am God."

Now we have developed the abilities to destroy ourselves, deceive ourselves, and free ourselves. We incline to the former . . . we may, just may, achieve release from sorrow in freedom. Words crumble here as they have crumbled in the scriptures of major faiths, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity. Because words do more to confuse than to communicate, verbal expression becomes useless. Experience, telepathy if possible, anything almost, is better.

Enter LSD and a Pandora's box of herbs, smells, and potions. These psychedelic agents somehow affect the 'reducing valve' of the brain the purpose of which is to sift the perception data necessary for survival from the less important sense data—from, say, TV commercials or political speeches. When the valve is tampered with, the mind detects a greater 'meaning' in the world, an added significance. Men become children in a new world, a "here and now" world. The personal reaction to this "other kind of seeing" varies from bliss to horror. LSD reportedly shows the mind a greater, more magnificent reality.

Wordsworth glimpsed something of the other side in his lines:

*"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with
the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense
sublime
Of something far more deeply
interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of
setting suns,
And the round ocean and the liv-
ing air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind
of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of
all thought,
And rolls through all things."*

A woman student at the University of Sussex in England described her trip:

"Carpets of diamonds at your feet . . . arise and go now, into the world, more real than you ever thought. Watch the waves, and the children playing on the shore. Head the slow humming cars and wind and clouds. The people. Their faces! infinitely warm, pathetic faces. Love them, they're smiling gods. Stroll among the yellow yellow crocuses that become forever. And laugh, they are so good. And you are good, blessed to walk in a world. Let a song

fall through your mind, let it pronounce peace on ducks, pink willow membrane, sunset. . . . Drift in the fascination of Eroica, the chants of Gregorian monks, the Beatles."

This is the ideal. Unfortunately for man's curiosity the trip can become a voyage into hell, of terrifying hallucinations, where rats gnaw on your brain. How many people have become insane this way- No one knows. The dangers, it would seem, are not imaginary. Add to this the unsavoury cult which is growing, acid 'parties', the chances of some evangelist spicing the wate supply, and we have a major problem.

"O, Krishna, guide us today, 'cause the cops could come kicking through the door."

I think the nature of the psychedelic experience is such that no blanket law should condemn its use. Anyone of sound mind, whatever that means, ought to have the opportunity to apply through some hospital or psychiatric agency for its use, and be prepared to suffer the consequences.

It is in this area of who may benefit from LSD and who may suffer from it that the University of Victoria comes in. There has been a suggestion Uvic could help restore its presently shattered reputation by setting up a Psychedelic Research Centre — a centre to gather data on the effects which drugs produce on the mind. Eventually some kind of criterion for determining who are good and bad subjects might develop.

Acid will be around for some time. We can either learn to live with it, and profit by it, or we can drive it underground into the hands of pushers and 'criminals'. For acid, like love, will find a way.

And what have we to gain from tolerant, reasonable attitudes??? Perhaps everything. Peace, self-knowledge, sainthood.



The Making of a Pudding-head

by Robin Jeffery

The frightening thing about the so-called "non-addictive stimulants" is that they seem so harmless when one first gets involved with them.

Take my own sad case. (And I'm sure many will be shocked to learn that I have dabbled in such vice.)

It started innocently one weekend when my parents went away and left me alone.

Well, you know the sort of trouble young people get into when they're left alone. But — dammit — that wasn't the kind of trouble I got into.

I guess maybe I was looking for a cheap, easy meal. I didn't recognize then, as I do now, that nothing worth achieving in this world comes cheap or easy.

At any rate, I was stumbling, in a depressed, empty state, around the kitchen Saturday morning when my eye fell upon a small paper package. I picked up my eye, reinserted it, and studied the package closely.

INSTANT BREAKFAST, it said. Just pour the powder into a glass and fill with milk. Contains all the vitamins, proteins and hydrocarbons you need to go tripping round the breakfast table.

"Zoweee!" cried my soul as I poured the powder into a glass.

I filled it with milk and quaffed deep.

"Wheee!" I screamed as I walked across the ceiling.

"Yoiks! Tallyho!" I cried as I drove to class, only to find when I got there that I had left my car at home.

I rushed back to the house at lunchtime to have another breakfast. This was great. All the thrills of food with none of the drawbacks: no tiresome preparations, no dish-washing drudgery, no tedious chewing, no bothersome digesting.

Now I knew what they meant by the Good Life. This, baby was fulfillment.

I had another couple of breakfasts before I went to meet a young woman of my acquaintance that evening. (Like so many other weak men who stray from the paths of righteousness, it was a woman who, like a veritable St. Bernard, found me and led me back.)

"Hi," I said as we met.

SLOSH, SLOSH.

"Whatever is that noise?" she said.

"What noise?"

SLOSH, SLOSH, SLOSH.

She put her ear to my stomach.

SLOSH, SLOSH, SLOSH, SLOSH.

"THAT noise."

And then, its significance dawning on her, she said horrifiedly, "You haven't been, have you?"

"Been what?"

"You know."

She came closer, unfastened my right ear and peered inside. She dipped her finger in, like a garage man checking a radiator.

Migosh!" she said. "It's up to your eyes! I know what you've been doing — you've been on an Instant Breakfast trip. If it gets any higher, you'll drown!"

"No, no," I said. "It's my parents who are on a trip."

At that, she whacked me across the back.

"Urp," I went. Then, somewhat sobered, I said, "Thanks — I needed that."

She took me out and bought me a proper meal. Then over coffee she said, "We're going to have a serious talk. You've got to choose: it's either Instant Breakfasts or me."

"But you're depriving me of a profound and meaningful experience."

"It's killing you," she said. "Look at yourself. You're a milk-fiend, a

slave to the powder. It's either Instant Breakfasts or me."

There was a pause.

"All right," I said romantically, "I can't live without you."

"Give me your Instant Breakfasts."

From my pockets I pulled Instant Breakfasts. Dozens of them. Chocolate, coffee, raspberry, strawberry, Khaki, orange, lemon, chartreuse, pineapple, butter scotch and puce. She stood with arms overflowing.

"That's all," I said.

"Come on," she replied. "I mean all of them."

I unscrewed the top of my head and gave her the package I had cunningly concealed under my frontal lobes. "I hope you realize you may be taking from me the secret of life."

"Nope," she said, looking at the package. "It's vanilla."

Mr. Jeffery, a regular contributor to the Magazine, is a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.

Sophistication Day

by Laurie Creak

Twelve sophisticated young people were sitting around a conference table talking, as sophisticated young people are apt to do nowadays.

Suddenly, the one who had been paring her fingernails said, "I hear rushing water." They stopped talking for a moment and looked down. The dark liquid had already covered their ankles. "I'm afraid of drowning in this water. I can't swim," she exclaimed as her nail file dropped to the floor. Quickly she turned the table over and floated away. On the table beside her were Lawrence's novels and Blake's "Songs of Innocence."

"How can she talk about fear?" asked the Leader. "Fear is an emotion. And what is emotion?"

"A Gimmick" said SHE. The others rose as a unit and chorused, "A Gimmick, a Gimmick, a Gimmick."

One of the eleven stood on his chair. "Perhaps she was right. I laughed at her once but she was right." He plugged the spout of the electric kettle and then, clinging tightly to his solid tangible bubble of steel, dog-paddled away.

"Let them go," said SHE. "They weren't really sophisticated. One of them didn't even know the meaning of 'self-effacing!'" The leader changed the talk to other things.

They didn't notice when the quiet one drowned. She very rarely said anything anyways. Her eyes had never once lost their look of self-sufficiency.

One of the nine mused, "Perhaps it doesn't matter — talk, that is — in the end." "Well, the coffee wasn't bad," said the girl sitting next to him. They drowned together.

"How can this be happening to us?" moaned two sweet young things who were now exceedingly worried about the rapidly rising water. "How can we discuss this thing objectively? We never could understand Lawrence's idea of soul. We've always agreed with you. That's sufficient, isn't it?" This last was a bit garbled as the water was obstructing their nasal passages.

The other five smiled archly, lowering their voices only slightly when they did so. The black water swirled about them menacingly and washed their notes away.

"Where is my manuscript? I must have time to prepare another manuscript!" came from one of the five as he plunged beneath the surface in search of his notes.

"I only partially belong here," said a girl when he didn't reappear. Maybe we should do something." Her eyes pleading, she turned to the immaculately-dressed youth beside her.

"Pity," murmured he as she drowned. "I liked her. However, I had something to say about ethics and unsigned letters. That's a strange juxtaposition." He laughed his oddly-musical laugh as the water sucked him under.

"There's only two of us left. All the pawns are gone. Does that make it a stalemate or does it end the game?" queried the Leader rather self-consciously, as he was painfully aware of the tic in his left cheek.

"It all depends on whether you apply the theory of Chicote," SHE said from behind HER sunglasses as SHE lit a cigarette.

"Chicote . . . ? I — I don't know if that's entirely relevant," replied the Leader, recovering quickly. But he drowned anyway.

"I won," SHE said, clambouring atop the drowned bodies, "and as long as I keep talking there will be a pocket of air near the ceiling. After all, hot air rises." However, when the water reached her chin, SHE remembered something a scientific friend had told HER about air compressing under pressure.

And the weight that was water that was sophistication muted HER screams and put out HER cigarette.

Laurie James Creak
2nd Ed.

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Angel

by Barry Billan

Shining glass, sweet scented ethers
The precision measurement.
One-pointed-eight-nine-oh.
The fluid richly boils
The hot flame burns, burns . . .

Angel

Through clear glass doors and into
the bright afternoon
Posters blaring the latest in his eyes
Ruggah! Debate. Soc Hop Friday night.
A hundred friendly, smiling quiet, laughing
people rushing by

But One

One drifts near serenely, softly, aloof
Honey blonde hair glistening in the sun
Misty blue eyes

Angel!

Love bubbling, rushing, raging from within.
How long before they say hello?

How long?

Or even till she looks his way?
Eternity less a day
has already passed
Since he first longed for her smile

Nothing remains

Blinded to all but golden hair
And Angel blue eyes
A thousand symphonies flowing
in a torrent through his being
Closer and closer

It burns, burns, burns

He ventures a smile . . .
But the misty blue eyes see not

Or deliberately look away

Biosociology and Survival

by Dr. A. Austin

Can we say that this is an age of affluence, at least in our particular great society? It can be said that pollution is one of the most pervasive problems of this society and that our technology, that permits affluence, creates vast quantities of waste and spent products that pollute our air, poison our waters, and even impair our ability to feed ourselves by unwise use of productive land.

It is not simply a question of increasing numbers, even though this is a vital problem right now, but urbanisation and industrialisation, the increasing concentration of human communities and, therefore greater concentration of their wastes and producer goods.

Primitive populations settled, one might say, "naturally" within a web of other organisms which are biological systems called "ecosystems". These were easily capable of absorbing the wastes produced by early societies and their animals. Man lived for more than a million years in a relative steady state with his environment but during the last few thousand years his numbers have grown rapidly and in the last two hundred he has been able to alter the ecosystems, of which he is an integral part, in a very big way. The extent of the latter has been possible largely by the use of energy from fossil fuels (and cannot be sustained indefinitely). With the present degree of dominance of the human species (throughout ecosystems), the myth that our earth system is sufficiently vast that modern society can continue in traditional unconcern about their release of (toxic) wastes and the production of materials that significantly alter biological systems, upon which man and his domestic plants and animals are totally dependent, must now be exploded. There is little excuse in ignorance despite the fact that we are still largely ignorant of the ultimate effects of most of the products that man has introduced, both by necessity but also unfortunately as a result of the worse kind of dilettantism, into natural systems or into bio-economics.

It is impossible, however, to think clearly regarding the formulation of policies and possible approaches of potential solutions without a definition of terms.

For example, such tidy phrases as "pollution constitutes any change of a resource that detracts from the use for which it is desired" and "the presence of substances which render it unsuitable for the particular use for which it is required" clearly depend upon the term and ignore the most important factor—time—what is *use* today may be viewed as reckless *abuse* tomorrow; it has happened already, all over the world.

Environmental pollution is the unfavourable alteration of our surroundings, wholly or largely as a by-product of man's actions, through direct or indirect effects of changes in energy patterns, radiation levels, chemical and

physical constitution and the variety and abundance of organisms. These changes may affect man directly, or through his supplies of water and of agricultural or other biological products, his physical objects or possessions, or his opportunities for recreation and appreciation of nature.

The production of pollutants (altering agents), and an increasing needs for pollution management, are an inevitable concomitant of a technological society with a high standard of living. These problems will increase in importance as our technology and standard of living continues to grow. Perhaps, indeed, there is an inverse relationship between standard of living and quality of living; more of one means less of the other—this concept was formulated by a Uvic student during a seminar just last week.

It can be stated that outdoor recreation, will decrease with increased population, affluence, and mobility. What are, and will be, the psychological and dehumanising effects of continued crowding, reduction of open space and impairment of recreational wilderness regions by urban and industrial developments? Land space and outdoor living potential and the continued reckless urban and industrial growth are clearly incompatible; however, all planning appears to imply both! Man *can* make far greater effort to attempt to stabilise the system to sustain a high quality of life. The future generation—YOU—today's student—will fall heir to the conditions created now and in the years immediately ahead. It is simply not enough to accept today what our simple ingenious definitions of "pollution" consider tolerable levels of wastes. — What about tomorrow?

Referring in particular to Pacific west coast communities, it is sometimes said that despite the superficial veneer of sophistication we are still afflicted by a phase of pioneer mentality; boom and development at any cost—and the cost will have to be paid by the next generation, with interest.

The latter is not meant to imply that our region is very badly afflicted, right now, with the most severe degree of gross pollution. Compared with older more heavily urbanised and industrialised areas this would be nonsense. However the trend is clearly toward open-ended "development" and expansion with perhaps not the most careful and meticulous planning in the world.

The situation would be in poor perspective if we held that all the pollution, unwise land use and lack of appreciation of wilderness reserves were the fault of mining companies, logging companies or the governments who are supposed to be monitoring and controlling the use of the public environment.

We all permit and often participate in the alteration and destruction of our own environment. We are all individually responsible for it either directly through thoughtless acts of waste and damage or indirectly by

permissiveness of the operations of agencies such as those mentioned above. It is our own fault if our environment—the region in which we live—is not of the quality it could be, if the once very beautiful Myra Falls and vast, secret Buttle Lake are spoilt by mine tailings. Apart from the fact that a very large proportion of our society is totally unconcerned with the natural environment, and totally unaware of its irreplaceable value, there are a large proportion who constantly alter the environment needlessly and recklessly.

Simply driving an oversized automobile with a 350 h.p. engine capable of 140 mph when one can only use 60 mph of it is an extremely wasteful procedure and the enormous motor is pumping carbon dioxide and other pollutants into the atmosphere and using up limited fossil fuels in a reckless wasteful way.

Would you believe that in the U.S. urban solid wastes, i.e. general junk and garbage, amounts to 1,600 pounds per capita per year and costs 2.5 billion dollars for collection and disposal? Didn't somebody once call us The Waste Makers?

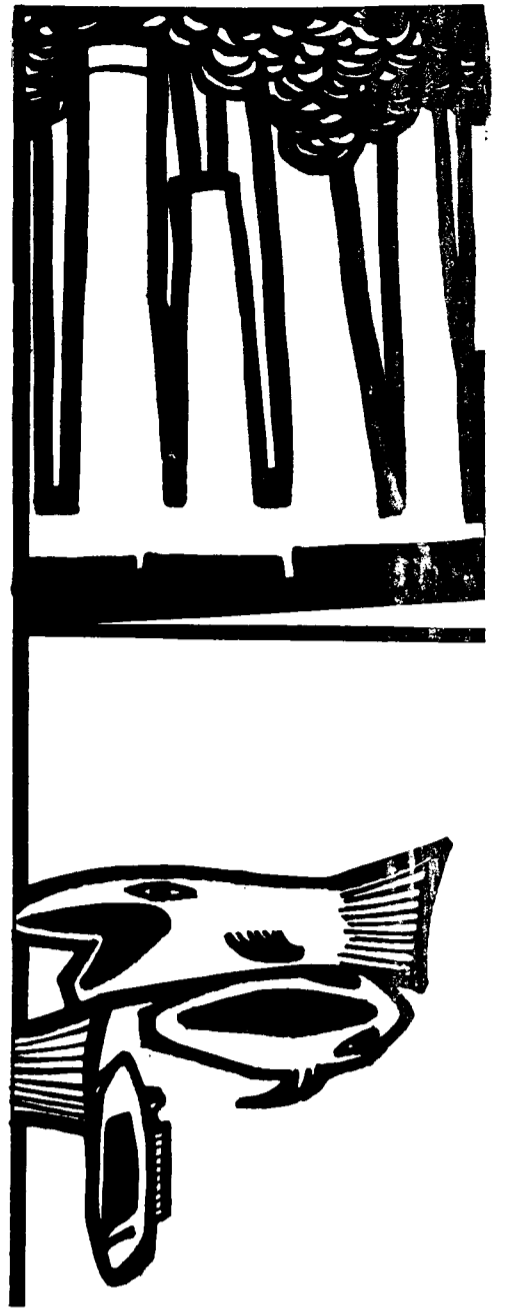
One can go on to list many often unnecessary products such as insecticides, detergents, disposals and expendable bottles, containers of plastic, etc., none of which can be dealt with effectively by the natural ecosystem, solid wastes of this great amount, in total, to enormous quantities of waste which have to be disposed of.

To date arrangements to deal with pollution have grown on a piecemeal basis, with organisations, programs and legislation created when problems became evident and usually critical. It is not therefore surprising that current organisation is a hodge-podge with responsibilities widely separated among government agencies and many unassigned.

Perhaps the most significant avenue of approach to the problems of pollution is through education. Firstly it is surely a failure in commonsense not to consult the student about the effect of policies, public and private, which are altering the very environment which he will inherit and for which he will finally accept responsibility. Through him, and the slow process of education, a major change in public thinking and a whole new way of thinking about environment may come about. In addition education will provide men and women with a full spectrum of abilities, who will accept the challenging tasks of improving the quality of the total ecosystem and solve the problems of pollution to protect our human environment. We must ensure that a sufficient number of them will devote themselves to environmental problems but this can be done only if the challenges of the environmental sciences are made manifest and this is not easy in an age dominated by the automobile, automated technology, and space-races. However there appears to be an in-

tion the 'hog fuel' burners which, to heat the gigantic steam and power boilers, give off a fine black oily ash, and the 'digesters' in which wood chips are digested in a caustic chemical solution of which the by-products are smelly sulphide gases and the white sodium salt-cake fly-ash, so damaging to car finishes.

To reduce the amount of black ash the mill has recently installed two oil-fired marine boilers, adding an estimated 150,000 dollars to the mill's fuel bill for the year, though resulting in a considerable reduction in the black ash pollute. The three hog fuel boilers continue to operate, but they do so under reduced steam loads.



creasing internationalism in the student body corporate and the pollution problem is intensely international since pollutants, respecting no boundaries, can be carried great distances by air, water, or on articles of commerce, threatening the health, longevity, livelihood, recreation and happiness of citizens who have had no direct stake in their production but cannot escape their influence. Air borne radioactive debris and other air pollutants are classic examples.

The land, water, air and living things are an international and inter-generation heritage. They are not owned by any nation, race or generation. These groupings of human society are tenants of and occupy a lifetime lease of these primary world resources of the natural environment and if we have any humanity whatsoever, each generation must, within the wisdom it has at its disposal, husband these resources and manage the environmental house so that YOU, the future generations will have a reasonable chance of being able to do the same. This would be progress!

Dr. Austin is an aquatic biologist in the department of Biology at the University of Victoria, is on the committee on environmental health of the B.C. Medical Association and also on the executive of EnQual. He has worked in Great Britain and the Mediterranean, before coming to Victoria.

Concern of Industry

Port Alberni Pollution control

The Alberni Valley is the site of one of the province's largest pulp mills, MacMillan Bloedel's 1,800-tons-daily Alpulp Kraft mill, a type of mill notorious for its emission of malodorous gases and chemical fly-ash fallout. Even mill manager, Alex Van Allen, admits "This valley is the worst place for air pollution I've ever seen. I don't think the problem will ever be com-

pletely licked, but I do think the situation will be improved."

The company claims to have spent an estimated six million dollars on anti-pollution equipment; four million of which is specifically for air pollution abatement. A total of one million dollars has been spent over the fiscal year ending January 1st, 1967.

The two main sources of air pollu-

The remainder of the exhaust is channelled through a network of anti-pollution devices to reduce the irritants before it reaches the air. Multiclone hoppers, stacks of whirling cones precipitate most of the solid particles. The installation of Doyle gas "scrubbers" on the boilers is to have the effect of washing the boiler exhaust 80% clean of carbon dioxide. One boiler has a bag plant connected to its exhaust system as an experiment, which if proving successful should strain the exhaust almost completely clean of impurities.

Sulphurous smells and corrosive sodium salt-cake "fly-ash" are perhaps the biggest headache of the residents.

(continued on page four)

Defense de Fumer

by James Longridge

In this age of medical miracles, with limbs being completely restored to normal function after accidental amputation, with internal organs being manufactured artificially, and with man's life expectancy rising steadily, many people might be expecting too much of physicians and surgeons. There are many disappointments and setbacks in life, but none so drastic or shocking as the probability of death in three or four months. When lung cancer is suspected in the diagnosis of a patient, his doctor is faced with a very formidable opponent. An opponent about which, in most cases, little can be diagnosed; one which grows as quickly as a weed, spreading its roots in all directions. It is able to become immune to all forms of cure, and inevitably prove fatal to the patient. The doctor will do everything possible to counteract and eradicate the cellular growth of the cancer, but the odds against the success of his actions are very high indeed. Prevention is preferable to cure, and what got the cancer victim into his tragic situation? In most cases — cigarettes. In years gone by, cigarette smoking was one way of consuming time, and doing nothing at all was another. But today smoking has become a "natural" activity, and in the majority of cases, the habitual activity when there is nothing else to do. A smoker today is never in the state of doing nothing — he is either busy, busy and smoking, or just smoking. This is very apparent to the non-smokers who are either busy or not, and often being offered cigarettes in both of these states. The non-smoker can but the "benefits" reaped by the smoker are abundantly evident through medical research.

Each of the lungs of a normal non-smoker, living in an environment where air pollution is low, contains about seven hundred and fifty million air sacs, connected by an intricate network of tiny blood vessels. Nature intended these air sacs to perform the double function of discharging the waste gas carbon dioxide, and more important, of absorbing oxygen, so vital to every cell, tissue, and organ in the body. But

in the smoker's lungs, the air sacs become thick, spongy and ruptured, losing their capacity for exchanging carbon dioxide for oxygen. To add to this problem, carbon monoxide, a poisonous gas present in cigarette smoke, combines more readily with the blood's hemoglobin than oxygen, impairing still further the oxygen-carrying capacity of the blood. Cigarette smoke is a complex mixture of gasses, vapours, and liquid particles collectively known as tobacco tars. The Report of the Royal College of Physicians of London, "Smoking and Health," (published in 1962), states that "a varying proportion, about 50%, of inhaled smoke is retained in the lungs. Some droplets are deposited directly on the walls of the bronchial tubes, while others are taken up by motile cells. These migrate back into the bronchial tubes and then pass upwards over their lining membrane." As well as reducing the ventilatory function of the cigarette smoker, certain constituents of cigarette smoke are considered irritant to the lungs. Nine of the gases present in the smoke, including ammonia, volatile acids, aldehydes, phenols, and ketones, are irritant and damaging. A person's reaction to the heat of a lighted cigarette being touched to the relatively thick skin of his hand produces screams and various muscular spasms. Yet that same person will suck the almost equally hot cigarette smoke down his throat, through his bronchial tubes, and into the once tender flesh of his lungs. Slow cooked — yes; but the results of this barbecue are drastic.

The blood vessels in the smoker's lungs become fibrous and narrowed and some of them blocked completely. Nicotine in tobacco smoke temporarily constricts the small arteries throughout the body, stepping up the heart rate. The result is much the same as running a high performance racing engine on low octane fuel. The heart, all ready starving for oxygen, must pump even harder. The leading cause of death in Canada is arteriosclerotic heart disease (coronary heart disease), and the death rate from this disease, according to the same "Smoking and Health" report, "is higher in cigarette smokers than in

non-smokers." To understand and appreciate the significance of the difference in the death rates between smokers and non-smokers, we must consider the number of excess deaths occurring in a group of smokers over a period of time. "Excess deaths" is a term commonly used in most surveys and reports on smoking, and it refers to the difference between the number of observed deaths in a population of smokers, and the number that would have been expected to occur in the same population, if none of its members had ever smoked. The expected



number of deaths is computed by applying the age-specific death rates for non-smokers to the corresponding age groups of smokers. In the Canadian prospective study of 77,922 male Dept. of Veterans Affairs Pensioners followed for six years, 8,643 deaths occurred in smokers with all types of smoking habit. Six thousand six hundred and thirty-four deaths would have been expected if none of these people had ever smoked. On this basis there were 2009 excess deaths of smokers — a thirty per cent difference. One figure not included was that of the percentage difference of cigarette smokers in the selected cause, lung cancer, where 34 deaths were expected and 245 deaths observed — a 621% difference.

But the smoker has his rights! Should we consider smoking a prerogative that affects only the smoker? Perhaps we could if that were the case. It is not. The genetic effect of cigarette smoking is a subject which has not yet received much recognition in smoking studies. It is known that women who smoke when they are pregnant have babies generally lighter in weight than normal, but little else has been discovered. However, if the blood being received by an unborn child has poor oxygen content owing to damaged air sacs in the mother's lungs, surely the child will develop in a slightly different manner than the child of a non-smoking mother. In the same way, the foetus will be dosed with nicotine and tars, since it is dependant on the mother's blood for life. These are the same chemicals that turn normal lung cells into cancerous cells. An analogy for the cancerous cell might be the thalidomide baby. The unborn child didn't ask for his part in the bargain. Does he deserve such treatment?

A final aspect of smoking is pollution. This is a word commonly used in cities like New York and London, England; for it is now felt that cigarette smoke is a definite contributing factor in the polluting of our air. We have long been aware that smokers can turn a room into an unbearable smelly and oppressive hovel. Now there are plans to have smoking banned on the streets of London. Those who abstain from smoking should not be forced to have their clothes smelling of others' smoke and their lungs suffering from pollution created by others. Even King James I was aware of the smoking problem and its effect on pollution, for in his "Counterblast to Tobacco" (1604), he calls smoking "a loathsome custom to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, and in the black, stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

It is the responsibility and duty of all persons to put an end to cancer, coronary heart disease, and other fatal diseases by preventing the curious, unsuspecting child from smoking his first cigarette. Greater efforts towards the curtailment of smoking must be made at the university. The "Martlet" and "Uvic Radio" should refrain from advertising cigarettes, and there should be stricter enforcement of the smoking regulations regarding the lecture rooms and theatres.

Mr. Longridge is a second-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.

NOTICE

The editor and staff of the MARTLET MAGAZINE wish to make clear their support of Dr. Charles Tarlton, Associate Professor in the Department of Economics and Political Science, and frequent contributor to the Martlet Magazine; Alan Mackenzie, lecturer in the Department of English, and co-founder of the Martlet Magazine; and Jerry Schwartz, lecturer in the Department of English. Their contract terminations will result in a deep loss to this academic community.

Furthermore, we commend professors Richard Gravil, lecturer in the Department of English, and regular contributor to the Martlet Magazine; John Hanley, lecturer in the Department of English, former contributing Editor of the Martlet Magazine; Dr. Leighton Steele, instructor in the Department of English, and Jack Bush, instructor in the Department of Philosophy, for the stand they have taken to protest the dismissals.

(Pollution - Industry's Concern)

(continued from page three)

These "relief" gases are the highly undesirable by-product which, laden with the mercaptans and organo-sulphides, give the foul 'rotten-egg' odor. To combat this, four "oxidation towers" have been installed, two designed by the B.C. Research Council and two newer and easier to maintain Swedish Troebeck Ahlen towers. The relief gases and the black liquor (used cooking solution) is poured over a series of plates as air is pumped from beneath, or bubbled up through perforations as in the Swedish design), oxidising the liquor and gases and removing 98% of the smell sulphides.

The white sodium salt-cake fly-ash so damaging to car finishes is a problem. Though some 98% of this is removed in electro-static precipitators, the amount left is enough to do some damage and create an unpleasant nuisance.

About the smell, however, nothing apparently can be done. A few parts of hydrogen sulphide in 10 million parts of air is enough to wrinkle human nostrils.

The Pulp mill now claims, at the cost of nearly 1,000,000 dollars: an 80%

success in eliminating carbon dioxide exhaust, 95% in black fallout elimination, 96% reduction in sodium salt-cake fly-ash, 97% cut in mercapton gas emission and almost 99% success in cleaning out methyl exhausts.

"We're doing out best," Van Allen claims, "here we've run out of the obvious and we're waiting for expert advice and technological advances."

Martlet Magazine

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Unsolicited material, including articles, poems and short stories, should be clearly addressed to the MARTLET MAGAZINE and either mailed to or left at the Martlet office. Contributions should be signed and consist of topical, political or literary material.