

the ubyssey

Spoiling our ballots since 1918

volume 77 issue 15

Friday, October 27, 1995



FEDERALIST RALLY DRAWS HUGE STUDENT TURNOUT: Organizers of a "Non" rally at McGill University weren't sure if they could convince two-hundred students to come out and show the flag on a march around campus last Wednesday. They got a surprise when nearly one thousand students paraded through the streets of downtown Montreal singing "Oh, Canada!" at the top of their lungs.

The marchers were supposed to parade around the perimeter of McGill campus to the students'

centre because McGill security would not allow a march through the campus. But instead of making the turn to go back onto campus to the students' centre, the group paraded down Sherbrooke Street into the heart of Montreal, disrupting traffic for 30 minutes. Passing cars honked their horns and many drivers gave the marchers thumbs-up signs. Other fingers were raised by passing sovereigntists.

MORE ON MONTREAL'S STUDENT "NO" CAMPAIGN: PAGE 8.

PHOTO: CHRIS NUTTALL-SMITH

"Yes" forces fight uphill battle on anglo campus

by Chris Nuttall-Smith

MONTREAL—The editorial office of *The McGill Daily* looks much like the office of any other student newspaper. Staffers lounge on garage sale couches while others scurry between computers and layout tables race to meet a midnight deadline, editing copy and shouting commands at their colleagues.

But *The Daily* is no ordinary campus newspaper.

As Quebec's referendum approaches, the paper has become a symbolic epicentre in the debate between separatists and federalists on the downtown Montreal campus.

The Daily isn't one newspaper, but two. The English *Daily*, founded in 1911, publishes twice weekly while the French *Daily*, produced in the same office since 1977, runs every Tuesday.

The English version, like most McGill students, is staunchly

federalist, while *le Daily* supports sovereignty. Last month, the twenty staffers at the French *Daily* voted to carry the sovereigntist torch—both in the office and in print.

Staffers say sparks would surely fly if the two groups weren't currently united in a fight against a campus referendum that threatens the paper's funding.

Atim Leon is co-editor-in-chief of the French *Daily* and one of McGill's few separatist voices. Leon, the son of Ecuadorean and French immigrants, doesn't think there's any point trying to convince McGill to vote in favour of sovereignty.

"That would be ridiculous at McGill. I think—I hope—that everybody who is going to university knows how to vote," he said.

Leon does think a balanced discussion of sovereignty at McGill is important. "I'm trying to give a new perspective on things within this community. We're trying to affirm a different position."

The French *Daily* has always been independentist, says Leon. The paper was founded as a direct result of the 'French McGill' movement in the 1960s, which called for the university to accept French students and allow greater flexibility for Francophones to write essays and exams in French. One staffer says the French *Daily* was even founded by members of the FLQ.

According to Leon, the point of *The Daily* is to be different. "The whole essence of this paper, this *McGill Daily*, is to give a different perspective than those you usually get."

And while McGill's 30,000 students are predominantly English and find the independentist message out of place on campus, Atim Leon says many McGill students are separatists who just don't "manifest themselves."

"I can't believe that McGill as a whole is federalist—indepen-

tists should make their voice heard," he asserted.

Most Francophones students are afraid to step out of line from the majority, Leon maintains. "I think separatists are afraid, but it seems to me that it should be the opposite. I see McGill as the right place to say 'I am a sovereigntist. I am independentist.'"

While sovereigntist debate rages at other Quebec universities, sovereignty at McGill seems a non-issue. "At L'Université de Montréal I don't really care if you're a separatist [because] 75 percent of L'Université de Montréal is separatist," says Leon. Where debate is most needed, he argues, is at the English, federalist McGill.

Despite his position as the virtual voice of sovereignty at McGill, Atim Leon doesn't consider himself a hardline separatist.

"If you think a very strong independentist is someone like

Parizeau or people who have been in the Parti Québécois since the 1970s—I don't see myself like them, I don't have that position towards the rest of Canada. However I very much want the independence of Quebec."

Although Leon doesn't see himself as a hardliner, Leon created a maelstrom of debate with comments that his opponents categorize as 'typical separatist ethnocentrism.'

When Leon said certain ethnic groups in Canada were not equal, he says he meant that the Québécois, as one of Canada's founding peoples, is a distinct society like any other.

Leon said federalist leaders used the comment to villianize him.

Back at *The Daily* office, the passionately articulate Atim Leon jokes that even his own colleagues are afraid of him. "Within this office, you can't talk to anybody, it's like they all fear me. I'm a Québécois, I'm an independentist."

UBC's Open House: a costly success?

by Stanley Tromp

Open House boosted the university's profile throughout the lower mainland, UBC's administration says. But some student leaders are questioning whether the event was worth the expense.

UBC media relations director Stephen Crombie said UBC spent a total of \$400,000 on the October 13-15 event, which had 450 exhibits and a roughly estimated 120,000 visitors. (By contrast, the last Open House in

March 1990 cost about the same, had 150 exhibits and 200,000 visitors.)

Crombie said the event was never designed to make a profit or break even, but to raise awareness of UBC in the community.



KYM WYATT PHOTO

EINSTEIN blows the last sidewalk party favour—but the value of Open House may be relative.

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The next meeting of the Board of Directors of The Ubyssey Publications Society

will be held Nov. 1, 1995 at 4:30 pm

The Ubyssey Publications Society is the publisher of *The Ubyssey*. The Board of Directors meetings are open to all members (that's you!).

For more information call
The Ubyssey office at 822-2301

He added that Open House received \$160,000 in free advertising and \$70,000 worth of in-kind gifts.

The cost includes an \$80,000 contract to the Open House manager, consultant Jack Lee and Associates, who has done work for UBC External Affairs and on PNE promotions.

Lee's 12-month contract was un tendered, meaning it was not open to outside bids from other applicants.

"We didn't have time for a tendering process," said UBC Marketing Manager Debora Sweeney. "We were brought in so late that we nearly didn't have an Open House."

Crombie said Lee, with 30 years of experience, did an excellent job, citing a survey of Open House visitors that indicated a satisfaction rate of over 80 percent with the exhibits.

AMS Vice President Namiko Kunimoto agreed the event was well run, but questioned the size of the organizer's paycheque at a time when students face massive tuition increases.

"I don't think the chancellor should be paid that much at all—that seems kind of exorbitant," she said.

While Kunimoto acknowledged that Open House may help

to attract private funding for the university, she questions whether the event was worth the cost.

"I think Open House is generally a good idea, but it doesn't necessarily have to be such a grandiose thing," she said.

She suggested some of the money may have been better spent elsewhere, comparing the weekend's \$400,000 price tag to the \$450,000 the university spends on campus safety in an entire year.

Open House did hire 40 UBC students to work at the event, in addition to 14 volunteer committees and nearly 4,000 volunteers.

Apart from the cloudy weather, attendance may have been lower partly because the Open House schedule conflicted with that of the Homeshow, as well as the Vancouver International Film Festival, which has long been held during the first two weeks of October. The Film Fest had an attendance level of 120,000, with its highest numbers during the Open House weekend.

Sweeney said Open House organizers took this into account, but the Open House date was chosen to coincide with the annual UBC Homecoming reunion which occurs the same weekend each October.

RACE ISSUES:

How do you feel about them?
Are people misrepresented by race?
The Ubyssey will be meeting to discuss its Race and Representation special issue. All welcome.

Stop by SUB 241K on Friday, Oct. 27 or Monday, Oct. 30 at 3:30pm, or call 822-2301.

'TWEEN CLASSES

Friday, October 27
FORUM ON CAMPUS SAFETY
Panel discussion with UBC administration, presented by the Alma Mater Society.
SUB Conversation Pit, 12:30-2:30pm

Saturday, October 28
LECTURE
"The Lions", by M.A. student Stephanie Dragonas, part of the "Capitalizing the Scenery" lecture series.
Belkin Art Gallery, 2:00pm.

Mondays
LUNCH SOCIAL
GLBUBC. SUB 125N, 12:30pm.

Mondays
DISCUSSION GROUP
GLBUBC. Student Graduate centre, 5:00pm -7:00pm

Wednesdays
GENERAL MEETING
GLBUBC. SUB 125N, 12:30pm.

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Little beginnings could lead to something big

by Jenn Kuo

It is not very often I like an artist on first listen whom I have heard next to nothing about. Suzanne Little's talented debut solo album is a definite exception to this rule.

Formerly part of Lava Hay, Little took some time to figure out what she wanted to do after the band's break up. "My whole professional career had been with Lava Hay, it was my identity. When we broke up it was hard for me to figure out what I wanted to do with music."

She says the solo career feels different from her work with the band. "It was something I never wanted to do. I really dreaded the idea of having to do that."

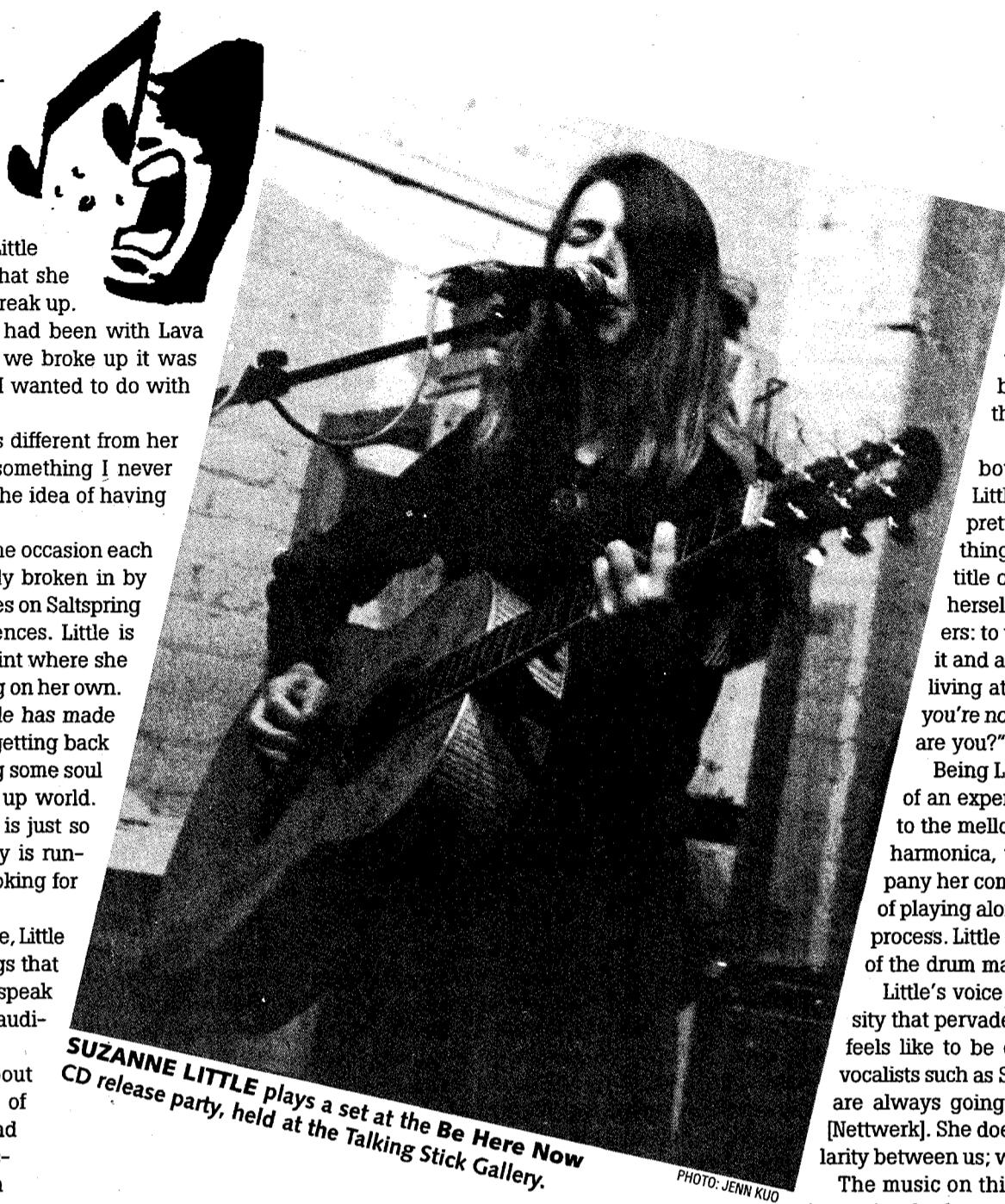
Little, however, has risen to the occasion each step of the way. She was gently broken in by playing some songs at local stages on Saltspring Island to very supportive audiences. Little is now more confident and at a point where she can handle and enjoy performing on her own.

For the past three years, Little has made her home on Saltspring Island getting back in touch with the land and doing some soul searching. "It's a pretty fucked up world.

... Everything we do right now is just so backwards—the way our society is running right now. ... I'm sort of looking for the positive."

Taking things one step at a time, Little challenged herself to write songs that would stand on their own and speak not only to her, but also to her audience.

'Knowledgeable Man' is about conventional wisdom—the idea of trying to think for yourself and question things. "People who possess the knowledge or wisdom use it as a form of power. Anytime people want to change things by challenging conven-



SUZANNE LITTLE plays a set at the *Be Here Now* CD release party, held at the Talking Stick Gallery.

PHOTO: JENN KUO

tional wisdom, people in positions of authority and power don't like that at all because they lose their power. If you challenge their whole premise for existing and the whole structure with it, they don't know what to do."

'Swept Away' deals with how we perceive "normality," breaking out of the way we're trained and conditioned to accept things in our lives. As Little puts it, "The state of normal is bad news these days. ... People think you're nuts but you're really finally seeing things for the way they are."

With a dash of melancholy, this CD feels both personal and confident. Is Suzanne Little really a serious person though? "Yeah, pretty damn serious. I don't mean to be. I take things seriously." The whole idea behind the title of the album, *Be Here Now*, is a lesson to herself and also a sort of life philosophy for others: to try to live in the moment, have fun, enjoy it and appreciate it while we have it. "You're not living at any other moment than at now, so ... if you're not going to live for the moment then where are you?"

Being Little's first album, *Be Here Now* has a bit of an experimental side to it. From acoustic guitar to the mellotron to the cello and violin to banjo and harmonica, the range of instruments which accompany her complement her voice well. They do the job of playing along with her without drowning her in the process. Little also experiments effectively with the use of the drum machine in the first track, 'Tragic Flaw.'

Little's voice is packed at times with a sort of intensity that pervades the entire album. When asked what it feels like to be compared to the likes of strong female vocalists such as Sarah McLachlan, Little responds, "People are always going to compare, we're on the same label [Nettwerk]. She does a lot of great work but I don't see similarity between us; we're coming from such different places."

The music on this album is calming, but gets you moving to its rhythm at the same time. Nothing any hardcore mosher would appreciate, but definitely something for those who revel in delightful, relaxing, soothing music.

Elderly widows and guiltmongering husbands hit the stage

Three Tall Women
at the Vancouver Playhouse
until Nov 11

by Bryce Edward

Edward Albee is a playwright of towering talent. He has won the Pulitzer prize in no less than three different decades, his latest being last year for *Three Tall Women*. The scary thing is Albee's finest play, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, wasn't one of the Pulitzer winners. Finest, that is, until now.

Three Tall Women is a triumph: beautifully written, with the finesse and restraint of a master. It dances and sways just beyond reach, moving effortlessly between laughter and tears, love and hatred, hope and betrayal, without a seam in sight. It is the story of one woman's life, told through three perspectives: the brash 26-year-old, the confused 52-year-old and the sometimes senile, sometimes sharp 92-year-old. This is a play that must be seen; it simply would not work on film or television, as it would lose the immediacy of the twist that begins Act Two.

Albee begins to paint his picture with an afternoon of stories told to a captive audience, as the 92-year-old (Shelia Moore) alternately delights and disgusts her nursemaid (Patti Allan) and young lawyer (Alison Matthews). Moore makes the most of a juicy role. Her elderly dowager is endlessly fascinating, outrageous and pathetic in turn. Her stories are told with a selfless wit and have a strange sweetness to them, one

minute fondly remembering her childhood, the next imperiously accusing everyone of trying to hurt her and stealing from her.

Matthews is enthusiastic as the lawyer, and the woman at 26, but her performance seems to say "I am a professional stage actor, watch me as I act."

The real fire of this production lies with Allan, the nursemaid/companion and 52-year-old woman. Her performance is stunning, a calm razor's edge of hidden pain and helpless rage. The finest moment comes in the second act with her furious confrontation with her estranged son. Both moving and frightening, the scene is one of eerie, savage pain and sorrow.

The set begins as a stately sitting room and, in one of the neater tricks I've seen in the past few years, metamorphoses into a surreal, faded version of its former self.

With student tickets running a scant \$10.75, *Three Tall Women* is a steal. Edward would be proud.

Paper Wings
at Pacific Theatre until Nov 4

by Peter T. Chattaway

Dramas about dysfunctional marriages are never fun to watch, but they can lead us through the pains of blithely inflicted wounds and failed communications to some



sort of greater truth. I'm not so sure that *Paper Wings* does this.

To its credit, it is successful in showing how relationships can teeter on the edge of disaster while allowing pinpricks of joy to poke through, moments of happiness that almost convince you the marriage might be worth saving. But more often than not, the play's feelgood oases are obliterated by sandstorms of callous words and guilt that are amplified by years of denial. The effect is more numbing than evocative.

I also can't help wondering about the way in which the play toys with gender and religion. Playwright Gillette Elvgren, himself a Christian, takes a big risk by making Jamie (Pamela Raven) undergo a conversion at the end of Act One, after which she openly expresses her guilt over an abortion she had five years before, while simultaneously having her manipulative

(and unbelieving) husband Stan (Ron Reed) twist her penitent screws to make her bear his child. I don't think Elvgren's trying to equate religion with guiltmongering, but the risk of that sort of misinterpretation looms large over the play.

There's ambivalence in the circumstances of Jamie's conversion, too. It happens after Stan leaves Jamie to herself in a motel, and she happens to watch a televangelist. This accentuates the isolation between Jamie and other people, especially her husband — left alone so often, she is prone to making the sort of life-changing decision that drives yet another wedge into their relationship — but, in the context of this play, it lends a dubious credibility to the cause of religious broadcasters. (I suppose it may just be a coincidence that Elvgren teaches drama at Pat Robertson's Regent University.)

The dialogue is an uneven mix of gems (Stan reading e.e. cummings with a burnt tongue; the parable about the innocent pig caught up in the demonic herd), borderline clichés ("You don't love me, you love my parts"), and good ideas lost in a wrong setting (Stan's "third party in the bedroom" metaphor feels like a barely ingenious poem that's had all its subtlety sucked right out).

Director Morris Ertman blocks everything efficiently — and his set design, which curls up at the edges like a drying scab, is brilliant — but I doubt any amount of thespian talent could overcome the mixed signals embedded in the script.

Musicolumn

Jethro Tull — Roots to Branches [Chrysalis]

In the late '60s and early '70s, Jethro Tull put out several excellent albums. 1972's *Thick As A Brick* was followed by the overly ambitious *Passion Play*, apparently written for singer-songwriter/flautist Ian Anderson's mistress. Subsequently, the band went into a decline, and the band faded from existence.

However, here comes the '90s, when anybody who isn't dead yet gets to make a comeback. It comes as no surprise to see Jethro Tull jumping onto the revival bandwagon. Hence *Roots to Branches*.

Anderson's vocals are more subdued, lacking that passionate intensity which worked so well on *Aqualung*. Musically, Jethro Tull's reknowned virtuosity is pared down, though still apparent, and though this is vintage Tull, it is also modern enough to pass muster in the '90s. Indeed, there are some sublime songs on this collection. 'Valley' for example, captures whatever it was that made *Benefit* Jethro Tull's finest album without sounding like a rehash.

True to form, Jethro Tull still profess to identify with those of us who live on the bottom of the shitheap in this best of all possible worlds. Thus, *Roots To Branches* resonates on several levels with the best of the old. My only complaint is that the production is a little too slick, lacking the raw edge of earlier Tull efforts.

- Andy the grate

Lenny Kravitz — Circus [Virgin]

Does this man ever stop? Lenny Kravitz's new album *Circus* confirms he is a musical genius.

His previous albums all show off his musical gift, but *Circus* is definitely in a class by itself. It is simply a masterpiece which deserves any hype it receives.

A Beatlesque influence is added to Kravitz's usual soulful rock. In *My Life Today*, with its breath-taking harmonies, sounds like it would blend right in with *Abbey Road*.

The catchy 'Rock'n'Roll Is Dead' is already on its way to becoming an anthem for the Kravitz generation; the multi-talented artist performs every instrument on this classic.

Equally funky is the fast, rocking 'Tunnel Vision' and the inspirational 'Don't Go And Put A Bullet In Your Head', one of the album's most addictive tracks.

There isn't a lot of the useless filler that so clutters other albums; *Circus* has purpose and cohesion. Its selections focus on either sex, love, or God — nearly half the album's songs contain spiritual/gospel-like lyrics — and are passionate in their content and the way Kravitz expresses himself.

- Janet Winters

For every 3 United Nations employees worldwide, there are 4 CIA employees.

- Harper's Index [Nov 1995]

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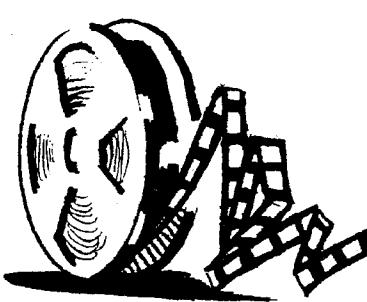
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culture

Woody Allen Copies himself and comes up Shorty



Mighty Aphrodite opens today at the Park theatre

by Peter T. Chattaway

Back in the mid-'80s, somewhere between *The Purple Rose of Cairo* and *Another Woman*, Woody Allen's films began to harp on the themes of pregnancy and motherhood. And understandably so; it was around this time that Mia Farrow bore their son Satchel. But these films rarely showed the child that follows a pregnancy, and Woody never portrayed himself as a — *gulp* — father.

Mighty Aphrodite marks a milestone of sorts, then. From the argument between Lenny (Allen) and Amanda (an oddly Americanized Helena Bonham-Carter) over whether to adopt a child, and then over what to name him, to their meetings with the lad's teacher, Woody Allen casts himself in the role of a doting dad. Could he possibly be getting domes-

tic not. No sooner has the adopted child settled into the story than Lenny starts to get interested in other women. (Once again, à la *Husbands & Wives*, his wandering eye is justified by the wife's coldness towards him.) He is curious about a particular other woman, in fact: the boy's biological mother. Convinced that such a bright lad must have an equally brainy mom, he breaks a few rules and tracks her through a string of kitschy pseudonyms.

And what does he find? A ditzy hooker and former porno extra named Judy Cum (*Quiz Show*'s Mira Sorvino), the sort of dumb blonde that provided *Radio Days* and *Bullets over Broadway* with much of their cheap, if funny, laughs. But Woody does something a little strange here: he tries to make her sympathetic. Woody might call this realism, but the serious pauses detract from the comedy; likewise, Sorvino's brassy, atonal voice — she splutters like a loud ventriloquist's dummy — shatters the more soulful moments.

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- Janet Winters

Copycat opens today at the Capitol 6 theatre

by Jenn Kuo

If *Copycat* is trying to portray a serial killer realistically, then I guess it does a fairly good job. Starring such big names as Sigourney Weaver and Holly Hunter, this suspense-thriller is somewhat different than others in its mix of witty lines.

Helen Hudson (Weaver) is a criminal psychologist who has now become rather agoraphobic because a former psychopath whose case she was working on tried to kill her. Now she doesn't leave her posh apartment and the only link she has to the outside world is her three computers and modem. M.J. Monahan (Hunter) is on the case of solving the serial murders that have been going on in the city. She and her partner Ruben Goetz (*Bad Girls*' Dermot Mulroney), discover Hudson's expertise on the serial killer

Copycat is an excellent specimen.

Get Shorty now playing at the Capitol 6 theatre

by Bryce Edward

Light, frothy comedy à la Tarantino. Can it be done? Should it be done? Go see *Get Shorty* and decide for yourself.

A new breed of movies has been spawned, and Quentin is to blame. Suddenly everyone has to have a hipper-than-thou attitude, funky camera work, hyper-cool gangsters, witty dialogue and a wild soundtrack. This recipe may make for better movies than what Hollywood has churned out in the last decade, but the problem is a formula movie is still just a formula movie; entertaining and well made, but you've seen it all before. And such is *Get Shorty*.

Get Shorty centers around the adventures of Chili Palmer (John Travolta), a small-fry gangster with nerves of steel. He chases a client to Los Angeles, and decides while he is there he might as well hang around and produce movies.

With a schlock-horror director (Gene Hackman), a set of curves with a heart of gold (Rene Russo), a flaky "serious actor" (Danny DeVito) and colourful, cartoon-like villains around every corner, Chili has his hands full.

Sonnenfeld's direction is heavy-handed and intrusive, a fatal flaw when you are trying to pull off a cavalier attitude. Comedy should not look hard, it takes the fun out of it.

Once the circus really gets rolling, however, Sonnenfeld backs off and lets the action carry the movie. Cameos start to fly fast and furious; by the end it's hard to keep track of everything.

That's all part of the fun and, for all its jumpiness, shallowness and lack of focus, *Get Shorty* is still an enjoyable movie, sort of like candy for your brain. It's not really very good for you, but if you can get over your guilt for not watching something a little more artistic, you will enjoy it.

It's safe and predictable, yes, but John, Gene, Rene and Danny are having a blast, and it shows.

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the ride to Surrey

Helen Pitt Awards 1993-1995

at the Surrey Art Gallery until Nov 19

by Christopher Brayshaw

Since 1961, the Helen Pitt Awards have provided fine arts students in British Columbia with annual scholarships. The awards give graduating students the opportunity to exhibit their works in a major public gallery, and document them in an accompanying catalogue.

The present Pitt exhibition surveys three years of awards, and is well worth the long Skytrain trip to Surrey and the subsequent hike down to the gallery, past Swiss Chalet, used car lots and "Cape Cod style condominiums."

The art on display is more austere than the King George Highway's candy-coloured facades. Echoes of sixties minimalism fill the room, evidence of serious homage to Donald Judd, Agnes Martin and Robert Morris.

As with most student shows, many artists make lofty theoretical claims for their work. Crystal Lee, Jana Milloy and Tim Rattel all pay more attention to their "artists' statements" than their exhibits.

Still, there's a lot of good work there. Natalie Melikian, who showed in the UBC BFA grad show this spring, has the strongest piece in the exhibition. Her *Index 1,2,3,4,5...* is a display case made of glass, with concrete tablets laid inside. Like her work in the UBC show, *Index* is concerned

with ways in which words and images function as archives of meaning. Melikian's work is as austere as the short fiction of Jorge Luis Borges, her sculptures' patron saint.

Laurence Rooney's *Thicket* consists of sixteen aluminum rods whirling atop steel columns. The longer you watch this piece, the more it grows on you. Soon you sense the way the columns shape the space between them and feel the fan blades' gentle breeze against your face.

Ester Volpe's *Clutches* are 1950s-style handbags and purses, cast in wax and hydrostone. These half-melted, half-eroded images dramatize ways in which patriarchal constructions of femininity have broken down near the century's end.

Kristen Germann's *Cairn Series* has long been a personal favorite, ever since I saw one installed at the 1993 Emily Carr grad show. Germann carves and sandblasts phrases from personal ads onto rocks and driftwood, then scatters them across the Lower Mainland. These works address ways in which people try, but ultimately fail, to connect.

Pieces of wood wrapped in brown paper are piled beside pictures of rocks, wood, and maps of Germann's "release sites." These wrapped objects are meant to be taken home. I slipped one into my bag and opened it later on Skytrain. Letters stamped into its weathered surface read, SHARE YOUR PAIN.

Check *The Ubyssey's* Halloween issue this Tuesday for some scary movie passes ...

There are only three six-letter words in the English language which are spelled in alphabetical order:
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CHINTZ

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The Ubyssey

5



Referendum: "Oui" got more "Non" sense

There's nothing like a referendum to stir up some shit.

We should all consider ourselves lucky that, in a country given to long bouts of listlessness, one can always count on Quebecers to give Canada an occasional poke with the pointy sovereigntist stick.

But while most newspaper editorials seem obliged to encourage Canadians to pitch their tent in one of the two perennial referendum camps, we prefer to marvel in the tenacity of the question itself.

The significance of Quebec's referendum goes far beyond a simple "Oui" or "Non." Monday's vote is, in and of itself, an extraordinary cultural phenomenon. The very fact Quebecers still possess the audacity to take the notion of self-determination so...well, seriously, is itself evidence of Quebec's distinctness in North American political culture.

In a continent where the status quo seems galvanized to our collective consciousness, the referendum holds the potential for change—dizzying, radical, revolutionary change. Quebec is a reminder that the democratic process can still be a messy and thrilling business. Regardless of the outcome, Monday's vote is bound to make the Establishment sweat a bit.

Many Quebecers seek in their political process an expression of their historical and social identity, a sentiment entirely absent in our own cultural programming. Canadians outside of Quebec are given the impression from an early age that being "political" is somehow un-Canadian.

Quebecers, unlike the rest of us, are innately political animals. Most Canadians wish Quebecers would put away their nationalist squabble so we can return to the good-natured apathy and political indifference that make this country great.

Canadians tend to view government purely as a kind of administrative wing of the economy, which is why in federalist plea after federalist plea we prove resoundingly to Quebec's sovereigntists just how spectacularly we fail to understand them. Federalists prophesy a black tide of economic ruin should Quebecers exercise their right to self-determination at the expense of proper fiscal restraint. For the life of us we simply can't understand why Quebecers persist in their cockamamie nationalism at the expense of a strong Canadian dollar.

We in anglo Canada tend to limit our political participation to voting once every four years. Elections here are generally met with the same ho-hum interest reserved for leap

years and the Winter Olympics. We save our more fiery passions for things that matter, like hockey. When BC'ers take to the streets (as 1994's Robson Street fiasco demonstrated), it's to vent frustrations over the results of the playoffs, not the political process.

Unlike most North Americans, who live in the eternal present offered them by television, Quebecers' sense of history is acute. Perhaps this is because it is a history in many ways more painful than our own. If we non-Quebecers are haunted, it is, as the Canadian poet Earle Birney suggested, by our lack of ghosts.

But one gets the sense that politics still matter in Quebec in a way they no longer do elsewhere in North America. Quebec is a place where there is still a whiff of revolution in the cigarette smoke, still university students who can remember the recipe for Molotov cocktails, a place Leonard Cohen describes as still capable of "hammering a beautiful coloured bruise on the whole American monolith."

Okay, so maybe we're romanticizing just a little, but as a group dedicated to leaving our own indelible mark on the university monolith, we can't help but admire the sentiment.

letters

Grow up boys!

My responses to the annual Sex Issue ranged from chortles and giggles to eye-brow raising recognition of my own rising libido. Until, that is, I read Wolf Depner's and Andy Bonfield's "Things that turn guys... ON ! OFF !" Boys, your 'contribution' becomes even more pathetic when compared to the same column covered on behalf of women. While lists like these are always open to critique for generalisation, at least the list by Janet Winters and Paula Bach is tasteful, and likely does speak for the majority of women (if not people in general). If you read that list closely, you may notice that all comments in it can be split into two groups: those having to do with consideration for your partner, and those having to do with communication. These are essential for quality turn-ons. Your list, on the

other hand, reflects no such insight or forethought. It is pre-pubescent at best, and insulting all over. This list was clearly written for your Totem and Vanier Park peers, hoping to elicit high-fives and "fucking' eh's" upon your triumphal return. Peanut Butter, Lava Lamps, and Jimi Hendrix as "guaranteed" turn ons? Do you even have pubic hair yet? And your guaranteed turn offs are insensitive, unoriginal, and juvenile. Your list makes me wonder if you weren't taken away as eight year olds and placed in solitary confinement. Have you ever actually interacted with a real live adult woman? If you didn't purport to speak for all men, you would not even be worth responding to. Thoughtless dick heads like you only contribute to the notion that "Men are pigs."

Zeba Crook
Grad Studies,
Religious Studies

More safe sex

I was pleased to see an entire issue of your paper devoted to sexuality; however, I wish you had put a little bit more effort into the topic of safer sex. You shouldn't assume that all of your readers are well-versed in this area. When you suggested sex in unusual places, you could have gently reminded lovers not to forget the doms. Winters is correct in saying that the anus is an "amazing erogenous zone," but rimming (oral-anal contact) is also a great way to spread parasitic diseases as well as Hepatitis B. I think that a cautionary note was in order.

My main problem with the "sex issue" is that although you include one article about birth control, it contained some glaring errors.

First, the diaphragm can be inserted up to six hours before intercourse (not fifteen minutes as your article stated) which is one of its most attractive features. I would expect that people who are planning to use contraception would look for additional information to that in the Ubyssey but still, you are a newspaper, and you should check your sources.

Sally Taylor

the Ubyssey

October 27, 1995

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Scott Hayward peered into the horizon, beyond the sand dunes where Sheriff Matt Thompson had left Wolf Depner for dead. Christopher Brayshaw took the camels to the wells, wondering if he had enough to afford Jeni Ku's hand in marriage. Suddenly a man rode in on a horse: it was the Howeitek chieftain Wah Kee Ting, his son Joe Clark riding a pony and brandishing a gun in a vain attempt to frighten the nomads. Ben Koh would have none of this, and he spat into the sand. Bryce Edward could not believe such effrontery. He was about to grab his sword when Sarah O'Donnell gripped his wrist. "Enough violence — remember what happened to Boyd Erman!" Peter T. Chattaway would not be deterred so easily, and he lunged at Stanley Tromp, who promptly shot him through the head. Suddenly Christine Price pointed to the desert beyond — did Janet Winters see what she saw? Sure enough, it was Andy Barham of Arabia, with Chris Nuttall-Smith's almost lifeless husk tossed across his saddle. "Actually, I was looking for Siobhan Roantree, but I saw this poor sod lying there amid the scorpions, and you know how those things are when they haven't been fed properly."

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LETTERS POLICY: Letters to the editor must be under 300 words. "Perspectives" are opinion pieces over 300 words but under 750 words and are run according to space. "Freestyles" are opinion pieces written by Ubyssey staff members. Priority will be given to letters and perspectives over freestyles unless the latter is time sensitive. Priority on all opinions shall be given to those individuals or groups who have not submitted a letter or Perspective recently. Opinion pieces will not be run unless the identity of the writer has been verified. Please include your phone number, student number and signature (not for publication) as well as your year and faculty with all submissions. ID will be checked when submissions are dropped off at the office of The Ubyssey, otherwise verification will be done by phone.

sports

Basketbirds try to repeat upset over Clansmen

by Wolf Depner

Cross-town rivals UBC and SFU will renew their ongoing athletic feud on the hard court this Tuesday when the men's basketball T-Birds travel up Burnaby Mountain to take on the SFU Clansmen in the 21st edition of the Buchanan Cup.

While not a Canada West league game, it matters tremendously to the respective coaches. "It's always important when you play a traditional rival [UBC]," said SFU Head-coach Scott Clark. "It's about bragging rights."

UBC coach Bruce Enns echoed that sentiment. "This [game] is like a big street fight out there to find out which gang is going to own the streets for the year," he said.

SFU leads the overall series 11-9-1 and like last year, the Clansmen are pre-game favorites, but that means nothing in light of last year's "Miracle on Hard-court." That game was billed as a "David vs Goliath" clash in which SFU went in as a

35 point favorite. The T-Birds hung tough and pulled out a 79-77 upset victory on two clutch free throws by Ken Morris.

"This year they are going to be very aware of us," said Enns. SFU coach Scott Clark doesn't have to be reminded of last year's loss. "It should be a competitive game," he said.

It will also be interesting to see how these two teams adjust to each other given their contrasting styles. The Clansmen's biggest strength is size up front, with 6'10" Peter Guarasci and 6'8" Shawn O'Brian starting at the forward spots. Given that size up front, SFU likes to run a patient half-court offence.

Meanwhile the 4-0 T-Birds, led by Morris and John Tinholth, flourish in a fast-paced full court offence. One of the keys to success for the T-Birds will be their ability to neutralize SFU's size, and Enns has already promised to play a lot of zone defence on Tuesday night.

The T-Birds also have to make the tough perimeter shots. Randy

Ellis, who was one of the best outsider shooters in Canada West in the last two years, graduated last year. However Enns considers his replacement, Dave Buchanan, "to be more than adequate."

The T-Birds will also have to deal with a hostile crowd expected to be somewhere between 1,000 and 2,000 strong. However, SFU coach Scott Clark doesn't put much faith in home-court advan-

tage. "It's an advantage, but it is not a huge one," he said.

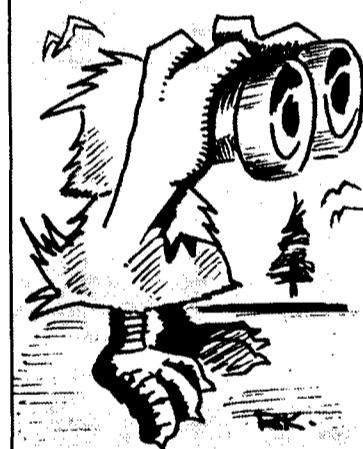
Nonetheless, the Birds have a difficult challenge ahead trying to repeat last year's feat against the Clansmen.



SCOTT HAYWARD PHOTO

BRUCE ENNS discussing strategy for the Buchanan Cup game against SFU on Tuesday night.

BIRD WATCH



UPCOMING EVENTS

Men's Basketball

Tues. Oct 31, 7:00 pm
Buchanan Cup
at Simon Fraser Univ.
CiTR Radio, 101.9 FM

Cross Country

Sat. Oct 23, 1:45 pm
BC Open Championships
Brockton Oval
(Stanley Park)

Men's Hockey
Fri. Oct 27, 7:30 pm
Sat. Oct 28, 7:30 pm
vs Lethbridge
CiTR Radio, 101.9 FM

Rugby
Sun, Oct 29, 2:30 pm
vs Vancouver Meralomas
O.J. Todd Field

Soccer
Saturday, Oct. 28
12 pm (W), 2 pm (M)
vs. Calgary
Sunday, Oct 29
11 am (W), 1 pm (M)
vs. Lethbridge
O.J. Todd Field

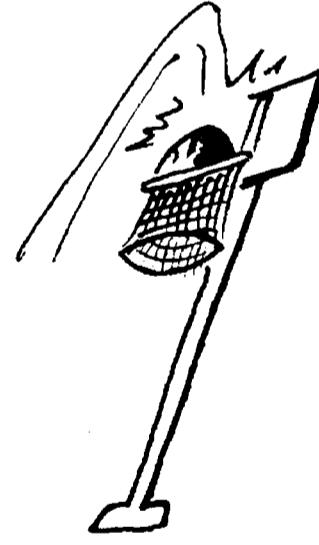
Swimming
Fri, Oct 27, 5:30 pm
Sat, Oct 28, 1:00 pm
College's Cup Meet
UBC Aquatic Centre

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The Ubyssey Sports section needs reporters

Interview game stars who don't make more money in a night than you do in a whole year!

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RUSSIA and the
FUTURE OF DEMOCRACY:
what kind of revolution?

12:30 noon
SUB Theatre Auditorium

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Ph.D. Russian and Chinese History.

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Referendum

McGill "Non" leader finds no tolerance in separatism

by Boyd Erman

MONTREAL— Paul Robichaud came to Montreal just over a year ago in search of a more tolerant place to call home. The nineteen-year-old francophone from Moncton, New Brunswick is a first-years arts student at McGill University. He is also gay.

Compared to Moncton's small-town atmosphere, Robichaud saw Montreal as a place more accepting of who he is.

But after a year at McGill, Robichaud has discovered not everyone in Montreal is so tolerant. There is plenty of ignorance and phobia here, he says, but they are directed not so much at gays as at Anglophones and Allophones (anyone who is neither francophone or anglophone, mostly immigrants).

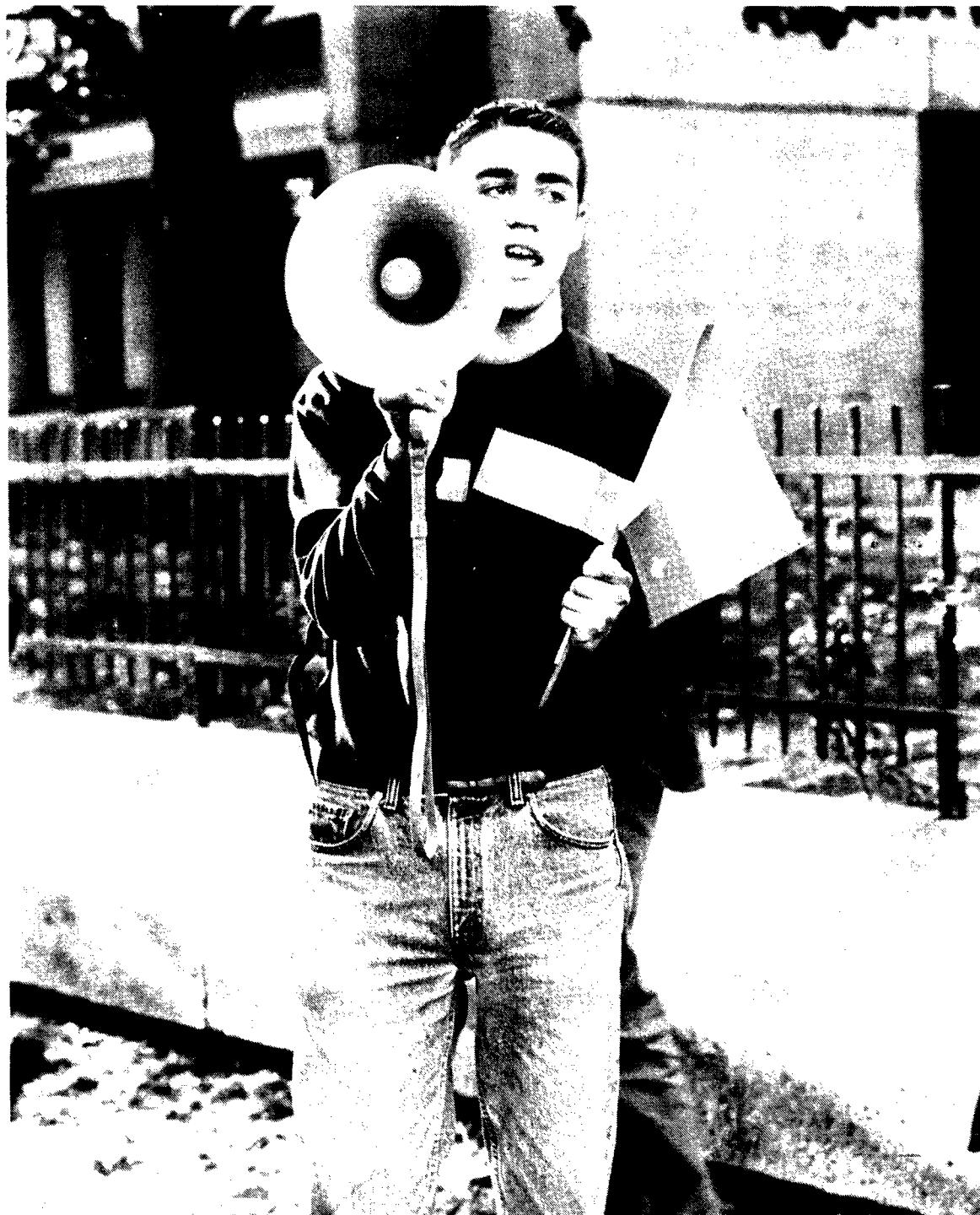
It is that prejudice, Robichaud says, that drives him to lead McGill's federalist forces as leader of the university's No Committee.

"I see being a Quebecer as a way of being a Canadian," Robichaud says. He is also an admitted Quebec nationalist, but says he sees "nationalism" as a part of "who you are, a part of your culture, a part of your language and heritage."

"That should not be threatened. However, I don't see my nationalism as something to be imposed on others, which is what the separatists want to do. They want to impose it on immigrants, they want to impose it on anglophones—even on the rest of Canada. That's not right. It becomes ethnocentrism, fascism, and that disgusts me."

In Robichaud's view, intolerance has marked the referendum debate from the outset.

"There was even talk that maybe only Francophones should be allowed to vote in the referendum. There were debates on the radio about whether



PAUL ROBICHAUD speaks out in favour of tolerance and national unity.

PHOTO: CHRIS NUTTALL-SMITH

Allophones should be allowed to vote. That is disgusting; those people came to live in Quebec, to share what we have to share, to build what we have to build, and to turn around and say that they are not real Quebecers—that, too, is disgusting."

That disgust propels Robichaud to spend long hours on the phone in McGill's tiny

"No" Committee office, an eight-foot room shared with the McGill Caribbean Club. The office is covered in posters and flags, Quebec and Canadian colours everywhere. One of the No Committee's volunteers dashes in to pick up pamphlets advertising an upcoming student rally, then ties a Canadian flag around her neck and runs out yelling, "I am

Superwoman, I am SuperCanadian." Paul laughs and goes back to work bugging politicians to come out and speak at the rally, wondering if he can get Jean Charest.

"I see being a Quebecer as a way of being a Canadian"

Paul Robichaud
McGill's "No" committee leader

riding includes Montreal's gay village, where Robichaud works handing out pamphlets advertising gay bars. That work, plus his volunteer work at a local soup kitchen, has made him well known in the riding. He says he thinks that will give him a good chance of winning an election.

After that, he says, who knows?

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