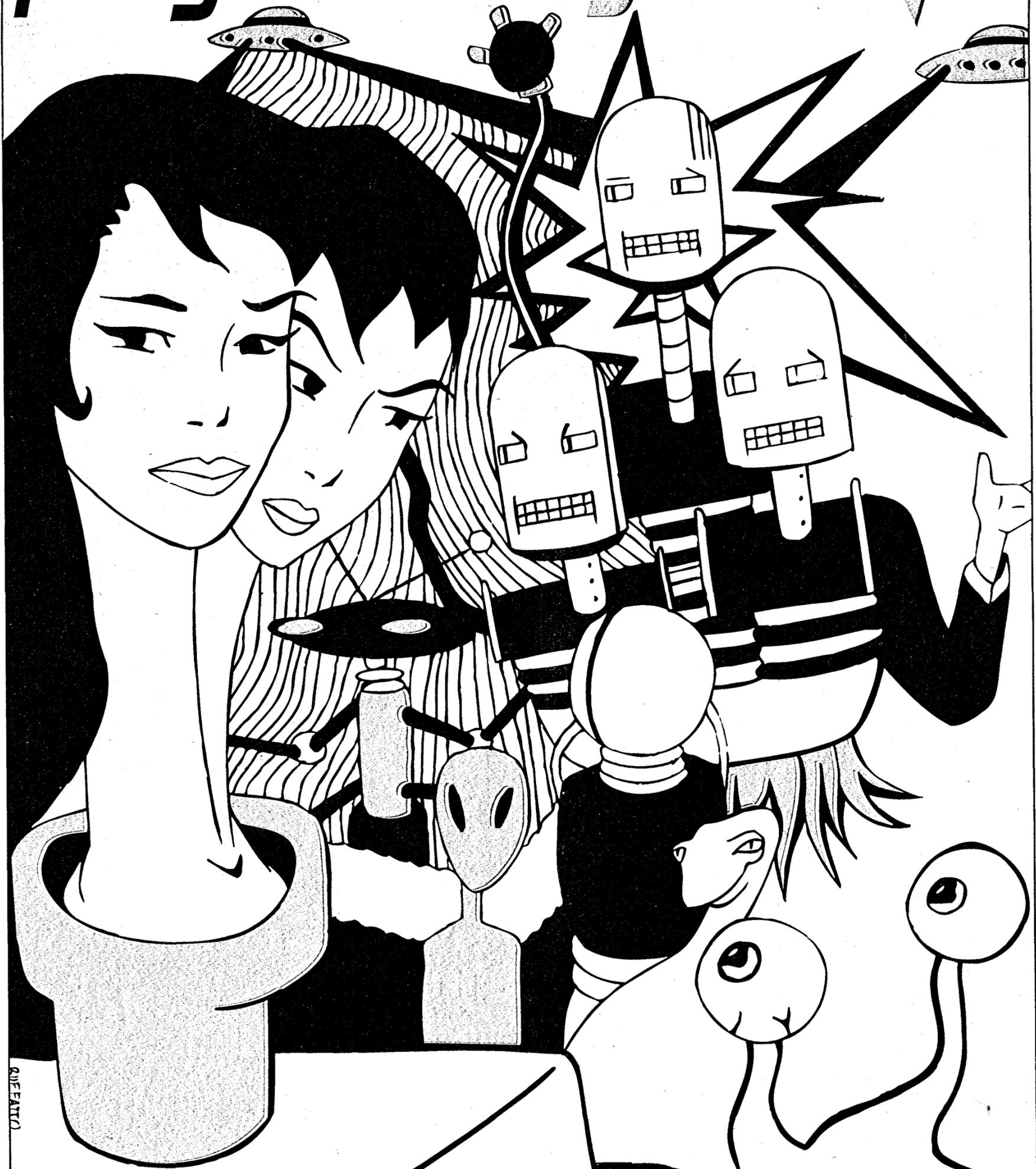


page Friday

THE UBYSSEY

JANUARY 19, 2001
VOLUME 82 ISSUE 28
ALMOST LEGAL SINCE 1918



REVENGE OF THE NERD

Local writer Spider Robinson
thinks science fiction can save
the world...page 3

SWIMMING

The I-Birds hit the pool tonight to
defend their Canada West titles

HURTING

Homework is bad for you—really!
More and more students are getting hurt

ACTING

A whole buncha plays—
come get cultured!

CLASSIFIEDS

Accommodation

ACCOMMODATION AVAILABLE IN THE UBC SINGLE STUDENT RESIDENCES JANUARY - APRIL 2001. Rooms are available in the UBC single student residences for qualified women and men applicants. Single and shared rooms in both "room only" and "room and board" residences are available. Vacancies can be rented for immediate occupancy in the Walter H. Gage, Fairview Crescent, Totem Park, Place Vanier, and Ritsumeikan - UBC House Residences (availability is limited for some residence areas and room types). Applicants who take occupancy of a residence room now are entitled to reapplication (returning student) privileges for a "guaranteed" housing assignment for the 2001/2002 Winter Session. Please contact the UBC Housing Office in Brock Hall for information on rates, availability and condition of application. The Housing Office is open from 8:30am - 4:00 pm weekdays, or call 822-2811 during office hours.

Personals

B.C.'S COOLEST PARTY LINE!!! DIAL: 25-Party, Ads*Jokes*Stories & MORE! Free Call! 18+ *Try it NOW!!!

Announcement

WORM COMPOSTING WORKSHOP on Wed Jan 24 from 12-1pm. Call Gillian at 822-9456 or email gillian.allan@ubc.ca for more info.

VEGGIE LUNCHES, every Tuesday 12:30-2:30 pm in the Penthouse (3rd floor) of the Grad Center, 6371 Crescent Rd, vegetarian and vegan food, suggested donation: \$4.00

SPARTACUS YOUTH CLUB CLASS: NDP Rules for the Bosses: Break with the Pro-Capitalist NDP! Wed. Jan 24 6:30pm Rm 213, SUB. Info: 67-0353 or tilt@look.ca

7 SECRETS FOR SUCCESS SEMINAR presented by local counsellor and educator, Tom Abbott. A touch of Chopra, a hint of Robbins, a pinch of Kehoe and a dab of Covey served up in bite-size pieces. Learn how to put principles into practice! Call 872-6260 for more info.

Callboard

SUBMISSIONS WANTED! Wreck magazine is looking for poetry, short fiction, drama, art and photography by UBC students. Email gil@lynx.net

Academic Services

EDITING: You really want to publish that thing? Better call Mr. Ed. 632-0690 (pager).

Business Opportunity

#1 RATED HOME BUSINESS looking for leaders with Japanese contacts. Free mailed information. 1-800-234-1192 or www.essenworkf.com

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TUTORS NEEDED - All Grades, All Subjects! \$13.00-\$17.00 p/h to Start. Toll Free 1-866-888-8677.

LOOKING FOR HIGH TECH CAREERS? Visit TechnologyCanada.com

Volunteer Opportunities

MAKE A DIFFERENCE IS A CHILD'S LIFE: Become a Literacy Tutor! The Learning Disabilities Association Vancouver chapter is offering valuable volunteer experience for individuals planning a career working with children. Info session: JAN 25, 7PM, Oakridge Library; JAN 31, 7PM, Firehall Library. For more information call the LDAV office @ 873-8139.

MOTHERS WITH 2 SONS are needed for a UBC study. Mothers get \$20 and children a T-shirt. If interested call 822-9037.

VIRTUAL REALITY TREATMENT STUDY is recruiting volunteer research participants who have severe driving fears. Please call Jaye Wald, Ph.D. Cand. 868-3890.

Tutors

ACCOUNTING & TAX TUTORIAL by experienced accountant: Beg & Intermediate acct. Personal & Corporate Taxes. Multi-student discounts. Call 831-5060.

WANTED: ECONOMICS TUTOR to help internalize intermediate economics theory to a single female who enjoys walks on the beach and the sunset (just kidding). Rate negotiable. email econhelp@ubc.2ndmail.com

'tween classes

Memorial March for Iraqi Victims of Sanctions

Saturday, January 20th, 3:00pm at the

Vancouver Public Library, 350 W. Georgia St.

To mark the 10th anniversary of the Gulf War and to remember the 1.5 million Iraqi people who have died, and the 250 who die everyday as a result of the UN sanctions against the people of Iraq organized by the campaign to end sanctions against the people of Iraq for more information call 985-7147 or 737-1299

Multifaith Environmental Forum

Vancouver Hillel and Adam va'Adamah (The Jewish Environmental

Society) present Earth Tones, a Multifaith Environmental Forum

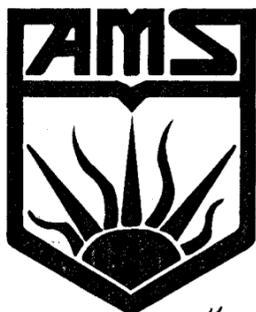
12:30-2:00pm Wednesday, January 31, SUB Room 207/208

For more information, call Noam at 872-7380 or Anders at 224-4748.

Super Cities Walk/Run for MS

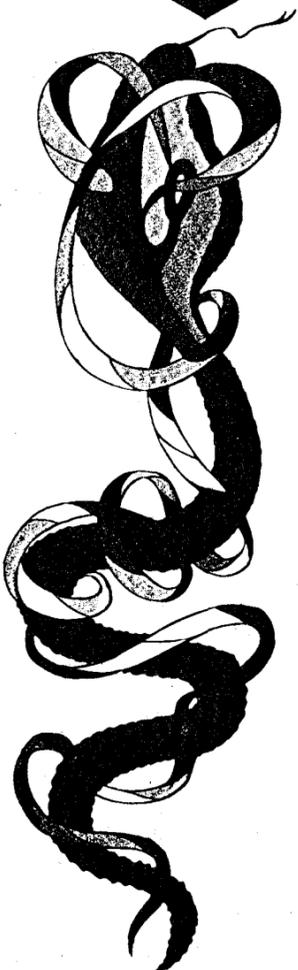
Sunday, April 8. Call 689-3144 for more information and to register.

'tween classes is a free public service of the Ubysey fax submissions to 822-9279, attention 'tweens.



UPDATE

visit us at www.ams.ubc.ca



CHINESE NEW YEAR FAIR

Year of the Snake

Wednesday, January 24, 2001

SUB Ballroom (upstairs in SUB Building)

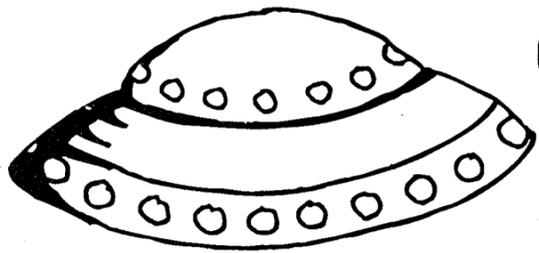
11:00 am - 2:30 pm

Games ☯ Displays ☯ Snacks ☯ Fortune Telling

Sample Food from The Moon



brought to you by your student society



Searching for the truth

BY DIANA STECH

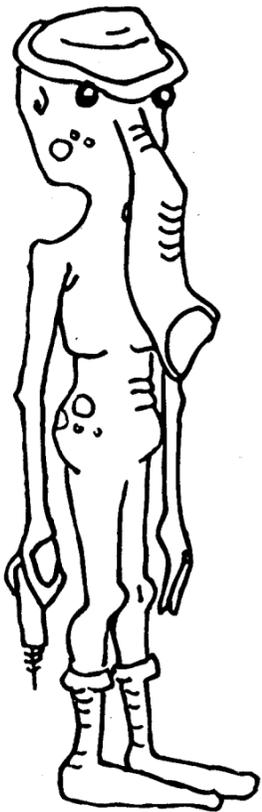
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELEN EADY

Spider Robinson doesn't want me to call his writing 'sci-fi.' He gently reminds me that 'sci-fi' is the 'plural of 'scum-fum,' which, he tells me, 'refers to very bad films made by Hollywood and/or Canadian dentists in need of tax shelters.'

Ha ha.

In all seriousness, Robinson's writing goes by the more elegant name of 'science fiction,' a genre haunted by the stereotypes that stem from films such as *Flying Discman from Mars* and *I Married a Monster From Outer Space*. But modern science fiction, according to Robinson, breaks free from the emphasis on aliens, rayguns and rockets, and dares to replace special effects and bedazzling technology with—surprise!—innovative ideas.

An award-winning author of 29 books and countless short stories, Robinson explains his craft in simple terms. 'Science fiction is the combination of 'science,' from the Latin word that means 'to know,' and 'fiction' is dreams.' Robinson is uncharacteristically serious about all this, adding that 'somewhere between what we know and what we dream is the truth.' Robinson, arguably just as popular as the TV series *The X-Files*, asserts that the 'truth is out there.' And he believes that by combining the realism of science with the imagination of the dreamer, we may just somehow uncover it.



His search for this 'truth' did not begin in the most orthodox of ways. He was not abducted by aliens, nor did he accidentally stumble across a hidden dimension. Instead, Robinson started to write out of boredom, with the vain hope that women would find the image of the starving writer attractive.

After graduating with a bachelor's degree in English from New York State University, Robinson had the qualifications to become either a cab driver or a night watchman.

But he lacked the stomach and bravado necessary to drive a cab in New York City, so he accepted the watchman position and received his first assignment—to guard and protect New York City's sewer from potential invaders.

'Basically,' Robinson recounts, 'I spent nine months watching a hole in the ground to prevent its theft.'

Robinson pauses and then continues.

'It was a slow nine months.' During this

time, his career in science fiction writing was growing out of sheer boredom. One night, imagining all the places he would rather be than staring at a hole in the ground, Robinson began to write.

At the end of that night, he had a manuscript. He called the story *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* and sent it off to *Analog* magazine. He says he figured that the prestigious science fiction magazine would have 'the classiest rejection slip.' He never found out, because the magazine sent him a \$400 cheque and an invitation to lunch instead.

Since then, he hasn't looked back. Winner of three Hugo Awards and one Nebula Award—two of science fiction's top international honours—Robinson has had a prolific writing career that is recognised by his peers and by audiences worldwide (his books are available in ten languages). And it's not over yet. Callahan's bar, the setting that began it all, has inspired numerous novels, including the one he's currently working

on, *Callahan's Conch*.

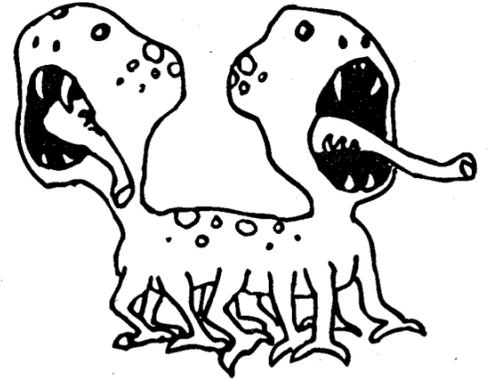
Of course, he can't take all the credit for his success. His wife, Jeanne, has been instrumental in the writing and development of many of his novels. The credits of *Starmind*, *Starseed*, and *Stardance* all cite Jeanne as the co-author.

Jeanne was the inspiration for *Stardance*, a novel featuring the innovative dance technique of 'zero gravity' dance. Jeanne's background as a modern dance choreographer helped create an entirely new form of dance in the world of the novel. After *Stardance*, she was invited to perform at

on a planet that he calls a 'bowl of mud.'

Entertainment, he says, is his primary way of disguising larger issues he thinks the reader needs to pay attention to. His first novel, *Telemath*, for instance, deals with the collapse of civilization due to a scientific development that made peoples sense of smell better than that of wolves. In typical ironic fashion, he explains how this development leads to human downfall. The 'thing about civilization,' he says, 'is it literally stinks.'

He sees communication as an important way of improving the state of affairs. One might think that the Internet would be one of a sci-fi



keeps. Robinson chooses to write at night when 'it's still, it's quiet...the phone doesn't ring, nobody comes to the door [and] there's nothing on TV.' Then he typically sleeps until late in the afternoon, grabs a cup of coffee—his favourite brand at the moment is New Guinea Peaberry—and begins his work all over again. Unexpected visitors would throw the whole cycle off.

However, what Robinson really wants to hide from visitors are his clothes. The great thing, he says, about being a writer, is you can wear whatever you want to work. Or nothing at all.

'I haven't worn a necktie in so long,' he says, 'I've forgotten the horror.' He tells me over the phone, he is wearing a pair of baggy pants with elastics on the bottoms ('to keep them from rolling up') a shirt with countless pockets in it (because he's always losing things), a turtleneck ('because it's cold'), slippers, and his trademark glasses that are 'as thick as computer monitor screens.'

Robinson recently ventured out of writing to attempt something new—music. *Belaboring the Obvious* is a compilation of four songs and two readings put together and released by Jeanne and Spider. The CD fulfilled Spider's lifelong dream of becoming a musician, which was shattered in his youth when folk music was supplanted by disco.

If his shift from writer to musician is successful, Robinson may be closer to bridging the gap between the artistic disciplines. Of course, if his vision is to be complete, he's got to unite the sciences and the arts—perhaps an impossible task. But if his optimism, energy, and healthy brand of cynical wit have an impact, we may witness new genres emerging in the future. Maybe blackhole symphonies, lunar poetry, and atomic paintings will be the art of the cosmos. And maybe then our world will be nearer to combining our dreams and fictions with the observable universe around us. ♦



the Boston Science Fiction convention, where she was in turn asked to participate in NASA's 'Civilian in Space Program.' She was among 12 finalists waiting for their chance to rocket into the cosmos, until the *Challenger* disaster put an end to the program.

The experience has not lessened Spider's belief that artists should be among those who are sent into orbit. 'It's time,' he says adamantly, 'that we send somebody to space other than jocks or soldiers.' He argues, quite persuasively, that we should be working towards bridging the gaps between science and art in order to open up new possibilities

writer's favourite things, but Robinson has some problems with cyberspace—not with the technology itself, but rather with the 'cyber-anarchists' whose agenda is to 'free the information' by creating Internet sites where people may download copyrighted material for free.

'They say they want information to be free,' Robinson points out, 'but my information only wants to be relatively inexpensive. Reasonably priced, not free.'

This does not seem to be an unreasonable request from the author who lives and works on one of the local islands, a short ferry ride away from the mainland. He doesn't want to reveal his exact location in order to keep pilgrims and fans away from his home. This is not surprising given the hours he

much a played-out form of music, suitable only as background noise in bars occupied by aging alcoholic hippies.

It's belaboring the obvious to say that sci-fi writers are usually quirky (read: weird), and that their humour doesn't often translate into funny for the rest of us, or that their ability to spin a good yarn doesn't make them a safe bet as a songwriter—witness Robinson's song 'Leather Zippo Holster,' which contains the lines: 'I saw that *Ford Fairlane* movie on the telly yesterday/O! Andrew was a-slicin and a-dicin' up the Clay.'

The movie *Ford Fairlane* was an unmen-

tionable tragedy ten years ago when it first came out. Andrew Dice Clay, the movie's fitting protagonist, is a crass, sexist motherfucker (for lack of a better word), whose fame is largely based on his rude, schoolyard manipulations of nursery rhymes. Do they not have a decent video store where Robinson lives?

It's belaboring the obvious to say that an album is third-rate if between every song you include a reading from your latest fantasy novel, but the readings only sum up to the grand total of one chapter.

Fortunately, it's also belaboring the obvious to say that a CD's quality is largely dependant

on what the musician/writer is actually trying to get across, if anything, through the album.

So, if Spider Robinson released this CD just for the hell of it, because he could, and because he likes the sound of his own voice, and because it was fun to hear his friend Tom Colcolough jam on his clarinet, and because the songs have sentimental value for him and all his crazy friends, then the mish-mash that is *Belaboring the Obvious*, the blues album, is pretty darn good. But that's not so obvious from listening to it. ♦

—Tom Peacock

SPIDER ROBINSON *Belaboring the Obvious* Independent

Is this album for sale? Because I'm not sure about its market potential.

It's belaboring the obvious to say that 'Water ain't dry,' or 'Tree's got wood, or 'Makin' love is pretty good,' as Spider Robinson attests in the title song for his new album, *Belaboring the Obvious*.

It's also belaboring the obvious to say that those lyrics are cute, or that songs about drunken benders are lame. Or that blues is pretty

TICKETS & SURPRISES TO GIVE AWAY!



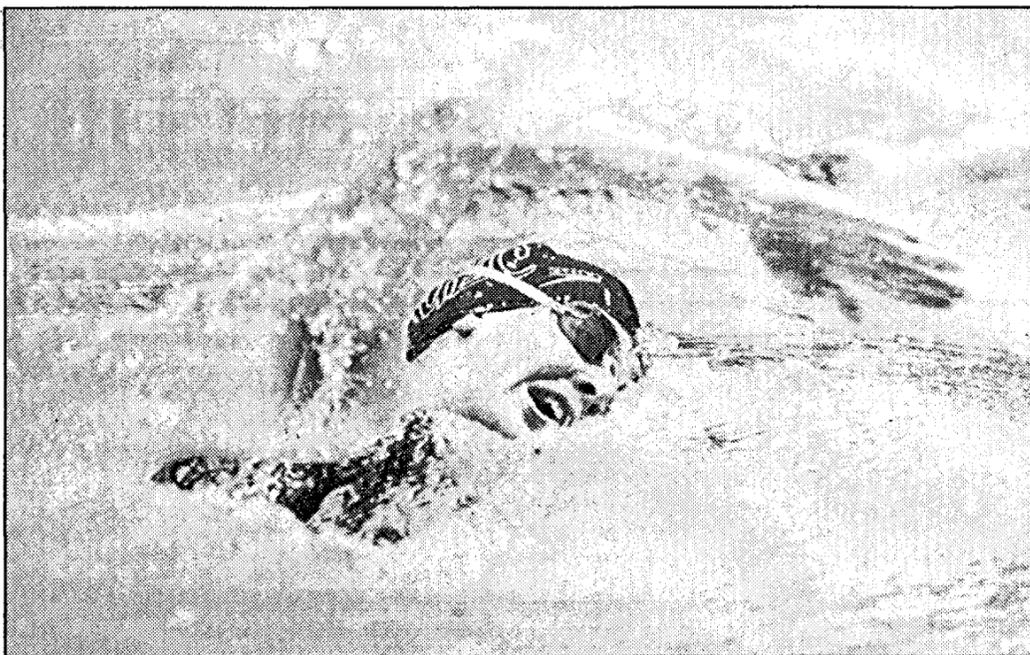
Come to SUB Room 245 to receive a complimentary ticket to an advance screening of:

“Sugar & Spice”

on January 24th, or a **Suprise!**

Sugar & Spice

UBYSSEY GIVEAWAY



1-2-3 BREATHE: Ubyyssey swimmers will be up against the toughest competition in the West at the Canada West Championships in the UBC pool this weekend. TARA WESTOVER/UBYSSEY FILE PHOTO

Pool battle awaits Birds

by Ronald Nurwisah

The UBC varsity swim team has won the Canada West championships for the last couple of years. This weekend, the Thunderbirds' dominance in the pool will be tested once again when they hit the pool against six other schools in the Canada West meet at the UBC Aquatic Centre.

Both the men and the women look good going into the event.

“Obviously we want to win both sides of the meet,” UBC head coach Tom Johnson said.

“We’ve been able to do that pretty much at will over the last couple of years and every year’s different. This is an interesting year in the sense that we’ve had quite a long break after the Olympics and different kids are in different stages of their preparation, and I think they’re looking forward to hosting the meet,” he continued, noting that the lead-up to the meet has been slightly different this year.

“By this time we’ve normally done four or five meets—this will be just our second meet.”

Johnson sees the University of

Calgary as the main threat. But 18-year-old rookie Brian Johns feels that UBC has a great chance against the Dinos.

“I think we’re going to win,” he says. “It’ll be interesting—they’ve got a couple of new people there who’ll put some complications into us winning this meet, but still, I’m very confident that we can win this.”

Olympian and national champion Rick Say will be a strong force in the 200m and 400m freestyle for Calgary. UBC will try to counter with its own Olympians Mark Johnston and Brian Johns, both strong freestyle swimmers. Commonwealth Games double-gold medallist Mark Versfeld will also try to make an impressive showing for UBC.

Calgary will be an even tougher opponent on the women’s side of the meet. UBC’s nine women will have to work hard to come out on top against the eighteen Calgary women.

When asked about what she expects from the meet, team co-captain Kelly Doody was confident. “We just want to race as fast as we can. Calgary is going to come at us hard

with their rookies and their eighteen girls.”

“It’s a whole different scene just because we have so few girls. We need to count on our top-end swimmers and not just our nickel and dime swimmers as Tom [Johnson] calls them.”

Those ‘top-end swimmers’ will be coming from different faces this year. With Marianne Limpert no longer eligible to swim for UBC, the team is counting on Jessica Deglau, who has not lost a race at the CIAU level for two years, and newcomer Kelly Stefanyshyn, an Olympic finalist in the backstroke. Team captains Kelly Doody and Katie Brambley are also experienced swimmers and should add to UBC’s depth.

The relays should prove to be the races of the meet, giving an indication of the true strengths and weaknesses of both teams. In addition to Calgary, the Thunderbirds will also have to look out for the University of Victoria, which is also sending a strong team to the Championships. If competition between the Dinos and the Thunderbirds heats up, how the Vikes do at the meet may very well decide the winner. ♦

AT THIS RATE, YOU MAY NEVER GRADUATE



PHOTO: PAUL MORRISON

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Women’s Volleyball

The UBC women’s volleyball team will host the University of Saskatchewan Huskies for two games in War Memorial Gym this weekend. Games start at 6:15pm Friday and 8pm Saturday. The Birds are in second place behind Calgary in the Canada West, and the Huskies sit in fourth. Friday’s game will be broadcast live on CiTR 101.9FM, UBC’s campus radio station.

Men’s Volleyball

The UBC men’s team is also hosting the Huskies this weekend in War Memorial Gym. Games start at 8pm Friday and 6:15pm on Saturday. The Birds struggled through two losses in Edmonton last weekend against the University of Alberta, and are looking to improve their 7-8 record against the 9-5 Huskies. UBC is in fourth place in the Canada West behind the Huskies.

Men’s Basketball

The UBC men’s basketball team is travelling to Manitoba this weekend to face the 9-5 Bisons, the second-place team in the Great Plains Conference of the CIAU. The Birds are currently in fourth place in the Canada West with their 6-8 record.

Women’s Basketball

The UBC women are also travelling to Manitoba this weekend to face the Bisons. The Birds’ starting point guard, Charmene Adams is out with a sprained ankle, so the fourth-place 8-6 UBC team will look to pull off two wins with the remaining nine players on the team. The 10-3 Bisons are in second place in the Great Plains Conference of the CIAU.

Men’s Hockey

The UBC hockey Birds will head to Edmonton to face the nationally first-ranked University of Alberta Golden Bears. The 4-12 Birds, coming off two wins last weekend against the University of Lethbridge Pronghorns, should have a tough time against the 15-1 defending national champion Bears. ♦



Kelly sure ain't slow

She's only 18 but she's already been to the Olympics

by Ronald Nurwiah

The Sydney International Aquatic Centre was filled to capacity with 17,000 of the loudest fans Kelly Stefanyshyn had ever heard. But the young Canadian Olympian wasn't nervous at all. When the officials announced her name over the loudspeakers, she waved politely to the crowd, slipped into the water and gripped the starting block for the final of the women's 200m backstroke.

Just under two minutes and 15 seconds later, Stefanyshyn's moment in the Olympic spotlight was over. She placed eighth in that final but wasn't disappointed with the result.

"I was just off my best time, I would've liked to have made my best time. But I made the final of the 200m backstroke and that was a huge goal of mine."

Just making it to the Olympics in the first place was a goal realised. After countless practices, thousands of laps, after eight years of non-stop training, she'd finally made it.

Stefanyshyn remembers watching the Barcelona Olympics in 1992 and being inspired.

"I was watching the swimming and all of a sudden I just thought, 'that looks awesome, I'd love to do that.' And I signed up for a swim club right after," said the Winnipeg native.

As she looks back at the Olympics, Stefanyshyn still seems a little bit shocked that it happened to her. "It was amazing, probably the best experience of my life."

"Ever since I was young I always wanted to go and ever since I started swimming, it's always been in the back of my mind," she added.

Stefanyshyn has just started her first term at UBC in the faculty of Human Kinetics, but even though the 18-year-old is new to university life, she's no stranger to the life of a swimmer on Point Grey.

Long before the Sydney games, it was clear that Stefanyshyn had plenty of talent in the pool. By 1996, just four years after she started swimming competitively, she took gold at the junior national championships. The next year she won three medals at a World Cup meet in Italy.

But by then it was clear to Stefanyshyn that Winnipeg had neither the facilities nor the resources for the training necessary to compete on the international circuit.

So two years ago, Stefanyshyn moved to Vancouver, along with her mother and her younger sister.

"Swimming-wise it was a great move, prob-



GOLD MEDAL GRIN: Olympic finalist Kelly Stefanyshyn is in her first month of school at UBC. REFOA ABU REMAIEH PHOTO

ably the best move ever. But initially it was tough. I was only 16, and moving here with my mom and my sister was hard," she said.

The move was made harder by the fact that her father and brother stayed behind in Winnipeg. "It's tough having a tight family then separating like that," she explained.

The family was reunited, at least temporarily, when Stefanyshyn returned to Winnipeg for the 1999 Pan-Am Games.

"To be able to swim in something like that in your hometown is just unbelievable," she said.

"That motivated me. Some people would've thought that there was a lot of pressure but I didn't feel any. I had already done all the hard work and so I was racing for me," she said.

The Pan-Am meet ended up being her best ever, as she set Canadian records in the 100m and 200m backstroke and netted three medals: a gold, a silver and a bronze.

Then it was back to Vancouver. For the past two years, Stefanyshyn has trained with the Pacific Dolphins, UBC's sister club. Earlier this month, she started classes at UBC and is now a member of the Thunderbirds swim team. Since she already knew both head coach Tom Johnson and most of the UBC team, the transition to the varsity squad wasn't all that rough.

"I was around here when UBC won the

CIAUs the last two years in a row. So I've been around them and I've seen the trophies and the pictures. I'm excited to see what we can do this year," she said.

Her arrival at UBC couldn't be better timed. Two-time Olympian Marianne Limpert, one of the key swimmers on the UBC team in past years, is no longer eligible to swim at the university level, so Stefanyshyn fills a crucial void on a UBC team that suffers from a shortage of female swimmers.

Johnson is confident that she'll fit right in on the team. "She can swim the butterfly; she can swim the freestyle; she can swim the IM; and she can swim the backstroke; she's a very versatile addition to our program," he explained.

UBC is set to defend its Canada West titles starting tonight at the Aquatic Centre. And despite the Olympic excitement of just a few months ago, Stefanyshyn is eager to start racing again.

After the Olympics she spent six weeks out of the pool in Winnipeg.

"I had to struggle with that a bit at the beginning of the year, with the post-Olympics 'what now' kind of scenario," she said.

"For the first time in my life I actually took a break where I wasn't swimming, wasn't going to school and wasn't working. My

biggest worry was what to do each day, when to get up. And it was nice to have that option," she added.

But now her life is back to its usual routine. After the Canada West meet this weekend, Stefanyshyn and two other swimmers from UBC will head to Europe for two World Cup meets. Then she and the rest of the Thunderbirds will be training hard for the CIAU championships in late February. Stefanyshyn doesn't seem to mind this heavy schedule.

"I'm not taking a full load in school so I have enough time to balance my school life with my swim life, and then the social life just comes, and I guess you just divide that with sleep time. I get it all done and I don't feel like I'm missing out on anything," she explained.

Stefanyshyn has goals beyond this year for her swimming, goals that include at least one more Olympic appearance.

"There's technical aspects of my swimming that I can always work on, like my starts and my turns...and hopefully as I get older I'll get stronger," she said of her future plans.

The 2004 Olympics are a long way off, but by then, Stefanyshyn will be more experienced, wiser and stronger. And if she wasn't nervous as a first-time Olympian in Sydney, there's no telling how well she'll do in Athens. ♦

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Rock for Choice

by Joyce Rosario

CHOICE WORDS CABARET
at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Jan. 11

The semantic implications of the word "choice" elicit tempered argument. Using the word "choice" in conjunction with the word "abortion," leads us to find ourselves in the lion's den ripping each other apart over the fine lines of right and wrong and their intersection over personal freedom.

Women's bodies have always been at the forefront of debate over personal rights. While the debate may begin with the right to have an abortion, discussion soon evolves into issues of hierarchy, power dynamics and social structures that pose barriers to women's freedom.

Vancouver's 7th annual Rock For Choice is a benefit that began in support of women's right to have safe, legal abortions. All proceeds have been split between Everywoman's Health Clinic, The Elizabeth Bagshaw

Clinic, and the Pro-choice Action Network.

This year's event included a night of documentary and experimental video, a night of spoken word performance—Choice Words Cabaret—and two nights of music including performances by Veda Hille, Bif Naked, Sook-Yin Lee, Che: Chapter 127, and Propagandhi.

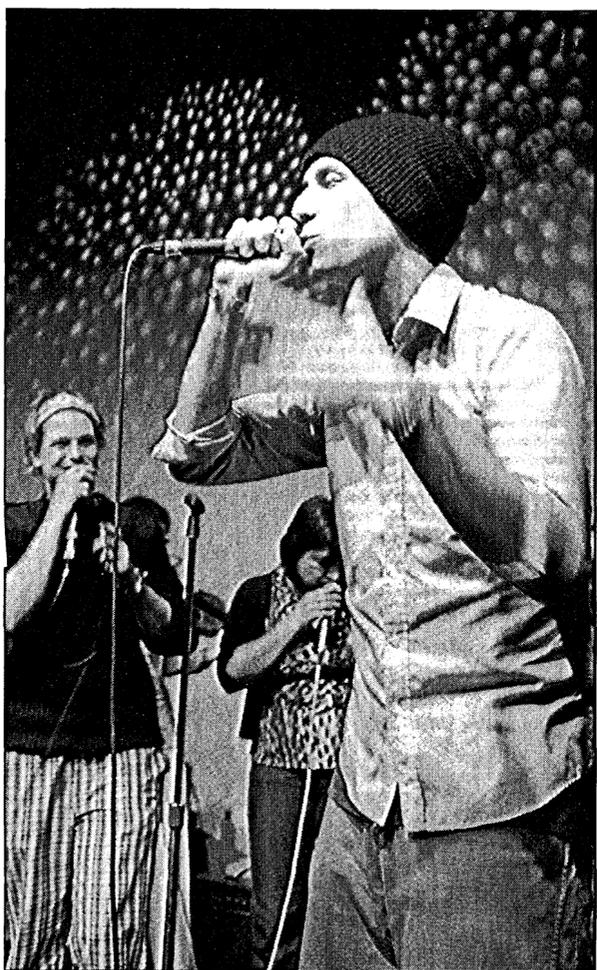
While the purpose of Choice Words Cabaret was to "entertain the masses and celebrate choice as a complicated issue," the night was definitely a dive into the deep end of political discourse. The performers and their modes of expression were as diverse as the points of view expressed. Women of all persuasions, ages, races and sexual orientation were present both on and off the stage.

The only weak point of the evening was that the night in its entirety spanned five hours with no intermission. While the audience was welcome to get up at any time to walk around and peruse the information tables in the lobby, it may have helped to include a time schedule of the more than 15 performances.

The night featured: Farrell Spence, co-founder of the all-female comedy troupe 30 Helens; "traditional" spoken word by Cass King, Abby Wener and Fiona Tyler; poetry and prose by The Public I; performances by Sarah Hunt and Morgan Brayton; music by Mary Sue Bell, and The Rhythm and Rhyme Round.

Highlights included a piece by the reluctant host T.L. Cowan: she wore a t-shirt with a coat hanger with a slash through it and her piece was about her experience as a young girl being at a rally and seeing this image for the first time. Sister Spits Ramblin Road Show with members hailing from all over the west coast, was intense. Some members made the crowd laugh to tears. Nomy Lam, however, with her incredible voice and moving presence was jaw-dropping and had the audience in silent awe.

By the end of the show, I was filled with an overwhelming sense of sisterhood. It was definitely a night of solidarity. We may not always agree on the choices we make, but I'd be damned if I ever let anyone hurt my sisters, if I ever let anyone take away their freedom. ♦



YOI YOI YOI Rhythm and Rhyme Round performed at the Choice Words Cabaret, part of last week's Rock for Choice concert. JOYCE ROSARIO PHOTO

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Hollow is empty

by Diana Stech

THE HOLLOW CROWN
at the Jericho Arts Centre
no shows remaining

The Hollow Crown, a play about the kings and queens of England showing at the Jericho Arts Centre, was aptly named. The actors certainly managed to produce a spectacle that was hollow and empty at its core. Unfortunately, this hollowness was not an intentional part of the performance. Despite some humorous moments over the course of the 90 minute production, the acting was virtually non-existent, the actors' movements were limited, and the reading was often choppy and uneven.

The concept of *The Hollow Crown*, devised by John Barton of the Royal Shakespeare Company, should have been interesting. Combining letters, speeches, poems, songs, and music both by and about the kings and queens of England, Barton's attempt was to reveal the kings and Queens as they really were—passionate, strong, weak, and most importantly, human. Rather than the cold facts and figures of the history books, *The Hollow Crown* tried to reveal an aspect of the powerful through texts written by and about them. Tried. Just as the monarchs broke promises to their people, this promising concept dimmed to a lump of coal with its fire burnt out.

The first problem was the physical presentation of the actors. Four actors—three men and one woman—appeared amidst the noise of applause and the dropping of the lights. Expectations were high as these four assumed regal stance. Then, the impression of greatness was destroyed as each actor opened a black binder that contained their lines. But they were just real people who had not yet been able to memorise their lines. It was like watching a dress rehearsal rather than a completed performance.

However, to their credit, the lengthy play did demand an impossible level of memory and, therefore perhaps the use of these binders, was necessary. However, could director James Gill have thought up a more monarchy-befitting text than a black binder?

Added to the anachronism of the black binder was the costuming of the actors. The men were clad in very unking-like tuxedos. In fact, combined with the black binders that they cupped in front of them, they gave the impression that they were the three tenors rather than the historical figures they were supposed to portray: Henry VIII, Edward III, and Charles II. Deborah Spitz, the sole

woman in the cast, was more plainly clad in a burgundy velvet dress and a black shawl. At least her outfit allowed the imagination to take over, and did not dredge up associations with Pavarotti, Domingo, or Carreras.

And then, there was the acting. It certainly wasn't acting in any conventional sense of the word, and the only actor truly able to pull it off was Deborah Spitz. In her roles ranging from 15 year-old Jane Austen (writing about "The History of England by a Partial, Prejudiced, and Ignorant Historian") to Anne Boleyn (writing to her husband Henry just before her execution), Spitz managed to convey a sense of who these people really were. She adopted different reading styles and voices to immediately welcome the audience into her illusion. Her face, particularly her eyes, communicated her character exceptionally well. Despite the sparse costuming, Spitz was able to summon her acting talent and take the audience past the black binder and evoke the monarchy.

Simon Fothergill and Marcus Mendes, on the other hand, displayed weak performances, rarely expressing themselves physically, remaining rooted in spot, and employing a similar monotone-reading style throughout the play. Although Mendes has an exceptional voice—deep and resonant—his diction tended to be choppy which suggested that he didn't truly understand the meaning of the words.

But David Abbott was a slight improvement on the other two men. Particularly in his role as Horace Walpole, who recounts the burial of George II, Abbott captured the sense of movement and humor lacking in the performances of Fothergill and Mendes.

Of course, perhaps like Jane Austen's off-take of English history by a "Partial, Prejudiced, and Ignorant Historian," my criticism of this play only reveals my ignorance. Not having an extensive knowledge of each of the monarchs depicted in the performance may have interfered with the enjoyment that one audience member apparently felt when he yelled out "Bravo" at the end of the performance. However, the partial, prejudiced, and ignorant play reviewer cannot help but feel that the script had potential. For those who could see beyond the black binders, penguin suits, and monotone voices, perhaps it could have been a masterpiece. However, for those of us not steeped in the history of the English monarchy and who expect memorised lines and imaginative costumes, this play is probably best avoided. ♦

Journey into the unknown

by Alicia Miller

BEING INSIDE
at the Roundhouse Performance Centre
until Jan. 21

"Father."

The first word spoken in *Being Inside* begins a son's confusing journey as he struggles to come to grips with losing his father to the depths of dementia. The play is an autobiographical account of its writer, director, and star Joe Baker, as well as of other families from Vancouver, Delta, and Surrey dealing with the disease.

Now under 24-hour care at the Delta View Hospital, Baker's father suffers from Diffuse Lewey Body, a type of dementia with symptoms similar to Alzheimer and Parkinson's diseases. Baker first became aware of his father's illness at the age of 15 and later came to write about the experience in a poem. Developing the poem into a play became Baker's senior thesis project at Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington.

The play evolved into a "multimedia environmental theatre piece" which uses definitions, statistics, dance, taped interviews, photographs, visual patterns, music, and monologues to explore and promote an awareness of dementia and those it affects, including not only the sufferers of this disease, but also their family members and caregivers. The Vancouver production, sponsored in part by the Alzheimer Society of BC and the Canadian Mental Health Association, is the

launch point for a tour that will take the original cast back to the States for runs in Seattle, Olympia, and Portland.

Alternating clarity with obscure symbolism, the structure of the play is a metaphor for the journey which Baker, now just 24 years old, undergoes and the fragmented memories with which he grapples. The production features an original score which entwines ethereal electronic sounds with keyboard and voice, and a small cast of young, talented performers. In true Brechtian style, the musician, composer, and soundboard technician, West, is visible to the audience, and the wing-less set takes up not only the broad expanse of the so-called "stage" but also the space of the audience, thereby violating the traditional division between actor and audience member.

The best and most daring aspect of the play is that it refutes objectivity and instead opts to be deeply involved and deeply personal. The photographs displayed are of Baker, his father, and his family; the stories are of his remembrance; and the emotions continue to spring from his soul. Baker fearlessly explores his own selfishness, the decline of his father's great mind, his guilt over putting his father in a home, memories from his childhood, and, above all, his apprecia-

tion of the man his father was. Each performance is an immersion in the struggle and the suffering that is part of his journey and everyday life.

This approach makes it impossible for the audience to turn away from the play and its subject matter. Instead of catharsis, what is achieved is the questioning of the self and the family, and the revelation of the fragile nature of our health. Questions asked remain unanswered, and the audience is left to ponder them, to journey into the realm of the unknown, and to discover what it's like to be inside. ♦

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One Witty play

by Duncan Cameron

WIT
at the Vancouver Playhouse
until Feb. 3

Wit, a Pulitzer Prize-winning show by Margaret Edson, is an account of the life of Vivian Bearing, a university professor who specialises in the poems of John Donne. Bearing discovers that she has advanced ovarian cancer, and the play explores the events of her final days. *Wit* is a moving, thoughtful, and funny examination of life through the eyes of someone who must soon leave it all behind.

The show begins long before the characters are introduced. As we sit and wait for the curtain call, we are faced with the cold, barren walls of a hospital set. Dull white lights shine down on the stage and an intercom hums softly in the background. The occasional siren can be heard. Some audience members shift uneasily.

As the show begins, Bearing enters toting her IV unceremoniously on a long metal stand. Bearing is played by veteran actress Seana McKenna, and despite some small hitches early on, her performance is excellent. McKenna's first monologue lacks emotion and she has difficulty with a transition into the child version of herself. However, once she settles in, McKenna is sharp and dry with little sentimentality and a strong sarcastic streak. Also, she never expresses sorrow for her character's plight, preventing the audience from dwelling on pity. This quality is essential in turning Bearing's journey from a tragedy into

a triumph.

Soon the show picks up the pace. The swift blending of scene changes and the simple set help the audience to ease out of the intense feelings induced by many of the scenes. Characters come flying in from the wings, creating scenes and flashbacks from Bearing's monologues. And the brisk pace helps to keep me involved right until the end.

The supporting cast was very strong. Jim Mezon is convincing as Dr. Kelekian with a good, dry delivery with a believable relationship with Bearing. Unfortunately, Alex Poch-Goldin, who plays Kelekian's young research assistant, is not so believable. Poch-Goldin goes over the top with his portrayal of the ambitious Posner. I would have enjoyed a more sensitive performance from him. However, opposite Posner is Kristen Williamson in the role of Suzy Monahan, a nurse who tends to Bearing throughout the show. Williamson displays the right blend of compassion and believability to make her character effective. Anchoring the supporting cast is Joy Coghill, who does an excellent job as the heart-warming and genuine professor E.M. Ashford.

The ending of the script, however, was overly dramatic, unrealistic and unnecessary. It reminded me too much of ER and broke the tension of Bearing's last moments. However, Edson's final scene succeeds in reclaiming the dignity and serenity of the show.

Woven into the script were allusions to the poetry of John Donne. Donne created amazingly complex and challenging poetry, rife with paradox, metaphor, irony, and puns—elements of 17th century wit. In



one scene, a student of Bearing's comments that Donne may have convoluted his poems with endless wit simply because he was afraid of the truth. As we explored Bearing's life, this became a strong parallel. It was only near the end, when Bearing discards of her complicated academic ideas for simple human compassion, that she finds real meaning in her life.

Wit deals with cancer very honestly. It does not glorify or exploit the intense nature of the disease but instead shows it truthfully—not shying away from the devastation that cancer can cause or the absurdity of some of its treatments. Edson allows us to see the humour of Bearing's predicament without taking away from the seriousness of her disease. Ultimately, Bearing's struggle with death becomes a triumph. ♦

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New wine library for UBC

by Alex Dimson

While most students look for books in libraries, those who venture into the Faculty of Agricultural Science's new library in September may be surprised at what they find—row after row of wine bottles.

One of only a few in the world, the proposed library is the idea of Hennie van Vuuren, the head of the on-campus BC Wine Research Centre (WRC).

"I have little doubt in my mind that this will be a huge success," van Vuuren said.

Construction on the library, which is to be located in the basement of the Food and Nutritional Sciences Building, is scheduled to begin within the next two months with an expected completion date in mid-summer.

Fundraising for the estimated \$500,000 project is still ongoing, but van Vuuren, who has been targeting the wine industry, says he has "no doubt" that he will get the required funds.

Van Vuuren said that the library will allow him and his graduate students to test the effects of aging on BC wines.

"The wine industry is relatively young in BC compared to the industries all over the world. One of the things we know very little about is the ability of the wines to age well," he said. "What we need for that is a facility that is temperature controlled and humidity-controlled to study the wine."

Van Vuuren, who came to UBC at the end of 1999, is currently soliciting bottles of wine from BC wineries for the library, which should have the capacity to store 30,000 bottles.

He is also asking the public to donate vintage international wines for a tax refund, so the researchers can chemically compare BC's wines to distinguished international wines.

After he has received the wines, van Vuuren and his team will chemically test which wines could have

the potential to age. He will then ask the wineries to donate 24 bottles of each selected wine to the library.

At the end of each year, van Vuuren and a board of directors made up of members of the wine industry, will chemically test, as well as taste, a bottle of each selected wine to follow the process of its aging.

While the idea may raise a few eyebrows, van Vuuren said that it is all in the name of science.

"What we then want to do is be able to correlate the ability of these wines to age or not to age with the technology and viticultural practices in the Okanagan Valley," he said, explaining that the BC wine industry will then be able to determine how best to improve its wine-making techniques.

Hans Buchler, the chair of the BC Wine Institute's research and development committee, agreed that the library could help to improve the quality of BC wine.

"It's probably not something that is indispensable but I could see future benefits in it," he said. "It will give [the wine industry] a benchmark in the future to chart the progress of the wine industry."

Michael Welch, president of the BC Independent Grapegrowers' Association, acknowledged the library's potential benefits, but noted that only BC's major wineries will be able to afford to donate the required wines, and that many of BC's wines are not designed to age.

But Moura Quayle, UBC's dean of agricultural sciences, said that the wine library, as well as van Vuuren's WRC, is an extension of her faculty's commitment to applied science.

Quayle added that the library is important to van Vuuren's research.

"The wine library is a source of material to work with...For me landscape is my laboratory because I'm a landscape architect. For somebody like Hennie, he needs to have materials to work with to analyse, to track, to look at." ♦

Fourth forum draws few

by Sarah Morrison

It was difficult to find a seat in the SUB conversation pit at 12:30 on Tuesday—that is, until the Alma Mater Society (AMS) elections all-candidates forum began.

Scheduled for two hours, the forum lasted a mere 45 minutes, with many students leaving the area as soon as the forum got underway.

Appropriately for this lacklustre campaign, student apathy was a hot topic at the forum.

"The significant difference between Students For Students and the other slates is our commitment to [fighting] apathy and making sure students get involved around campus," said Students for Students presidential candidate Erfan Kazemi.

Kazemi pointed to events the AMS executive has undertaken in the past year—including First Week and Mini-School—to combat student apathy.

Kazemi is the current vice-president of academic and university affairs.

But Students' Voice presidential candidate Rob Nagai said that the AMS Executive should focus on issues beyond student apathy.

"I don't think we should be kidding ourselves and saying everything's great because we're doing things like First Week and Mini-School," he said.

Other students expressed concern about the lack of success the AMS has had in negotiating for the U-Pass, a proposed mandatory student bus pass. One student asked the candidates for the vice-president external position how they would address the transit situation.

"I'm not going to push through something that's been pressured by commuter students," said Students for Students candidate Kristen Harvey. "There is no way that Students for Students would push through something that wouldn't benefit the majority of students."

Students' Voice candidate Katie Riecken said she would like to see a fair U-Pass proposal implemented quickly.

"We've been working on this thing for three years, and I don't think we've been negotiating properly," Riecken said.

Independent candidate Zahra Abdalla, meanwhile, said that once a viable proposal for the U-Pass is brought before Council, she would support a referendum, "so students get to choose whether they want it or not."

Another student was angry about the AMS's health and dental plan's inflexible opt-out rules.

But Nagai supported the health plan mandatory status, saying that "to make the plan accessible to all, it has to be mandatory for all." ♦

Repetitive strain injuries on the rise at UBC

by Julia Christensen

The increased use of computer keyboards and heavier course workloads are cited as two factors leading to a growing trend in disabling hand injuries among UBC students.

Hand and wrist pain from ailments such as carpal tunnel syndrome, tendonitis, and other repetitive strain injuries are increasing in number, according to officials at the UBC Disability Resource Centre (DRC).

"There's been a pretty significant increase in students coming to the Disability Resource Centre needing help because of work-related hand injuries," said DRC Director Janet Mee.

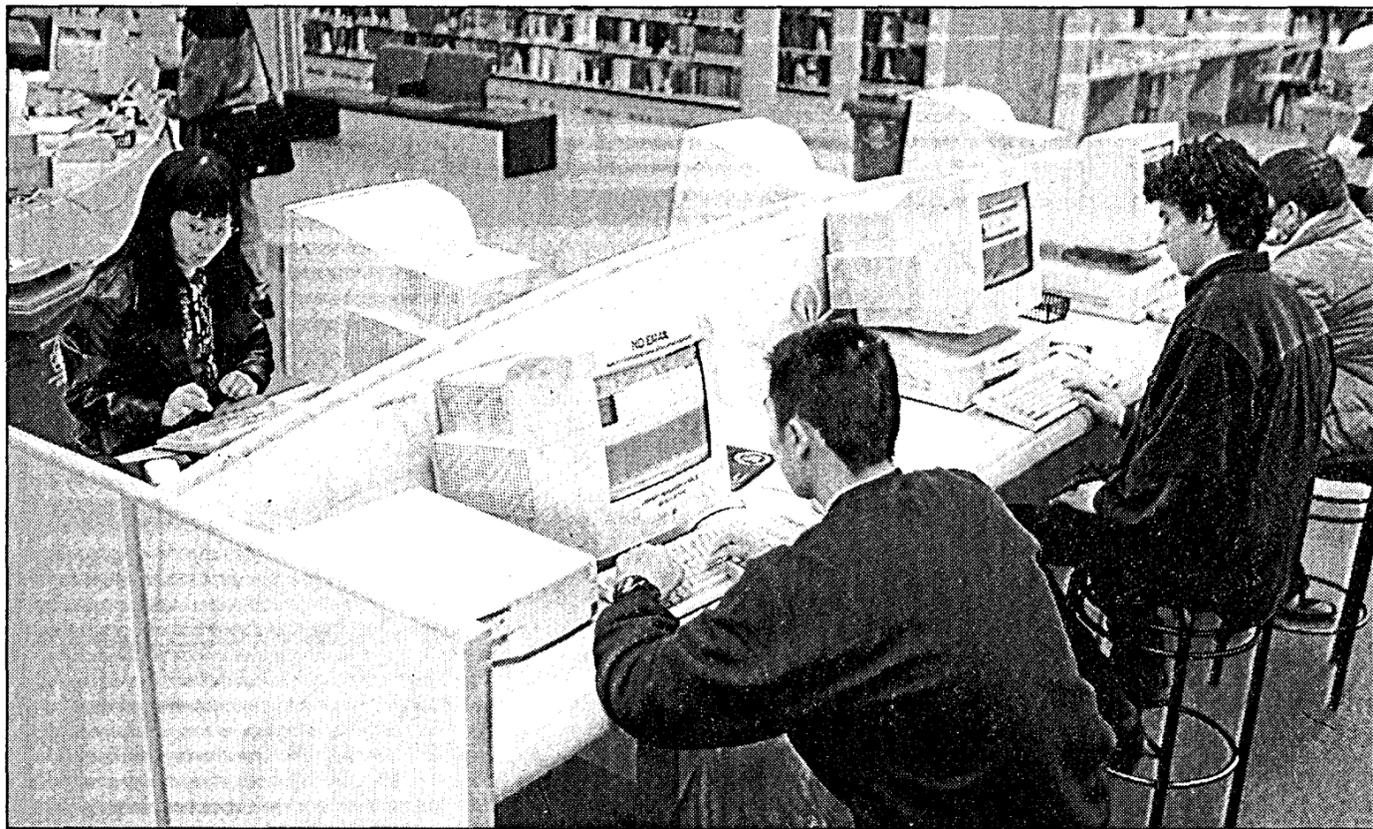
Lindsey Richardson, a fifth-year Arts student, suffers from chronic tendonitis, making it necessary for her to wear wrist braces when she writes or types.

"Last March, I had four midterms in a week and by the end of the week my hand had seized up to a point where I couldn't move it anymore," Richardson said. "I went to see a doctor and he told me it was tendonitis as a result of typing and handwriting. Basically, overuse was the major cause."

Doretta Lau, a fifth-year Arts student, can relate. Lau has chronic tendonitis in both her wrists. Doctors told her the injuries were a result of repetitive strain from typing.

Lau's injuries are such a hindrance that she recently changed her program at UBC—a decision that she says was difficult to make.

"I dropped out of my English Honours program because I couldn't physically perform the tasks necessary to complete my thesis," she said. "I just couldn't continue...it was too much of a struggle."



BAD FORM: Many students are typing their way to lifelong injury. MEGAN JOHNSTON PHOTO

Richardson added that her injuries have prompted her to reconsider career options.

"The idea of being an academic is really not attractive to me anymore if I'm going to have to deal with this pain for the rest of my life. It's discouraging when you have ideas in your head but your hands can't work fast enough to get those ideas on paper," she said.

Mee said that many students do not recognise that they are disabled and, as a result, are reluctant to approach the DRC for help.

According to Mee, the DRC evaluates a disability based on environmental considerations—while having a wrist injury would not be a major obstacle in some cases, it is considered a very significant barrier in an academic environment.

"I think there are a lot of students who don't recognise that it is a disabling condition. Or when they do, they think they wouldn't be entitled to a lot of support because it is only a minor disability," Mee explained.

After assessing each individual's needs, the DRC may hire note-takers,

ask for copies of course notes for students who cannot take them on their own, hire scribes, or use voice recognition software for exams and assignments.

Lau said that the support she has received from the DRC has made it easier for her to deal with her injuries.

Mee and Richardson agree that education in injury prevention is needed on campus to protect the health of students.

"Prevention is key so it is important for the university to develop a strategy to educate students on

ergonomic issues," said Mee, who added that she hopes that increasing awareness about repetitive strain injuries will improve the situation.

"I really think these injuries will start to decrease in occurrence if the university takes an active stance in educating students on how to prevent them," said Mee.

But according to Yvonne Lui, a spokesperson at the University Counsel Office, no official plan currently exists to educate students on repetitive stress injury prevention. ♦

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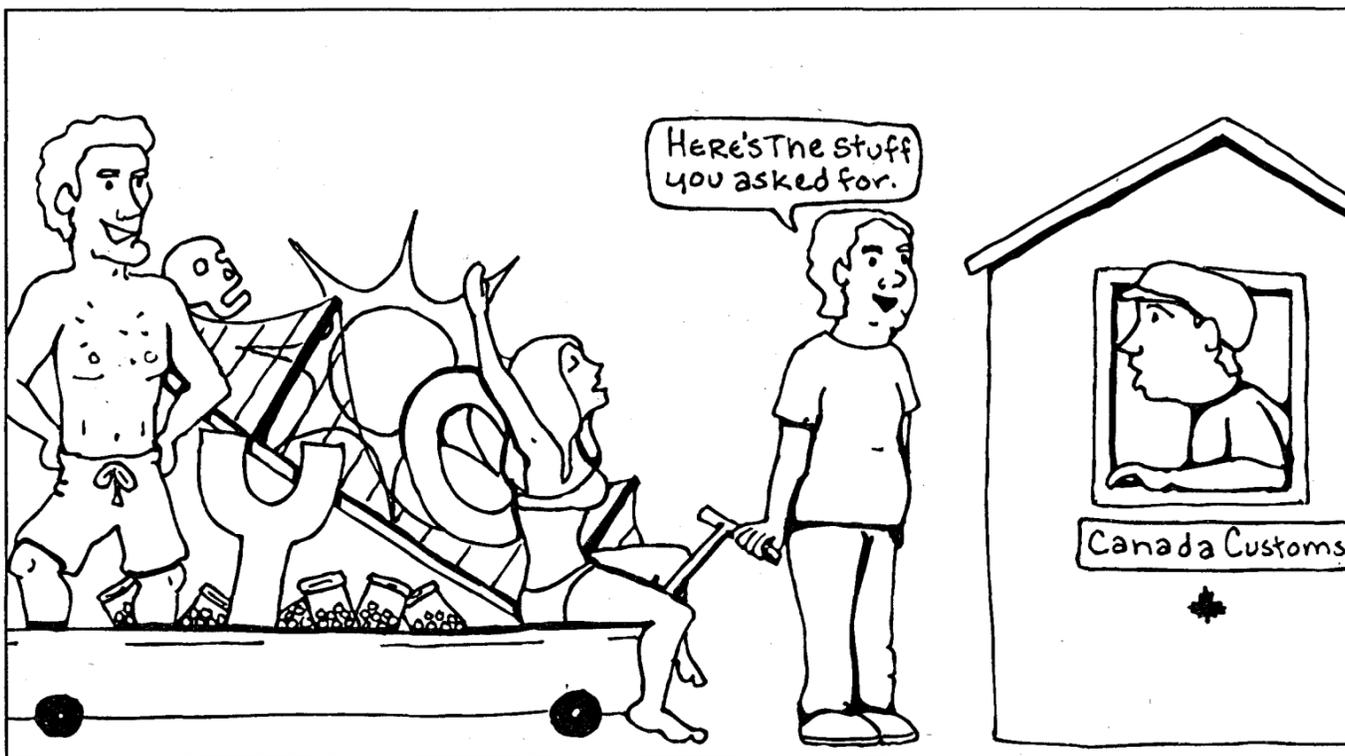
Shalene Takara

Alex Dimson was a tough sell. Sarah Morrison looked at him pleadingly, as Julia Christensen held the flaming hoop. Tara Westover nudged him forward as Hywel Tuscano and Joyce Rosario catcalled from the sidelines. A hush fell over the crowd as Tom Peacock entered the ring on the back of a baboon, a ghetto blaster propped up on his shoulder. Suddenly, Michelle Mossop let out a blood-curdling scream. On the opposite side of the tent, Holland Gidney was being cornered by three flesh-hungry tigers. Daliah Merzaban scrambled to climb down the trapeze while Laura Blue and Helen Eady tried to lure the tigers away by throwing Ron Nurwisah at them. Graeme Worthly distracted the crowd from the sight of impending disaster by blasting blue angels into the first three rows. From the tightrope, Anna King and Megan Johnston waved bologna at the tigers, diverting their attention while Duncan McHugh and Nicholas Bradley threw a net over them. Dressed in star-spangled spandex, Matt Whalley shimmed into the cannon. Alicia Miller, Diana Stech and Tristan Winch stood by while Greg Ursic and Duncan Cameron brought out the dancing monkeys. Chris Ruffatto, dressed in an sequined catsuit swallowed swords near the pretzel stand. Just another day at the Ubyyssey Circus.



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Keep Alan Thicke, give us the beach

News out of California this week is pretty dire. It seems that the deregulation of California's power industry has backfired badly. So badly, in fact, that both Edison International and the Pacific Gas and Electric Company may be bankrupt anytime now, and, with resources allegedly dwindling, California took the extreme measure of shutting off power to several hundred thousand customers on Wednesday. Blah, blah, blah...

What this really means is that BC Hydro, BC's power provider, is being stiffed for a \$300 million (Cdn.) bill. It seems that BC Hydro has been selling the Sunshine State quite a lot of juice and now we're not getting ANYTHING for it. This nixes a proposed \$200 million rebate to BC Hydro customers. How lame is that?

Well, *the Ubyyssey*, nay, all of British Columbia, will not stand for it! Here is our list of demands for those yankee pig dog lackeys two states down. We want some compensation! We want...

- The fat from Carnie Wilson's liposuction surgery. We're not sure if that soap thing from *Fight Club* will work, but we'd like to try it anyways.
- Jerry Garcia's remains. (We're gonna turn his skull into a bong—gnarly!)
- The 90210 zip code

- A controlling interest of "In & Out Burger." (And no, you can't know why.)
- The rights to all four of David Hasselhoff's albums and his swimming trunks from the last three seasons of *Baywatch* (including *Baywatch Nights* and *Baywatch Hawaii*). The sale of these items on e-bay to rabid German Hasselhoff fans should cover the cost of the electricity, but since their market cost is about \$30 (US) each, we will continue the list of demands and not count our chickens before they hatch.
- The "Y" and an "O" from the "HOLLYWOOD" sign (No, we don't want to spell "Yo," we're being petty.)
- 500 jars of olives from the Olive Pit in Corning, California
- Some decent Mexican food (and we don't mean fish tacos)
- Sunshine and lollipops
- Brain-drain leakage: William Shatner, all them wicked-smart engineering kids, Neil Young, Sandra Oh, David Cronenberg, Dave Foley, Leonard Cohen, Wayne Gretzky and future considerations.
- Johnny Depp was here back when *21 Jump Street* was still the hottest thing on TV, we'd like him back now
- The entire city of Cupertino, CA

- Our dignity. California must pass a state law banning the defamation of Canadians, and British Columbians in particular; furthermore, it must use the awesome power of Hollywood to espouse causes that the populace of this province decide on a biannual CBC call-in referendum
- The Golden Gate Bridge. To show that we are not simply greedy for the sake of it, we will replace it with the tattered remnants of our once-proud Lion's Gate Bridge
- California Girls
- California Boys
- Some wine, and not that shit from California.
- An entire Palm Springs golf course (irrigation system not required)
- A beach
- Some palm trees.
- A whale from Sea World (ours died).
- Mexican labourers
- Mickey Mouse's ears
- Michael Jackson's real nose
- Smog (no, wait—we already have that)
- The Ronald Reagan Library (the only library in the world where the "I forgot to renew them" excuse actually works!)
- Okay, so maybe we want some fish tacos
- Dreamin' ♦

letters

Arts students receive "best and most relevant education"

I want to laud Colleen Carey for her honest and articulate essay ("The Value of Arts," Letters [Jan. 16]); good on ya! My response to her point of view rides on several tangents, not just agreement with her point of view, but I'm also keen on pontificating on what constitutes a useful education.

Tangent #1: In a world whose parametres are changing ever-so-rapidly, given scientific discovery, technological advancements, and a society and environment which is just barely keeping up (if at all), the emergent leaders will be interdisciplinary thinkers, capable of understanding and considering a myriad

of concerns and integrating these into their complex decisions. This doesn't mean that the bell is ringing for focused experts; indeed they are still necessary, but as a society we need more than mere technocrats to make the decisions on crucial issues.

Tangent #2: After having spent four years at UBC and known people from a fairly wide cross-section of disciplines, I'm confident that Arts students get the best and most relevant education (yes I'm generalising). Arts students typically have small class sizes in senior years, professors who by and large care a little more, and classes which are perhaps concerned less with well-defined "learning objectives" than with providing an opportunity for students to formulate and defend their own opinions by synthesising information and other points of view. While the career prospects are not as clearly defined as those for,

say, a civil engineer or a computer scientist, these skills are more long-lasting than soon-obsolete technical skills and may better equip the student to learn new things afterwards: the real aim of undergraduate education.

Tangent #3: By comparison, the quality of education for UBC engineering students, in spite of more certain job prospects after graduation, leaves much to be desired. Make no bones: with the exception of perhaps the mining department, one gets the feeling that at the undergrad level one is perceived more as an income source—a commodity—to balance the books than a student. Small class sizes (40 or less) at the senior levels are practically unheard of, especially in the largest four departments. The curricula by and large are not developed to create the same types of real world thinkers that graduate with Arts degrees;

instead, one receives cookie-cutter skill sets as defined by industry, the Professional Association and academic curriculum advisors. Think of any hand-cranked machine: pasta-maker, meat grinder—this is an evocative way to represent engineering school.

All of my friends in Arts programs are enthusiastic about their learning. Unfortunately I can't say the same for my friends in Engineering.

Just in case you're wondering whether I've forgotten about other faculties and schools, I just wanted to discuss what I perceive as the two extremes, especially with the sense of antipathy that I see in many Engineering students and in student publications against (the ignorant stereotype of) Arts students.

—Ian Randall, Engineering 3

A master of his craft

by Matt Whalley

TED JOANS POETRY READING
Bukowski's
Jan. 16

Ted Joans is a man who has stood outside the houses of many famous men. He listened to Duke Ellington play the piano in Harlem and gripped the great steel gate in front of Picasso's home—simple moments in the life of a man who has had geniuses drift through his life as seconds tick through time. André Breton and Langston Hughes did not receive a knock on their doors when he visited their homes. He explained in between poems that it's best just to let people alone.

"You don't need to bother these people," the old gray beard declared, but Bukowski's was filled with people there to bother Joans and try to make him tell his story; maybe gain a grasp of what it's like to put thought into words and words into imagery.

"You're here to Fuck me, aren't you?" a drunken Bukowski used to slur. Ted Joans didn't take such a harsh view of reading his poetry. He was more like a time-weathered man that had made his go of it and now wanted to tell some stories and give the listener something to think about.

He muttered about a friend he had once known named Jack. While hearing Joans speak about Jack "He ain't White or Black" Kerouac, "October in the Railroad Earth" rose to mind.

"The Negro, the essential American, out there, finding his solace, his meaning in the fellaheen streets."

Stories of Harlem and those fellaheen streets are still fresh in Joans' poems, written as early as the Forties. Greatly influenced by Langston Hughes, a major player in the Harlem Renaissance, Joans is deemed a Beat or Jazz poet.

Though he spent most of his time in New York, he mocked the poets of Greenwich Village, telling of the days of the Beat Generation when poets would stand up and reassure the audience that they had a short poem while holding several pages.

Joans' stage presence gives him a sage-like quality that only the wisdom of having been there or having done something of significance can give you. William Burroughs said that he didn't write anything worth reading until he was over 40, and maybe that's what it takes to write good poetry or prose. Ted Joans certainly wrote before he was forty but it sounded so correct coming from a wise old man. Perhaps it was because his younger writings are of a time that only an idea of can be constructed in the minds of people today.

He spoke about old Harlem, a Harlem of restaurants and jazz clubs—Sugar Ray Robinson's restaurant or maybe where old Charlie Parker used to jam or score. Joans took on the stereotypical role that Eldridge Cleaver described as the Body, the intensely masculine Black Man who is in contrast with the Mind or the weak White Man.

He shouted out against the suffering of the poor at Christmas time, not being able to provide for their children what advertising demands.

In "Santa Claws" he denounced Santa, saying "If that white mother hubbard comes down my black chimney...He and Me show gonna have a battling Xmas and it show ain't gonna be white". Joans' denouncement of Santa brought a flood of laughter.

A handful of dread-locked hippies mixed with the middle-aged and young, alternative crowd. It was standing room only at about quarter to nine with the show starting at nine-thirty. Joans declared at the end of the reading that he always starts on time and always finishes on time, deflecting any chance of an encore. Like little kids asking for just one more story before bedtime a middle-age man whined, "come-on it's just one more." But it wasn't to be. Joans slipped off his stool and went and sat down in the corner of the room.

No sooner had he stopped, than men from the audience surrounded him like vultures on carrion.

After Ted Joans read, the mike was free for people to go up and read their poems. Silly as it seems, a local "poet" followed directly after Joans, shining the light on what good and bad poetry is. After Joans' reading that was full of rhythm and originality, it was shocking that an intermission didn't follow immediately.

The poet that bravely took the stage was shown to possess pale, parroting verse. It was unintentionally, sadly imitative of a style of poetry that was meant to mock the Beat Generation. Joans did his job and clapped, encouraging the poet, but it was all too clear which poet had truly honed their craft. ♦

MASTERS BEHIND

BY GREG URSIC

BEAU TRAVAIL
at the Ridge Theatre
opens Jan. 19

The French Foreign Legion. It conjures up images of mysterious men in pressed blue uniforms, camels (the beasts and the cigarettes), deserts, battles, and palm tree-ringed oases. The reality is far more mundane. The men, who, more often than not try to escape someone or something, need meet only two requirements: be physically fit and pledge their loyalty. Their reward? Work in isolation, in countries that barely tolerate their presence, for little pay, and be treated like slaves.

For the Legionnaires stationed in Djibouti, life is stunningly boring: lacking in any military threats, their day-to-day regime consists of doing laundry, endless drilling in the unrelenting heat. In charge of the group is Captain Galoup, a bitter taskmaster with a sadistic streak. His disposition grows decidedly worse with the arrival of Sentain, a new recruit from Russia. The harder Sentain tries to fit in—learning French, saving his comrades—the more determined Galoup is to oust him, further alienating himself in the process.

The one aspect that I enjoyed about *Beau Travail* was the scenery. Desert set-

tings are important plot elements as they often fulfill dual roles. First, they provide stunning vistas, such as the unyielding mud-baked plains, bleached white salt flats, never-ending sand dunes and deep-blue skies scattered throughout the film (though not a place I'll be vacationing in anytime soon). But more importantly, the desert often serves as the antagonist that, if it doesn't kill you directly (as it almost does to Sentain), it may serve as an accomplice, perhaps to drive your comrades crazy. Unfortunately, there is little else to recommend this film.

The film lacks not only a coherent story line, and a distinct beginning or end, but also character development. Particularly frustrating was that the director chose to not examine the root of Galoup's hatred. While rife with none-too-subtle homoerotic undertones that give the film the look of a Calvin Klein commercial without the polish, the film fails to explore the possibility that this could be the source of Galoup's resentment towards Sentain. Instead, the rivalry is vaguely attributed to a Napoleonic complex or macho power struggle that feels disingenuous.

Unless you're a devotee to obscure French cinema (which I am not), take a pass on this one. ♦

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9:30 PAY IT FORWARD

WED JAN 24 - THURS JAN 25

7:00 JESUS' SON

9:30 TBA (a drug movie perhaps?)

Thunderbird Volleyball



vs Saskatchewan
Fri & Sat, Jan 19 & 20
6:15 pm & 8:00 pm
War Memorial Gym

24 Hr Scores & Info
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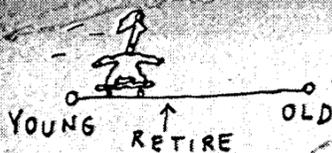
Women's Caucus Meeting Today 12:30 @ SUB 241k

**The Ubyyssey Women's Issue
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