

## Funds granted for Indian teach-in

### NSU presentation interests council

by Bob Higinbotham

"There are people starving five miles from here, and I'll bet most of you don't even realize it!"

Bill Wilson of the Native Students Union made that point and many others as he addressed the Representative Assembly Sunday night.

The R.A. responded by granting the Native Students Union the sum of twenty-two hundred dollars for a teach-in planned by the NSU for Uvic next fall.

a policy of genocide. They are completing what they started when they (white people) first came here."

The white paper on Indians "promises Indians a place in the slums of the just society."

The usually disinterested group of Representative Assembly members listened intently during the complete length of Wilson's presentation before a brief question period and the motion to grant the funds.

Wilson also pointed out that over ninety-six per cent of the Indians who start school never finish Grade 12.

Wilson has been extremely active in advocating Indians rights during the last year, but has met with a great deal of frustration.

#### DEFINITELY THE CREAM

The eleven Indians on the Uvic campus are "without meaning to be vain, very definitely the cream of the crop."

#### TALKED TO PARTRIDGE

He has talked to Uvic president Partridge and Chancellor Roderick Haig-Brown, but although they were sympathetic, they wouldn't grant the NSU a "red" cent.

The Native Students Union has been meeting since last September, and most members have personally gone into debt due to the range of their activities. Wilson himself estimates he has spent two to three hundred dollars to attend various conferences.

Referring specifically to Jean Chretien, the federal minister responsible for Indian affairs, Wilson told the R.A., "politicians are very susceptible to public criticism. Politicians should be put on the spot by citizens whenever possible."

Wilson told the Assembly that he has found almost total ignorance of the plight of Indians among white people.

Recently however, individuals have noticed them and have written cheques of fifty dollars and twenty-five dollars to aid the group.

"I'm not radical enough to think there is no hope," says Wilson, "but we have to get off our asses."

"Everytime you hear somebody use a cliché about Indians, challenge him."

#### GENOCIDAL

"The government is pursuing

## Benson's planning a massive rip-off

KINGSTON (CUP) - Federal finance minister Edgar Benson said March 7 that he expects to rake in an extra \$4 million from students under his new tax proposals.

bursaries and grants also have "substantial" outside income and should pay taxes on their total income "like all Canadians."

Student fellowships, scholarships, bursaries and research grants, tax-exempt under current legislation, would be taxed under proposals in Benson's white paper on tax reform which was tabled in the Commons last fall.

The finance minister also rejected a suggestion that students be allowed to deduct interest on student-aid loans. It was too hard to determine whether the money was really borrowed to finance education or to invest in the stock market, he said.

Benson was speaking at a symposium on the tax paper held at Queen's university.

Benson said certain "reasonable expenses - such as tuition, books, reasonable travel expenses and if it's necessary to hire an assistant to do research work" - would remain tax deductible expenses for students.

Benson justified the tax increased by arguing that some students who get scholarships,



A MEETING OF THE NATIVE STUDENT UNION

## Petition urges abolition of student government

by Bob Higinbotham

The Alma Mater Society will likely be holding a referendum on April 2 to determine the future of student unions on this campus.

This decision was reached at the Representative Assembly meeting Sunday night after a petition of one hundred thirty-three names was presented by S.H.U. leader John Bentley to Communications Director Greg Fraser.

One surprising aspect of the debate on the motion was the strong stand taken by Vice-President Agostini in favour of student government. R.A. member Dennis Johnston told the assembly that since Robert McDougall was ill, it would be the responsibility of the vice-president to extoll the virtues of student government. Although he spent much of his time hurling epithets at the student spectators and the press in style reminiscent of his counterpart at the White House, Gus Agostini rose to the occasion.

He stated vociferously and repeatedly that if the Representative Assembly would implement some programs that relate to students, it would be easy to convince the students that student council was relevant.

Academic Affairs Chairman Brian Green replied that Agostini was trying to perpetuate a dead organism. But paradoxically, he then went on to say that student government should justify its existence.

New member Jim Hamilton adopted a paternalistic attitude. He felt that the time was not right for the students to give their views because this student government hasn't had a chance to do anything yet. Eric Chesterley disagreed, and told the assembly that the students should be treated as adults.

Peter Songhurst, recently elected to a six month term, compared the AMS to the Sacred government. In an analysis of the last provincial election, voted for Social Credit because they could see the benefits the government had brought them. Publications Director Deryk Thompson replied that if Songhurst was right, perhaps the AMS should start a Ferry system. Songhurst further stated that student government should get away from the social commentary bag and do something that the students want.

Former treasurer Amrit Manak seemed displeased by the petition. He felt the petition presented by Bentley should be given back to him until such time as the wording was clarified.

However, Bentley's wording was altered in the referendum motion made by Kevin Rhodes. Rhodes' wording was as follows:

*Let it be resolved that on April 2, 1970 a referendum be held on compulsory AMS fees and let it be further resolved that the ballot ask the question: Are you in favour of compulsory Alma Mater Society fees and the con-*

*tinuance of the Alma Mater Society?*

There was a certain amount of concern as to whether the petition was legal or not, due to the characteristically informal manner in which Bentley presented it.

Rhodes' motion was finally tabled until Greg Fraser and the electoral committee could finalize the date of the referendum.

Eric Chesterley, who made the motion to postpone consideration, was gratified by its acceptance.

"Good, we've finally done something," was his remark.

### POLITICAL HACK CHOSEN EDITOR

Former Academic Guidebook editor Bob Higinbotham has made a lateral move to the editorship of the Martlet (Gazette). In a hushed closed and confidential meeting Thursday afternoon the publications committee, under the astute directorship of Deryk "Big Mother" Thompson chose Higinbotham over the combined forces of "George" Manning and Mike Farr who made a "joint" bid for editorship of next year's Martlet.

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Applicants must be eligible for Alberta teacher certification requiring a minimum of two years of post-secondary (university) education beyond Senior Matriculation if education program commenced September 1, 1967 or earlier, beyond Senior Matriculation if teacher education program commenced September 1968 or later.

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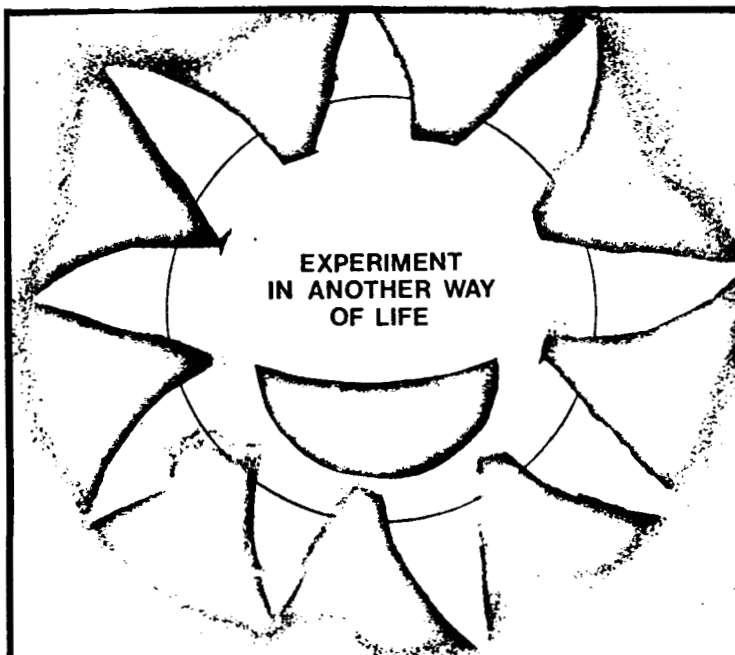
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# Bike-in Saturday

There will be a bicycle "be-in" this Saturday, the first day of spring, in the heart of downtown Victoria.

The object of the be-in according to organisers Bob Jeffs and Ned Alexander, is to draw attention to the damage automobiles and industry to the environment.

What is a bicycle be-in? Jeffs and Alexander explained that the idea of the be-in is to get as many people as possible with bikes to bring them downtown to Douglas Street between the Bay and Eaton's and park their bicycles in empty parking spaces and then put some money in the meter. As soon as a car pulls out, another bicycle can be parked. If enough people show up Douglas Street will have absolutely no cars parked on it between the rival department stores.

Jeffs told the *Gazette* that SFERE and the Uvic Outdoors Club are behind the project and that kids at Reynolds School and the major high schools had been notified of the event by press time Wednesday. He said that pamphlets and other materials discussing the impending ecological crisis will be distributed to the public in connection with the be-in.

Alexander suggested that people bring guitars, drums, flutes, and any other things which might keep people happy for a few hours or add to the good vibrations that should surround a bicycle be-in. He said, "The be-in will be as peaceful as other people allow it to be."

The be-in will take place from 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. Saturday.

TORONTO (CUP) — Rochdale College, Canada's oft-publicized high-rise free school, laid claim March 13 to their "rightful title" on all marijuana pushed in Canada for the week beginning April Fool's day. Those who don't sell dope can buy themselves a degree — cheap.

Rochdale national co-ordinator Ian Argue announced the title and the degree sale from the institution's "war room" Friday, as 14 members of the college prepared for a 9-day, nation-wide campaign in conjunction with "national share the wealth with Rochdale week," April 1 to 7.

The move, Argue said, is an attempt to arouse national interest in the beleaguered institution during its current crisis; overdue debts with the government-

owned Central Mortgage and Housing corporation.

CMHC reportedly is considering turning over control of the 18-storey concrete college and residence building to Campus Co-operative Residences Incorporated. The move follows recent notice that Rochdale is \$100,000 in arrears on payments towards a remaining \$4.5 million CMHC mortgage.

The campaign, according to a Rochdale press release, is to "raise funds to support Rochdale's revolutionary educational programmes, "which are currently "totally unsubsidized."

The average subsidy for Canadian post-secondary students is 91 per cent, Argue said, except at Rochdale where the subsidy is less than one per cent.

"In other words," he said, "for every \$100 spent by a university student on his education, an additional \$1000 is added by the government, through grants. For every \$100 we spend on our education budget, the government chips in 60 cents.

The 14-member national tour team will be selling memberships in the college. They will also sell degrees to anyone who wants one.

According to the press release:

"The B.A. granting course is \$25. Course length is 24 hours, and the degree will be awarded on the answering of a skill-testing question."

Fifty dollars and a question of the student's own choice buys an M.A. degree. PhD's are going for \$100 — no questions asked.

The prices are reversed for non-degrees. A non-PhD can be purchased for \$25 with the only requirement "that you say something."

Fifty dollars and saying "something logical" buys a non-M.A. A non-B.A. costs \$100, with the candidate required "to say something useful."

And for those pushers hampered by the new federal credit restrictions, "Rochdale is willing to accept 10 per cent of all cannabis in lieu of cash."

## Bible belt diplomacy shafts gateway again

EDMONTON (CUP) — The administration at the University of Alberta March 5 took its censors' pencil to the campus student newspaper, *The Gateway*, forcing the newspaper to remove two "objectionable" photographs.

The action has escalated the conflict between the administration (which prints the *Gateway*) and the staff of the paper, who have charged the administration with interference in *The Gateway's* right to print what it chooses.

The administration's latest act was to force editors of the paper to remove two pictures, depicting posters on public display at the university.

The poster, originally printed by law students to publicize their faculty election and formal, depicted nude men and women, with the captions "Opportunity 103" and "Opportunity 102."

Administration printing services co-ordinator Ross Grant, who oversees the paper's production, demanded removal of the photos, declaring: "I have never been sued, and I don't intend to start now."

Grant was backed up by administration vice-president Gordon Tyndall before he read an accompanying story which reported the law students' action. He later re-affirmed his support for Grant after reading the article.

In protest, the *Gateway* editors pulled the entire front page of the paper, and replaced it with a small note inviting students to *Gateway* offices, where they could read the Page one news.

Editors also urged students to attend an open meeting Thursday (March 12), where the editors will confront Tyndall and Grant over the censorship.

It's the second time the administration has censored the *Gateway*, arguing that the paper's contents would "demean" the university in the eyes of the general public.

In November, the administration also refused to print an anti-Vietnam war cartoon which originally appeared in *The Ubysey*, student newspaper at the University of British Columbia, and was subsequently reprinted in several other student newspapers.

The cartoon depicted a couple engaged in sexual intercourse, the male labelled "U.S." and the female "Vietnam." The caption read: "Reluctant to pull out."

After the November incident, the U of A student council asked the university's general faculty council (academic senate) to establish an appeal board composed of students, faculty, and administration with the power to over-ride decisions made by the university's printing services concerning *Gateway* content.

The first meeting of the Housing Committee will take place at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, March 24, 1970, in the SUB Boardroom. Any interested persons may attend.

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# A TRIBUTE TO FRITZ PERLS

by Ron Kirkby

*I do my thing,  
And you do your thing.  
I am not in this world to live up to your expectations,  
And you are not in this world to live up to mine.  
You are you and I am I,  
And if by chance we find each other it's beautiful.  
If not it can't be helped.*

Fritz Perls

Fritz Perls is dead. He died last Saturday night in Chicago, of heart failure. He was 76. Perls was the founder and architect of a way-out method of psychotherapy called Gestalt Therapy.

I never met him. I had intended to go to Lake Cowichan last Monday to see him at the Gestalt Institute of Canada. But now I'll never meet him in person, and I resent him for it. I wanted to meet him and work with him and learn from him; and I wanted that more than I've wanted anything in my life before. But Fritz died on Saturday; and I feel a terrible sadness and emptiness.

He was, I am told, irascible, hard to get along with, tough minded, gentle, fantastically insightful, awesome, loving, a terrifying man to be with, and a genius. All I know personally of him is what I saw in films of him working and in his books. And what came through for me was the fact that here, living and breathing and still around, was a wise man. He knew where he was at, and where everybody else was at, and how fucked up everyone is; and above all, he knew how to help them get out of that space. He was a *successful* therapist; the techniques of therapy he developed really work.

He had a huge repertoire of mind-blowers. "Do unto others what you are doing to yourself." Instead of being angry at someone and giving yourself shit for it, give the person you're angry at shit. They can take it; you can take it; you have nothing to lose except your uptight feelings, your resentment.

His emphasis, his starting and finishing point, is the existence of every person, his existence here and now. For none of us have any other existence. All our rememberings of the past, our anticipations of the future: all take place in the present, the *now*, and take place where that person is, the *here*. It sounds so trivial and simple. But Perls knew that the most difficult thing in the world for anyone to do is to contact the here and the now, to contact the present world of his own irreducible existence. And his therapy, his technique, is to

cut through the bullshit, the fantasies, the never ending garbage, which stands between every person and his actual existence in the world.

Perls' aim in therapy was for every person to be *whole*, complete; and not, as now, in pieces and bits, all battling one another for dominance. He found a way of frustrating our will to dominate, to manipulate ourselves and others, to be *phony*. He found a way to help anyone to be *authentic* and genuine. And, as I've said, his methods really seem to work.

Perls' therapy is, in my opinion, one of the great advances in Western culture, a claim, I know, which will be scoffed at by many. But I believe it's true, largely because I know just how disastrously fucked up our culture is, our society is, our whole world is. And Perls' therapy provides a way, the only way I've ever come across, of actually making a concrete difference, within a short period of time, in the content of the lives of men and women within our society. He found a way of helping them transform themselves back from machines to human beings. And real human beings will not, I fervently trust, put up with all the slaughter, the corruption and the pollution of their minds and their bodies and their world.

He found a way of helping people to be humane and human again. He was profoundly antimoralistic, a kind of Jewish anti-Christ. His vision was of men and women, happy and free, developing their talents, living their lives free of the corrupting influences of ideals and ideologies. He discovered what the real potentials of men are, and found a way to achieve them. He was a great man; and the world is emptier without him.

"Live in fragments no longer ... Only connect."

## The Cougar City Gazette

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## Revitalizing the Velikovsky controversy —singlehanded

by Ray Kraft

The cosmic catastrophe (circa 1500 B.C.) which left the human race in a traumatic state of collective amnesia for these many years is a theory that could well revitalize the Velikovsky controversy, perhaps here at UVic.

Hypothetically, the human race has been trying to remember itself and to come to terms with what its cosmic destiny is.

To remember itself, the human race entered a game which has come to be known as history, this history being divided into a world series of historical epochs through which the human race experimented with and established various governmental forms and institutions in an attempt to reunite its collective head. Needless to say, all of these attempts have failed to draw the human race together owing to the collective unconscious amnesia, coupled with a barbarious egomania. Because of this the human race cannot fully recognize nor discover the full facts of cosmic existence. As a result, wars have consistently arisen from the breakdown in relationships and communications between one group of world population and another. Hence amnesia is the root cause of war.

The question arises, then, what is in store for our present historical epoch? Is the human race

going to unite in peace or is the egomania going to increase its traumatic impulses to destructive pitch once again?

The answer to this question may vary according to who is writing and the extent that the individual has come to terms with the nature of the present historical game being played, and the nature and extent of his own psychologically buried amnesia.

In 1970 A.D. nothing seems quite so apparent as the feeling that we are "on the eve of destruction."

Nothing, it appears, can halt the irrational rush to oblivion that is urging the war-lords in the Pentagon, and elsewhere, to the point where their buried unconscious trauma will manifest itself consciously and be reenacted on a global scale with nuclear weapons.

It occurs to me that the value in thinking these thoughts is that in voicing them they might prove to be helpful to those who have decided to stop playing games and have decided to live and to seek their destiny on a cosmic level. If the early Egyptians because of their knowledge of the cosmic realms, actually foresaw that a cosmic catastrophe would happen, it is possible that they built the pyramids in order to

preserve what they knew about the universe for those who would survive the cosmic catastrophe. Investigations today are still revealing a great deal of scientific information about the pyramids, thousands of years after their construction.

The question seems to be, at least in my mind, are we preparing for some global catastrophe?

Dr. Velikovsky has suggested that one sign of the unconscious forces that may be leading toward racial preservation is *overpopulation* and he points out that such protective procedures are taken by the insect world when danger threatens their collective existence. Perhaps the human race today is in the throes of a protective measure that at least will save "some of us."

Yet the spirit of life which is individually housed in us moves in mysterious and inexplicable ways. And it is evident that only "madmen" claim to be able to perceive its ultimate direction. Nevertheless, understanding can still be claimed by the man who discovers the truth that the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Some men who will scoff at this notion may yet require psychiatric help for their inherent amnesia, but that's just a random thought.

# The cry of the anarchist

## And now a word from our sponser

by Greg Fraser

The following is the complete text of John Bentley's speech to the Representative Assembly re the referendum on student government:

The S.H.U. and associated organizations have been out trying to stir up a motion that will get the Representative Assembly on its feet. Initially, we were going to condemn the History department for certain evasive actions taken against students. Anyone who has tried to find the aforementioned department knows that it is rarely found twice in the same spot. After much research and a large consumption of S.H.U. liquor by administration officials, we discovered that the department rotates the entire Cornett building one-quarter turn counterclockwise every week. They have been performing this extraordinary feat with the aid of the ghost of an Indian witch doctor who is buried on the site of the building. Those so-called totem poles are his phallic remains - he was a very powerful man.

However, even with the eager assistance of the Uvic White Panthers, we could not persuade the student body to realize the importance of our startling discovery. But we did rescue one poor victim of the vagaries of the History department who had been wandering through the corridors of the Cornett building for three years. The first thing he asked us was whether student government had been abolished yet. We told him that the student body was little better than a corpse that had started to smell and that it might not be a bad idea to bury it as quickly as possible. Our friend helped us to draw up our motion to abolish student government and was one of the first to sign. Unfortunately, he died a few days later upon beholding the model of SUB expansion in the library.

The motion has marched on without this assistance, gathering signatures, beer stains, abuse, and threats of violent action as it moved through the sagging mass of inmates at Uvic. Finally, it has come before you under my protection gorged with 133 signatures.

Look around you. Our elected

### AMS fee increase defeated

SUB expansion was dealt a heavy blow last week as seven-hundred and fifty students marched to the polls to vote on a proposed AMS fee increase for purposes of SUB expansion.

The miniscule and yet larger than usual turnout of voters defeated the proposed seven dollar fee increase with only forty-nine percent in favour. The referendum needed sixty-seven percent to pass.

The *Cougar City Gazette* is unable to say what consequences the vote will have on the proposed expansion as Student Campus Development Coordinator Rick Calderbank could not be reached for comment by deadline.

Further clarification will be forthcoming next week.

government is meaningless. The revolution is coming!

To answer that plaintive cry: "what will you replace our precious elected assembly with?" I can give one answer: don't put anything in its place - a couple of jugs of wine might be nice though. (a cry of "anarchist" from the assembled mob) Do I hear the cry of "anarchist!" from the assembled multitude? There is nothing wrong with anarchy; our neighbour to the south is a regular haven of anarchy. Yet the AMS presumes to be different and be democratic at least for 25% of its members. Don't we want to be with it? Are we the only un-hip university left in the world?

If we are so conservative here then why not have a monarchy? (Cheers, clap, clap, etc.) Now that we have finished nominating ourselves as the new monarchs of the principality of Uvic, let us consider the idea in greater detail: wouldn't you like to be king? Just think - all that honoraria and baksheesh now spread out among the members of student government could all be yours if you were the sole ruler. I would have suggested having a queen, but, no. This place is queer enough without any outside assistance. We could also have peasant uprisings, a coup d'etat, barbarian invasions and restorations here if we had a monarchy. How could any student be apathetic if the revolutionary junta threatens to mow him down if he remains neutral in the class struggle? In this manner, university life would be excellent training for real life in the big bad world outside. I am sure that your fertile imaginations can come up with more benefits and improvisations on this scheme.

In conclusion, my ghostwriter and I call upon you to consider this motion with deep and careful thought. It is asking you to commit political hara-kiri. Are you noble enough to go through with this action? Are you crazy enough?

Well, ladies and gentlemen, it has finally happened. After referenda were held whether or not the student government should exist (at U.B.C. and the University of Calgary) or not, and after a great deal of rumour on this campus of several petitions on the same issue, we were finally faced with the question at the Representative Assembly meeting last Sunday night. A petition was presented to me (as Communications Director) at the meeting, calling for a referendum on the issue of whether we should have a student Society or whether it should be abolished. After considerable hassle at the Assembly meeting it was decided to leave the date of this referendum and the wording of the ballot up to the Electoral Committee. By our Constitution, when a referendum has been called for, it must be held not sooner than fourteen nor later than 21 days after presentation of the petition.

The date will be set this week by the Electoral Committee; probably in early April. Any volunteers to help on the polls will be greatly appreciated as it requires considerable time and effort on the part of the Electoral Committee to set up a referendum. If you would like to help out please see Gerry Mandoli, Bob Coulter, Ken Carnes, Pat Wolfe, or our returning officer Mike Farr. You can get in touch with them or myself, Greg Fraser, at the SUB. If you have any questions pertaining to the coming referendum, we would be more than willing to answer them.

Please consider carefully the implications of this referendum. You are going to hear a lot more about it before the voting day, so please watch the notice boards and the *Cougar City Gazette* for information pertaining to the referendum. This is one referendum that is vital to the interests of all

students. There is no excuse for not casting a ballot.

Last week we held a referendum on a fee increase for the planned SUB expansion, which as you no doubt realize, failed. Only 1/3 of the students bothered to vote and only 200 to 300 students bothered to attend the two well-publicized speakeasys on the issue. The low voter turnout on an issue that affects all students shows that we are ruled by a minority, that the majority doesn't care.

I hope the 2/3's who didn't bother to vote on the last referendum will make the effort (???) to come out and attend the speakeasys which will be held concerning the referendum and vote intelligently on the referendum. Voting takes about 30 seconds, so please Vote on the referendum.

## Council quickies

Next R.A. meeting is scheduled for March 24 at 12:30 in Cor. 112.

Council moved to hide their next meeting to eliminate the undue harassment received recently. It was thought by some honourable members that "there were just too many people finding out when the R.A. Meetings

are." Despite the good intentions, R.A. Member Peter Lawrie was even outsmarted. He asked, "Where is the Coronet Building?"

On Bentley's motion to eliminate the Alma Mater Society, Deryk Thompson quipped that "all that letterhead paper would be wasted."

Dennis Johnston advocated a motion to suspend members who didn't attend meetings, but, as Peter Lawrie succinctly pointed out, perhaps they couldn't afford bus fare. Deryk Thompson, in reply to a member's query as to what would constitute a good excuse for not attending, stated "perhaps a letter from their doctor." Maybe Peter Lawrie could be excused if he couldn't find the building.

## Letters to the editor...

Sir:

I think it is very appropriate for the following observations:

The Province of Alberta has a population of approximately 1,550,000 people.

The Province of British Columbia has a population of approximately 2,150,000 people.

Alberta will spend on education in 1970 \$404,000,000.

B.C. will spend on education in 1970 \$362,000,000.

Need we comment?

Sincerely,  
Ron Doubt

My Dearest Gazette:

Have I sinned? Am I worthy of punishment? What is to become of me? I have parked in empty parking lots at twelve at night! I have had two wheels outside the white line behind the Services Centre! I have left a metre unpenned in an empty lot, and worse I have "Date 16/3/70. Location: L.O.T.C. Violation: Parked outside Island planters."

My attention has been directed to Section 13 of the University Traffic and Parking regulations. I will not receive my grades, I may not graduate and go on to become 'Prime Minister of Canada,' because I hesitated too long in a 'No Hesitation Zone.'

If our overzealous metre men really want to work at "the Big University" why don't they quit and spend some of the fines and fees which we are so generously paying them, and enroll and get a real car (get them out of those green Datsuns), and leave me alone.

I declare a vote of nonconfidence, (or whatever) in our screwed up, overzealous, short arms of the law: - Our Campus Cops.

Yours Angrily  
Grenfell Featherstone

P.S. Eichmann was 'just doing his job,' too.

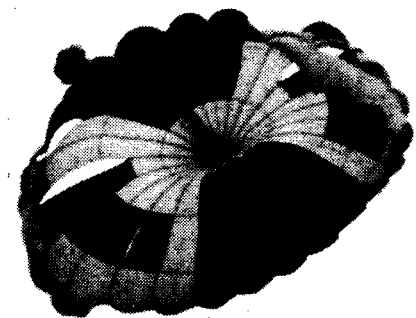
## Chute jumping a trip

All you can hear is the dull drone of the aircraft through your helmet. You feel the rush of wind past the open door and the adrenalin surging through your legs because you know you're nearing the Drop Zone - you try to think of everything you've ever been taught as you absently check your reserve chute. Then the signal comes - READY - you quickly swing your legs out the door, there's a steady hand on your shoulder, - no time to think now; you just wait for the signal - there it is - Go.

You thrust yourself with all your might from the aircraft, throw your head back and arch in a spread-eagled position. Two seconds, three seconds - there's a slight tug as your static line breaks free - four seconds - and then a strong tug and you are swung into an upright position under your canopy. You glance upwards and there above you is an aura of orange and white silk - and all is quiet.

This is what it's like to make your first parachute jump with the newly formed Uvic Sport Parachute Club.

But the job's not over yet. Below you is a fluorescent orange cross in an open field - your target. You reach up, grab your steering lines and check wind direction. By means of the steering lines you can manoeuvre yourself over the target. You descend closer and closer to earth - feet together knees bent - with a thump and a splash you are down - about 200 feet from the target but at least you landed in the field even if you did hit a puddle. Oh well, the next time will be closer because you can hardly wait to get up again - already you're hooked on skydiving.



# FOUL PLAY

a new play by Lawrence Russell

Illustrations by Jonathan Peter



## CHARACTERS

SILVER, who doesn't dig the light

JOE, who wants to score

COP 1 & COP 2, who find out where it is

MOIRA, who wants that stimulator thing

*Moira is sitting sewing. Enter Joe. He is dressed like a stud from the ad pages of Esquire magazine, e.g., double-breasted cavalry-twill blazer suit of Avril and Arnel triacetate has six hammered dome brass buttons, deep side vents, and wide lapels (Hardy Amies, U.S.A., \$120). His mulberry-hued cotton shirt has French cuffs, a fly front, a two-inch neckband, and the longer collar points that are so popular these days (\$13.50). It, as well as the burgundy moire tie (\$8.50) and silk signature pocket square (\$4.50), is also by Hardy Amies, U.S.A. The shoes are renegades . . . Joe looks the room over. He does not, however, look at Moira. Moira does not look at him.*

- JOE: I guess you wanna make love to me. It always happens. When I enter a room, this animal thing starts happening. Women go nuts. They begin to squirm and sweat. Pretty soon they start stripping. I set them on fire. I got this animal thing, see. That's the way it is.
- Moira does not look up from her sewing. Joe does not move. Silence.*
- MOIRA: You want to fuck me. I know it. Men always want to fuck me. I do something to them and they always want to fuck me. I got a ride with a guy the other day who kept one hand on the wheel and the other in his pocket. He wanted to fuck me. You do too. *(pause)* I'm sewing.
- JOE: *(pause)* I'm wearing a hundred and twenty buck suit. *(pause)* I'll start by taking off the jacket.
- He does so. He folds it carefully and sets it on the floor.*
- MOIRA: The thing is, I'm busy, and when I'm busy, I don't like messing around. I know it's hard on you but there you are. I'm busy. I advise you to put your hand in your pocket.
- JOE: I notice there's no light switch in this place. Guess I'll have to unscrew the bulb.
- He reaches up and grabs the bulb. It burns his fingers. He does not swear; he merely flinches and hisses between his teeth.*
- MOIRA: I have trouble with men. They always start masturbating when I'm around. I don't want to be cruel, but I can't satisfy them all. Still, just looking won't do any harm. Maybe I'll take off my skirt.
- She does so. She folds the skirt neatly and sets it down on the floor beside her stool. As you can see, what she was wearing was of no importance: she has marvellous legs. Joe meanwhile has taken a large red embroidered handkerchief from his pocket and is using it to unscrew the bulb. He is successful. The room becomes totally dark.*
- JOE: Most chicks dig the dark. The old animal thing comes right out in the open then. Personally I prefer the light. I got nothing to hide. I'm solid. What you see is me.
- MOIRA: Hey, man, what did you turn the light off for?
- JOE: Chicks dig the dark.
- MOIRA: Turn it back on. I'm sewing. *(pause)* You can't see me.
- JOE: I can see you.
- MOIRA: Bullshit. *(pause)* You only think you can.
- JOE: I'll take off the rest of my clothes.
- You can hear him undressing.*
- MOIRA: What can you see?
- JOE: Your legs.
- He is right. Or partly right. You can see Moira's legs or what appears to be her legs: two white luminous lines.*
- MOIRA: I got good legs. They're nice and long and thick at the thighs. They drive guys crazy. They're always looking at them. When I'm at the pool they all crowd around and watch my legs. I should get them insured. *(pause)* I'll take off the rest of my clothes. I don't want to be a cock teaser. I mean, I'm human.
- Within a few moments you see what appears to be two luminous skeletons. It is as if two anatomical charts have been neatly painted with fluorescent paint and these charts have now come to life.*
- The door opens and there is a flash of light as Silver comes in. You cannot see him.*
- SILVER: Hey, Moira, this is the guy I told you about.
- MOIRA: This is him, is it.
- SILVER: Yeah. He wants to score.
- MOIRA: How much?
- SILVER: How much, man?
- JOE: It depends, like.
- SILVER: She's got good stuff, man.
- JOE: I want to try it.
- SILVER: I think that can be arranged, man. What do you say, Moira?
- MOIRA: Say what?
- SILVER: He wants to try it.
- MOIRA: I dunno.
- SILVER: Huh? What's with you?
- MOIRA: How do I know who he is?
- SILVER: I brought him. He's cool.
- MOIRA: What's his name?
- SILVER: Hey, man, what's your name?
- JOE: Joe.
- SILVER: He says his name is Joe. I tell you baby he's cool. Do I ever make mistakes? Huh?
- MOIRA: That's right. They don't call you Quick Silver for nothing.
- SILVER: Well?
- MOIRA: Well what.
- SILVER: *(almost hoarse with frustration)* Do we deal?
- MOIRA: *(pause)* Okay. Turn on the light.
- SILVER: What do we need the light for?
- MOIRA: I want to get a good look at him.
- SILVER: Do you wanna turn on the light?
- JOE: Sure. I got nothing to hide.
- Joe screws the bulb back in and the light comes on. Silver has left. Moira and Joe eye one another.*
- MOIRA: You didn't take them all off.
- JOE: Neither did you.
- MOIRA: The erotic touch. Men don't dig naked women. *(pause)* What's that?
- JOE: *(touching a black box which is strapped to his side)* This? It's a battery.
- MOIRA: What's it for?
- JOE: *(proudly)* It cost nearly a thousand bucks. *(pause)* It's a stimulator.
- MOIRA: No kidding.
- JOE: Yep. It keeps me going.
- Moira looks at the stimulator for a moment and then sits down on her stool and picks up her sewing.*
- JOE: *(pissed off)* Hey. I'm waiting.
- MOIRA: I'm not interested. *(pause)* I'm busy.
- JOE: Busy? How can you be busy? I came here for a reason, didn't I?
- MOIRA: Yeah?
- JOE: That's right. Yeah.
- MOIRA: Can't figure what it could be.
- Joe stares at her for a moment and then looks up at the light.*
- JOE: *He studies the light as if it holds one kind of answer. He then looks around for his handkerchief. Moira has it.*
- JOE: *Hey. What do you think you're doing?*
- MOIRA: *(without looking up or missing a stitch)* There's a hole in it.
- JOE: Bullshit. Give it back.
- MOIRA: The light . . . burned it.
- JOE: *(hesitating)* Yeah?
- Moira continues sewing. Joe stands behind her, looking over her shoulder.*
- JOE: *(pause)* What's that?
- MOIRA: A weed.
- JOE: A what?
- MOIRA: A weed. I always stitch weeds into handkerchiefs. This one's a dandelion.
- JOE: *(nodding)* Very good. Who taught you that?
- MOIRA: My teacher.
- JOE: *(surprised)* You still in school?
- MOIRA: Do I look like I am?
- JOE: *(looking her over)* No I guess not.
- MOIRA: *(holding up the handkerchief)* There. It's finished.
- JOE: That didn't take long.
- MOIRA: *(shrugs)* I'm fast. *(pause)* Do you have a big cock?
- JOE: *(pause)* Yeah. It's pretty big.
- MOIRA: That's what I thought. The guys that want to fuck me always have big cocks.
- JOE: *(at the other side of the room)* Lady, I don't want to fuck you. You want to fuck me.
- Moira gets up and, using the handkerchief, unscrews the light bulb. Darkness.*
- JOE: *(with satisfaction)* Yeah. Just like I thought. You want —
- MOIRA: *(sharply)* Lie down.
- JOE: *(with even greater satisfaction)* Sure . . .
- He lies down. Moira walks around him, slowly.*
- MOIRA: You got an electric heart, huh.
- JOE: That's right.





MOIRA: Pretty powerful, is it.	JOE: <i>(with a wheezing laugh)</i> Aaaaah . . . climb on, baby.	SILVER: You gotta make up your mind, man.	<i>A siren rips the silence; quickly, hideously, as if it is just outside. It stops abruptly. All you can hear is breathing.</i>
JOE: Yep.	MOIRA: <i>(shouts)</i> Silver.	JOE: I got seventy bucks in my wallet. I'll give you that.	JOE: The fuzz?
MOIRA: Maybe you could demonstrate some of this power.	<i>Almost immediately the shadowy shape of Silver slips into the room.</i>	SILVER: He says he's got seventy bucks. What do you say?	SILVER: <i>(hisses)</i> Shaddup.
JOE: Maybe I could.	SILVER: You gonna deal?	MOIRA: <i>(her crotch almost kissing the floor)</i> I want the stimulator thing.	<i>Silence.</i>
MOIRA: Do a crab bend.	MOIRA: Maybe. <i>(pause)</i> He's got a stimulator.	SILVER: You heard her, man. She wants it and nothing else.	JOE: <i>(whispers)</i> What'll we do?
JOE: What in the hell for?	SILVER: <i>(with a real flash of business intuition)</i> Maybe we can work out a trade. <i>(to Joe)</i> What do you say?	JOE: <i>(violently)</i> No deal. No deal, you hear? I'll do without.	SILVER: Just sit tight.
MOIRA: <i>(sharply)</i> Do like I say.	<i>Joe drops out of his crab-bend and gets to his feet.</i>	SILVER: <i>(clucking)</i> This is bad news.	<i>Silence.</i>
JOE: <i>(sniggers)</i> Yeah. It's the old animal thing. It's starting to happen. Hup . . .	JOE: <i>(panting)</i> Not a chance.	<i>Moira is moaning between her teeth, softly, sexually, and, still in the splits position, scissoring up and down. Joe blunders around the room.</i>	MOIRA: Maybe it was an ambulance.
<i>And he arches into a crab bend, effortlessly, and we see, in profile, a beautiful luminous semi-circle.</i>	SILVER: You wanna score, don't you, man.	JOE: Where's the bulb? Where's the bulb?	SILVER: <i>(pause)</i> Maybe.
MOIRA: Hold it. Don't drop. <i>(pause)</i> You're a pretty strong boy.	JOE: Yeah. Sure.	SILVER: <i>(like a true phantom)</i> What do you want the bulb for?	JOE: <i>(pause)</i> What're they looking for?
JOE: <i>(grunts)</i> Yah.	SILVER: Well . . .	JOE: Light. I got to have light.	SILVER: What do you think?
MOIRA: What happens when the batteries go dead?	JOE: Not that bad.	<i>Moira moans and scissors.</i>	<i>Silence.</i>
JOE: They never, uh, do.	SILVER: <i>(brutally)</i> You're hooked.	SILVER: What's the matter, man? I thought you were cool.	JOE: They're gone. They must be.
MOIRA: <i>(pause)</i> They never do, huh. How come?	<i>There is a long pause as Joe considers this. Moira - luminous and skeletal - has opened her legs and is slipping down into the splits.</i>	JOE: I'm cool, I'm cool. Just gimme some light.	SILVER: Quiet -
JOE: They're, uh, solar.	JOE: I haven't got another one.	SILVER: Frankly, I don't dig light. It's too risky.	<i>A spotlight stabs in to the room (through the window?) and moves slowly around the walls and floor. Moira and Joe sit near one another in lotus positions; you cannot hear them breathing. The spot finally finds Moira and settles on her. She remains absolutely motionless. After a moment or two the spot moves on and finds Joe. He too sits absolutely motionless. The spot lingers a moment; it then moves on, vanishes.</i>
MOIRA: You mean they recharge from the sun?	SILVER: You got that one. One is all we need.	JOE: Where the fuck is that bulb?	
JOE: The sun, yah. And any other kind of, uh, light.	JOE: But I can't do without it. You know that.		
MOIRA: Hold it. Don't drop.			

can't page 8

# foul play continued

JOE: What was that?

MOIRA: *(cynically)* Batman.

JOE: Jesus. I got to get the hell outta here. Where's Silver?

MOIRA: *Moira does not answer.*

JOE: What did you do with the bulb?

MOIRA: Do you wanna score?

JOE: *(feeling around the floor)* I just want to split.

MOIRA: *(pause)* Why don't you?

JOE: *(pause)* Where's my clothes?

MOIRA: How should I know?

JOE: *(pause)* Okay. Tell me where the door is.

MOIRA: Over there. I think.

JOE: Where?

MOIRA: Behind me?

JOE: *Joe stumbles around the room looking for the door. He feels the walls carefully and, after one lap of the room, stops.*

JOE: *(pause)* There doesn't appear to be a door.

MOIRA: *Moira sniggers.*

JOE: What's so funny, baby? You're in here too -

MOIRA: I just thought of something.

JOE: *Joe waits.*

MOIRA: *(sniggers again)* Your stimulator thing's gonna go flat.

JOE: *(pause)* That's right.

MOIRA: Well what are you gonna do?

JOE: *Joe does not answer. His breathing is hoarse.*

JOE: Silver? *(pause)* Silver?

MOIRA: *There is a pop and a tinkle... as if, say, a bulb has been dropped on the floor.*

MOIRA: *(softly)* Now. You want to trade?

JOE: *(hoarsely)* Silver. I'll kill you, you motherfucker.

MOIRA: *Joe lunges towards where he thought he heard the pop. He finds nothing. He prowls around the room, occasionally striking the walls. He tires. He drops to his knees.*

MOIRA: You're wasting your time.

JOE: *(with effort)* I'll... I'll kill him.

MOIRA: *(pause)* Come here.

JOE: Go to hell.

MOIRA: *(pause)* Please.

JOE: Huh.

MOIRA: I'm asking you to come here.

JOE: What's the matter?

MOIRA: *(pause)* I need you.

JOE: What?

MOIRA: You heard me.

JOE: *(pause)* This must be bullshit.

MOIRA: Please... Joe.

JOE: *(pause)* It must be the old animal thing.

MOIRA: *(pause)* Is that what it is?

JOE: Must be.

MOIRA: Call it what you want. I wish you'd come here, Joe.

JOE: *(pause)* Why?

MOIRA: *(pause)* I'm frightened. That's why.

JOE: *Joe considers this for a moment and then moves over beside her.*

JOE: What's your name?

MOIRA: Moira.

JOE: Hum. Look, Moira, how do I get outta here?

MOIRA: I don't know.

JOE: Hum. Who's this Silver guy?

MOIRA: *(pause)* I don't know.

JOE: This is bullshit. It's gotta be.

MOIRA: Where did you meet him?

JOE: At a party. I was really stoned. Ripped. Zoned. You know. And there he was. We got to talking. He said he knew where I could get him some good stuff. *(pause)* Where did you meet him?

MOIRA: *(sighs)* At a party.

JOE: Stoned?

MOIRA: How else?

JOE: Is there no way outta here? No way?

MOIRA: *Silence.*

JOE: We gotta try. We gotta.

MOIRA: Joe.

JOE: Yeah.

MOIRA: How long... how long do you figure you got?

JOE: *(pause)* Not long. Without light, not long.

MOIRA: *Silence.*

MOIRA: Joe. Make love to me.

JOE: Make love...?

MOIRA: *(angrily)* Okay. Fuck me. Fuck me. FUCK ME.

MOIRA: *Silence. Then Joe slides over to Moira and they embrace. It is not long before they start making love, proper love, but all you can see is two luminous skeletons blending into one another. By the climax you can see nothing; they disappear with a brief, ecstatic shout.*

VOICE: *(muffled)* You in?

VOICE 2: Yeah. You find a switch out there?

VOICE: *Suddenly the room is illuminated with a bright, cold, anemic light. There is a jagged hole in the wall. A cop stands beside it, an axe in his hand. A second cop steps through the hole. They look around.*

VOICE: *On the floor there is what appears to be the remains of two skeletons. Around this is scattered several pieces of clothing, all badly decomposed.*

COP 1: *(cynically)* Well. Here it is.

COP 2: Yeah. Here it is.

COP 2: *Cop 2 walks around the remains, regarding them carefully. He stops. He stoops down and picks up a handkerchief. It is red and embroidered. There is a large dandelion on it.*

COP 2: What do you make of this?

COP 1: *(coming over)* I dunno.

COP 2: *(looking at the handkerchief, then at the skeletons)* Foul play?

COP 1: *(pause; shrugs)* I dunno.

CURTAIN

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I.

The enterprise at Babel, observers say,  
 spun and cork-screwed into the sky  
 — almost to the first point of heaven;  
 they say the spiral slowed until one  
 by one  
 all the drifting men came drifting  
 down  
 filled with gibberish and insanity.  
 Of course that is not to say  
 the grandiloquent tower couldn't be  
 done  
 had the ancient men possessed the  
 tools  
 and weapons of today . . .

II.

Above the rattle, the bugle, and the  
 drum,  
 above that continuing ritual,  
 the shrill percussive pedantry  
 and its fierce, simple logic, are to no  
 avail.

III.

A Venetian army creaks towards  
 Athens,  
 trains its guns toward the Parthenon —  
 that well-known Turkish mosque-  
 turned-arsenal:  
 soon to become the biggest fire-ball  
 west of Istanbul and north of hell.

NOTES AFTER THE  
 DEATH OF RUSSELL  
 by d.s.

**Just a reminder**

Our world dies a little every time you wash out a batch of underwear in the bathroom sink with one of the high phosphate detergents. These phosphates are the chief cause of our present water pollution problem, according to a recently completed five-year study of pollution in Lakes Erie and Ontario by the International Joint Commission, the U.S.-Canadian water regulating agency. The phosphates speed up the growth of algae. The algae in turn rob the water of oxygen which fish and plants need to stay alive.

Only national awareness and immediate action by every concerned citizen can stem the tide of pollution until such time as detergent formulas are changed and improved sewage systems constructed.

Individual efforts must be directed to switching back to the

old methods of laundering . . . using soap flakes or powders in combination with water-softening washing soda. According to laundry product testing by United States environmental engineers, soap products and washing soda each contain less than one percent phosphates, and when the two are used together they produce a good wash.

The major hang-up is locating the soap and soda. Although both are staples on supermarket laundry supply shelves, they're so vastly outnumbered by the high-phosphate products that it takes some searching and reading of package ingredients to find them. To add further to the confusion, those who have grown up in the detergent generation do not realize that a detergent is not a soap. So check labels and buy only products that won't pollute our waters.

★ **Classified** ★

**HELP WANTED**

May 1. Mature young couple, preferably experienced and/or trained in child care work, to manage private agency owned and furnished group home for adolescent boys. Living costs met plus fee for service. A variety of supportive social work services provided. Applicants must have own transportation. Reply giving brief outline of experience and usual statistical information to Miss Staghall, 382-5121.

Reliable male urgently requires accommodation (house, apartment) to continue studies. Presently living in 1960 Vauxhall (will give away.) Phone 382-2694.

Faculty — 3 Bedroom House, 10 minutes from UVic. \$40,000. 592,4337. Ask for Dave.

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 somebody  
 die**



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 STUDENT UNION BUILDING**

**Monday, March 23 - Tuesday, March 24  
 Wednesday, March 25**

**9.30 am to 4.00 pm each day**

# The Coming Scene

BY MIKE FARR

## Friday, March 20

### MAD DOG

'Mad Dog' is a local group and they'll be playing in the SUB Upper Lounge at 12:30. Free.

### BAHA'I CLUB

A bunch of kids will get together in MAC 107 and talk about the Baha'i World Faith at 12:30.

### SAILING CLUB

They meet today at 12:30 in CLE 106.

### GERMAN BEER FESTIVAL

What a success this was last term and it should be the same this time around. There will be an authentic German Band playing — and their contribution to the atmosphere is tremendous. It will cost you \$1 (if ticket is bought in advance) or \$1.25 (if bought at the door). Please have 2 pieces of I.D. ready to present at the door — to prove you are 21 years or more. Times are 9 till 1.

## Saturday, March 21

### FOLKDANCING CLUB

They are sponsoring a workshop in Scandinavian dancing in the SUB, beginning at 10:00 a.m. Bring your partner as Gordon Tracie of Seattle will be teaching.

There will also be a party starting at 8:00 p.m. in the dance studio of P Hut with an abundance of refreshments and International dances which do not require partners.

### SOCCER

The Vikings take on Gorge at Heywood Park at 2 p.m.

The Norsemen take on Hotspire at Gordon Head at the same time.

### SKIT NIGHT

There will be a Skit Night at the Commons tonight, as well as a Soc Hop. The band will be 'Buckeye.' The charge will be 50¢ stag and 75¢ drag. If you have a skit you would like to use, please come prepared — and do it. Starting at 8, it will go on until 1.

### VALI AND LOVE

This is the second to last evening for the Theatre Department's 'Experimental and Underground Film Series.' In MAC 144 and starting at 8:00 p.m., this week's films will be 'Vali' (1966 Sheldon Rochlin) and 'Love' (1967 Y. Kuri). Admission will be \$1.00.

### LIKE FATHER, LIKE FUN

This is a hilarious comedy which played to packed houses in Vancouver and Toronto. Eric Nicol, the author, will attend one performance. Dr. Partridge's wife, Jerry Partridge, will be in

one of the leading roles. It will play at Langham Court Theatre right through next week. Students are \$1; curtain is at 8:15 each evening; reserve tickets available at Eaton's Box Office.

### JAMPOT

Not many of these great evenings left. In the SUB Lower Lounge starting at 9:00 p.m., this week's entertainment will be Bruce Whittington. 50¢ per person.

## Sunday, March 22

### OUTDOORS CLUB

There will be a trip to Sembrio Beach. Meet at Mayfair at 8:30 a.m.; bring your lunch and BOOTS.

### KITE FESTIVAL

Our 2nd Annual Kite Festival will be held in front of the SUB from 12:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m. There will be a contest for the most original kite, most colourful, the funniest, the largest, the longest and the most artistic kites. To win a prize, though, everyone must register their kites at tables set up across from the SUB starting at 11 a.m. 'Budkeye' will be playing from 1 - 4 on the SUB lawn; refreshments will be on sale in the SUB; and a kite hospital will be on hand near the SUB entrance. Should be great fun.

### SCANDINAVIAN WORKSHOP

This will be its last session and it will be held in the Lansdowne Dining room starting at 11:00 a.m. Mr. Tracie will be leading advanced dances and talking on the relationships of music to dance. There should be time afterwards to get a kite up —

### MEDITATION SOCIETY

Regular meeting at 3:30 at 1270 Pandora.

### EAST OF EDEN

This Academy Award-winning film from the novel by John Steinbeck will be shown in the Lansdowne Dining Room at 8:00 p.m. Admission will be 30¢ for College Members and 50¢ for Non-Members.

### HARD DAY'S NIGHT

The Student Film Society is presenting two films in MAC 144 starting at 8:00 p.m. The first film, 'Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,' was made in 1924 and is one of the classics of the Silent Film. The second film, 'Hard Day's Night,' is probably a slightly tarnished modern day classic. Should be worth seeing.

## Monday, March 23

### BLOOD CLINIC

Twice a year, U. Vic has a Blood Clinic in the SUB Upper Lounge. This time it will be held for 3 days. The hours are uncertain but I imagine they'll be open in the afternoon and evening.

Also, there will be an Eye Donor Clinic — Post Humus. If you are, upon death, willing to donate your eye to some needy person will you please sign a pledge available in the Upper Lounge during the run of the Blood Clinic.

### UVIC DIVING CLUB

There will be an important meeting in ELL 061 at 12:30 to elect new executive and to discuss another trip. Everyone please attend.

### PARACHUTE CLUB

Jump in at CLE 101 at 12:30.

### FOLKMUSIC CLUB

They meet in the SUB Upper Lounge at 7:30 p.m.

### GENETICS — SCIENCE'S RESPONSIBILITY?

Dr. David Suzuki of U.B.C.'s Zoology Department, will speak on 'Genetics and the Responsibility of Science.' The Uvic Extension is presenting him in MAC 144 at 8:15 p.m.

## Tuesday, March 24

### BLOOD CLINIC

It's in its second day today in the SUB Upper Lounge. Please donate a pint of blood.

### CHINESE CLUB

At 12:30, in CLE 207, the Chinese Club is sponsoring their weekly Chinese Chess instructions. If you're interested please attend. All are welcome.

### HUGH HUNT

Hugh Hunt is a Professional Engineer besides being a graduate of Edinburgh University. He will speak on Meditation; 'The Link Between the Relative and the Absolute.' At 12:30 in COR 108.

### NOON CONCERT

George Corwin will conduct the 'University Chamber Singers.' MAC 144 at 12:30 p.m.

### MEDITATION SOCIETY

Note change in day. Student night, 7:30 p.m., 1270 Pandora.

### FOLKDANCING

Regular meeting in the SUB Upper Lounge at 8:00 p.m.

## Wednesday, March 25

### BLOOD CLINIC

Its last day.

### OUTDOORS CLUB

Gather in CLE 106 at 12:30.

### COLLEGE HOCKEY

There will be Championship Hockey (sic) between All-Star teams of Lansdowne and Craigdarroch Colleges at Memorial Areen. Rather a late start — 11:00 p.m. - 12:30 a.m.

## GENERAL INFORMATION

### LARRY RYAN

Larry Ryan, Secretary of Victoria Labour Council, will speak on April 2 in the SUB Upper Lounge. His topic, will be on Canadian Trade Union Development and their role in Canadian Society Today. He is being sponsored by the NDP club.

### GIANT JAMPOT

On April 11, the Folk Music Club will present their final Jampot of this term — and it will bring together all of this year's entertainers for one giant show. Such fine entertainers as Valdi, Bonnie and Denis, Mark Middler, Mario M. Martinelli and others will be there. It will be only 50¢, and it will be held in the SUB Lower Lounge.

Dr. Morrison from the U.B.C. Faculty of Pharmaceutical Sciences will be in the Counselling Centre, **March 23, Monday** to chat with students interested in Pharmacy as a career. Please arrange a time to see him in advance.

Admission Test for Graduate Study in Business will be written on **April 4, Saturday**. It is still possible to apply for late registration. Details at the Counselling Centre.

We recently received notice that we will be giving the **Graduate Record Examination** on **April 25, Saturday**. Application forms may be picked up at the Counselling centre

**March 25, Wednesday** is the deadline for applying to write the **College Entrance Examination Board** on May 2, Saturday.

The deadline for the April 11th writing of the **Law School Admission Test** is **March 20, Friday**. Applications forms are available at the Counselling Centre.

### ATTENTION:

Another date for the **Miller Analogies Test** has been set for **March 23, Wednesday** from 1:30 to 3:00. Please sign up in advance at the C.C.

### New Books in the Counselling Centre

Admission Requirements of American (and Canadian) Dental Schools, 1970 - 71

Facts About Venereal Disease  
Canadian Summer School Courses, 1970  
Ontario Summer School Courses, 1970

**UVIC KITE FESTIVAL**  
SUNDAY MAR. 22<sup>nd</sup> 12-4  
REGISTRATION: 11:00  
ACROSS FROM SUB  
"BUCKEYE"  
! REFRESHMENTS ON SALE AT S.U.B.!  
! KITE HOSPITAL!  
GO FLY A KITE



# MY TWO BITS by BERT WEISS



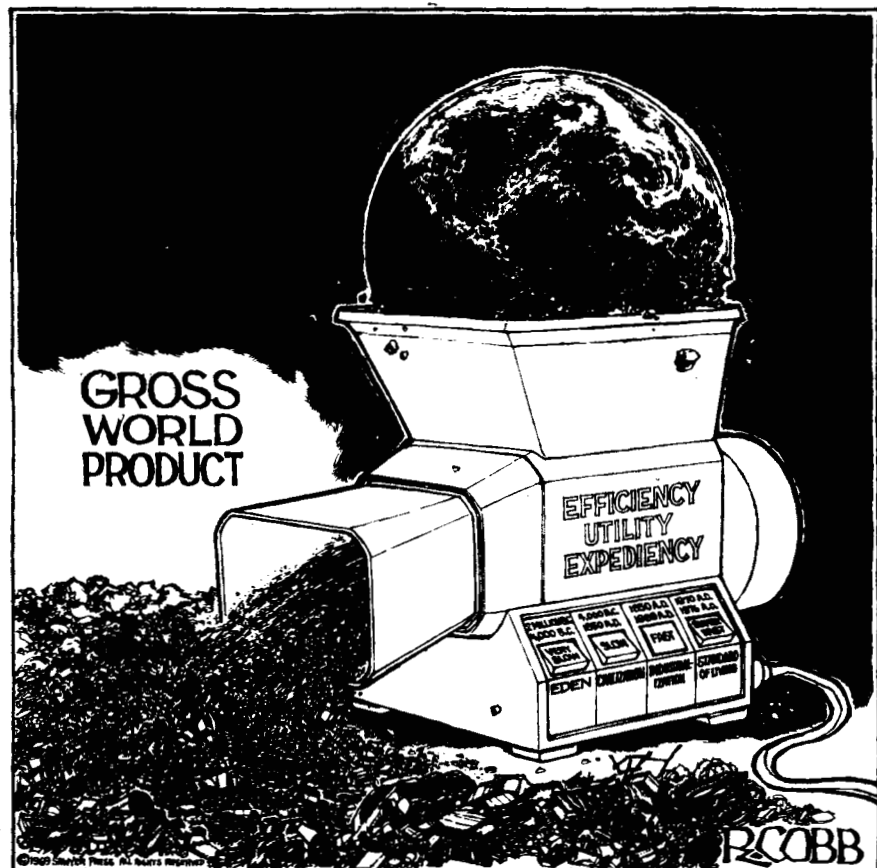
Fascism strikes again. The United States Post Office has sent a directive to all its branches authorizing the opening of all suspicious first class mail from foreign countries. America the land of the free? Where is the United States going? It seems to be moving in the same direction that Germany went in 1933. Is there any hope for the world if the U.S. goes any further towards the right? The answer can only be no. The reason for this is that I feel any further polarization in world power will only lead to a heightening of world tensions. And world tensions tend to bring us dangerously close to world catastrophe.

\* \* \* \* \*

What role should Canada play as a world power? This is a question which can be answered in as many ways as you care to think, however, I think that we should set the example of what the people of the world can do by communicating with each other. Our politicians should be studying other forms of government in the world and using the best in each to help govern Canadians. Once we have done this, and thereby brought peace to Canada and unified ourselves, we can act as the shining example of what the peoples of other countries can do in the way of living peacefully together. It does seem idealistic doesn't it?

\* \* \* \* \*

The fate of the AMS seems to be at the hands of the students of this universty. On April 2 there will be a referendum asking whether or not you want the Alma Mater Society to continue to function. This vote is the result of a petition presented to the Representative Assembly by John Bentley (of S.H.U. fame) and his cohorts. One can hardly take this petition seriously but must because of our constitution. I therefore urge you to come to the Students Council meeting to be held in Coronet 112 on Tuesday, March 24. Save the AMS.



## TONIGHT!

9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

COMMONS BLOCK


GERMAN BAND, BEER, WINE AND FOOD

This function is open to Students, Faculty and Staff **ONLY**. Limit of one guest per student and you must be able to prove that you are 21; two pieces of I.D.

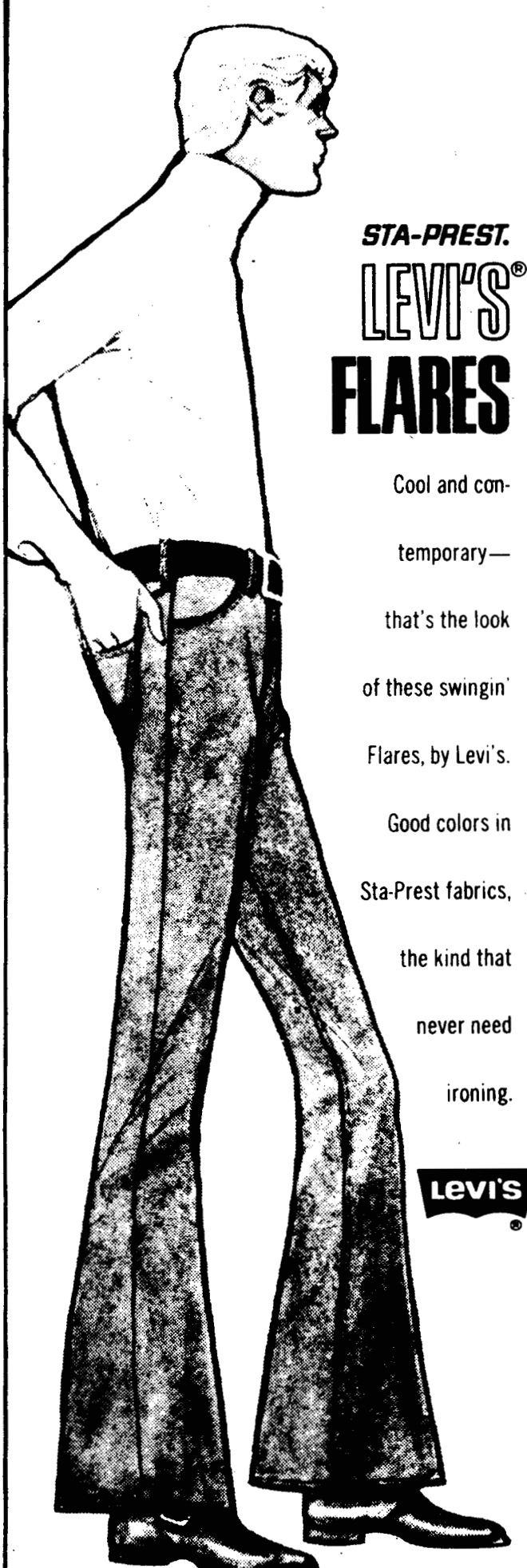
Limited number of tickets now on sale at the SUB and German Dept. Tickets (including free Beer Stein) are \$1.00 advance and \$1.25 at door.

Door prizes and prizes for the best German Costumes.

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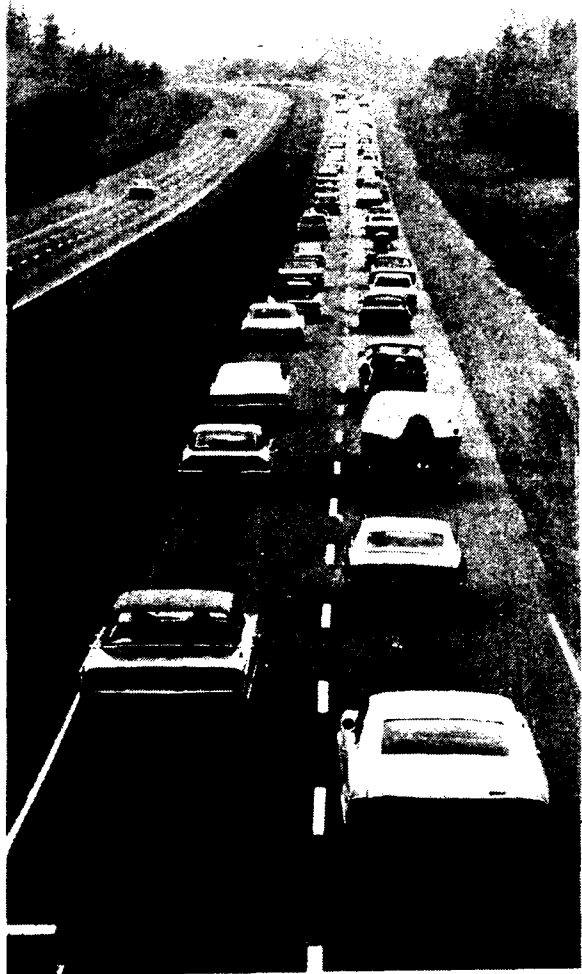



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# Fight pollution: it's good for business



TORONTO — There are radicals around the Canadian university these days who oppose anti-pollution demonstrations — “Such protests don’t really affect the power structure,” goes their argument.

Well, that argument by the irreverent minority was laid to rest last week on the stock exchanges both here and in New York.

It took only president Richard Nixon’s voice, raised above the rabble of college students and professors, to spark a flurry of action on Wall Street that proved once and for all that: if pollution doesn’t sit too well with living things — at least it’s good for business.

Within a week, a New York Times survey indicated at least 1,000 companies are “trying to make a dollar by selling anti-pollution technology or equipment.”

Earlier, the National Industrial Conference Board said capital spending on pollution control equipment — for only 248 surveyed manufacturers — climbed last year to over \$300 million, or a 24 per cent increase.

For business, it was proof, once again, that if people — the everyday worker, housewife or college student — are willing to get into the streets and demand reform, their demands will be met.

Reform is possible under capitalism; especially when it turns a nice profit.

As a Quantum Science Corporation report put it recently:

“The growing public awareness of pollution problems, and increasing government air pollution control legislation, will produce great investment interest.”

Columnist Harlow Unger phrased it more colorfully in the Toronto Telegram: “It is little wonder, therefore, that anti-pollution stocks are bucking the trend of the dismal bear market on Wall Street.”

In all it is a heartening period for stock brokers. Nixon’s dictum came just in time.

At the end of January the Dow-Jones industrial average hovered a scant 31.48 points above its decade low set the day after John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

Before trading picked up in those companies dealing in marketing anti-pollution, January was marked as the sixth consecutive month of real income decline in the current recession.

There is, of course, a word of caution to any investors carried away with the prospects of a “fast buck” to be made in pollution control.

Wall Street observers point out that Nixon’s statement, while promising \$4-billion in federal funds for sewage treatment, mentions no other figures — leaving the amount promised far below congressional appropriations for last year.

Nor are the government agencies charged with enforcing anti-pollution measures in condition to handle their work adequately. The National Air Pollution Control Administration, for instance, has suffered staff reductions of more than 10 per cent over the last 9 months.

According to former NAPCA abatement and control director Smith Griswold, the government has not advised industry of the controls necessary for pollution abatement.

“Industry won’t install expensive gear until it knows what controls are required,” Griswold adds.

Another difficulty in assessing the future of the pollution control industry is that only a handful of companies derive the major part of their sales dollar from involvement in the field.

Most companies get into the field because they are major polluters themselves, and devise their own control equipment and technology.

The result is that, although there is an estimated prospect for a billion-dollar anti-air-pollution industry by 1973, sales are spread out over nearly a thousand companies already.

And, as the Quantum study points out: “The largest emitter of pollutants, the automobile, offers no opportunities for outside manufacturers, since the auto industry will be making its own control equipment.”

Even there change will be slow. Charles Heinen of Chrysler says it will be 1983 before the industry has “achieved an 85 per cent reduction” in pollution for each car on the road.

Heinen reflects the attitude of most industrialists when he says he won’t be prodded by “sheer demagogic exaggeration” of “the number of amateurs raising Cain about the subject of pollution and jumping to easy conclusions.”

So the best description of the current “bear” market for prospective investors to heed right now, comes from Bache & Co. (Wall Street brokers) vice-president Monte Gordon.

“This market,” he says, “is like a Chinese water torture. Every disappointing corporate earnings statement is another drop of water . . . wearing this market down.”