

## TRAVEL TIPS TO ASSIST STUDENTS IN PARIS

As summer approaches more students are going to take advantage of round trip tickets costing only about \$200, and fly to Europe - and the more you plan the less bread you'll spend. If you're thinking of moving around a lot, a student's Eurail pass sold only in the U.S. is the answer. For only \$125 you have unlimited rail transportation for at least 30 days. Transportation in the cities can best be provided by the new RENT-A-BIKE for as little as a buck a day. And all arrangements can be made on your own college campus with the student travel representative who will help with all travel complications.

Last summer railroad stations in all major European cities were choked and overflowing with semi-stranded American students, who among other problems were unable to get transportation. HERE is where RENT-A-BIKE proves so handy. Reserve on your own college campus and pick it up at American Express office in the heart of Paris (probably your first stop anyway. Mail, money, maps, hotel information all in one place.) RENT-A-BIKE office is in the American Express office. The cost is as little as a

buck a day. You're a free being. INSTANT MOBILITY is waiting for you. No time tables to watch, nothing to wait for. Subway is O.K. but often very crowded and who wants to be underground most of the time visiting the world's most fascinating city. You can spread out as far as you like. Come and go as you please on brand new French SOLEX bikes (and they will not be contributing to auto exhaust pollution). RENT-A-BIKE solves all your transportation problems.

Whether a simple pedal or a sophisticated motor-assisted vehicle, a "becane" is standard equipment for all French students, just think of all the advantages. No license problem, no parking worries, no bumper to bumper traffic. You can get anywhere any time you wish.

CONTACT YOUR COLLEGE TRAVEL REPRESENTATIVE ON YOUR OWN COLLEGE CAMPUS FOR ALL ARRANGEMENTS or WRITE TO AMTEC INTERNATIONAL, 1350 Broadway, New York City, N.Y., or Call 212-868-2770 in New York area; 213-747-5541 in California area; or 214-634-2380 in Texas area, and BON VOYAGE.

## Oil From Alaska

WASHINGTON -- Students on a number of U.S. campuses have begun a campaign to turn the Nixon Administration around on its refusal to hold public hearings on the issue of environmental impact of the proposed trans-Alaska pipeline.

Working with the Alaska Action Committee, an organization of conservationists living in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., these students are distributing a pamphlet entitled "The Alaska Pipeline Reading Lesson." The pamphlet deals with unanswered questions and inconsistencies found in the government's pipeline impact statement.

At issue is whether the federal government will grant, as early as May 4, a permit for construction of the 789-mile, hot-oil pipeline that would carry oil from Prudhoe Bay in the Arctic to the Alaskan port of Valdez. There the oil would be transferred to tankers for transport along the west coast of Canada to western U.S. ports.

Canadians have expressed fears about the prospects of oil spills on their coast along the route. In addition, environmentalists fear that the pipeline, going through one of the world's most active earthquake zones, might exact severe damage on the wilderness, rivers, streams, wildlife and fishery resources of Alaska. All of the land over which the pipeline would be laid is owned by the federal government.

In its own study of environmental impact the Interior Department reveals there would be less environmental risk and no greater economic cost involved in constructing a pipeline through Canada. However, the consortium of seven oil companies seeking the trans-Alaska permit, already has pipe stockpiled and wants to go ahead with the project as originally conceived.

The government, in refusing to hold public hearings on the impact statement, urged interested citizens to read the report and render comments. Conservationists complain,

however, that there are only seven copies of the nine-volume study available for public inspection in the "lower 48" states. Copies can be purchased through the mail, but they cost \$42.50, and delivery time is still uncertain.

What interested students can do is send a letter-or a telegram-to the President, asking for 90 days to review the statement followed by full public hearings to bring the knowledge and wisdom of the American people to this important decision-making process. Student action is needed, and it's needed now. Write or wire: President Richard M. Nixon, The White House, Washington, D.C. 20500.

In spite of the imposing concern on the part of conservationists, ecologists, Congress members and students, the Nixon Administration appears determined to bow to oil industry demands to issue the pipeline permit.

Copies of "The Alaska Pipeline Reading Lesson" can be obtained in quantity from the Alaska Action Committee, 729-15th Street, N. W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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Located near Olmsted Plaza  
at the light.

by Lee Nell

Here we are in a typical kitchen of a typical suburban house in Anytown, USA. Flash to the bathroom where a typically bumbling suburban husband is scrubbing out the bathtub after his shower (all the best families do it, you know). Suddenly, a crazed shriek -- "HARRIET!" -- not only is heard, but also appears on the screen. Yes folks. Here we are in afternoon TV-land.

Anyway, Hubby, who by now is completely baffled, exclaims that the Ajax shakes out white and then turns blue. The horror! Of course, Harriet is no dummy. She explains the phenomenon to the old guy and then, knowingly, says, "Get dressed, Dear."

It's the old woman-behind-the-man gimmick. Right then and there, every housewife who is convinced she married a fool will go out and buy up all the Ajax in town.

Then there is the martyred wife approach. In this scene, the housewife is seen as doing about a million chores that would kill a horse. So far, not too unrealistic. But when her husband comes home from work, the little lady looks like a million bucks. So much for reality. You see, she has this super product that helps her look good. The husband notices all she's done and how good she looks and says, "I think I'll keep you." So much for decency.

What brought this all on is that I had occasion to watch some afternoon TV over the break. Or maybe it was on registration day, since there wasn't anything -- including registering -- better to do. In any case, it was an interesting study of what the TV and advertising people think of the American housewife. Aha, you say. You're not an American housewife. True. But it is also true that the majority of afternoon TV watchers are women (I'm going to avoid the arguments about why women are stuck in that position, at this point).

And just think of the poor things. It made me sick, and I was just wasting time to get my mind off of everything. A housewife who wants to take a break for a few minutes must go right up a wall with this stuff.

But maybe I'm being unfair. We all know that the commercials are the armpit of the broadcasting industry. But are they?

Some of the program choices are revealing. There's the Dating Game where members of one sex are put on an auction block and a member of the other sex comes out and asks insane questions. "Miss Number One. How big are your tits?" Or, "Bachelor Number Two, tell me something about Number Three's appearance." "Well, Miss, he's got a six-inch wart on his nose."

Or the Newlywed Game is available. Here, recently married couples are asked absolutely absurd questions about each other. The mates must guess how their spouses answered these questions. I wonder how anyone could answer those questions. Supposedly, the winners are the couple who match answers most frequently, but that's not true. I'm sure that there is a special prize backstage for the couple who beats each other up best when they miss or who can come the closest (without achieving) lovemaking when they hit the correct answers.

## HARRIET! BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...

The studio audiences of each show are carefully chosen from the audience professionals. These are people who are locked up in the Van Nuys community building for six weeks before the show, with no entertainment but yarn and scotch tape.

The other alternative is the soap opera. These things are so lowly dramatic that the writers must be the ones of the Van Nuys community building who could not think of anything to do with the yarn.

Fortunately, I was spared from seeing the episode, but I did catch the preview ad for the New Peyton Place soap now showing on NBC. In it, Allison's mother answers her phone, "Allison, is that you? Come home, Allison." "I can't, mother." Poor mother than assumes a facial expression reflective of that on someone who has just experienced a nearby breakage of wind. The effect is about as dramatic. No -- even less.

My favorite minutes of afternoon TV, though, are the feminine hygiene spray commercials -- one especially. It's the one where the rich 25 year-old convinces her rich 35 year-old mother to try the spray. No one is ever old on TV commercials, except for an occasional toilet paper smuggler. But these women must be rich because here it is, 2:30 Thursday afternoon and they've got nothing better to do than walk around town discussing their private parts.

But as Germaine Greer says, has your roommate -- presumably a stranger wouldn't -- ever said to you in private that your vagina stinks? If it gets to the point where someone does remark on it, you probably would rather not take time to use the spray anyway. Ms. Greer also notes that people on the street seldom pass out due to vaginal odor.

What's really sad, though, is that many doctors agree that the feminine hygiene deodorant sprays can be harmful to the user. So, we can't call them hygiene sprays anymore. And the deodorant part is worthless and artificial, so we can't call them deodorant. What they are is feminine sprays which do nothing, can cause harm and are sold merely to rip off the modern woman.

But that's why they fit so well in afternoon TV. At about 4:00 or 5:00, when the men come home, there is a change in

programs and commercials. They're still rather horrible, true, but they cease to be aimed at an IQ of 14. Maybe they only progress to aiming at IQ's of 25 or 30, but still the ad man must see the women as zeros because of the way they are approached on the tube.

It's fun to see Josephine the Plumber being replaced by the girl who explains that every one of her men wears English Leather. And Rosie the Bounty paper towel queen stops discussing the quicker picker upper and is transformed into a beauty queen who is a quicker picker upper.

In a time when women are trying to realize their full potential it is sad that those who should be hearing encouraging things hear only frequency modulated crap. Those who stay at home can get only reinforcement of the same nasties that have relegated women out of society. But as long as the TV sets still come with an on/off switch, there is hope.


So, until next week, folks, keep those cards and letters rolling in.

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