

# the MARTLET



University of Victoria

"if no news is good news, then bad news'll do"

vol. 12 no. 9

Oct. 19, 1972



## Tenure for Students

Should students be granted the same privileges as university professors?

Is the concept of student tenure a valid one?

These are two of the questions posed by CAUT executive member Donald Savage in an article in the Association's latest bulletin.

Reviewing a report by a British commission of students and civil libertarians investigating academic freedom in that country, Savage related their conclusions to university situations in Canada.

The report examines the possibilities of students obtaining tenure and the creation of 'a system whereby students have the right, once enrolled at the university, to pursue their course of study for the requisite number of years subject only to such laws as may be passed with student representatives present and voting and subject only to expulsion or dismissal with cause which must be proved, if the student so wishes, before a system of academic courts', Savage writes.

He goes on to report that 'this is a situation toward which a number of Canadian universities are moving'.

Savage cited the example of Queen's University (Kingston, Ontario), which recently adopted a grievance procedure that attempts to codify offences and to create a formal system of hearing tribunals.

'In my view', he comments, 'Canadian universities are more likely to move in the direction of pass-fail than the total abolition of marking, if only because both the

universities and the society in which they exist are reasonably conservative. Thus students are likely to continue to be removed from the university for academic failure'.

'The result of the establishment of student tenure on the British pattern in Canadian universities would be to give students a more privileged position than junior faculty members', Savage noted. British courts have

maintained there is a legally enforceable contract between the student and his college.

The contract is for the duration of the degree or diploma course - not on a year by year basis.

'It is a licence to allow the student to use the facilities of the university provided he respects its laws', Savage believes.

A similar system in Canada, it is argued, would lead to any student who is expelled having an absolute right to binding arbitration.

Savage refers to the many tenured professors 'dismissed for cause' each year who would rather resign than face a hearing and prophesies that the same situation would occur under a system of student tenure.

'Furthermore the experience of Victoria University might well suggest that it is inefficient to render arbitrary decisions without giving reasons or allowing the right to a proper hearing because the campus is certain to be thrown into turmoil by such patently unconstitutional acts.'

The university will probably never be a fully democratic institution, Savage says, the reason being that the taxpayer as well as the student and faculty has a legitimate say in the way universities function.

'But it can be a constitutional university and by that I mean, to quote a cliché, an institution of laws rather than men', he says.

'This report shows one method of ensuring that students will live under the rule of law', Savage ended.

## the un-election

In an election ignored last Friday by more than three-quarters of UVic students, RA Executive members Robert McDougall and David Climenhaga were elected to the Senate.

They replace Robert Higinbotham and Derry McDonnell whose terms expire this month.

A third contestant, Michael Hare, was beaten in his first AMS election bid.

Hare, a third-year student, is also a member of the campus

Young Conservatives.

In the only other position at stake, second-year student Terry Harris won out over Ian Armour to become Academic Affairs Chairman.

He accomplished his victory by piling up a two-to-one majority over Armour.

Harris has pledged to develop in size and scope the speaker programme at UVic.

He has said he will branch out from concern with 'politico-economic topics' to give attention to other areas of

interest.

David Climenhaga said last Sunday he intends to use his authority as a senator to 'cut bureaucracy to a minimum.'

'I would like to see student life made as easy as possible', he offered, saying he was interested in the function of Senate as a court of appeals for students.

Climenhaga thought it was important that registration

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# THE COMING SCENE



by Jim Murdy

All insertions in the Coming Scene must be received in the Martlet by noon Monday. Any copy received after this deadline will not be included.

The Strategy and Tactics Club is holding a games tournament in three classes: Diplomacy, Map Games, and Miniatures. (North Africa 1940-42).

interested members for the new. So, if you wish to learn to Square Dance, you must turn up this week. We still need more men. Come and meet some girls.

The Baha'i World Faith will have a fireside at 2:30 p.m. today in the SUB Boardroom. For information phone 384-5639.

**Thur** Oct., 26

**Fri** Oct., 20

LOVE STORY - directed by Arthur Hiller. One the most seen films of recent years, starring Ali McGraw and Ryan O'Neal. Shows are at 7:00 & 9:00 p.m. General admission is \$1.00, student admission is 75 cents. Shows are in MAC 144.

Register on Oct. 22 (9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.) and Oct. 24 (7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.) in Clubs Room A. The tournament will be held Oct. 29, 31, Nov. 5, 7 (and 14, 17 if necessary). Prizes will be awarded, and there is a small registration fee. Also, any persons interested in playing strategy games are invited to drop in at the time noted above.

**Mon** Oct., 23

There will be auditions for male actors for the Sam Sheperd play 'Melodrama Play' on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of this week. They will be held in Clubs Room A & B at 12:30 p.m. on these days. If you are interested in stage managing or back stage work please come along as well.

**Tues.** Oct., 24

Debate: 'The Glory that was Greece. Myth or Fact?' Dr. G. Shrimpton, Dr. P. Smith, Dr. A. Jenkins, Mr. G. Forbes. This is part of the Liberal Arts Programme of lectures held in ELL 168 from 1:30 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. All students welcome.

The German Club will have a Coffee House from 2:00 to 4:30 p.m. There will be coffee and cake. Admission will be 25 cents.

**Sun** Oct., 22

The UVic Judo Club will hold its first meeting from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. in P Hut. All students are welcome.

The UVic Square Dance Club is moving. We need more room, so weekly dances will now be held in the SUB Card Room every Sunday at 8:00 p.m. Admission is 75 cents per person. This is also absolutely the last night for new persons to come to their first dance. We can no longer afford to hold back

The Chinese Club will have an acupuncture lecture, film, and demonstration tonight from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. in ELL 168.

## Classified

Offer room and board to lady. Please call after 5 p.m. 592-3372.

\*\*\*  
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AT THE  
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OPENING: FRI. Oct. 20  
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By  
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Dig THAT nostalgia

**UVic Theatre presents**

**"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest"**

Phoenix Theatre  
October 26 thru November 4  
(including Sundays)

Tickets \$2  
Special Student Rate  
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Box Office Opens Oct 19

10am-4pm  
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MALES: YOU CAN EARN  
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FOR PARTICIPATING IN A 6-WEEK PHYSICAL ACTIVITY STUDY, JANUARY AND FEBRUARY OF NEXT TERM. "WORK OUT FOR PAY"

Volunteers will undergo an initial screening test. All those who qualify will participate in a 6-week program comprising one hour a day for 2 to 5 days a week of selected types of physical exercise. Measures of a number of physiological and psychological characteristics will be taken before and after the program. The study will be completed near the end of February.

Those wishing to volunteer must (1) be 19 to 30 years of age; (2) Not be engaged regularly in athletics or in a systematic routine of physical exercise; and (3) be free of any medical disfunction.

If you would like to be contacted about the study, please fill out one of the sign-up sheets, available in the Psychology Department office (Cornett 196) or attached to notices on various bulletin boards around campus. Those who sign up will be contacted within a week by phone, at which time further questions may be answered and, if you are willing to participate, appropriate arrangements will be made.

**SWIM PARTY**

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1972 CRYSTAL POOL  
9:20-11:15 p.m.  
Swimming open to Craigdarroch and Lansdowne College members on presentation of College Card. Guests accompanying members 50c admission. Please advise Craigdarroch College office your intention to go, in order that pool staff may be provided to proper numbers.

**CINECENTA FILMS**

Friday' October 20th ... 7:00-9:15  
Mac. 144 - Students: 75c  
changed from Saturday

# AMS Charters May be Back

The AMS may soon be back in the business of offering charter flights.

Negotiations are presently being carried out with a number of charter organizations to arrive at a formula for providing UVic students with cheap air travel within Canada and abroad.

'We hope by Christmas to be offering domestic flights to Toronto', says AMS Treasurer Paul Malnarich.

Organized travel for UVic students ceased when Western Student Services ended its operations during the summer.

The last flight sponsored by the AMS was from Vancouver to London on Sept. 13 when 38

Victorian students left in the cold by the demise of WSS took seats on a Simon Fraser University charter.

WSS is financially insolvent but does not plan to declare bankruptcy.

Rather than take that approach says Malnarich, the directors of the defunct travel organization 'are going to try to let the company wind down its affairs. The creditors will then get what they can from WSS which will probably be more than if bankruptcy is filed for.'

'It is sort of ludicrous for trust people to declare bankruptcy anyway', he said.

Malnarich was referring to

the way charter organizers handle money for flights.

He looked forward to the probability of planes carrying UVic students being flown to Europe next summer and said talks are going on currently with at least five charter companies.

'We are shopping around for the lowest possible price', he said.

Firms being dealt with include PWA, the Association of Student Councils in Toronto (AOSC) and Simon Fraser University.

The SFU flight organizer, Gerry Ruddick, handles arrangements for several community colleges in addition

to his own university.

Another possibility is that UVic will maintain its own charter flights unassisted.

Malnarich says this would be a more risky approach 'than joining an existing organization but would allow the AMS to make higher profits on air ticket sales.'

He said, 'an international carrier is entitled to sell seats to a travel agency at 5 percent profit. The agency can only sell the ticket once and that at 10 percent profit.'

He said further that the cost to an air carrier of transporting a passenger from Vancouver to England was \$113, and that

prices to UVic students for next year's flights would be in the range of \$125-135 or about \$10 less than last year.

More students flew to Europe from UVic on WSS charters this past summer than the year before.

Within WSS, 'UVic was the Number One travelling campus by far last year', said Malnarich.

'On some charters UVic outflow UBC', he said.

A number of students have asked the AMS about the likelihood of a charter jet being flown to Hawaii during the Christmas vacation.

No plans have been made for such a holiday in the sun.

## Opening of the Legislature

### and blah, blah, blah.

A View From the Top  
(of the Public Gallery, that is)  
by David Dendy

Just getting in to see it was troublesome. There are only about ninety seats in the public galleries anyhow, and for this session ten of them were blocked off by TV cameras.

The eighty person limit was filled up three hours before the sitting got under way. Large numbers of people had to be turned away.

Most of those waiting came prepared. Reading material varied from 'Male Magazine' to David Lewis' new book on the 'Corporate Welfare Bums', and the political opinions brandished in the many conversations were just as varied. Most of the people there, however, seemed to feel that the new government was a needed change, the frequent phrase being 'we'll see'.

Occasionally someone interesting walked by. Premier Barrett got applause even from the Sacreds in the crowd when he came by with his father on the way to lunch.

Finally the chosen few were allowed to get out of the wind and into the galleries. Sitting there, one listened to the chambers telling of the many sittings they have seen. It has been a long time since that rich, ornate style of woodcarving has been prevalent, and the Rubenesque nudes on the ceiling were certainly not put there by Mr. Bennett's populist administration.

But they have outlived it, and will outlive the new government. Men may change, but the institution lives on.

About 2:45 we saw the members wander in - at least we saw some of them. The public galleries were apparently added by the architect as an afterthought, and one cannot see the whole House from them.

There was a splendid view of the Opposition side - excepting, of course, those parts of it that could not be seen through a large pillar which is tossed in as an additional handicap to the occupants of the gallery.

Anyone terribly concerned with seeing the opening presumably stayed home and watched the TV.

But we heard everything perfectly.

So the sitting commenced with all the traditional pageantry and formality. The lieutenant-governor popped in and out as required to read the throne speech and call for the election

of a speaker.

The various bills mentioned in the speech were introduced and put on the order-paper. Then the motion was put that debate of the throne speech be given priority on the agenda.

Here the opposition showed what its tactics will evidently be throughout the session, as it threw in several amendments whose sole purpose was

obviously to delay and obstruct the government. If, as seems likely, these methods are continued, the passage and implementation of new legislation, such as the increases to pensions, will be slowed considerably.

Throughout the sitting, the behaviour of Mr. Bennett can only be described as petulant. He turned his back on the speaker, pointedly refused to

state his vote, and joked with fellow Sacreds during the reading of motions. Indeed, the Opposition as a whole seemed lacking in manners as they shouted at Government members and verbally abused the Speaker, who showed exemplary patience in dealing with them.

I cannot speak authoritatively of the conduct of the Government members, as I could not see

them, but certainly what they said showed more restraint and courtesy, although by the end of the sitting Premier Barrett began to sound rather exasperated. It is no wonder. Here is a man who wants to do something, but who knows he is going to be hindered all the way by the rude and unconstructive outbursts of aged children, who know they have lost but refuse to admit it.

### "They said it was old age pensioners day."

Shortly after the opening of the Legislature on Tuesday afternoon, the crowd of passers-by dispersed, leaving the usual stragglers behind.

In brief conversations with them it seemed that 'general' opinion of the new government was non-existent.

Below are some of the comments heard outside the Legislature on the opening day of the first NDP government session in B.C.:

'Everyone was waiting for Bennett'.

'I just didn't believe it when I heard the results. What I tell ya?'

A senior citizen who had missed the opening of the sessions for twenty years hailed two of his cronies: 'Filled up at nine o'clock.'

'Why I was on the bus coming from Nanaimo this morning. They said it was old age pensioners day.'

'Just look at the unemployment. And what's he going to do about it?'

'I heard that all married women'll be paid off. But the people won't stand for that. They'll be out on their ear.'

'Well it's a good thing. What we need is some young blood. Old fellas like you and me are

done for.'

'Now, just a minute. We're not done for till they push us in the face with a shovel. There were fellas like you and me who were all for this 40 years ago. But if you think everything is going to change overnight you're wrong. Any country can go only so far as it's economics will let it...'

'Now we're in for a Communist era boy. Once they take over car insurance there'll be no such thing as personal service. My brother-in-law has his own business and he's gonna be glad in a way. Just pass them on, take their number. No more late nights at work. It will be the public who will miss out.'

'We've been leading for this all along. I worked for CCF in Saskatchewan for over 35 years. When I first arrived in Swift Current I had to sleep on a mud bank. No beds. We've come a long way. Now we got a pretty good welfare state.'

'Well, what do you think, madam?'

'Oh, it ain't much.'  
After everyone else had gone, a group of American tourists still waited behind the white rope separating the Legislature grounds from Belleville St., waiting for another look at 'the guvener'.



**"Wanna see how my Legislature opens, baby?"**

## Parks are for people, not for perverts.

HUME

Recently the Victoria Parks Department held its regular committee meeting and a rather interesting point was brought up.

The point was referred to as the 'misuse' of Beacon Hill Park, particularly the section at lower Vancouver St. which is densely populated with bushes.

It seems that young couples have been using these bushes for things other than Sunday strolls, and it was thought that youths might possibly be using this area for consuming illicit drugs.

A motion was proposed to have the bushed section particularly at the bottom of Vancouver Street, trimmed.

It passed, the bushes at the bottom of Vancouver must be trimmed and perhaps everyone will now be given a better view of the goings on. Perhaps the youths will be stopped from misusing the park.

After all, parks are for people, not for sex perverts and drug addicts.

### cont'd from 11

sixteen courses, not including the auxiliary or peripheral courses.

The report admits 'the total number of courses offered in each area would depend upon the resources of individual universities, but a ratio close to the one presented here (46 Per cent) should be retained in order to provide a full and open program of offerings that is fair to the integrity of each area.'

# Martlet

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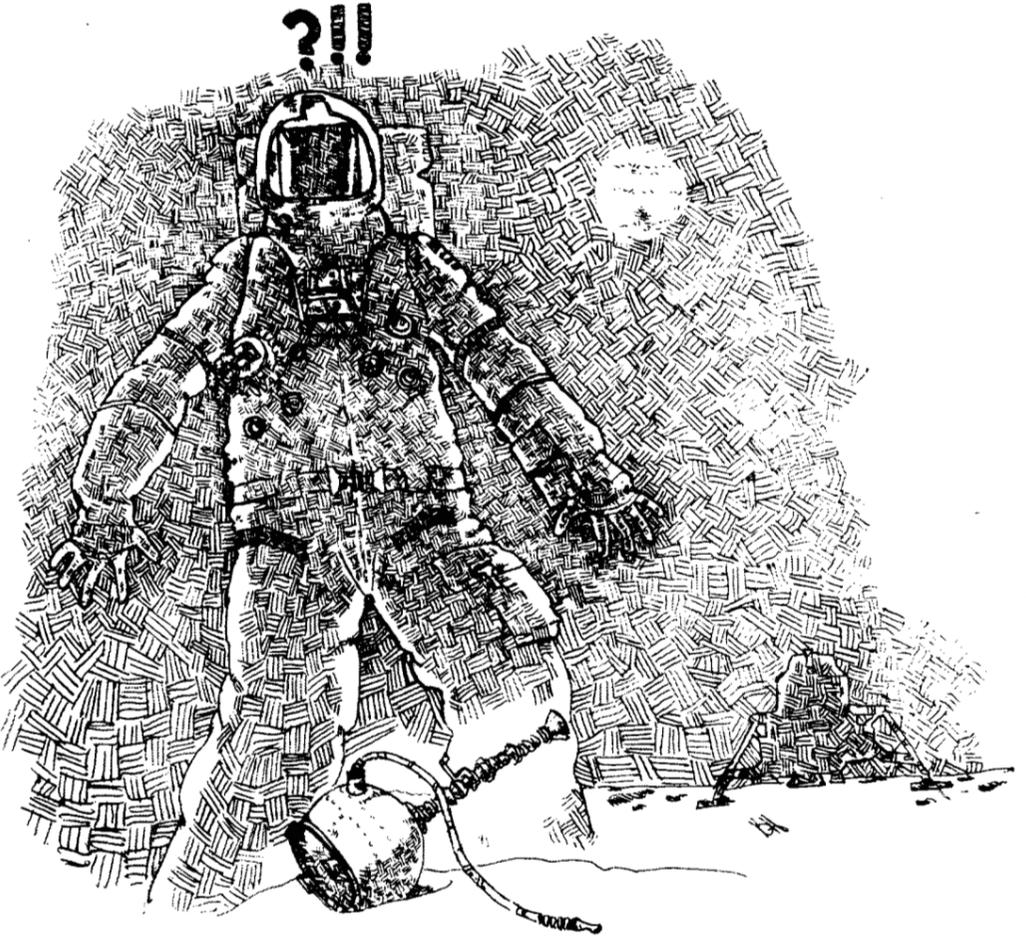
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## EDITORIAL

### No apology

I hope there isn't anyone who expects an apology for last week's Martlet because there isn't going to be one. Not that we're saying it was a good edition. It had too many advertisements and not enough news, it contained a play of questionable literary merit and it didn't discuss any issues of burning importance. In a way the editorial last week was an advertisement too, but it wasn't a false one. It merely described what students could expect in the near future unless they demonstrated an increased interest in what they read each Thursday and translated their interest into an active concern for the paper. There are other things we could have done though they wouldn't have illustrated the situation as well. We could have printed yet another plea for help. But after a while that becomes not only tiring but sickening for those who have to constantly ask. Last week's paper was intended as a kick in the balls and seems to have been taken for that by a fair percentage of the people on this campus. We received the anticipated nasty letters, some criticism which was both well-deserved and appreciated and a few new staff members. This last is what we were most pleased about. So although you wouldn't know it to look at it, the last Martlet was something of a success for us. We intend to keep on reporting news of student activities, folks, but we were serious when we said we would stop if students didn't appear to want it anymore. There are only so many ways silence can be interpreted and when you seek an interpretation and get only more silence there is only one meaning that can be attached to the quiet. Politically, that is to say in terms of political energy, UVic is not the place it was three years ago. To its detriment. The turnout at the student election last Friday was only 14 percent and we connect that fact with the problems we are facing. We don't know the reasons yet why students don't care anymore about campus government, about how their lives are controlled here and about how they can possibly allow 14 percent of their number to elect spokesmen for the rest. But it is certain that unless they are willing to participate in the management of their affairs, things are going to get a lot worse. Unless students start to care

Letters  
to us



and  
Through  
us

### Money waste

Dear Sirs:

I suppose the supreme justice of it is that no one cares any longer. We're still getting it in the ear, as hard as ever, but no one stands up and shouts any more. There may be justice in this, and a lesson for student governments, however, they've ripped us off till there's nothing left to rip off and now perhaps it will put them out of business. Lord, that we should be so lucky.

It's like fishing. If the fish doesn't fight its no fun pulling the poor bastard out of the water - unless you're REALLY hungry. Maybe student politicians are really hungry.

Every year the people who run student affairs at this school have put out the call for fresh little bureaucrats, and every year a new election rolled around with lots of them willing to lay down their study hours for the Cause. There were also people who didn't like bureaucracy who ran and were sometimes elected. They usually lasted one term. Bureaucrats last several.

The bureaucrats ran, and still run, student affairs their own way. If you sit in the SUB you get to hear music that is someone

else's idea of good music. No one ever asked students if they wanted musak in the SUB, it just turned up one day. Have you ever tried to study and listen to the Grateful Mothers, or whoever, grunting out the eleven o'clock news?

Student money, \$32 extorted from everyone at the start of each year, goes to finance a multitude of 'services' that no one ever uses. Sports that no one takes part in, a Student Union Building made uninhabitable by the aforementioned musak and the antics of unbearable student politicians, rules, regulations, and so on, and so on...

The whole nauseating thing was summed up the day the 'New Improved' SUB basement was opened. SUB managers, student leaders, and the like gathered to give the Grand Tour to smiling senior university bureaucrats and administrators. Students weren't allowed into the new cafeteria - 'don't touch anything,' a sign at the entrance proudly told students, 'you payed for it!' - until the administrators had finished looking it took them more than an hour.

While the students, the folks who payed, remember waited to eat they discovered the SUB upper lounge was also closed. 'Closed, Private Reception,'

proclaimed another sign. After the administrators had finished their grand tour they were treated to a free lunch by the students who were waiting to buy theirs from the society they finance. Catch-22. Needless to say, the free lunch was served in the upper lounge, closed, the sign reminded, to students. Justice be praised, that a few of us managed to sneak in and steal a very filling, and very good, I might add, lunch from the AMS. One speculates that if we'd been caught, we could have been arrested, tried, and hung. Why not? It was a Private reception.

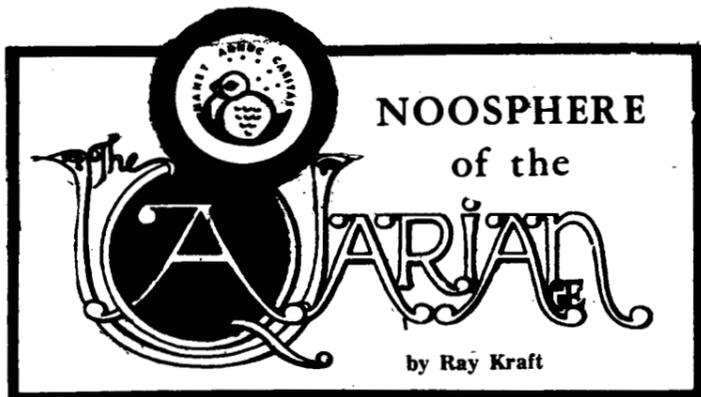
But the students don't care any more. The usual anti-bureaucrats didn't run for the Representative Assembly this year, so there aren't enough people to fill the RA. 'A constitutional crisis,' the politicians state gravely. And they talk of the 'death' of student government at UVic. Maybe when they throw the next election, nobody will come. Then there won't be anyone to run UVic's student government. No one to pay the hired managers and bureaucrats, nobody to turn on the musak, no one to take our money. No one.

Wouldn't it be nice.  
Love,  
Anasimander Clarke

again there may not be any student government next year. That possibility can be assessed as one likes but it should be realized that if it occurs there will be no student services, no student facilities, no Cinecenta, no SUB-Pub, no AMS clubs, no student-sponsored sporting events and no opportunity for students to be heard when they need to be heard. What happened to last week's Martlet could just as easily happen to any other part of the AMS and probably will. The effects may be felt very soon.

### Death

The Martlet would like to extend its condolences to the family of David W.E. Harris, who passed away last Sunday. Mr. Harris had been a student senator during the 1970-71 academic year and graduated from UVic in May 1971. His funeral was held on Tuesday.



## Young aids others while awaiting appeal

A 'social ombudsman service' is being operated in Campbell River by former high school principal John Young.

Young was fired by the local school board on Sept. 7 for 'neglect of duty'.

He is presently appealing the decision which led to his removal as head of Campbell River High School and expects to present his case before a Board of Reference in late November.

While waiting for action to be taken to reinstate him in the school district, he has opened SOS Young, a full-time free service available to anyone needing advice and assistance with social, employment or political problems.

'It is designed to help people cut through red tape', Young said Monday.

The exact date of his appeal has not been decided by his Vancouver lawyers.

'So I'm providing a socially useful service in the meantime', Young explained.

As a social ombudsman, Young receives no salary for his time and work.

He hopes that when his appeal is brought forward it will take place at a public meeting in Campbell River.

Young did not care to comment on the course of action he would take when he challenges the school board ruling.

'I'm not sure it could be defined in terms of an attacker-defendant situation', Young maintained.

He repeated an earlier statement that he was 'the first victim of Bill 3', a piece of Socred legislation outlining new regulations for the dismissal of school administrators.

Young said the NDP government had indicated it would rescind Bill 3 during a session of the Legislature early next year.

The Office of Education Minister Eileen Daily said Monday no public statements

have been made on removal of the restrictive law.

But during an interview Sept. 29, the Minister had said she was 'preparing legislation to repeal certain sections of Bill 3'.

Young said he had not had any communication 'or any reason to communicate' with the new provincial government or its members.

He said he is hopeful that the outcome of his appeal will be successful and that 'the School Board decision is not reflective of community attitudes.'

He was appreciative of support shown him by fifteen UVic professors in an October 12 letter protesting his firing.

Young concluded by saying, 'I hope that when amendments to the Public Schools Act are made, legislation will be brought in to make sure that teachers and students have rights consistent with basic principles of natural justice.'

### No. 7: An Invocation to a Convocation

Years after Cosmic Ray left the confines of the university circle and made his way into the 3d world mandala of the time continuum on the outer borders of awareness, he looked straight into the cave of Plato toward the centre that required no steel stake to mark its location, and imagined an invocation which he would have made if circumstances permitted. Naturally it took the form of a Chinese ode, and was a cultural medium through which he hoped to thaw the icy communication filters which the inhabitants of the modern Western World had so exquisitely perfected during the twenty centuries since Zero.

THE ODE TO WHOLENESS (FOR THE CHAIRMAN OF CHINA)  
Of the men who were my contemporaries I think always of the ones who remembered first the written and unwritten struggles leading to the perfection of virtues;

Who gave me the wholehearted treasures of their

spirit for safekeeping.

Even now, their names stir chords of consciousness that radiate as harmonic spirals of experience throughout my living demension;

Which, boundless inwardly to the atomic quick of existence and outwardly to the infinite planes of the transcendental spaces beyond all imagination, fires the darkness visible with the miraculous moments of split-second inspiration, and in restless anticipation of the fantastic freedoms, become at last the pure and clear expanses of light, the substance of the enchanted soul. I live now because those ones understood how we all live forever in heavenly h'sien.

And even though none of us ever reached the Blessed Isles to taste the magical herbs from the fabled three mountains, we partake of the leaves of the living word as brothers and do not see death.

I.O.U.

Internode Ordo Universalis  
Next Week: New Rituals

## More Letters

Sir:

It is evident that apathy has really gone the limit this time. Imagine a student newspaper with no student news!!!! If the same fate hadn't befallen nearly every other department in the AMS (in varying degrees), I might have found this surprising!

However, while I sympathize with you and deplore the fact that contributors feel little inclination to contribute to their newspaper, may I submit that perhaps the time has come to consider that far too much money is being devoted to the production of our paper. If indeed, the only contribution students wish to make is a financial one. Of course it goes without saying that the same can be said of several of the things to which students devote their dollars.

Frankly, though, I really feel that a newspaper which can offer only ads and literary works of dubious merit is in a pretty sad state.

As a student who values the \$32.00 AMS fee and a student leader who is appalled at the way the majority of students turn it over without even questioning how it is spent... may I wish you luck... at this rate none of us will be in business for long (and maybe we don't deserve to be!).

Sincerely,  
Linda Flavelle  
Intramural Athletic  
Chairman  
AMS

### new game

Dear Editor,  
Here's something I'd like to share with you and your readers.

Want to do something new next time friends get together? Make beautiful music together. All you need is two people, a four foot string, a knife (or similarly

shaped utensil), and an oven rack.

Place the string through the oven rack at any corner. While holding one end of the string in each hand, wind the ends two or three times around your pointer fingers. Now, lean forward until the oven rack is swinging freely, away from your body. Put your pointer fingers in your ears and have a friend strum the oven rack with the knife.

Try variations. Have someone use his fingers to hold the oven rack in your ears, and you strum. Get stereo with two people sharing two strings and two oven racks.

Les Rose  
46 Braemar Ave.,  
Toronto 7, Ont.

### sour

The Editor of the Martlet;  
Dear David:

In your last Martlet you complained of a 'serious' shortage of staff. Not, as they say, bloody surprising.

In fact the only interesting thing about last week's paper was the front cover. I'll resist the temptation to call it a 'poster front' for the moment. The picture of the gentleman -- one of your staffers, I believe -- sitting on the toilet got me thinking. See, I might even be willing to have a picture taken of me like that for circulation to a select group of, say, twenty or thirty friends. But I wouldn't have five or six thousand copies of it printed up on the front page of a newspaper and left in a public place.

Now this thought gave me an idea, rather than wasting \$10,000 or whatever on your other wise rather deficient newspaper, after all anyone can buy a collection of R. Crumb cartoons for a dollar downtown,

Dear John Young:

We wish to express our deep concern and great disappointment with your dismissal as principal of Campbell River Senior Secondary School. Social change, educational change, and the needs of people, especially children, require dedicated, forceful, and illuminating leadership such as you have provided. By your fine example, you have made an outstanding contribution to the professional development of our students in the Faculty of Education. We hope that our students, like you, John Young, will be guided by their conscience to do what they believe is right for their students. Schools exist for STUDENTS, not for politicians, civil servants, teachers, janitors, or even parents. Your dismissal represents one of the worst cases of denial of the

rights of students.

Your school has been a lighthouse for education not only in this Province but throughout Canada and beyond. It would be a black day for education if that light were finally extinguished.

As is too often the case, expressions of this kind come after the fact and for this we are also sorry.

This letter is the collective expression of the personal opinions of the undersigned and is not to be construed as representative of either the Faculty of Education or the University of Victoria.

We wish you well in the future and hope that you remain undaunted and successful in your appeal.

Yours sincerely,  
John Downing, Professor  
Ron Tinney, Assistant

Victoria Organizing  
Committee for the Canadian  
Liberation Movement

It was Mr. Perly who told us the NDP were opposed to the quota. It's his error, not ours.  
- ed. note.

### protest

Dear Martlet:  
I would like to protest your extensive use of reprinted articles in the Martlet. At a cost to the students, of what I

Professor

Les Peake, Assistant  
Professor

Kerry Quorn, Visiting  
Lecturer

Geoff Potter, Lecturer  
Roger Ruth, Associate  
Professor

R. Vance Peavy, Associate  
Professor

Donald W. Knowles,  
Associate Professor

T. D. Johnson, Assistant  
Professor

J. E. Smith, Director of  
Student Teaching

James Ward, Associate  
Professor

John Cawood, Assistant  
Professor

John F. Hall, Associate  
Professor

A. Richard Kind, Associate  
Professor and Assistant to the  
Dean of Education

Margaret McHugh, Assistant  
Professor

believe to be \$50.00 per page, I do not believe that a sufficient number of students read these articles to warrant their use. David J. Purser

The total production costs last week were \$33.00 a page. However, due to the amount of advertising in the October 12 edition, the Martlet made a net profit in excess of \$100.00.

- ed. note

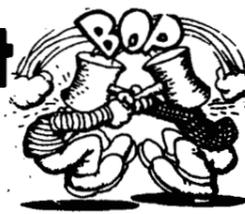
### error

Dear Martlet:  
In your interview with Gary Perly, Chairman of the Canadian Liberation Movement, you quoted him as including the NDP with some other groups, such as the Young Socialists and the Communist Party of Canada, who are against the 85 percent quota for Canadian Professors in Canadian universities. This is an error, the NDP has not come out against the 85 percent quota.

Gary Perly and myself went to your editor and asked him to correct this error, but he has refused to do so.

Patrick Newton

**Martlet Staff Meeting**  
in the 4:00 p.m.  
**Boardroom**



**the Villager shoe shoppes**  
**CREPES ARE IN.**

**Thick Crepe Sole and Heel in Black or Brown Leather**

**Only \$33.99**

**VICTORIA**  
1324 Douglas

**VANCOUVER**  
776 Granville-Adam's Apple Boutique  
435 W. Hastings 542 Granville St  
and Guildford Town Centre

**2000's  
2000's  
For Beautiful Women**

"Design and Word Trade Marks" in Canada of the Villager Shoe Shoppes Ltd."

# Ontario fee strike

TORONTO(CUP)-- Ontario students have voted overwhelmingly to withhold their second term fee installment if the provincial government maintains its tuition increases.

Seventy-six percent of students who paid only their first installment voted to support the fee boycott in January if negotiations between the government and the Ontario Federation of Students (OFS) are unsuccessful.

And 90 percent of the students voting supported the OFS demands for a repeal of the fee increase and a return of the loan portion of student awards to \$600 from \$800.

But the OFS executive appeared to be hedging on whether to go through with the boycott campaign.

OFE will not consider a fee strike, secretary-treasurer Eric Miglin said, until student leaders bring the results to their respective campuses. Each campus will decide on its own whether or not to withhold fees. Student council leaders will then meet to plan an overall provincial action, Miglin said.

Miglin is also president of the University of Toronto students council.

Indications are OFS lacks the determination to go through with a serious confrontation with the provincial government, and may be looking for a way out. They may point to the approximately 50 percent turnout and say this does not indicate sufficient student support for the action.

But compared to past campus elections, turnout for the referendum was heavy, on most campuses between 35 and 50 percent.

At Queen's University where campus turnouts usually range from 30 to 40 percent, some 60 per cent of eligible students cast their ballots. Similar large turnouts were run up at U of T,

University of Western Ontario, and Laurentian University in Sudbury.

Seldom is a U of T turnout more than 25 percent.

Disappointing turnouts of about 15 percent were reported at Carleton University, where the student council is in a shambles and at the University of Waterloo, where student council president Terry Moore resigned Oct. 11 because of lack of co-operation from students in helping to organize the referendum.

The most resounding majorities in favor of the second term fees boycott were recorded at Queen's and at York's semi-autonomous York College.

Trent University in Peterborough was the only school to vote against the fees boycott.

Part-time students at the University of Toronto, who turned out in small numbers, also voted against the fee boycott.

Also approved overwhelmingly in the OFS-sponsored referendum was a call for a total fees boycott next year, if the government increases tuition again.

The results come in the wake of a statement by Ontario's new Minister of Colleges and Universities on Oct. 10 that tuition fees would not rise against next year.

Speaking at the University of Toronto, John McNie said he also did not expect the loan portion of Ontario student awards to rise either.

He defended this year's increase (\$100 for undergrads and up to \$392.50 for graduates) and said 'Government commitment over the past 10 years has been to accessibility.'

**cont'd over**

# WANTED

\*\*\*\*\*

**Knowledgeable, Intelligent, Forceful And Articulate Students To Participate In A Public Debate With Members Of The**

## BRITISH DEBATING TEAM

**Please Contact Terry Harris, ACADEMIC AFFAIRS, Russell Freethy, President.**

**in the Student Union Building.**

## YOU DO MOVE DON'T YOU?

### Meditation in Motion

**Second of four talks with Paul Reps**

**Our juices congeal when we don't move softly.**

**This may well be the most important session of functional self-research in the history of your world.**

**Do you deserve an evening of experiencing?**

**MacLaurin 111, 8 p.m.**  
**Oct. 23, Nov. 27, Dec. 18**  
**Students \$1.00 Others \$2.50**

cont'd from 6

But he later admitted 'I don't think there's any question the fees increase has had an effect on graduate and undergraduate enrollment.'

Former New Democratic Party provincial education critic Walter Pitman attacked McNie, charging that fees increases 'are definitely a deterrent, especially to those students of lower incomes.'

Emphasis on loans 'does not mean that education will be more accessible,' he said.

U of T president John Evans agreed, saying that fees hikes and lower grant portions of awards are 'real deterrents to attendance at post-secondary institutions. The groups affected already have the lowest

rates of participation.'

McNie replied that it probably was a good thing for people to have to contribute to the costs of their education. He remarked facetiously that 'a lot of young people are finding out what risk capital is' this way.

McNie also said that Canada's standard College and University entrance exam should be scrapped. He charged that the Service for Admission to College and University (SACU) tests 'depersonalizing the education system...and inhibiting entrance.'

He hoped that post-secondary educational institutions would remove SACU as an entrance requirement, and devise a better system.

# Grad Senator

Sheena Wilkinson was elected last Friday as the new Grad Student Senator. She defeated John Edwards by a vote of 70 to 19.

Wilkinson replaces David

Dunsmuir who has served on Senate for the past year.

The total of 89 voters represents 30 percent of those eligible to take part in the election.

# Hut Removal

## Time Running Out?

by Gregg Faddegon

The army huts on Campus are with us for a while yet. They are now serving in such varied capacities as offices, classrooms, a theatre and entire departments.

The Bacteriology and Biochemistry Department occupies four wings, sprawling, in part, outside the area of University jurisdiction.

These huts were built here years ago on virgin land when the boundaries were not signified, when there was no University of Victoria and an extra foot or so of land occupied by army huts mattered to no one.

Several of the other huts, including the Theatre also extend partially onto Saanich property. However, the violation of zoning allowances is not now an issue with Saanich, which at the moment has no intention of pushing the trespassing

buildings from their foundations. Neither does the University have immediate plans for hut removal but is concentrating its efforts on maintaining a friendly relationship with the Municipality.

The real problem with the huts is their inadequacy. Campus Developer, Ian Campbell, admits that there was a non-written agreement with Saanich which stated that something would have to be done with the huts by 1972.

All huts were to be removed, used only for non-human occupancy or renovated to National Building Code Specifications.

Although major alterations have been done to Hut O, it is still not considered to be adequate. In fact, of all the huts the only one conforming to present standards is the Gymnasium which will probably

stay around for a long time.

As long as Saanich is not aroused, the buildings will be gradually removed at the convenience of the University, thereby allowing time to build new substitutes for them. The only limiting factor here is money. A University Centre would take the burden off many of these buildings but at the moment the Centre is just an idea and no detailed planning has been done (although the principle of the Centre has been approved).

This complex could not be built, in any case, for at least two years.

The planned Phys-Ed complex will be up for tender this year and P Hut will be removed upon completion of the project. Campbell hopes to see huts beginning to disappear within a year and a programme developed for their continuous replacement until they have all been removed.

AMS Activities Presents

# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



## 1939

## 1973

Oct. 25 12:30 SUB Lounge  
MIND MYSTICS Students Free

9:00 pm Mac. 144

### ANCIENT & MODERN MAGIC

Students 50c Public \$1.00

Mandrake began his career as a professional magician in 1927. Within 20 years he was ranked with the Greats of Magic, Thurston, Houdini, Alexander and Blackstone. He had a full stage show with 21 assistants and illusions from around the world. In 1950 Alexander (world's greatest mentalist) sold his name and show to Mandrake, his young contemporary. Mandrake, then under the name of Alexander became a renown mentalist as well as Mandrake, the famous magician. He was used by the Psychic Research Society for the most difficult cases of psychic phenomena. He spent a great deal of his own time and money investigating psychics, haunted houses, and supernatural happenings. In 1967 he did his final magic tour in the Orient, where he began writing his memoirs. In 1970 he began a most successful career giving lecture demonstrations to North American students.



presents

# THE YOUTH CONCERT SERIES

LASZLO GATI CONDUCTOR

Tuesday, October 31, 1972  
BOYDE HOOD, TRUMPET

Tuesday, February 20, 1973  
BELA SIKI, PIANO

Tuesday, November 21, 1972  
NARCISO YEPES, GUITAR

Tuesday, March 20, 1973  
RICKI TUROFSKY, SOPRANO

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL  
7:30 p.m. 4 Concerts \$6.00

## DANCE

Sat. Oct. 21  
9pm to 1am  
Commons Block



A.M.S. \*1.25 Guests \$1.75

Full Facilities

MADMAN SLEEPY JOHN

from Vancouver

from Victoria

M M Martinelli

Advance tickets only! Available at S.U.B.

One guest per A.M.S. Member

Guests must show proof of age.

# Socialized Sexism



Medical schools and the medical profession - B.C.'s being no exception - have always been bastions of male supremacy.

This article on the medical profession's role in sex socialization is extracted from A WOMEN'S HEALTH BOOKLET, published this summer by the collective effort of many women at A WOMAN'S PLACE in Vancouver.

The project was funded by LIP and OFY grant money. One of the many people taking part in the work was a member of the Martlet staff who also participated in the writing of the booklet.

## Gynecology Textbooks

One would think that gynecology textbooks, not to mention the lectures of individual professors, would provide a calm, unprejudiced view of women patients. This is unfortunately not the case: authors of medical textbooks are as likely as anyone else to include their personal biases as if they were scientific truths.

A random sampling of available textbooks from the Biomedical Branch Library at Vancouver General Hospital revealed the following shortcomings;

- 1) It is assumed that all gynecologists are men.
- 2) There is little or no mention of how to put a patient at her ease.
- 3) Women are attacked for being uncontrollably emotional and most complaints are assumed to have strongly psychogenic overtones.
- 4) Women are attacked for being foolish, undependable and untrustworthy.
- 5) Women are attacked for being dirty and immoral.
- 6) Dysmenorrhea is simultaneously described as a widespread, troublesome problem and as a neurosis which deserves no treatment.
- 7) Menopause is similarly treated.
- 8) Discussions about sex reveal ignorance, discredited anatomical and psychological ideas, and weird moralisms.
- 9) Women are attacked for being masochists.
- 10) Women are attacked for wanting abortions.

A large component of the above attitudes is the women's guilt.

Women are made to feel guilty, not only for having cramps or pregnancies but even for wanting regular checkups!

"a patient, either out of curiosity or because she is a nymphomaniac, comes in for gynecological examination."

-from a gynecology textbook 1952.

While the occasional

gynecology text emphasizes kindness to patients, few mention such courtesies as warming the speculum, and most ignore such topics entirely. Any women who has felt embarrassed and humiliated lying on the examination table knows what help a little kindness and gentleness can be sometimes.

Women are assumed in these textbooks to be neurotic individuals, always complaining about pain or tension for no reason. Dysmenorrhea (painful periods) is especially bothersome to the gynecologist as is premenstrual or menopausal tension.

One text even suggests that "Most gynecologists consider that there is a strong emotional component in the genesis of trichomoniasis, but this has not yet been clarified".

If it ever is clarified, it is certain to revolutionize the thinking of those who used to think spontaneous generation was impossible!

One text, however, warns against a diagnosis of psychogenic illness until all organic causes have been ruled out. It relates the story of a woman who had unusual pain and tachycardia, which the G.P. attributed to neurosis. The relatives insisted on a second opinion and the consulting doctor recognized the symptoms of ectopic pregnancy. By the time they reached the patient's home, the tube containing the pregnancy had ruptured.

Women are portrayed as ignorant and foolish. One text says, "Many are extraordinarily careless about the dates of menstruation and keep no records. If reliable information on these matters is wanted, ask the husband." (!)

Anyone who had ever actually had a menstrual period would know the pointlessness of keeping 'truly accurate records'. The only reason to do so would be to avoid the scorn of a gynecologist, and it simply isn't worth the trouble. And anyone who actually had a husband would know how reliable his information on 'these matters' is.

"If every husband were a gynecologist in the widest sense we should see fewer clinical problems, and if every gynecologist were a husband and a father of girls he might be better fitted for his work."

from a gynecology textbook, 1967

"Perhaps it is not too ridiculous a quibble to suggest that if every woman were a gynecologist in the widest sense, and if every gynecologist were a woman and a mother, the situation might be even better."

Kirsten Emmott

When it comes to a discussion of sex, these textbook writers reveal ignorance of female genitalia and their functions, pass on outdated information on female sexuality, and make moralistic judgements about women.

## Thanks to Sue Wetmore

"An important feature of sex desire in the man is the urge to dominate the woman, subjugate her to his will: in the woman acquiescence to the masterful takes a high place."

from: a gynecology textbook, 1967



In for a particularly bad time are prostitutes and women who want abortions; also in trouble are women who masturbate or high school women who want birth control---they may instead be given drugs or other treatment to 'cure' them of these desires.

Doctors are not unaware that a poor doctor-patient relationship may contribute to poor success in treatment. Yet they seem to be even more concerned about annoyances for doctors caused by unhappy patients.

One book written "to guide physicians in their management of the doctor-patient relationship" refers in the forward to patients as behaving "stupidly, childishly, mean - always ready to put the doctor in a bad spot."

It explains that with better patient management (sic) "patients will behave more maturely and will be more appreciative and cooperative" and there will be a reduction in "the unearned incidence of dissatisfied patients quitting the doctor, failing to pay his fees, bringing malpractice suits, and generally gossiping and causing trouble".

## Medical Journal Advertising

Doctors are constantly receiving publications, samples, even free gifts from companies engaged in selling medicines and medical equipment. A tremendous amount of space in medical

journals is devoted to such advertising, mainly from the large Pharmaceutical firms.

If one looks through recent issues of medical journals with special attention to how women are portrayed in drug company advertising, one will come away with the following general impressions:

1. Women are portrayed as patients more often than men are.
2. Women are often portrayed with hostility or contempt.
3. Advertisements for psychotropic drugs usually portray women, not men.
4. Women's problems, especially as portrayed in psychotropic drug advertisements, are shown as neuroses rather than as problems amenable to social solutions.
5. Women's bodies, nude or partly clothed, are used to decorate advertisements.
6. All doctors portrayed in advertisements are men.
7. Advertisements are aimed at men, especially those inviting the reader to respond to sexual innuendo.

For a quick impression of the sexism behind drug company advertisements, here are the partial results of a survey of the advertisements in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* over a period of six months (July 18 - December 5, 1971):

	Ads Showing	
	Females Only	Males Only
Total	72	42
-anxious or depressed	19	2
-bitchy, dullwitted	5	1
-nude or in underwear	13	0

A survey of eight consecutive issues of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* (Sept. - Dec. 1971) showed that about a quarter of the women were portrayed in a distinctly unfavorable light.

The large number of women shown smiling were nearly all in advanced pregnancy, and were advertising such things as vitamin supplements. Most were wearing very short skirts or were otherwise seductively posed.

(In the same survey there were 18 advertisements for vaginitis cures. Of these, seven offered the drugs recommended in the Medical Letter handbook of antimicrobial therapy, and in medical student lectures, for the conditions described. The rest offered ineffective and obsolete remedies.)

The consumption of mood-changing drugs by North Americans is extremely high, and they are taken by twice as many women as men.

In advertisements in medical journals, doctors are told that the answer to the "tired housewife" syndrome is to drug

the patient---her problems may not lessen, but at least she won't come back so often.

Dr. Robert Sidenberg, clinical professor of psychiatry, at New York State University at Syracuse, states in *Mental Hygiene* (Jan. 1971) that such ads are not psychiatrically sound nor medically ethical.

The drug industry openly acknowledges the enslavement of women, he says, when they show a woman behind bars made of mops and brooms. Another advertisement pictures a woman who, we are told, has an M.A. degree but who must now be content with the PTA and housework. This, we are advised, contributes to her gynecological complaints, and she should be given mood-altering drugs.

Surely the doctor could "set her free" by, say, getting her a day care centre and a job. He could get the father of these troublesome children to look after them, or to do some of the housework.

He could stop thinking that all single women are psychoneurotic failures, and that marriage is the only goal in life for women. He could agitate for better career opportunities for women and better pay for the jobs they do, so that they could find satisfaction there. He could stop drugging women into adjusting to a bad deal.

Even worse are the advertisements in which doctors are invited to drug women simply because they are bothersome. A distraught, angry man exclaims: "Women are impossible!". They copy explains that his wife is suffering from premenstrual tension and needs meproamate.

An insomniac in curlers keeps her husband awake. "How can this shrew be tamed?" Why, with sleeping pills. Another must be tranquilized because she demands too much of the doctor's time.

Worst of all are ads for estrogen replacement. Copywriters really go to town on the supposed "witches' curse" (an actual phrase used) of the menopause.

An ad for Premarin shows a long-suffering bus driver with the caption "he is suffering from estrogen deficiency". We turn the page to see "she is the reason why" under a picture of a harrassing menopausal bus passenger who "makes life miserable for everyone she comes in contact with."

Another Premarin ad shows a kindly gentleman interrupted at his morning paper. This time "the reason why" is his wife, whom we see on the next page, in curlers and robe, teeth gritted, finger pointed, and glaring at her husband.

In contrast, a quite unusual advertisement, from an eight-page supplement about men and their chances of getting coronary heart disease, shows a

man being obnoxious and troublesome in a restaurant. The copy says, "Pattern Type A is an aggressive individual who must assert himself as one who deserves recognition and good service, whether from fellow-workers or a waiter. Pattern Type A has been associated with a significantly higher incidence of CHD as compared to other patients with the same coronary risk factors".

His behaviour is not offered as sufficient cause for treatment with hormones or psychotropic drugs, as is so often the case where women are portrayed in this way.

Needless to say, drug companies do not much care how women feel about their advertisements so long as doctors keep prescribing what is offered.

The situation will change only when women force doctors to supply safe, effective treatment based on verifiable evidence and not advertising innuendo.

### Women as Physicians

Only 7 per cent of Canada's doctors are women. In the United States the percentage is 9 per cent; in India, 12 per cent; Phillipines, 25 per cent; Western Europe, 13 to 20 per

cent; Eastern Europe, 30 per cent; Soviet Union, 65 per cent.

Medical schools have historically discriminated against women. An article by Harold Kaplan, M.D., in the *New Physician* described a study of attitudes in North American medical schools to women. Over 95 per cent of the schools in the U.S. and Canada responded to this survey.

As his first conclusion, Kaplan states that a significant number of schools were very negative about single or married women (what other kinds are there?) in medicine: "... while no school in the United States overtly or officially refuses to accept women, prejudice does seem to manifest itself by refusing medical school admission to



conflict they themselves des cribe. "...we would not admit students where there is likely to be a conflict between two jobs; that is, the academic pursuit and the responsibility of looking after a family...there is no discrimination against women students, there are certainly no special privileges for them. We have several women

married women with or without children, schools being very unimpressed with single women as medical students, or simply by the administration of a school being uninterested in adapting to the unique problems women have."

Kaplan found that some schools are ambivalent in their attitudes toward women, pregnancy and medicine; while they deny any problem exists, or avoid facing it, they make special provisions for this "nonexistent" problem when it occurs. He describes the University of B.C. as a classical example of avoiding facing the

medical students who have children but they carry on exactly the same as any other medical student."

"Let me say here that I consider this absolutely wrong. Where marriage and childbirth are concerned, women (especially young women) are special and deserve not rigid equality but special privileges. We demand this in the same spirit that black people have demanded special financial terms to build up their businesses, improve their ghettos, and desegregate their schools: to equalize opportunity."  
Kirsten Emmott

Some medical schools allow schedules to be juggled somewhat to suit the students. While this makes it slightly easier for a woman medical student to have children while in school, in many schools such women return to the full academic schedule in from three days to two weeks- too short a recovery period, and potentially dangerous to the woman's health.

The reason they return so soon is that "there has been no provision made for their absence and they fear that they will lose the academic year's credit if they stay out longer".

In fact, female medical students do quite well. In 1970, 19.7 per cent of women students were in the top 10 per cent of their classes. While 15 per cent of women in U.S. schools in recent years dropped out as compared to about 8 of men, only 18 of those leaving for non-academic reasons had children.

Often women interested in a career in medicine are shuffled into "light" (read: low-pay, low-prestige) work to become paramedics, such as dental assistants and contraceptive technologists.

Women doctors are heavily concentrated in pediatrics, obstetrics, radiology, and general practice.

Rarely do women enter such high-prestige fields as neurosurgery. It is open to question whether these jobs are considered "more suitable for women" because they are lower in prestige, or vice-versa.

In spite of the lack of arrangements for childbirth or childcare, women medical school graduates manage to do

quite well in their practice. In a survey of the graduates of seven medical schools between 1945 and 1951, 91 per cent of the respondents (all women) were practising. Ninety percent of the married women were practising. All the single women practised full time.

A 1967 survey reported that 88 per cent of the 17,000 women doctors in the U.S. took off an average of four years from practice because of pregnancy and motherhood. They calculated that the nation therefore lost 25,440 years of practice. (!) By this logic, since women live an average of 7 years longer than men, the U.S. would gain 119,000 extra years of practice just from these women physicians--at that rate, why not have all doctors women?

Medical school prof: "So how do you like medical school?"

Female med student: "I love it."

Prof: "Are you going to practise?"



# One Surplus Bookstore

Within the university community the UVic bookstore has been a constant source of criticism. Students complain that it offers no viable alternative to downtown bookshops, and that the high prices of their texts are becoming increasingly unrealistic compared to the amount of their use.

Faculty charge that the bookstore management cuts back their test book orders and as a result students often wait weeks for a basic class text.

Each May, Heads and Chairmen of departments are responsible for providing the bookstore with the names of required texts for each course, and an estimate of student enrollment in each class. With the sharp decline in university students over the last three years these enrollments have often turned out to be completely unrealistic. The result is an overstocking of basic textbooks by the bookstore.

A study completed 1st April by Trudy Martin, the Bookstore Manager showed that in one department the number of unsold books amounted to 59 percent of the total order. The lowest percentage was 25 percent. In other words the bookstore had nearly \$190,000. worth of surplus books.

Despite the fact that during 1970-71 the Bookstore cut back on no book orders some students still had to wait months before seeing their texts. This year 'I have used my judgment' in

ordering required books, Martin says.

While Science orders are usually filled as requested, the case is not always the same for Arts and Education courses. Often students will buy these text requirements through the AMS exchange or through private sales.

This becomes increasingly apparent in large survey courses, where books are not usually kept after the end of the term. As a result, the Bookstore according to Martin has an 'absolutely disastrous surplus' of English texts.

In some courses however, especially higher level ones, bad judgment is apparent and there is a shortage of required books. How long students will have to wait to see them is unknown.



According to Martin most textbooks are published by American firms who maintain Canadian agencies. The Bookstore is forced to deal through an agency; they are not allowed to purchase directly from the U.S. if the firm has a distributor in Canada. These Canadian outlets received all their text orders

from universities during one part of the year and as a result are often sold out of stock. Sometimes it is months before they receive new supplies.

unused books. Many set a 20 percent limit on the amount they will take back. Others impose penalty charges or flatly refused to accept over stocked books at all.

The Bookstore must pay freight and brokerage charges for all books they return. Martin estimated it costs nearly one hundred dollars to send back sixty unused books.

In many cases Faculty aggravate the situation. They place a large book order in May and in December decide not to use the text. Professors have also been known to give students long lists of books to buy that have never been ordered from the Bookstore.

A constant problem is that often a specific editor or translation is demanded. Orders must then be placed for new books even though the Bookstore may have three other editions of the same work in their basement.

This three way lack of communication between faculty, students and the Bookstore may mean the end of the textbook discount. The surplus book situation is so bad that Martin believes it is impossible for the discount to last more than another year.

At the moment students receive 10 percent off books purchased in Canada and 2

percent on those that must be bought in New York. Last year a total of 320,000 books were sold and the discount on these was \$32,000.

That the book store was losing money selling texts became obvious last April when their inventory increased 50 percent over and above the year before. The only reason said Martin, that the store has managed to pay its way, is that their sale of supplies such as paper and writing goods has increased.

Even so it has been heavily subsidized by the university.



Last summer the Campus Shop opened across from the main store. A wide variety of basic supplies are now sold there, as well as gift cards and clothing. Some items though will probably not be sold much longer as they are uneconomical to carry.

The Bookstore is 'teetering on the brink' of no longer selling records as they cannot offer low prices to students. All recordings are purchased through one outlet and as a result there is a sharp markup. In some cases prices are as much as two dollars higher than what would be paid elsewhere. Martin was unwilling to talk

### Frieda Lockhart

about the theft rate except to say that supplies disappear more often than books, as they are easier to hide. The Bookstore's total loss to theft is described as 'miniscule' but 'steadily rising', and a store detective was hired in September.



While they do not actively promote UVic publications, the Bookstore usually has a good display of faculty works. The most obvious belong to Robin Skelton, but Martin admits that 'his books don't often sell up to his expectations.'

Despite the economic reasons for the Bookstore's problems, it is apparent that many students prefer to buy their textbooks elsewhere. An often bitter complaint is that the Bookstore will only pay students half price for their used books no matter how good a condition they are in.

The result is that many people deal through the AMS book exchange each September where they can demand their own prices. Other books are sold privately or through notices attached to bulletin boards.

Works such as dramas and translations can usually be

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cont'd from 9

purchased in cheaper editions off-campus.

The bookstore staff pose another problem. Complaints are often heard that they are unfriendly and not willing to give help when asked.

Over the years a number of disgruntled students have suggested taking over the Bookstore as an AMS service. This however would also mean taking on any liabilities incurred. Nothing has ever come of the proposals.



## Unelection

cont'd from 1

procedures and the operation of the MacPherson Library 'be made more human'.

Other points Climenhaga made were that the Senate should be, as he termed it, 'the supreme body of the University, rather than the Board of Governors', that the Senate should appoint students to the BOG and that less business should be conducted secretly.

'I am most definitely opposed to using Senate in-camera sessions the way Partridge did', Climenhaga said.

He claimed the former UVic president had abused the function of the Senate's private meetings to carry out personal attacks.

Climenhaga had some harsh words for the student council and said that more than ever before it was necessary for students to have good representation on Senate.

'I think the Executive and the RA have shown their impotence. The Executive hasn't done its job', he said.

Climenhaga exempted AMS President Russell Freethy from his criticism of the council.

It was the second charge of bad government made against the RA within a week.

At the October 11 Senate meeting, Derry McDonnell had introduced a motion condemning

the AMS Executive for its handling of the upcoming student election.

He alleged that those responsible for managing the election of his successors were being childish by doing a poor job of publicizing the platforms of candidates.

McDonnell's motion was tabled but the proof of his argument would seem to have been borne out by the figures below.

Fewer than one third as many students voted this year as showed up at the polls last fall.

# Commons Dance Policy Tightens

Due to misuse of Commons Block facilities, a new admissions policy has come into effect for all functions held within the building.

The new regulations, adopted Monday by AMS, Colleges and Administration officials, seek to ensure tighter control of attendance at Commons events.

Effective immediately, the following changes have been made:

1. An AMS card, Faculty-Staff card or guest pass is mandatory for admission to a function.

2. Each AMS and Faculty-Staff card holder is permitted

only one guest at each dance.

3. A guest pass must be obtained by the AMS or Faculty-Staff card holder no later than 4 p.m. on the day of a dance or other entertainment. Both the name of the guest and the card holder (host) shall be taken at the time the pass is issued and each card holder must assume responsibility for his or her guest.

4. A guest must be accompanied at the door by his or her host and will be admitted to the dance by presenting the guest pass and identification showing age. The only

acceptable form of identification will be an I.D. card with a picture on it. If there is a banquet permit in effect, guests must be of majority age.

5. Normally, if a patron who is admitted leaves the dance he or she will not be permitted to re-enter.

Paul Malnarich, AMS Treasurer and Chairman of the committee which drew up the restrictions said they were necessary because of 'control problems at the beginning of the year'.

Organizers of Commons events have been plagued in the

past by the presence at dances of underage patrons, particularly high-school students.

Further changes are that a maximum of 600 people will be allowed to attend a dance and that no advertising for an event be permitted off-campus.

This will mean that a past policy of making announcements on the entertainment pages of downtown newspapers will be ended.

Any campus organization will be permitted to sponsor a function but must have AMS approval.

If the Administration believes that regulations governing

operation of the Commons Block are being misused or are likely to be, it has the power to request that a particular function not be held.

This is the second time in a year that the managers of the Commons Block have announced a get-tough admissions policy. Last fall a similar regulations were announced but later rescinded when general opposition to them was expressed by students.

The Commons Block is no longer a joint Lansdowne-Craigdarroch College facility. The Senate approved last May transfer of the building to the authority of the University itself.

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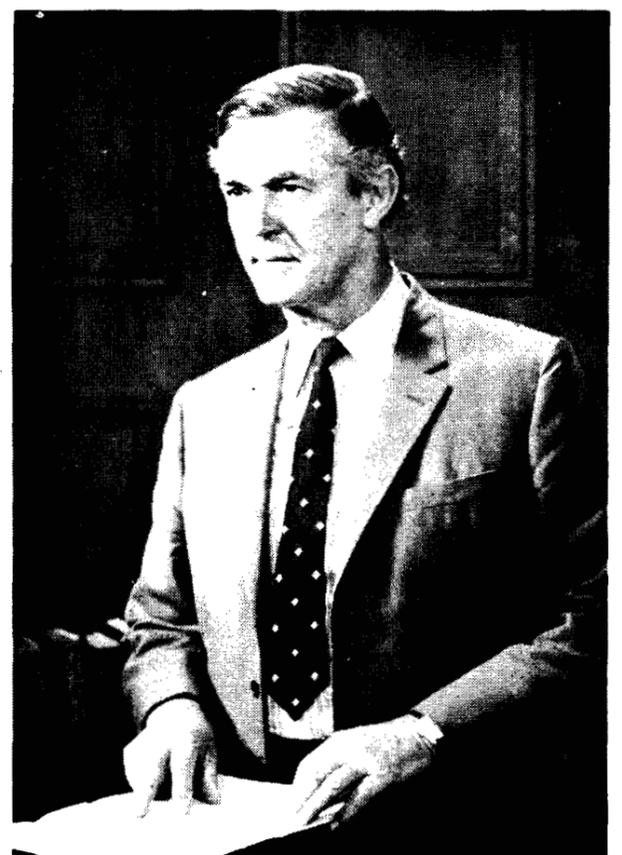
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- .YOUTH HOSTEL GRANTS

**VOTE**

**LIBERAL**



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# more Quebec studies needed

OTTAWA (CUP)-- A survey of 24 Canadian universities, including two bilingual ones, reveals an appalling lack of French-Canadian content in English-language university French courses.

The survey, entitled 'French-Canadian Studies and their place in University French Departments: A Critique and Model for Change in English Canada', was released this week by three Carleton University professors - Sinclair Robinson (assistant professor of French), Donald Smith (assistant professor of French) and Robin Matthews (associate professor of English) and federal government researcher Joyce Wayne.

The report criticizes the demeaning attitude most English-language university French departments take towards the teaching of French-Canadian language, culture and literature.

'In general, French departments seem to consider French-Canadian literature and civilization marginal, and French-Canadian language an unfortunate corruption of a pure tongue,' the report says.

Like studies of English-Canadian language and literature, French-Canadian studies are not considered worthwhile. 'An attitude of intellectual colonialism, both conscious and unconscious, has pervaded Canadian universities,' the report says, thus discouraging all but the hardy from persevering to find and understand something of the

Canadian (and French-Canadian) identity.

The report also criticizes French departments for teaching 19th and 20th century literature mainly, as if Canada doesn't exist. 'Such courses prepare students, by major omission, to believe that work done in Canada is not 'serious' work especially when French-Canadian literature is barely offered or limited.'

Courses in language and linguistics are seriously limited both in number and scope, the report adds. In most cases, French departments are heavily oriented towards literature, where language courses do exist, the language taught is 'international' and not Quebecois French. Thus students are ill-prepared both on the linguistic and cultural level 'for any real contact with their French-speaking neighbors.'

French departments were also taken for limiting French-Canadian literature studies to honors and/or senior undergraduate students, 'preventing many Canadian students from access to material of their own country.'

The survey of courses - French and French-Canadian - did not include those offered by other departments because most students seldom have the freedom to take courses in other disciplines, and those courses are rarely given in French.

The highest percentage of offerings devoted to French-Canadian studies was 25 per cent, the lowest four per cent and the average was 14 per cent;

the professors' model calls for 46 per cent.

The University of Alberta is lauded for its program in French-Canadian language and literature which is separate from French language and literature. This unique English-Canadian university program allows students to specialize in French-Canadian literature and language, although the program does not treat the studies as fully as it could, the report says. However, the report adds, it is by far the best solution yet seen in an English-Canadian university.

Only two universities of those surveyed 'offer a significantly different pattern in French-Canadian studies in French departments.' They are the University of Ottawa and the University of Saskatchewan, Regina campus. The Regina campus offers about one-third of its French department courses in French-Canadian materials, the highest proportion in any university outside Quebec.

The University of Ottawa, a bilingual institution, shows a good proportion in its 'Francais' section with 17 of 57 courses listed in the 1972-73 calendar involving French-Canadian studies. But the French section for English-speaking students has only three of 23 courses offered, thus reflecting 'the deficiencies of French-Canadian studies prevalent in most English-Canadian universities.'

UVic offers three French-Canadian study courses out of a total of 28, not counting three open topic courses.

The researchers' model of course offerings for English-language university French departments has three basic areas of concern. In each area, majoring students would take a minimum of courses; French-Canadian literary studies, French library studies and studies in language and linguistics. Students then would be able to specialize in one of the areas, the report says.

The model language courses would try to develop the students' linguistic competence to the same level as their French-Canadian counterparts.

The model's French-Canadian literary studies have a maximum of thirteen courses, French literary studies a maximum of sixteen courses and studies in language and linguistics have a maximum of

cont'd on 3

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## ALL MEMBERS OF 1973 GRADUATING CLASS

**Due to an oversight the election of grad class executives did not take place last week. Therefore a special meeting will take place Monday' Oct. 23, 1972 to consider the election of a president, vice president, and secretary-treasurer, and to consider the dispensation of grad class lunches, grad events and social activities .**

**Meeting is Monday Oct. 23rd  
Sub upper lounge 12:30 P.M  
or phone Bert Weiss 383-4930**

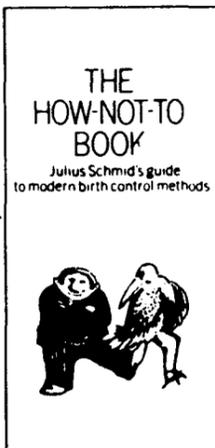
# At the Crossroads

by Pat Law

## When a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of 'LOVE'



He should at least be clued up on birth control. To get the facts in plain language send for the FREE How-Not-To booklet by Julius Schmid, makers of **FOUREX, RAMSES and SHEIK** Quality contraceptives for men. Sold only in drug stores.



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YS-272

Are you beginning to wonder what education is all about? Are you finding yourself skeptical of classroom learning? If you are not sure of the reason you are here at university but you know there must be one, here is a suggestion for you. Go somewhere, do something; become involved with Canadian Crossroads International. If not an alternative to learning from books or lectures, surely a complement to that is learning by participation, travel, experience. Crossroads is a private volunteer organization engaged in promoting cross-cultural communication by offering qualified Canadians the Opportunity to live and work abroad for three to six months. Projects could be building a water pipeline to supply a dry mountain village with water, conducting a medical survey or building a clinic, getting a recreation and community development program going or, as I was doing, helping to organize and expand a handicraft project -- block printing fabrics with traditional African designs. I spent the summer of 1971 in Lesotho, a small independent country about the size of Vancouver Island and completely surrounded by South Africa.

My time there was not only an intensive learning experience about the country, the people, and the project I was involved in, but also allowed me to look at my own country and society from a suddenly different perspective. While it was proven that basically, human nature is all the same, I found cultural differences which, unless accepted and understood, could be barriers to communication. However, this cultural diversity is what makes people interesting; this diversity should be strengthened and preserved. At the same time, in this shrunken world, no longer does any group live in impermeable isolation. Change and exchange are inevitable. If you are interested in cultural exchange come to the meeting of Canadian Crossroads International on Wednesday, October 25 at 12:30 p.m. in Clearihue 106 and at 7:30 p.m. in the Craigdarroch Lounge. Board members and former Crossroaders will be there to answer questions and applications for next year's program will be available.

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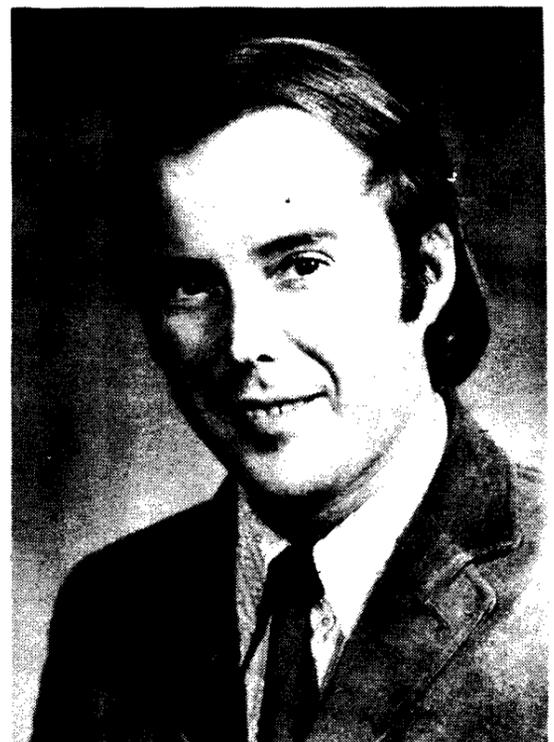
### Victoria All- Candidates Meeting S.U.B.

Tuesday, Oct. 24 12:30

### Esquimalt-Saanich All-Candidates Meeting S.U.B.

Friday, Oct. 27, 12:30

# N.D.P.



## Roger Smith

Esquimalt-Saanich

3204 Douglas St.

Phone 384-3833

# OPEN SPACE YOUTH

Under the present artistic direction of Mike Stephens, a teacher, the Open Space Youth Company is, at a glance, dynamically vibrant. The company members are talented young people in and out of high schools in Victoria. Presently numbering about 16 members, they have been together for the past several months, and hopefully plan to remain together at least for another several.

At Open Space Theatre the troupe's performances of 'The Happy Journey' by Thornton Wilder, 'Ginger Anne' by Derrick Washburn, and 'The Sandbox' by Edward Albee were almost entirely excellent.

In the highly experimental atmosphere of Open Space there was no sense of audience disorientation to the unusually refreshing style of presentation. 'The Happy Journey' in particular was successful in this aspect.

Though there were a few empty pauses in its scenes, and, at moments, the characters seemed to lack motivation, the dramatic empathy between the characters and audience was simply fantastic. The lack of elaborate sets and lighting further heightened audience focus and association with the players.

The mood of the play was sensitively dealt with for actors so young. However, characters could have been dealt with more deeply. This would have made for even better individual performances, and also a better feeling of completion at play's end.

'Ginger Anne' was hellishly extreme. It was outrageously well done in this vein. However, characters were somewhat dimmed in that too many fussy, ill-defined gestures were used, stage business was often distracting, and individual motivation was sometimes

missing. However, the cast worked well as a unit, and a fine sense of progression in mood was evident.

'The Sandbox' worked well in its entirety; no criticism.

In conclusion, the Open Space Youth Company was remarkably satisfying. Their current closing performance is Thursday, October 19, 8 p.m. Admission: donation. Location: Open Space, 510 Fort Street, 383-8833.

Other events of note happening at Open Space: Company One, Oct. 20, 21, 27, 28. Exhibition 'Artario 72', Oct. 12-29, 10-6 daily. Peter Cotton's Russian Travels. A 3-hour slide presentation with commentary by Mr. Cotton. Refreshments. Thurs., Oct. 26, 7:30 p.m., 50 cents.

On campus the Phoenix Theatre will present its production of 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest' opening October 26.

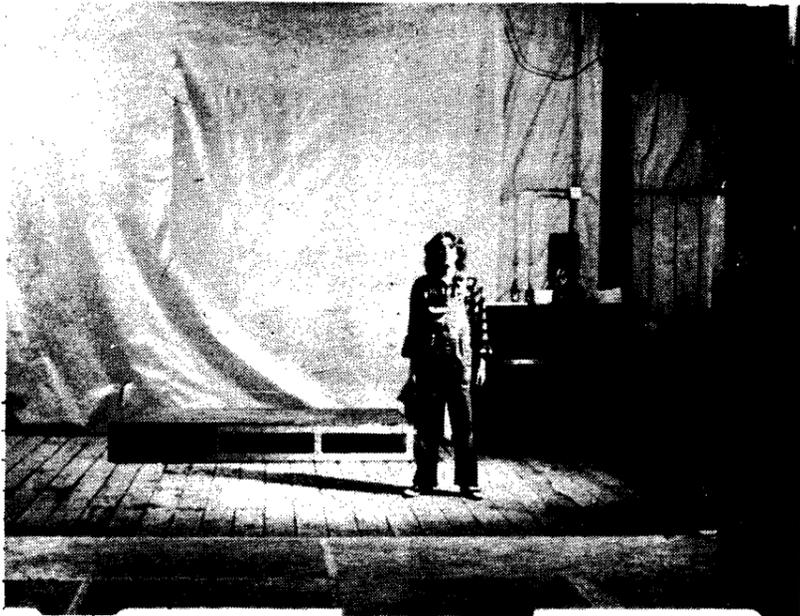


*Sandbox*

**review by martin kava**



*Ginger Anne*



*The Journey*

**Junction Books**

**COMICS**

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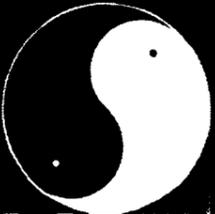
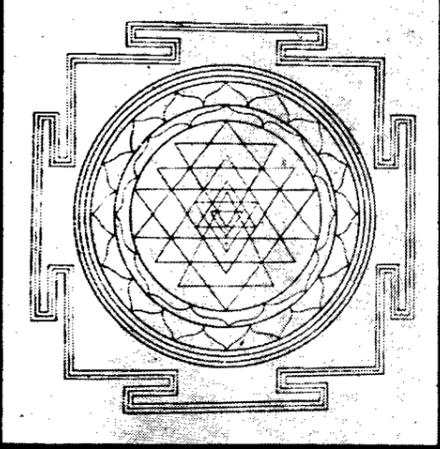
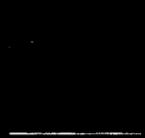
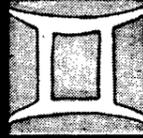
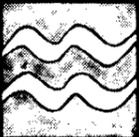
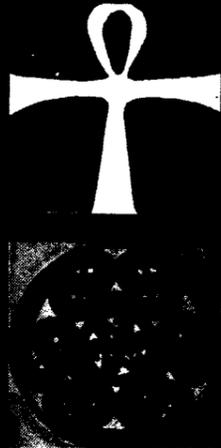
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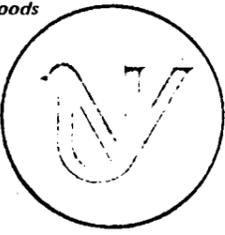
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**ON THE COVER Cover & Layout of Directory by Gail Klassen Woods**

1. The *I Ching* or Book of Changes; Holy Chinese sages composed a basic text that disclosed the patterned cycles of change, and were able to code them in a combination of solid and broken lines.
2. The Hecate Wheel; symbol of eternity used in Witchcraft — another way that man has searched.
3. Astrology; shown are the glyphs that represent the twelve zodiacal signs. By plotting the paths and positions of the sun, moon and planets, man has attempted to move in harmony with his universe — from proper times to plant to the revelation of his character.
4. Symbol of the *Tao* — the "Way"; the two polar forces — Yin and Yang suggest a unitive principle that is the source and support of the opposites emerging from it; thus a trinity is formed of the two (Yin & Yang) balancing or centred in the one (Tao).



1972-73

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5. The University of Victoria Crest; a symbol representing a path toward a deeper understanding of the mental, physical and emotional make-up of self.
  6. *Tantra* (the Sri Tantra) — a visual means, often geometrically designed, to hold the attention of and aid the practitioner during meditation.
  7. *Tarot Card* — the Fool; the 78 card pack is used both in the seeking of direction and as an ordered system of steps toward understanding, which begins with the Fool — an acceptance of this position by the neophyte.
  8. The *Ankh*; Egyptian symbol meaning "life". The symbols perhaps culminate in this emblem of the quest toward enduring life and generative energy to be shared with all who seek; the names of a few are listed in this book.
- Gail Klassen Woods*

Your 1972-73 UVic Directory will be available next week at the SUB office and throughout the campus. Remember, these books will be given out FREE until Nov. 10, 1972, after that a cost of 50 cents per book will be charged.

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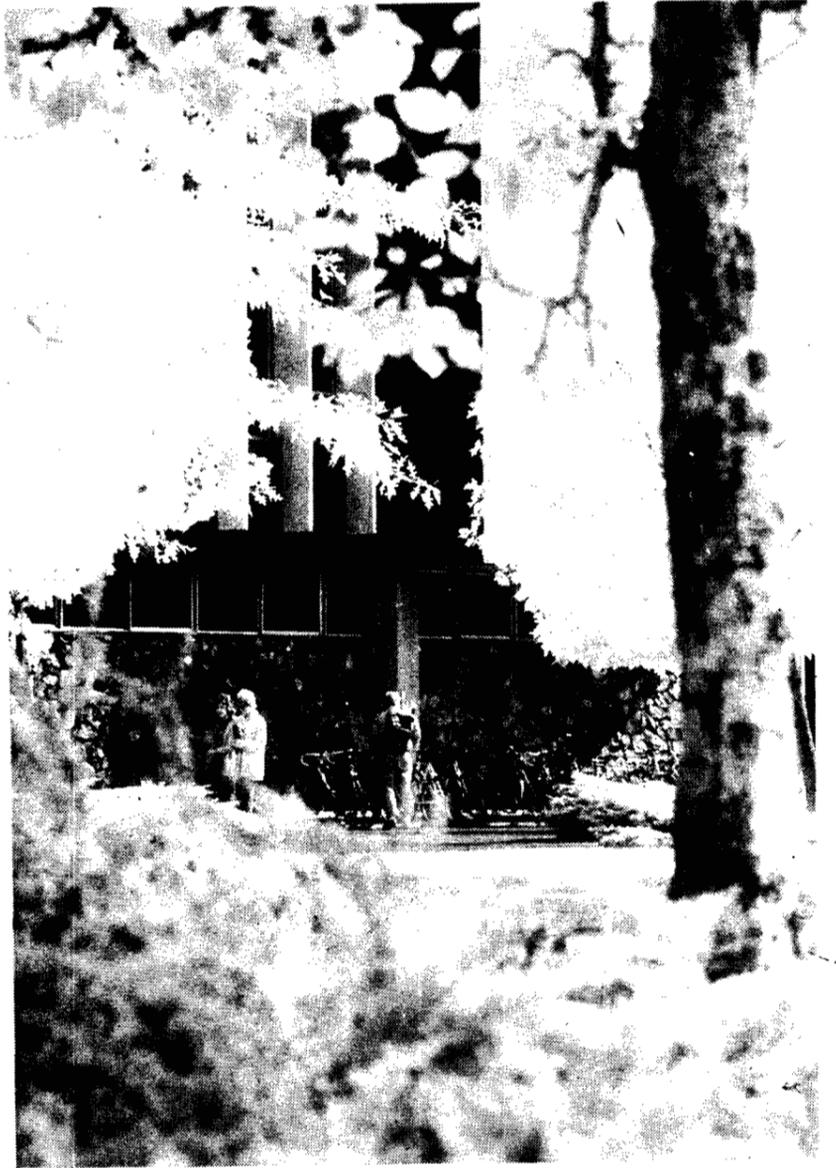
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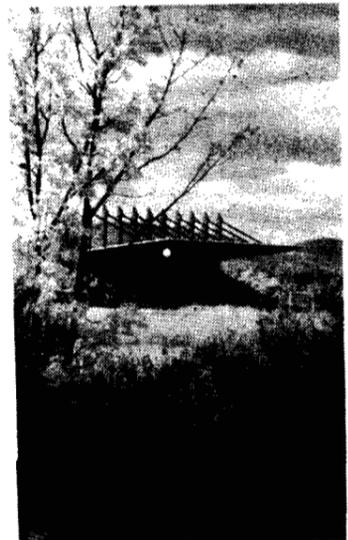
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***UVIC through infra-red***

***photos by frank carter***



Diane Styles



**martlet**  
**magazine**  
university of victoria

October 1972

# August and September

For my half-friends.

I tried to write this in five minutes, loves. I think I should've been strung for this, or wired. Piano wire. A safe method for those in a hurry. I forgot what I was going to say.

The neighbors across the way--it's almost too good to be factual, I mean, every Sunday. Right at the bong of midnight--an entire week's culmination, just like that--whap! It frightens me sometimes to see it happen so regularly. Maybe one of them will finally quit and that will be that. Just a purely natural head-cold would manage it.

But anyway. In here I tell everyone I hate them: I hate them. I've reduced it to this. I've put it right here. Plain and pink--simple. Why, the whole celebration is brazen, a false attempt. It comes in pieces like waiting. Quickly, before the grief leaves. (Tell you what...trick it to stay.)

Keep the slave in transit. Keep it there, here. There, there, there. Here. No, over there. (Confuse above all else.) Trick it to stay. Liken it to beautiful shoes on beautiful girls; mountains of shoes crushing a small jar full of girls. Strategy!

Fondle it as it rests. I really think they have you this time. Wheezing for a way out. Completely kaput. Zippered up right through the hair. Plain and pink. It's a shame to say you're had.

So are we. The Whole. En masse. Carramba, huh? Never thought it would be this way, huh? People in the know have told me it all along. You read about it every day. I'm surprised you didn't figure it out. The rainy night outside fits right in.

That divorced man down the block is staring at me again. I can tell. I never pull my curtains, and once he showed me his high-powered telescope on his hunting rifle. He can see right in here from his second floor. I wonder if he'd shoot? The thing must be registered. It's too risky to try it. The block would be searched.

But he's rich, has connections. He could shoot me without his fingerprints on the rifle, and fly out of the country right away with some hussie who'd swear her orange pants off that he was innocent. And I'd be dripping blood and looked over by some queer doctor who'd prove I died from the wound.

Maybe I should go visit him. That would scare him. How do I look? He'd know I'm onto him, and would think I've left a note with my lawyer. If I meet with violent death, note's opened, and he pops into jail. No orange underwear would get him out. They'd string him. String him or I don't have a name. Augustine. They were expecting an August, but I showed up instead. Old hat.

But. I should marry. I should strike out and marry. Rich or poor? The dreamers I know! The children. They are completely immature. Boys, not men, every last one I know. There he is in the darkness leeching onto me with his one eye at the sight, the other closed with a V of skin sideways. Utter infant vegetables. They should be slaves to Us. None of them have understood me. Not one. Never. They're hopeless. Lost. Nowheresville.

Rain rain go away. Evaporate. Amscrae. Summer or fall? Who would ask me? Wait for a leap year. A leap year!

Are you listening out there mothers? Your sweet Jonnies are unsafe. They will be violated at the crack of leap year. Hah! What fun. Oh Augustine, Augustine. You're a genius! Dear Augustine. Sigh. Oh, settle down! He may notice I'm excited and pull the trigger just when it's sweetest. Stop luxuriating smoking the pen and write at least this. This. This this this. Hah!

Not like the neighbors though. I never want to be a copy of them. But I watch them, just as regularly as they, are regular... Stop this Auggie! No bad thoughts. New rule: no bad thoughts. This big house. It's too big to keep. I'll have to marry. I can't go on forever. I don't know how some girls manage without someone.

I give up too easily that's what. Are all of you still there, loves? I said I give up too easily. Poem. I wanted to whip up a poem for you. But Loves.

My mind wanders you know. I'm not the same anymore. I've passed through something, and it's changed me. He must be tiring of me. I'm not doing anything. Pervert. Maybe I should mouth words at him. But he might shoot. I should buy a gun and stare at him.

I'm not pretty. I have such a hard time of it. Nothing ever seems to help. Nothing worse than an unattractive woman. I should try and be halfway attractive, at first anyway. After, the wrapping can come off and it won't matter, that is' if I play it O.K. Stunning or quiet?

Memo: buy a copy of Playboy tomorrow and see what's in demand. Go away rain. Go away night. The silence of the telephone bothers me. Not even an obscene one. No calls. Why do I bother to have a telephone? I can't do anything with the receiver. Useless. I haven't used it in the past seventeen months. I wish they had male operators to tell you the time. Just to hear one male voice. Television, radio? But you know they're children, Auggie! You know that!

Oh loves, I'm on trial. A huge conspiracy trial. Nude trials. Slurp City.

I can't phone a help line service. Someone there might recognize my voice. If I call wrong numbers all night it might do, but it would bother so many just for me. Never besel fish. Phone a real estate man and pretend I'm interested in one of his listings. But he'd soon figure me for a phony. A phony? Joke. That's the way it is now, Auggie, and not even a Sunday night.

Lightning. Thunder. De sky's fallin'. De sky's fallin'. They say you should keep away from windows during electrical storms. But I can see for miles. I wonder if he's still watching. Wait for a flash. Woo! How brightly it showed him, loves. I hope He's watching him. Must be with all this lightning. It must be late. After one. Oh well. However kiddo, the finest trace of a western edge would reassure me. A rescue light for my mind. Lick, lick. Thunder. I think all the birds in the world have awakened. I can hear them and their awe noises.

Lick, lick, lick--I am gone. After two: Gathering Doom. Solid silence. Rain, rain, rain. Loves, the lightning left. This big old house has me crying. How it disgusts me to find myself bawling. He must be sleeping at that gun, or he'd shoot me and end my misery. Sadist.

Small Paul how tall are you now? Childhoods love you've gone to the wars of big business. How I miss you. Regimented into business suits. We mean business. Talk turkey; stay out of the kitchen if it's too hot for you. But Auggie, he was a child. He just seemed to be different. Even Uncle Frank would've been a better bet. But a relative? People would talk. I hate them.

Who can I trust? At my age who can I trust? I know people too well. I think. I mustn't be dishonest with myself. I'd go down to defeat. A starship falling through space. What kind of place is it anyway? Why?

Silence. Not a sound anywhere. The night is a deep forest. How can I survive here? How can I survive? I'll go shopping tomorrow--today. It's today. I'll spend some of the money I hoard for my old age. I'll have luncheon in town. I'll watch all the people around me. I'll buy a camera and photograph them! Genius, Auggie, genius! They'll never slip away. Never. I'll click, click, click all day. Positively all day. And next week too.

But, perhaps, I should ask for permission first to photograph. I shouldn't unashamedly take pictures without permission. But with one of those little spy cameras?

This hose is purely too large. It echoes. I can't breathe without a hollow howl sounding. Yet the other silence simply devours me. Chew, digest, excrete--here I am. I'll become a ghost. A ghost who never married.

Loves, I'm dying. Whether he shoots or not, I'm dying. Without the sun, without my morning flakies and grapefruit juice, without my four best winter suits on, I'll leave for the great divide, I'll pine away. No one will miss me, loves! No one. Well, except Uncle Frank. Auntie Mabel and family. Mom and Dad, but I live alone, I'm roughing it alone, simply a solitaire. My cousins. But everyone of them live so far away from me. I'm removed from them.

They're not here. I'm thirty years old, thirty-one in November. Withered away at thirty-one. Just about a Plath. How did she manage it? Sleep is such a scramble away.

I feel like something out of a television script. I should have been taken long ago by some crook of one description or another. Swindled out of my capital. Carted off by a white slave trader. Dumped in the park swimming pool--Cosa Nostra... I mean, loves, I'm so utterly naive. I can't believe how naive I am. I sparkle with it.

I'm basted, ready for a con's oven. I should write the city police and tell them what a splendid job of protection they're doing. But that might not be honest. We'll all die anyway. The sun is going to engulf us anyway. I support the deep space exploration proposals. We'll get away that way. The human race will have a chance for survival. Live on Pluto?

I'm just remembering loves. My past isn't a threat. I have nothing to hide. Almost nothing, but it isn't as if I'm guilty publicly own of something. We all have little secrets to keep. I'm not publicly owned so I can have secrets. I have no reasons to feel guilty. I'm blushing innocence. He can tell if he isn't snoring away with sleep. I'm...I'm...pure! I'm pure!

Paul. Small Paul. How he used to be kidded about his frail size. Every child at school, especially we girls, always teased him. He never cried. Not once did he cry. I admired him for that. We girls especially admired him after he, with his delicious smirk, called some of us behind a big maple and proved to us he wasn't small everywhere.

That was the instant we all fell in love with him. No one ever understood why. But Auggie is past that sort of thing now. I'm independent in many more ways than Paul. I can laze away in the autumn sun and forget all about everyone. Except my lovely Peeping Tom. Spick. Lasting burns across his cuckoo. Peeping Tom. You might infer I'm obsessed. Loves, you might even admit I'm a little bit delectable. Do you find me delectable? Do you find me a trifle attractive? I am rather plain. It's true. I'm plain. I'm as plain as watercolor paints. There are only three primaries and black and white.

I need to live. I don't know why I don't forget this and fall asleep. Sleep. I'm always afraid I'll never awaken. My metabolism will slow and cease altogether. I'll veggie. I'll become bewormed. I could be altogether mad. Or ascend to Heaven. Loves, I need a drink. Cooking sherry? Vanilla extract, aspirin and Pepsi.

I'm sick, ill, bepeked. What creature am I? Who in the world am I? Are you the stranger



## by Martin Kava

me? Loves, who are you? We're really had this time. I was right; we're really had. The whole affair has been mortally wounded and we're being buried alive along with it. I wish I could be an ostrich and have a lot of sand.

Is that why children bury people on beaches? Do they sense what's happening too? Why can't I talk to someone?

Marriage. Keep the loneliness out.

Keep out the certainty. Napoleon was a prig. Sleep. Sleep. Fall from this chair on a pillow of sleep. Lucifer take me to your chambre a coucher. North America will become an all-star residential bedlam. I need to get away to Europe and live in peace. There's no other city to turn to. Europe: Solid city.

Will I ever be a mother? Where are you Small Paul?

I'll run a coast-to-coast personals ad. Have you seen this man? Death by fire. I didn't mean to of course. I have nothing to hide. But he shouldn't have laughed at me the way he did. I never really ever laughed at him. I admired Paul. But he didn't want to understand me. I never really took to outdoor cafes. Herr Paul. Mon Paul. That sort of felling to them. They almost emanate the foreign. I like closed places. Fire does so well in closed places.

Paul should have told me about her. They're all children, Auggie. Don't you agree loves? Sordid details of life. The affair, I believe. Fussy cubby holes. Holes. Period. The trick is staying yourself. Did you ever try to be yourself, loves? How difficult simplicity is. It's fog. Thick and plain. Try and see through it.

I can always pay my bills. But I should cover up what I've been saying. I should become obscure. People, I hate them, love obscurity in a person. It makes the second party seem so much more interesting than she or he really is. I have money aplenty. I'm not common. I don't work. I'm a princess, loves. Contessa Augustine. I seem so vain. I seem.

Let me tag along. I won't be cumbersome. I promise not to make trouble. I won't play the fool. I'll be good to you. I will. Please say you'll have me. Why do I beg when I'm better than you? You're male. You can't very well help it. You were born that way. Medical science is proving to be accommodating though. You could change. You really have to want to change, or it won't work. You'll turn blue and fly away a butterfly of institutions. But maybe, just maybe, even that would be better than being male.

Oh it's useless. I can't make sense of myself. I feel like an acclaimed modern novel exploring the ins and outs of sanity. When you receive this loves, burn it right after reading, or I'll be charged with plagiarism. I'll be charged with insanity. I'll be charged with Paul's death.

Where is Paul, Small Paul, anyway? Joined big business wars in Timbuctoo.

I hope he can't see what I'm writing. I don't think the telescope was all that powerful. He's sleeping by now. He has to be. Dawn in four hours.

What are the neighbors doing now? Sleeping in superior position number three. I am disgusting. I disgust myself.

Silence. My heart. I can feel the pulse of my blood. Red, warm blood swishing in me. Swish, swish. I'm in my egg me. I am secure. Time is on my side. Auggie, put down the positive things.

It isn't my time of the month. I have money. Enough. Not all at once or I'll drain myself.

I only have so much in my bag of salt. A grain here and grain there, soon grains everywhere. Bag's empty. Back to bed. Blackout. slow fade. exeunt. Exeunt. slow fade. blackout. Check.

I am almost clear this time. Am I not, loves? See? I can't even exude one small drop of being. Wholesome. I am not wholesome quite finally. Sorrowfully. I regret not being wholesome. I could then proceed to conform to the world and--. And start worrying.

This definitely reminds me of books I've read. We're all the way I am. Unfortunate news.

Only I'm different on this. Not superior. Different. The bugs are coming in. This house is only good for me and the bugs. The frost is getting to them. The rain. Frozen bug dinner.

From September on they come in until their cessation around Christmas. Then they reverse and walk out backwards until August. Then they start the tide all over again. They almost always get to me, but never quite. Christmas saves me. I'm charitable. Not a greedy streak in me.

Let me come along. Just for the ride. I suppose I was zapped by the lightning. I'm tainted. I am not fit for living with. What a good time I could have of it if I were pretty. Inside and out. Like a ruby.

But. No one cares. Billions of people in the world and all of them want to be loved. They all want.

I'd be safer in a circle of mushrooms with a kindhearted leper. He'd love me and that would be my place, loves. I'd be human. I'd have turned around and helped someone else be human.

I must be crazy. I have money. I'm female. They bow to Us. We command. (No one commands. We share. I just want to be tough.) Burn this, loves. If you know what's sane, burn this.

Night! I hate you. Great Indigo beast. Flaccid coat of sticky wool. En garde, fellow. I'm not finished.

I don't sleep. I can't fall asleep now. I'm much too truthful. House! You will not whip me into submission. Non comprendre votre lingo. Got it? I'm thinking too clearly. No sticking love songs. Stereo silence. Lamplight.

Trin passed on. Did I tell you? I cried all July. I wrote so many poems crying. I drank myself into oblivion. I didn't come out of it until I found the season was changing. August nineteen leaves were rusting.

Husband William and baby Francie are managing. William will remarry I'm sure. I've almost got of the rest of it.

Children grow up and leave home. It seems so many leave too early, or at the wrong time. They run away to nothing. A few good days and

the rest of the life is lost in sorrow. Payment for mistakes...I'm right, loves. I'm right.

I should take the chance. What will my child look like? Who will she be? What will she do? An actress, a crack journalist, designer, farmer's wife? How shall I love my beautiful child? Well. Badly. Indifferently.

I babble. run and leave me. I'm crippled. I should die. I do not deserve to live. All of you forget me in your cosy nuptial beds. I'm the outsider. It's you or me. I'm out to destroy your world. I'm bent on your destruction.

For Pete's sake shoot! What is he waiting for? What's Paul waiting for? What are the neighbours waiting for?

Why haven't they attacked? Why haven't the screaming hordes come over the horizon and attached?

My God. They must be living in fear. Death silence.

I have such a long lightning way to go. Rain, rain. The roof won't take too much more of this. It'll give up and collapse under the rain. The raindrops are as big as bombs.

All the time I've lost in my life. I could fill the clocks of the world with the time that's gone slipping down the icy windows to the ground and out to sea.

What was it that I really wanted to say? Jeez, the sky is so black. Frightening. I have to get my jet legs. I'm going to go abroad. I have to. I need to outside in me.

I'm going to have to get things straight. I may organize myself into a militia. Vigilantes. Sailback. Straight as a reflection on paper.

Loves, I shall have to leave you to do your own doings. I can't meander. I meander too much. I flicker. I'm awry.

I've gone Z-I-N-G-G-G-G! clear across short wave, AM, FM, marine and police bands. The airwaves aren't the same. They're defile like drenched five-ninety-five suede heels.

How about that, loves? This time it's for real. Never turning back can be lonely. You'll just have to make the best of it without me.

I'm off to the races, you'll see. Entrance. Finely decorated frenchy sort of place. Cost thousands. Somebody put their cigarette there. Milk or mailman. Once when I couldn't resist. But it was pure. It went up with all the lace around. Like a moonshot.

The corridors just don't feel I quite right. Cerise. Hot cerise. Striped. White offsets it well. But it's all sticky to the touch.

Drawing room. Matisse pure and pure. I did it myself. The job. What a collapsial crique! Loves, it's peaches. Lifesavers everywhere.

I'm such a child. I'll never mature. I'll never fragmented. Kitchen. Sink. Bathrooms. Bedrooms. Stairs. Bricks all over.

Here. Here I am. I am here. Tepid Yellow. Mustard. The job. No job. Private income. Stabbed a banker. Caught myself and was rewarded. It almost seemed clear that time. I almost felt like me. I felt shared. People paid attention.

Rooms. Why hasn't he pulled the trigger in his sleep? Behind every shadow Small Paul. Actually, at five, before he went to school, before any of us went to school, Uncle Frank--.

Uncle Frank was charged with--Small Paul was had. He passed away from his wounds months later. He never went to school.

I've been lying. But loves, you should forgive me. I only wanted some time with you. I only wated it as I wated it. I only wanted to dream out loud.

I only wanted to run away for a time. But I've told you now. I should no longer take your time.

Visit me. Come in December. The bugs never quite reach me, so I'm safe. We can talk and drink coffee and throw parties inviting everyone.

Where is the shot? It hasn't fallen. It hasn't fallen for a long time. The gun is tired. He's tired. Silence. Empty streets. Not even a stray auto. Lightning nowhere. Thunderless.

Rainless. It's stopped. Quiet. Loves, are you there?

It has suddenly been a singular sort of event that has made me realize something. I can't stop. I really can't stop. No one will ever stop me. I'm here. free. I shall go on and on.

I refuse to acknowledge what anyone says about me. I shall go on and on. I will do and say what I choose.

Within the law. Without the law. Lucid, perhaps reaching from a corner snare, I, you, this should tell, this should will, lift, fell. Likethirsting, a beginning, reach, reach for a sliver of this nocturnal paring of dream. Seasons. Thin meanings like green blinks pressing grapes to mouths laughing, talkin g like print, spiced pines for miles. I am almost clear this time. Did you see? Did you see? Over there, I think almost sure--.

## *punk among the shades*

Punk's nerves are burst,  
they've fled, they're lost.  
He's brittle as a wishbone is  
& glows in fits  
like those sea creatures  
deeper down  
whose skeletons exhale  
a whisperish electric.

Slashed wrists never win,  
nor prolonged sighs of loss  
can span the wound's raw edge.  
But Punk admits  
an eagle's heart would stop  
dead on the dime  
of her pink toe's knuckle-  
so why not his  
is yours to guess.

Punk vibrates in his skin;  
attempts to block with scotch  
what rushes in uncut  
in bilious chunks & little fists.  
He's worse  
triste, triste  
than you'd suspect.  
His guts knot up,  
he grabs for breath,  
watch out-  
His chicken's split the coop  
triste, triste  
& flown downtown  
to know fierce black mean  
underground,  
where dark things grow  
& snake-eyes glow.  
O, Punk  
triste, triste  
abide the dart.  
The arrow severs sluggish hearts.

Punk dives  
under blankets, under flesh;  
seven leagues behind his eyes,  
a depth  
to squash a beast  
& snap his neck.  
Yet Punk can reign at peace  
with closet things & shipwrecked men  
& those hysterical with bends  
who rush to surface  
from the mollusk's clutch  
too late.

Punk mixes with limbs.  
They thrash then doze  
long afternoons.  
They wash bedclothes  
on Sunday nights.  
Their words surround  
the living thing.  
They laugh & use the radio.  
Punk eats sharksophone soup.  
He glues an old razorblade  
to each eyelid.  
He's on, he's hot.  
You can't get near him.  
You can dig him, or not.  
Punk likes mirrors, alas, not eyes.  
They punish & hypnotize-  
not mirrors.  
Punk poses like a star for glossy pictures.

Punk's lazy, then sad.  
He's gaffed.  
He's Punk o' Bedlam,  
beetlebrowed, brokendown,  
'can't find his knees'--  
the poor cocksucker's proud.  
He's got his victim on a leash.  
She strokes his face & pleads.  
Punk's hot to touch the living thing.  
He's wild to touch what bleeds.  
His mouth is cotton, his screams are mute.  
He wrestles in an empty room.  
Go slow, Punk--

## *August Kleinzahler*



Punk runs away.  
He follows raincoats in strange places,  
plays allnight pinball in penny arcades,  
glooms by the docks with lepers, drunks.  
He wanders through joints with sawdust graves.  
Punk hangs around college bars.  
He stinks. He needs a shave.  
He passes out in city parks.  
He rides the subway into dawn.  
The queens & junkies disregard him.  
He's in orbit.  
He eats 15 cent hot dogs in Spanish dives  
at unreasonable hours.  
He buys his brother sooty flowers.  
He trails harlequin parades all July.  
Punk offers smiles to tourists.

Punk stops;  
dead in the Hunter's sights.  
The trigger blinks.  
Punk goes stone;  
metamorph'd in blist'ring light.  
The doctor puts him in the cellar.  
His parents howl like fever beasts.  
They bleed upstairs;  
all over the carpets, the antique furniture.  
They tear at the oil paintings.  
They cry out for Punk to heal them.  
He obliges with promises, with strategies  
to rise in Protestant America,  
to grease their bones  
& keep vigil like a Greek  
through carpenter weather.

Punk is well liked; stood beers  
by citizens, lackeys,  
pasteboard lieutenants.  
He regards sneers with equanimity.  
He has a gift allies can nibble on  
with a measure of liberty.  
His friends know exactly  
how far not to trust him.  
Punk has funny dreams.