The Ubyssey

Wednesday 30 March 1994 Volume 76, Issue 44

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WEDNESDAY 30 MARCH 1994 VOLUME 76, ISSUE 44

UNINTENTIONALLY SPOOFING OURSELVES SINCE 1918

Hey pretty boy! C'mere!

by lizevaraya van chowtinnel

"We are so angry that we are ready, willing and able to cut off their penises!"

This catchy phrase was one of many shouted at the sisters linked in castrating enemies (SLICE) rally against anti-male backlash on 27 March. Women from campus created a united front in order to fight against systemic oppression by patriarchal society.

"We are very angry that the fight for women's equality has had little success. Women are frustrated so we are going to take matters into our own hands," said SLICE founder and coordinator Susan Lobb.

SLICE, formed in the aftermath of the Bobbitt affair, has enjoyed enormous success with membership in the organization increasing to over three hundred members. More than 50 per cent of the rally participants joined SLICE, while many others expressed interest in joining.

"I think SLICE is a really positive thing, it empowers women by allowing them to take things into their own hands—literally," said SLICE member Karen Ryle.

"What we do is when we hear of any incidents where a SLICE member feels that a man has treated her badly, then SLICE investigates it. If SLICE finds something is indeed wrong, then our task force is sent out to castrate, er, deal with that male," she said.

The size and method of the task force depends upon the size and numbers of men that are to be taught a lesson.

Others are less appreciative of SLICE's tactics.

"As a man I am appalled that those girls are advocating such vile acts," said student politician Will Hoby. "A penis is a sacred thing."

Hoby joins other crusaders for male liberation in claiming organizations like SLICE are taking the wrong approach in the fight for equality.

"If girls want to be equal all they have to do is show us how they want it. I'm sure they can show they are responsible and deserving—but they have to cooperate," Hoby said.

Vegan wolves stoned on hemp

by Thunder Storm

A pack of wolves in the BC Interior have reputedly gone vegetarian to avoid government compound 1080 poison placed in animal carcasses.

The wolves are travelling in a large pack and have been ravaging farmers' fields in a desperate attempt to find enough to eat. Irate farmers are up in arms due to excessive crop losses.

Last week, the crisis reached new heights when the wolf pack scoured an industrial hemp crop grown by farmer Toe Bacco near Nelson. The wolves were later seen flat on their backs waving their legs in the air while howling at the moon to the tune of Bob Dylan's "Everybody Must Get Stoned."

The RCMP soon arrived on the scene and charged farmer Bacco with growing illegal narcotics. Officer Drugsbad explained their reason for arresting Bacco.

"Those wolves are definitely under the influence of the extremely dangerous and highly toxic marijuana plant. We gave Bacco a permit to grow non-THC industrial hemp, but thanks to the wolves we now know he was engaging in a criminal activity of the worst kind" Drugsbad said.

Bacco protested, saying his hemp had a legal THC content of less than .03 per cent, and that wolves must have an extremely low THC tolerance. Just then, the wolves began to howl "Legalize It" by Peter Tosh while staring fixedly at the moon.

As the RCMP dragged the handcuffed Bacco away, a convoy of wolves suffering from an attack of the "munchies" was seen heading towards the nearest 7-11 in search of some late-night Doritos.

Environmental groups have displayed mixed emotions while responding to the incident. Cruise Sader, a spokesperson for the Christians for Wolves Group, said the group feels very let down by the wolves' actions.

"We felt strongly about fighting for wolves' rights before we heard the wolves were using illegal narcotics. Now we're thinking of either disbanding or changing our name to `Christians for Antelopes' out of disgust for the wolves' behaviour," Sader said.

Fungus Leafspeak of the group Howls for Wolves blamed the government for the incident.

"If the government wasn't carrying out an extensive wolf kill program, the wolves would never have had to resort to a vegetarian diet and the incident would never have taken place," she said.

Doo-Bee Reefer of the Tokers for Hemp organization lamented the loss of Bacco's prized crop.

"It was growing so well until the wolves ate it all. Now we'll have to find another farmer to supply our needs," Reefer complained.

As for the wolves, they were last seen outside the Nelson jail, serenading Bacco in his cell with a haunting rendition of Cyprus Hill's "I Wanna Get High."

Men, place your penis here. Women, place your fantasy here.

SHEENA RAMONETREE PHOTO

PIRG to bring harmony

by Freewheelin' Granola Crunch

The dream of a public interest research group (PIRG) is not dead on campus.

Despite the failure of a referendum on PIRG in January, the ragtag coalition of enlightened progressives who support PIRG will fight on against those who would stamp out the New Jerusalem on campus.

Student board of governors representative Mikey Hugs said PIRG was an essential institution in any democratic society, and if civilization was to be protected a PIRG would have to be established at UBC.

"PIRGs are responsible for most of the things we enjoy today—electric light, hot weather in the summer, Smartfood. Eventually, UBC students will realize the PIRG imperative and evolve into what is essentially a higher state of being," Hugs said.

Misty Khrist of the campus new democrats (UBCNDP) said a PIRG would not only coordinate progressive groups on campus, but could eventually take the place of other coordinating bodies like the united nations (UN).

"A PIRG could move into hotspots like Bosnia and provide a true peacekeeping force," Khrist said.

A joint statement from hillel house (HH) and the arab students' association (ASA) said a PIRG would help Jews and Arabs live together in harmony, not only on campus but in the middle east as well.

"Peace, justice, self determination for all peoples. These are the principles that PIRG stands for," the statement declared.

While unconfirmed, some reports from PIRGs on other campuses suggest miracle-like responses among those who enter PIRG offices.

The walls of the PIRG at Carleton university, for example are rumoured to be lined with unneeded crutches and wheelchairs.

But some critics charge PIRG might not be such a good idea.

"PIRG might not be such a good idea," said Janus Boiled, AMS vice president.

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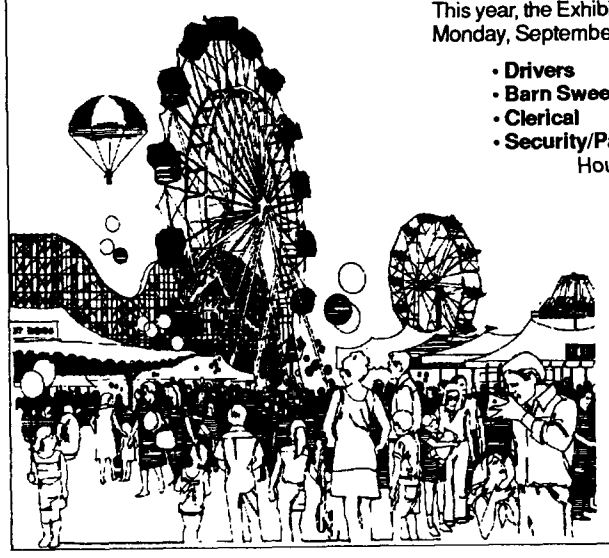

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To ubyssey or not to ubyssey

Pub board muses the future of the summer ubyssey

by Taivo Evard

A summer edition of *The Ubyssey* will be published, according to information provided by the AMS executive and AMS publications board members.

"It's all up to the pub board," said AMS vice president Janice Boyle when asked to confirm the publication of the summer Ubyssey.

Boyle was temporarily at the helm of the AMS as president William Francis Dobie III was on retreat. Publications board secretary Ian McKinnon disagreed with Boyle.

"It's not entirely up to the pub board, because we don't have the budget. We take our proposal to budget committee and get our budget approved. There's not money left over from this year's budget for a summer Ubyssey. We were told, no, that would be a separate budget," McKinnon said.

"I am certain that pub board will be making enquiries into this in the near future," McKinnon added.

According to AMS director of finance Randy Romero, the budget committee will be chosen from student council in mid-April. Romero reassured The Ubyssey on Monday that they have nothing to worry about.

Last year's summer Ubyssey was cancelled, and the staff locked out of the office indefinitely, due to editorial disagreements between the AMS executive and editors at The Ubyssey. This led to the creation of the publications board, intended to keep the AMS at "arms length" from its publications.

"As far as I'm concerned, there should be a summer Ubyssey. Part of the problem last year was that there wasn't a summer Ubyssey," AMS publications board chair Scott Hayward said.

"I definitely think we should have a summer Ubyssey. In the past we always have," Hayward added. "I'm a grad student, I'm here twelve months of the year, and yes, I strongly think we should have a summer Ubyssey."

Hayward added that the publications board has been supportive of a summer edition of the campus newspaper.

"It has always been my assumption and I think everyone else has agreed," he said.

Publications board treasurer Roxane Carr agreed with Haywood.

"As far as the pub board is concerned, they want to have a summer Ubyssey. Pub board has been really supportive of the papers, we're proud of them and we like them," Carr said.

The pub board has discussed the summer Ubyssey at past meetings, and it continually found strong support.

"The discussions that have been going on the past two meetings have been really positive," Carr said.

"There should be a summer Ubyssey. Absolutely. It's something that they need for valuable training," secretary McKinnon said. He said that the AMS uses the summer "to prepare for the coming school year. They have to get the system up and running for the people when they get back."

"The same applies for The Ubyssey, they have to be ready to look after the new people that are arriving rather than learing how as they do it," McKinnon added. "That's where the students are best served with regards to the paper, to come to school and have the paper up and running."

Publications board student-at-large member Tanya Paz expressed similar support. "It also provides more opportunites for student journalists to get experience. If the AMS can fund a summer project in which a student organizes beer gardens in the summer because students need to feel involved in UBC life, then it is definitely necessary for them to be informed about summer student life," she said.

During last year's summer shutdown, many events on campus went without adequate news coverage as The Ubyssey is the campus' main news source. There were three murders, a visit by US president Bill Clinton, assaults and robberies on Wreck Beach, Kinko's Copies burned down, and the Ombuds office was shut down.

Don't encourage them RCMP said

by Sarah O'Donnell

Over the past two weeks, things in UBC's faculty of forestry have been getting curiouser and curiouser.

Initially, UBC received two anonymous letters demanding the faculty issue a public statement declaring its opposition to clearcutting and its intention to change its curriculum to reflect this position.

Dean of forestry Clark Binkley said the letters included threats that "a number of incendiary and explosive devices have been placed in a number of places throughout campus" if their demands were not met.

In a memo to all deans, department heads and directors, UBC vice president Dan Birch stated the RCMP suggested there is little threat to the university. However, Corporal Mckerry of the UBC RCMP detachment was not willing to comment about the letters to a student newspaper as the publicity may encourage others to participate in similar activities.

"I do know what information was contained in the letters, but keep in mind if we let one person have notoriety the campus will suddenly be inundated with criminals," McKerry said.

On the weekend of 12 March 1994, six computers in a forestry student lab were damaged. A caustic substance had been poured in the back of the computers.

"There's a real question of whether this is related at all to the letters," Binkley said.

"These letters aren't the acts of responsible environmentalists and there are many responsible environmentalist throughout the province," he added.

Director of parking and security John Smithman said "We did increase our security [in forestry buildings] for awhile...and we are still favouring that end of campus."

THE UBYSSEY
SUMMER

Alcohol in residence not dealt with by policy makers

by Trevor Presley

On 11 September 1987, 13 Totem Park Residents were treated for alcohol poisoning at the Emergency Department of the Health Sciences Centre Hospital. Five were unconscious on admission, one required overnight observation and one had to be hospitalized for one and a half days.

There are several alcohol poisoning incidents each year in residence. Although the department of housing is aware of the problem, it does little to prevent alcohol abuse in residence.

"Alcohol has been identified as the number one problem affecting University students", said outreach nurse Margaret Johnston.

"There has to be a shift in attitude among students, concerning their drinking habits," Johnston said.

In a 1991 Housing survey, 78 per cent of residents said their drinking habits increased or stayed the same during their stay in residence.

However, although housing does an alcohol survey every three to four years, it rarely uses this information to change policy.

The department of housing, which is responsible for about 5000 residents, deals with the problems through educational programs and disciplinary measures.

Carl Cooper, the residence life manager for Vanier, explained, "We are not pushing abstinence, instead we are encouraging responsible use."

The advisors and other housing staff see their job as primarily educational.

"We can create an environment that is not alcohol focused, we can run programs for people to attend that don't involve alcohol, and we can talk to people who get into problems with alcohol, but we cannot make the choice for a person not to drink", said resident Life Manager for Totem Park Janet Cox.

Totem and Vanier are seen as an area of concern, because these two residence complexes are filled primarily with first and second year students. The two resident life managers and their advising staff are responsible for over 2100 younger students. "We set up an alcohol committee of about 10-12 students", Cooper said.

The committee, made up of both residents and advisors, monitored the alcohol problem in Vanier and organized a alcohol awareness week.

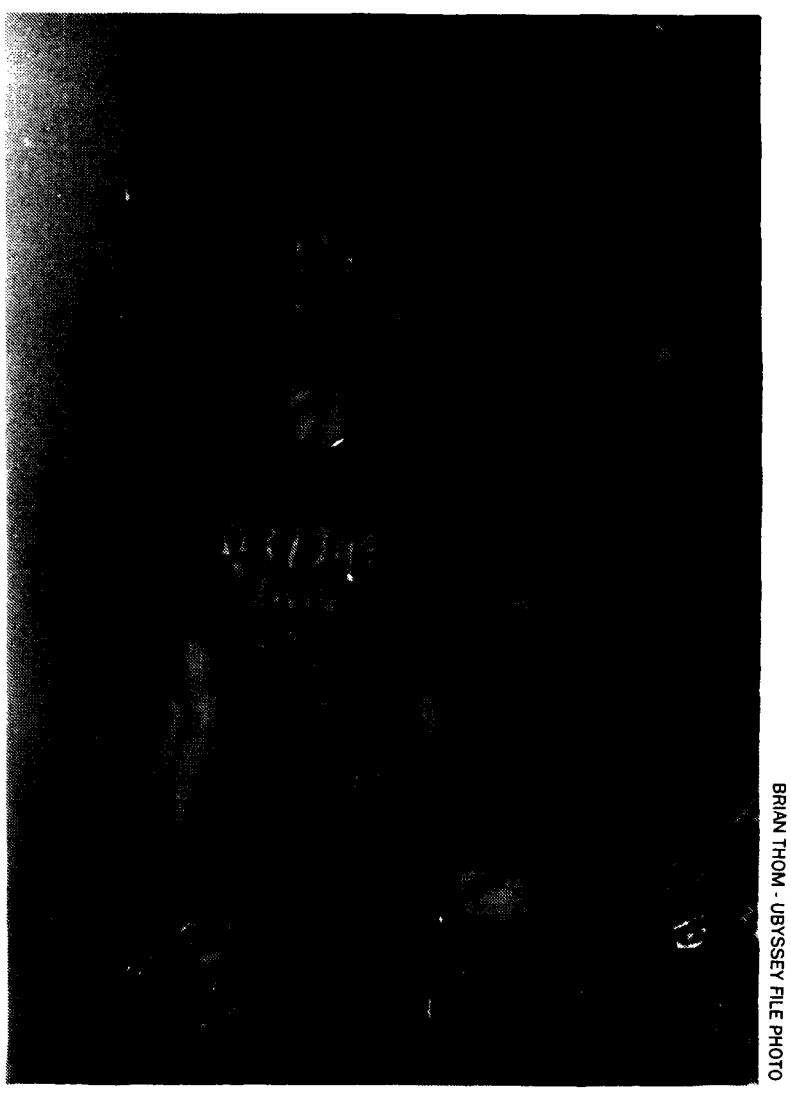
However, at Totem, Janet Cox said she chose not to set up an alcohol committee.

"We only have so much energy....[advisors] put their efforts towards running other programs."

These other programs include a surfing trip to Long Beach and a talent night called "Show-O-Rama".

Mary Risebrough, director of housing, admitted she had never consulted alcoholics anonymous about setting up a program in residence.

Housing did show some initiative last year when they asked residents in Vanier if they would like an alcohol-free house, but Risebrough said there was not enough interest in it.



BRIAN THOM - UBYSSEY FILE PHOTO

Housing encourages the "responsible use" of alcohol.

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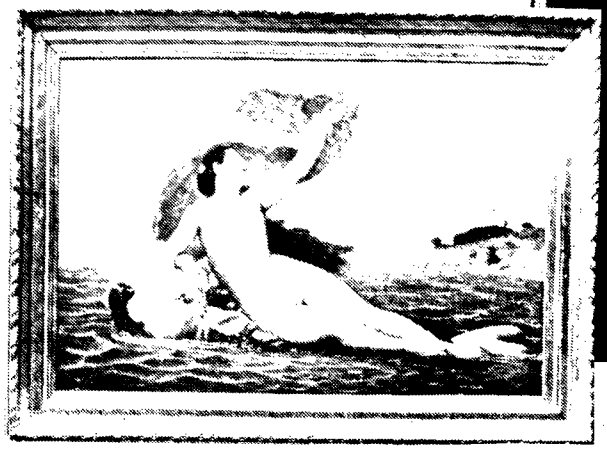

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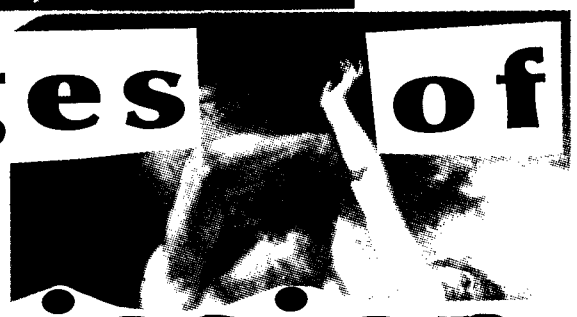

Courts won't help SFU student attacked by irate driver

by George King

Outraged.

That was how Arfan Khan expressed his feelings about BC's legal system following an altercation involving himself and an unidentified driver in Richmond.

The SFU Business Administration student was driving north on No. 2 Road in Richmond when a blue Toyota Tercel pulled out of Maple Road and cut in front of Khan. Khan slammed on his brakes and honked his horn. At the intersection of No. 2 Road and Francis Road, the driver of the Tercel, a white male in his mid-30s, began swearing at Khan.

"He was fingering me, swearing at me, putting his fist at me, so I swore back at him. And he goes to me `pull over'," Khan said.

Khan followed the Tercel into the parking lot of Blundell Centre. According to Khan, when they stopped, the driver of the Tercel, a white male, got out of first. He approached Khan, grabbed him by the throat, pushed him against his car, and proceeded to choke him. At this point the wife of the driver of the Tercel exited from the car crying and yelling at her husband.

"She had come out of the car saying `don't do it, don't do it!' and she was bawling her eyes out," Khan said.

After Khan managed to push the husband away, they both began arguing over the initial incident.

"He said there was plenty of room, and I didn't have to honk. And that's what made him so mad—because I honked," Khan said.

"I told him if he had waited for me to pass him, there were no cars behind me, so he had plenty of space behind me.

"I said I was going to go call the cops and charge him for assault. I told him, I'll call the cops, and we'll settle everything right now. He says `Fine, I'll charge you with unnecessary honking the horn'."

Khan walked over to Starbuck's to call the police only to find out that the driver of the Tercel had left.

Khan found out only later that the incident had left him with a bruised hip and some discomfort in swallowing.

Khan called the Richmond RCMP detachment and was put through to their complaints department.

Khan spoke with Constable L.L. Eskenazy about the incident. "I told him I don't necessarily want to press charges, but I want him to understand he did something wrong."

Eskenazy called Khan two days later, and said he had talked to the driver of the Tercel.

According to Khan, Const. Eskenazy told him that the driver of the Tercel admitted he may have pulled out in front of Khan, but that he choked Khan because he felt his wife and kids were threatened.

"I don't understand how I made him feel threatened. It's not like I'm following really close behind him. I was driving a good distance behind him," he said.

Even more to Khan's surprise, Const. Eskenazy told Khan that the police would not press charges against the driver of the Tercel.

"He [Eskenazy] says to me, `I talked to the guy. I went over to his house and talked to him, met his wife and kids, their all really nice. He's got a nice house, he's a nice guy,'" Khan said.

"It's not necessarily what the white guy did to me, it's how the cop is working the thing. I'm sure if I had gone up to the cop and started choking him, I'd be in jail right now. Because some older white guy did this to me, because I'm so young, that's how the ball rolls more or less."

After talking to Const. Eskenazy a second time, Eskenazy told Khan that "you will be wasting my time" because the matter was so small. He added the man was afraid for his wife and kids because Khan followed the Tercel for five blocks. He referred Khan to his supervisor, Corporal Nisbet.

Khan approached legal aid about this matter, where they reiterated Eskenazy's statements.

"Once I tell Crown Counsel that I want to press charges, there's nothing I can do about it."

"In my opinion, I don't think it's going to go anywhere," said Corporal Nisbet of the Richmond RCMP. "The courts are so tied up with files now."

He added that the police has to use its discretion when dealing with such incidents.

According to professor Don Egleston of the UBC Faculty of Law, "there's thousands of cases that could be prosecuted but aren't. If every charge that could possibly be laid were laid, the courts wouldn't cope. So they [the police] do exercise a certain discretion. Sometimes they make mistakes."

Khan said that if an incident like this happens again, he will not hesitate to physically defend himself.

This is your quest reader. Through these pages lies the last masthead, an adventure of the mind. All you have to do is follow the lovely oxford font from page eight, to ten, and to elven. good luck

last masthead

Fish said, "you guys have sure changed a lot since I first came into this office. You're all no-msg vegetarians now." Niva Chow was about to tell him to shut-up but remembered she had asked him to cut her hair the next day, but he, like Gregg McNally was rarely amused when told what to do. Greg had a couple of different things to say about the notions of msg, but the juxtaposition of the coordinating editor to video games was too much on his mind. Christine Price told him to lay off the poor guy or she'd lay the boots to him. Shiny new boots at that. Real shiny.

Steve Scali smiled that universally adored whisplike smile and asked Michelle Wong just what Omar Kassis' Sphincter had to do with the wit and political philosophy of the Three Stooges? Michelle couldn't comprehend the question because although she spoke Latin, the Pig variety was just too funny a stretch for her to take seriously, Omar Kassis' pretentions about ani.

"No, no" Tanya Storr said past Trevor Presley to Brent Galster, "the physical humour of those simple geniuses, although less appreciated by the French than say Jerry Lewis, is no less matched by the Alma Mater Society's various incarnations, including its newspaper. True physicality is no less impressive than bureaucratic bungling, or wizard of words hosting on the comedic stage. Get it!"

No one did because she'd begun to howl for hemp in wolf-speak, but it was alright because Graham Coleman was able to translate it into a nice recipe for beer, and societal deconstruction—the two go so well together. Real well. Like hockey and anarchy, like polyester leisure wear and singapore slings, like living tissue and play by play analysis.

Sarah O'Donnell and Pat McGuire went to sit in a tree to escape the hungry wolves, and began waxing eloquently with Tanya Battersby about Kirsten Murphy's bellybutton lint. "It's always navy blue or purple-blue-grey-green-indigo," Tanya said to Pat, who was engrossed in a feature on his amazing cultural skyline. Only Calvin thought she'd seen the kyline wandering by the wayside with the pack of hooting vegetarian wolves.

Will Haanlin confirmed the story, saying he'd heard from reliable sources that the pack had picked up many misfits along the way, including Elvis' ghost and two purple people eaters. "Purple people eaters!" screamed Bob Beck. "I heard UBC was conducting vivsection experiments on them and an animal rights group stormed in and set them free."

Susan Juby conceded that stranger things had been known to happen but she hoped Strummer, her pet iguana, wouldn't run off to join the wolves as well. But the main concern on her's and everyone elses mind was the dimension of the cucumber of their imaginations. But why? they wondered. Carrots (carrosts) were just as good when it came right down to it. They all dice soooooo well. Well at least Paula Foran said so of her lover's purple member. "Well how about it?" she asked Anne McEwen.

Anne said, "I don't no nothing about zuchini-shaped spaceships, aliens, or Elvis sightings, but I do know that down-sizing and spell-free zones should extend the world over." You know politics and sexuality are both spell-free zones. Anne Gebauer disagreed pointing out that carrosts can spell, and that seven e's still do not make a word.

Tania Trepanier wondered what the substance growing on top of last week's pickle juice really was, and decided it must be a new staffer ready to join next year's SUB 241K culture department. Culture simply isn't a growth

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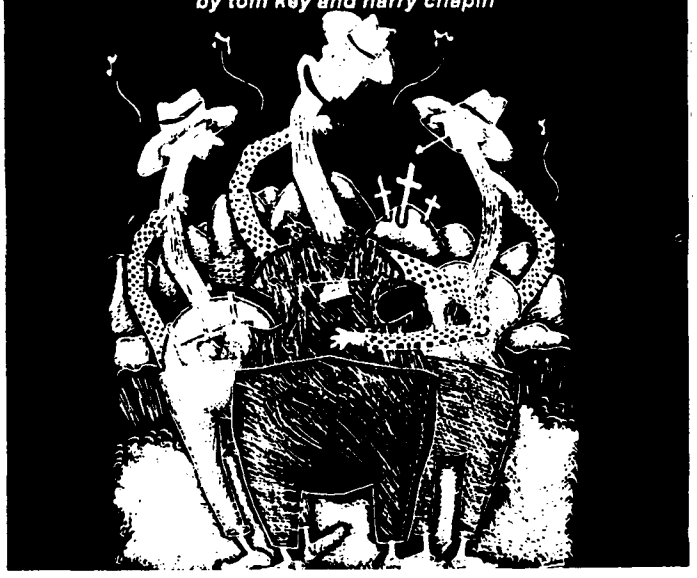

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Unions slag UBC/VGH contractor for wage irregularities

by Graham Cook

A Delta-based contractor has secured the tender for a new UBC/Vancouver General Hospital building—despite allegations against the company of poor labour practices, tendering irregularities and low quality work.

Key Engineering will be building the new Jack Bell research centre near VGH—something which has angered many construction unions.

The company was criticized in a letter to the UBC board of governors (BoG) from the BC council of carpenters.

The council's letter charged that Key "engages in irregular or incorrect tendering practices" and often used "unlicensed and unqualified 'contractors' who fell short on deadlines and quality and cheated their employees on their wages."

"Wage theft on Key Engineering sites appears to be the order of the day," the letter said.

Gil Arnold, an organizer for the carpenters, said Key is "a company of very dubious reputation."

"Key has been in violation of the provincial fair wage act, and that in itself should disqualify it from bidding for public work," Arnold said.

The fair wages act was set up to ensure that non-union workers receive the equivalent of union workers on public projects.

"There are cases of non-payment of wages altogether, and those circumstances are very tragic. The government is very slow to respond, and Key and St. Paul's [Hospital, one of the sites using Key] are very slow to respond," Arnold said.

Jay Gebrail, the president of Key Engineering, said that the unions' allegations are just "mudslinging."

"We have heard of no allegation of wrongdoing on fair wages," Gebrail said.

The suggestions of wage theft are "totally untrue," he said. "They take one small portion of the truth and try to generalize it into an amalgamation of all the truth."

Gebrail referred to Key's work at St. Paul's Hospital as involving "four jobs altogether, three of which were not under the fair wages po'icy" of the provincial government. He said the union is looking at wages in the jobs not covered by the policy.

As for irregular tendering, Gebrail admitted his company was disqualified from a tender for St. Mary's Hospital in New Westminster, but that it occured because of "insufficient information" on their application. The council of carpenters alleged Key was disqualified for using quotes from a supplier not approved by the architect.

There have been several instances of Key conducting "bid-shopping," wherein a contractor finds sub-contractors who undercut "honest" bids, Arnold said.

The problem is that UBC cannot choose another contractor because provincially-funded buildings like the Bell centre must, by law, be contracted to the lowest bidder, Arnold said.

BoG student representative Michael Hughes agreed the bidding process left the door open to unscrupulous companies.

"The low-bid policy isn't in the best interests of workers or public institutions because it doesn't ensure that workers get paid fare wages and it doesn't ensure good quality, so it doesn't ensure the interests of taxpayers which is why it was implemented in the first place," Hughes said.

The carpenters' council said problems with Key form a consistent pattern.

"The sub-trades are concerned about Key's tendering practices, because [in that area] Key has had problems meeting timelines in the past, and there have been numerous problems with quality. They're engaged in public construction without qualified workers, frequently," Arnold said.

"If it were required that the bidders be pre-qualified, Key would not be in the running," he said.

UBC administration spokesperson Steve Crombie said the administration's hands were tied.

"There's not a lot we can do about it. If they are breaking regulations then the province can of course step in, but we're bound by the low-bidding process. We have to go with a company that has the lowest bid if it looks like a serious bid."

Gebrail made no apologies.

"We bid the job according to the job, and if we are the low bidder we are low bidder. It's a fair system and the low bid should get the job."

The Ubyssey contacted the office of Dan Miller, the BC minister of skills, training and labour who is responsible for employment standards and the fair wage policy. An assistant to Miller did not respond to our inquiries by press time.

An interview with Linda Bevis: discussion on terrorism

by Hanan Elmasu and William Hamlin

Linda Bevis was born in Vancouver and now lives in Seattle. She was educated in both places and is a law-school graduate. She has worked briefly for an American law firm, spent two years living in China, and has recently returned from two years in Ramallah, in the occupied West Bank, where she was working for the human rights organization Al-Haq. We spoke to her at her home in Seattle.

Q: What is terrorism?

A: If you use violence...on civilians, on unarmed people, then it is a terrorist act. I like to try to focus on the act and call *it* "terrorist", and get away from calling a whole people "terrorists". I want to know the context, what happened before this "terrorist" act, what it grew out of.

Q: How much different is what you saw while living in Ramallah from what was portrayed in the media?

A: If I wanted an English language broadcast, I could watch either Jordanian TV or Israel TV... Let's say a Palestinian youth threw a Molotov cocktail in the street that day and injured an Israeli soldier - that's a pretty common thing - the Jordanian broadcast on TV that night would talk about the Palestinian fighter for the Intifada...whereas if you got into the broadcast on Israel TV, he would definitely be a "Palestinian terrorist". Now by this time they were saying "Palestinian", whereas before the Intifida, I'm pretty sure they were saying "Arab".

They usually say "masked"...I think there could be a great study of the words used by the Israeli media to dehumanize the Palestinians...I also noticed that a lot of incidents just didn't get reported over here [i.e. North America] period...parents and friends would say, "we haven't heard about anything going on over there," and meanwhile we'd have been under curfew and closure for the last three days...But the media falls into its own bad habits, or perpetuates them...I don't know if you can say that this rises to the level of an intentional conspiracy to persuade the public that this is right, or if it's just everybody living up to their own ideas of history and continuing along their own thought paths without re-examining them and changing them, or having set thoughts of justice and injustice and just following along those lines.

Q: How does the Israeli legal system deal with settler-Arab violence?

A: The whole system sort of colludes at a lot of levels: the way that the soldiers are supposed to deal with it, the way the investigation is supposed to go, the laws that are applied, and the way the laws are actually put into practice.

All this colludes to let the settlers off the hook...In a testimony to the Israeli inquiry set up to look into the Hebron massacre, one of the [Israeli] border police commanders said open-fire regulations regarding Jewish settlers are basically don't ever fire [at one]...If a settler committed an illegal act, it wouldn't usually be investigated. If for any reason - and this usually means international pressure or a really really terrible crime, like the Hebron massacre - the Israeli authorities feel that they have to investigate...the settlers go to an Israeli civil court, the Palestinians go to a military court, where throwing a stone can get them a year or two in prison, whereas Israeli settlers go to a civil court, where killing a Palestinian may get them six months' suspended sentence or something like that...I've seen settlers throwing rocks, I've seen them building barricades, I've seen Israeli soldiers waiting until the settlers finished building their barricades and then going in and cleaning up the barricades so the Palestinians can get through...

Q: What would be a viable solution for peace in Israel and the occupied territories?

A: If one action was taken, and that was to disarm the settlers, that would be asking for a bloodbath, that would be stupid...[But] they have no right to be there. International law says they shouldn't be there. They are a security risk to Israel...They should be removed, which basically means the buildings be removed...The Israeli government has said it would take about $300 000 per family to get them to move back inside Israel. You know, the U.S. gives something like thirteen million dollars a day to Israel, so why doesn't the U.S. pick up the tab? I mean, $300 000 sounds like a lot, but the money's there...Apparently two thirds of the settlers outside East Jerusalem are willing to move back inside Israel if they're compensated.

But the [Israeli government] needs to get them all out, and they need to stop land confiscation, now, because it's going on right now. Land confiscation, the building of settlements and roads, the settlers, are all part of what I see as moving in 180 degrees from any kind of accord or peace. The Israeli government is doing the two things at one and the same time.

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SAFEWALK PROGRAM

Biotechnology: who really needs a super pig anyway?

by Jan Cook

Dr Michael W. Fox, the vice president of the humane society of the US, gave a lecture on Friday 25 March at UBC on "Genetic engineering biotechnology: ethical, economic, and environmental concerns."

He launched with confident ease into what for most people is a sticky ethical quagmire. Many gentically engineered products have been released into agriculture without studies on their effect on the ecosystem.

The patents on such products as pesticide-producing corn ensure large and safe profits for the companies involved. Nobody knows the results of their widespread use, but they have been released anyway.

Genetically engineered produce is not required to be labelled. Yes, there really are tomatoes containing pig genes out there on the shelf. If free from genetic interference, the producer is allowed to label the product as being such - as long as it is in small letters in brackets in an inconspicuous place.

Sheep are being bred to secrete pesticide so that you will not be bothered by bugs when wearing your woolly sweater.

The famous Harvard 'Oncogenic Mouse' was discussed—a mouse that is genetically programmed to develop breast cancer.

Human growth hormone (GH) has a markedly different action in different species. For example, the oncogenic mouse rears its weary head again, this time as a Human GH recipient. Transgenic mice can grow approximately twice as large. Dollar signs then flashed in front of researchers eyes. Simple! Inject it into pigs to double the amount of bacon!

Fox showed a slide of the results of this tragic experiment, whose basic false premise is that all species react to the same compounds and conditions alike. Instead of becoming super-pork, the pigs developed acromegaly - a gross malformation and thickening of bones of the face and hooves. All of them died before reeaching six months of age. Similar studies in goats also resulted in consistent early death of the animals.

The pitiful sight of this animal's deformed figure and severe shiatsu-like facial wrinkling evoked a reaction of disgust from the audience.

Using animals for human medicine: The pig gets it again. Dr Fox showed a picture of a transgenic pig that had been injected with human complement inhibiting factor. The pig serves as a walking human organ transplant donor. Just think! Your very own pig. You eat so much pork that it gives you a heart attack. Then you just get another heart from the unconsenting genetically engineered pig. Can you see what is wrong with this picture?!

Using animals for human food: The picture this time is a 'idealised' one of a dairy cow of the future. Here it is: The cow is anencephalic (no brain) It contains legs reminiscent of a thalidomide victim. (Incidentally a drug considered safe for human use because it was tested on animals.) It is suspended in stirrups because of its lack of limbs. It is permanently force fed through a tube and milked by machine. It is in the best interests of the Dairy Industry to propagate the myth of Daisy the cow frolicking around the field before willingly giving her milk. At least the Dairy Industry is becoming more honest about their quest for the ultimate milk machine. A colloquium of monotheistic religious bodies in the US saw no ethical problem with this, as they thought the milk would be nutritionally be the same.

Dr Fox mentioned of some advances that could benefit the human race if administered ethically. For example, E.Coli and Salmonella have been genetically engineered to secrete human hormones such as Estrogen. World population is conservatively estimated at 5.6 billion. Effective global population control is within reach before we breed ourselves into extinction. For example, you could eat a banana containing the engineered bacteria, and not become pregnant for six months.

Fox's discussion of genetically engineered animals is being played out here at UBC, where the following research is happening. Mice are being injected with human genes to make the experiments more applicable to humans. Mice are also being genetically engineered into 'Monster Mice' using pig genes.

Dr. Michael W. Fox is an effective and eloquent speaker. He is a world renowned and respected veterinarian who has authored over 40 books, the most recent entitled "Superpigs and Wondercorn". The book is an "eye opening survey" of biotechnology and an "impassioned plea to limit its use.

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on rotting fungus leapspeak, y'know. But shit . . .speaking of shit, flies are as attracted to shit as they are to rotting vegetables . . .speaking of vegetables, cucumbers and carrosts have more uses than simply as garnishes, y'know. You should see what my food processor can do, and that's just on the slow speed. Y'know, I race dune buggies in my spare time, y'know. Just like Niva plays with knives.

Denise Tong had a great recipe for vegetable soup but she traded it for the aforementioned food processor, and she used more than just the slowest speed. "There are secrets of the universe which cannot be uncovered on the slow speed," she said to Kristian Armstrong while winking slowly and dazedly like a intoxicated wolf. If I had a hammer I'd make carrost-mash, Kristian said. "Actually, I heard you can find tureens of that on the mysterious third floor, left over from Tortellini's closing down sale last year," Gary Francesini said.

He then proceeded to roller-blade over the paper-strewn magic carpet of SUB 241K, singing lustily about mad cows and the never-ending PIRG story. "I read the Ubyssey style guide from top to bottom one day," he continued as he twirled about the room. But Mat X had to remind him that roller-blading, like skate-boarding was illegal. "Tough shit" he told Bonnie Roth, "vegetable soup makes the consequences of living worthwhile." David Black was the first to acknowledge the factually based misappropriated stereotypes involved in the deconstruction of society and the subsequent construction of vegetable matter byproducts or sit-coms.

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CANADA LIFE

By: April 15, 1994

Last masthead

"What the hell was in those so called veggie-burgers" yelled Dawn Lessoway to Tyler Steel. "Pig's blood, but don't worry it's just for the colour." "Damnation" Dawn delightfully demanded of him, "pig's blood . . .hah . . .in a pig's ear." But the pig got up and walked away from the vivisectionists lab. "I am a flesh and blood being, not bean sprouts nor vegetables—even minced. Dig!"

Zeba Crook dug, and dug, and dug dug dug, until she excavated Alice the Camel from Phil Banks. "Cash this cheque" he asked? "No" the camel replied, but you can use the Kitchen if you just ask Mike. Maybe even the food processor if you know a good recipe or two." Tessa Moon was up in arms that the camel and the pig were even considered as a food type, Dig? Dig!

Rodney Snooks wanted to write another perspective, but Emily McNair said he'd have to do it while riding his bike. Bruce Wolff agreed, saying "Bikes are best." He then proceeded to cruise past all the cars lining up to get into B lot on his own two wheels. Ian Gunn asked everyone if they would like to see his cucumber crop, but the night was smouldering on and the crew was getting past the vegetable stage and into the real thing. At that point Ken Wu showed up on the scene, blissfully contemplating his own purply greenish belly button lint while surmising on the state of the world.

Damon Rand wanted to know what those things on the bbq really were, but Tony Zuniga had no clue as to their content or affiliations. "Pigs' blood, pigs' blood," muttered Omar Washington. The food processor and the bbq began a dance as strains of Duran Duran broadcasted from CITR throughout the room. Ellen Costanzol said that she wanted to hear Duran Duran. Sandra Iseman said Motley Crue was way better. Matt Green said that Nirvana rocked, but Steve Bercic said that SHonen Knife was touring without them. Teresa Yep said that hydroponics had removed the need for recorded music from her life, which Janice Flamengo agreed with. Jason Hayden said that no matter what, Nirvana were in no way comparable to either the liquid brilliance of carrot juice, nor the semiotic potential of the Three Stooges. Steven Samuel thought that Iggy Pop was way better without the Stooges.

Bijan Sepheri, Tanya Richardson, Kamala Todd, Lisa Kwan and Katherine Smart were firm believers in the juicing capabilities of Jennifer Horner. Julie O'Connor, Jeff Haas, Ron Eichler, Kurt Preinsburg and Rick Hiebert thought that Fernando Avendano was the best possible juicing machine since sliced bread. Gerry Straathofq, Christine Reynard Joseph Callahan, Mehre Khan, Madeleine Shaw, Sandra Hoenle, Katherine Smart, Emilie Coalter, Wendy Fieldon, eve said that they only helped out this year cause they heard that pat thurlow was the best damned juicer in the whole world. Trish Muehlebach, said "fuck that noise." Jodi, Cher and Shelly Gornall said that carrot juice was murder. Marnie Dunsmore and Maria Buttedahl thought that the whole argument was absurd.

Katherine Monk, Chung Wong, Effie Pow and Alex Dow felt that the rethoric had gone far enough already. They turned to Don Mah and Hao Lee to focus the camera lens because the overall picture had blurred again. Adrian Rainbow had the sense to refer the question to Joe "the Mac" God who in turn refered it to Steve Chan who had already come to consensus with Paul Dayson about the relative merits of Lettuce juice as the most "way out" flavour of the month. Tim Crumley and Phil had just come over to help out with the big barbeque that they were going to at SUB 241K when they ran into Carol Philipps, and Beck Bishop carrying trays of a whole array of vegetables. Martin Chester had the tofu weinies and Nadine Rehnby the condiments.

Yukie Kurahashi smiled a lot in love and handed out post-dated valentines to everyone before they were born. Paula Wellings held her belly until the laughter had settled. "Taste My Love" played on her personal soundtrack while Frances Foran picked her teeth and burped with relative ease because the patriarchy had soooo much fizz.
Sam Green danced around the trees at dawn—the trees which only a few hours ago had witnessed the ultimate game of croquet tag. Lucho Van Isschot giggled at the suggestion that any of his friends might in any way be associated with the ideology of the chickenbutts. But seriously . . .there are sooo many fish to fry, and for a vegetarian the juice is too much.

Graham Cook, ah Graham. He felt that the end hadn't exactly come. The end after all is only ever a new beginning. And he was, he thought finished once and for all with the Ubyssey. But like i just said, the end is really just another beginning. It was only a dream.

Somewhere in the cyclic thing he ran into Taivo Evard who really knew that the beginning really was the end, or was it vice-versa? Anyway, he was a little confused so he was gonna start all over again just to make sure that he had got to the end. It was only a dream.

Sara Martin never believed in anything but the NOW and unfortunately the NOW seemed to be stuck in the same place forever and ever. But she had a lot of records that skipped and it was really all right as long as they didn't get water damaged. Then they sounded really bad. But this one, although a little repetative was at least a familiar tune. It was only a dream.

Steve Chow just wanted to practice for the big finale, but practice meant perfect so he could just be perfect and keep doing the same thing that he had been doing in front of the computer screen for the past year. Not that he was only filling time and space but that he was really getting into it man. Well anyway it seemed the thing to do. It was only a dream.

Ted Young-Ing, wrote his Valedictorian speech and left for a great horizon featuring green cards, cappuccino bars, fruit trees, tattoo-parlours and home piercing kits. But really, isn't away the same as here? Isn't nothing the equivalent of everything? Isn't escape the same as imprisonment? Well, the point is that he found himself in an endless purgatory of late night digressions, ponderous productions and healthy msg-laden food. It was only a dream.

Siobhan Roantree, didn't have to think ever again about whether it was worth it. She could stick it out until it no longer existed. Paradise wasn't something as tangible as a dash-board light. It was something as simple as developing solution under her nails. As enticing as the scent of an unwashed body after a twenty-four hour nude production. Something as simple as getting day-time production, but the next day. It was only a dream.

Liz van Assum's prediction of heaven being just a step a way was true as long as that meant just through the doors into the old CUS offices. A place of much joy throughout the year for so many of us. Paradise by the computer screen light. How many times had she thought of an endless array of pages to be typeset? It was only a dream.

Douglas Ferris finally got to sit quietly for a few moments to reflect on the nature of storytelling. Timing is the essence of a good joke. That was hopefully the essence of what they had all picked up over the last year. Timing, well-rersearched and balanced writing, timely photos, well laid out design and production. But timing, that was the key. He looked at the time and realized that they were late to start production. "Shit . . .and we've only just put out our first issue for the year. Only 48 more to go."

AND THUS ENDS THIS YEARS JOURNEY WITH THE UBYSSEY REAST EASY FOR WE SHALL SEE YOU NEXT YEAR. TA

Thanx for all the support through this hell

Belated but heartfelt thanks to those who helped us through "the troubles" last summer. Without you, we'd be nothing.

Michael Albert
Bill Allman
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Doug Ward
Paula Wellings
Chung Wong
CiTR and Co-op radio
The Globe and Mail
The Ottawa Citizen
Spartacus Youth Club (Trotskyist League)
everyone else we missed

...and especially to all our friends and supporters in the student press across Canada and the United States, including the fine folks from:
the Carillon,
the Charlatan,
Sheldon Page and the Cord,
the Fulcrum,
the Manitoban,
Calinda Brown and the Martlet,
Kristin Andrews, Zack Taylor, Kristen Boon, Afra Jalabi, Marie-Louise Gariepy, David Ley and David Austin and the McGill Daily,
Mat X and the Peak,
and Simona Choise and the Varsity.

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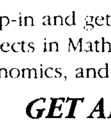
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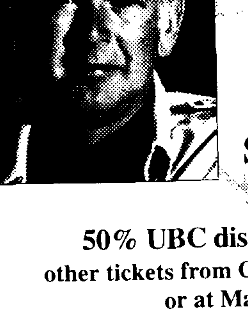
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"Writing about music is like dancing about architecture."
—anonymous

Generation X

BY TED YOUNG-ING

Every so often, the powers that be will publish a book that speaks for an entire generation—a lost generation, a floundering generation, a dazed and confuzed generation. Douglas Coupland's new offering is not that book.

The book is small—like the size of those Nancy Drew/Hardy Boys books that you used to read. And because of the size, the book's spine won't stay open when you read it. It won't bother you for long, though. *Life After God* only takes two hours to read.

Yeah, that means it's a little light on content. It clocks in at 361 pages, but it has lots of drawings in it. Every second page has a goofy little drawing. Combined with Coupland's grade eight writing style, this book's a pretty easy read.

What's it about? Well, if you've read *Generation X* or *Shampoo Planet*, you've pretty much read *Life After God*. The main character, a white middle-class guy from the suburbs feels some generational angst, goes on a roadtrip and thereby solves his problems.

Well, ok. That's the plot for four of the eight short stories in this book. The other four are about the generational angst thing, without the roadtrip.

Coupland's style has not evolved since *Generation X*. He writes in irritating quasi-postmodern, heavily stylized info bites, desperately trying to write universal truths. "Time ticks by; we grow older. Before we know it, too much time has passed and we've missed the chance to have had other people hurt us." This kind of self-obssesed angst-ridden musing would be saved by most of us for our private journal entries. Coupland, however, seems to expound them as a valid world-philosophy.

"I had been raised without religion by parents who had broken with

their own pasts an moved to the West Coast—who had ra their children clea any ideology in a cantilevered mode house overlooking Pacific Ocean—at t end of history." Ye whatever, Doogie.

Big excerpts fro *Life Without God* h been published all the place: the *Vancouver Sun, Saturday Night Magazine, Brand X* even *Western Livi* you've come into contact with any o these, you've read best passages from book.

Either way, the no need to buy th book. Coupland's effort is boring an no new (or even interesting) social criticism to offer. Generation X'ers looking for a voice our generation wi have to search elsewhere.

Seaweed

BY MEGAN MALLETT

The testosterone level at the Town Pump Friday night was pushed off the scale by an abundance of white middle class angry young males. Admittedly, I was in a bad mood before the first band of this punk triple bill even started.

Vancouver's own Brand New Unit, Shindig '92 winners, took the stage first. I wasn't expecting to be blown away by them, so it was no surprise when I wasn't. Their light punk was definitely tight, but empty, almost without an edge. They did however have a lot of fans in attendance and I amused myself by watching the crowd pushed back to create a huge empty space in front of the stage. This was then filled by maybe ten or fifteen guys who seemed to enjoy themselves not by moshing, but by pushing and shoving and pulling each other into the crowd. I ended up wedged against a wall, with cigarette smoke being blown in my face from all directions.

Bivouac, from Leeds, England, were up next, and I was disappointed. I had heard great things about them beforehand, but they didn't live up to the rumours. I paid attention for the first half of their set, then I lost interest. Their music was on the rock end of the punk spectrum but they lacked the crucial element of power that, if properly deployed, can grab and hold onto the audience's attention.

Tacoma, Washington's Seaweed did more than grab everyone's attention, they demanded it. The Sub-Pop recording artists were excited to play Vancouver as the first night of their tour. (Although rumours abound that they missed a gig in Victoria the night before because they "forgot" about it.) From the first chords they were jumping up and down, having a great time on stage playing their music. The audience was almost as excited as they were, and were relatively well-behaved except for the few goofs who insisted on stage-diving, and the guy who ran right through me. Seaweed's loud garagish melodic punk delighted me and everyone else in the room.

Doll's House

BY PAT MCGUIRE

Men and women, power and submission, freedom and chains—the Vancouver Playhouse's production of *A Dolls House* is a lesson in dichotomies. This Ingmar Bergman adaptation of the Ibsen classic creates a world where women are merely playthings of men, who are themselves slaves to their own need for power. The story is the awakening of the protagonist Nora, who discovers a society that binds people in unnatural roles.

Nora (Tasmin Kelsey) has spent eight insignificant years in a mar that has left h dominated an dependent. Al she owns has b given to her b who think of h beautiful toy w thought of sub or consequenc plot riddled w forgery, extort and misconce leads Nora to a realisation of t emptiness of h existance. She that she must and build a lif herself.

Her husban Torvald (Allan is a man of pa lectures and a for sexual domination. H

"I ne revie man

18th

BY GRAHAM COOK

Ska started out as revolutionary music—black and white integrated bands playing driving songs about racial clashes and social justice. But then the cash men moved in, and the ska band emerged in the 80s as the iconic party band—easy to dance to, goofy black and white clothes, non-stop beat.

The Shuffle Demons try to bring that latter-day ska sensibility to their sax-heavy jazz, and the tension between the jazz complexity and "party music" simplicity is evident in their latest release, *Extra Crispy*.

I first saw the Demons in their video for "Spadina Bus" on Samantha Taylor's classic *Video Hits*. (Just before CHiPs on CBC, remember?)

I thought it was the coolest thing, and it was my first introduction to jazz (the piano stylings of John Costa in the background of Mister Rogers' Neighbourhood notwithstanding.)

So in the video the Shuffle Demons are hanging out in busking mode and achieving the incredible feat of livening up a typically grey Toronto street. "Spadina Bus" was a neat mix of a goofy rap and a driving jazz riff, and I was hooked.

I went so far as to sneak into the Gastown nightclub, The Savoy, underage (before the staffers tried to unionize and NDP hack Bob Williams sold it off and it was reborn as sucky O'Ryans) to catch the Demons at the Jazz Festival. They were great—a smoky room, cool jazz, funny raps.

But while I'm far from having become a jazz sophisticate, the new CD seems to have taken the "fun" a bit too far. Songs like "Deli Tray" ("If we don't get one, we won't play,") have nice goofy lyrics but weak solos.

The Demons still seem to be having fun playing, but the exuberance is a bit forced. Their cover of "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald" works, but it is one of the few straight-ahead interpretations on the album.

To further bolster this argument, we need only look at the fast food industry. KFC bills their dead broilers as "extra tasty crispy," the middle modifier being an attempt to balance the negative connotations of "crispy"—dry, lifeless.

The Shuffle Demons' latest offering is ironically suffering from the opposite—too much "tasty" fun, too little "crispy" tightness and complexity.

BY SARAH O'DONNELL

SHHHHHHHHH.....listen very carefully to what I'm about to say because it's important! There's this cool local band called Dear God and they're really, really good.

Dear God has recently released their first independent CD, *Real horrorshow*, packed full of music for any mood and any occasion you can imagine.

Let's say you're looking for a good party song—throw "Naked" or "Wired" on the CD player. If you've just broken up with the love of your life play "Abandoned" full blast to help drown out your sorrows.

They classify their music as "gaunch" rock, so if you need some great gaunch to add to your collection, pick up the CD. It's happy and festive foot-tapping music that you can listen to, sing to and dance to. Plus, they're a local band, so they need some support.

I have to admit though, if you want to hear Dear God at its best, you had better go see them live, because they have this aura on stage that doesn't come through as well on *Real horrorshow.*

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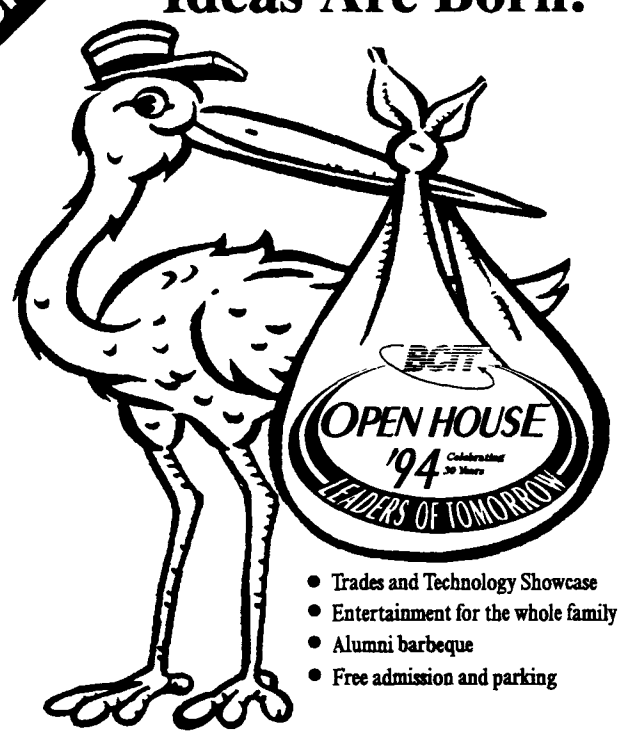

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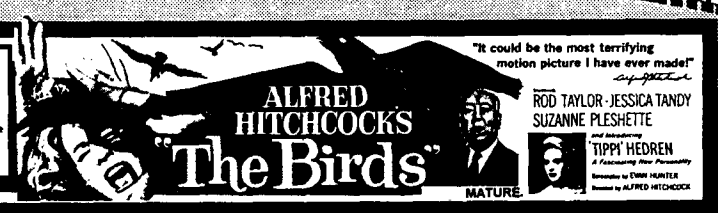

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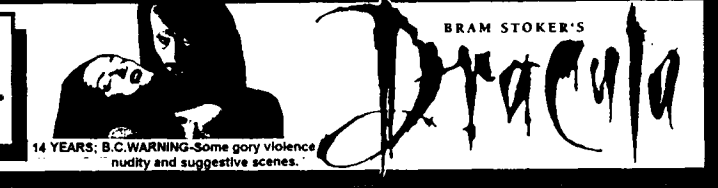

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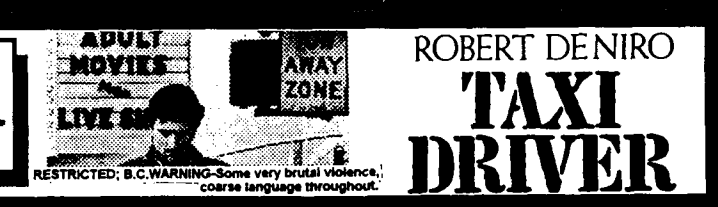

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Satin, lace, and pyramid schemes

Freestyle
by Graham Cook

It raises fundamental questions about class, gender, and the structure of capitalism.

No, I am not referring to a graduate sociology lecture or a profound art film. I'm talking lingerie party.

For those unfamiliar with this late-20th century ritual, the lingerie party is not related to bachelor parties or other male-dominated sleaze fests. They are the tupperware parties of the 90s, but with an underlying 50s morality.

Most lingerie parties are made up of women *only*, but I had the opportunity to attend a co-ed one at a friend's house in Burnaby. Those attending were university types and their friends, including many single mums.

While called "parties," the affairs have the embarrassing ambience of a Ginsu knife demonstration dressed up in satin and lace. The bottom line is pushing product, and the tupperware-style pyramid scheme is the means to that end.

The salespeople who run the show are looking to sell, sell, sell—and not only at the party they are currently hosting. As with the best pyramids, a "game" at the end of the night involved opening envelopes which offer either a free gift—or the obligation to host another lingerie party on another night.

And peer pressure plays an important role too. The woman hosting the party receives bonuses if her friends buy a certain amount of lingerie, usually in the hundreds of dollars—an important perk for women who are living below the poverty line.

The "party" presentation involves a rack of undies (including just two styles of netherwear for men—pseudo-silk boxers and a robe) which are displayed and dissected by the sales representative.

Our rep for the night was a short, vigourous woman in her early thirties wearing plenty of makeup and with a definite mission. A few weeks earlier, one of the first parties in this chain happened at another friend's house. Now she was following up with a distinctly less interested crowd, including many of the same audience whose pent-up lingerie desires had been exhausted at the last corsetfest.

Her pitch played into all the classic notions of monogamous middle class life.

"Spice up your love life with 'Secret Desires,' a lovely teddy with some, uh, air conditioning down at the bottom here," the sales rep said, unsnapping the crotch.

Most of the presentation was punctuated with embarrased chuckles from the older people and ironic guffaws from the gen-Xers, some of whom were almost in tears with laughter at the names of the items alone. ("Brief encounters" was the name of the g-string I was eyeing...)

But the laughs covered up some depressing stuff. The lingerie was supposed to represent power for women—the power to "liven up" your love life with your husband. (The rep never mentioned livening it up for a woman's boyfriend—or, heaven forbid, her girlfriend!) The responsibility for exciting sex thus remains with the women and the use of their traditional "feminine wiles."

The all-women parties, though, must be a hoot. There are still few socially-sanctioned spaces for women to talk about sex and "sexiness," so the embarrassed laughter can be liberating in that sense. But still, underlying it all was the assumption that sexual pleasure and personal fulfillment can be bought and packaged in a pink box.

And for those who buy into the lingerie myth, the next step is to become a lingerie evangelist yourself.

Along with their camisoles, several of the women picked up brochures advertising the "Ocean cruises! Precious jewels! A Lincoln Town Car!" that lay just around the corner as bonuses for lingerie sales reps. A consolation, perhaps, if the silkish stuff doesn't "liven up" one's love life.

Okay, I'm ready for the condo, two car, 2.5 kids, white fantasy I was promised when I came here five years ago!!!!

Freestyle
by liz "fuck you" van assum

This is what I plan to do on my summer vacation.

I plan to learn how to have a conversation with people in my family without starting an argument (I'm considering radical brain surgery). I would like to catch ip on all the 90210 episodes I apparently missed the incest episode where. My school work kept me at bay however.

I would also like to find out how I am supposed to pay back a $24, 000 dollar loan now that I don't have any job qualifications. Perhaps I'll take up light reading- a harlequin romance for example.

I then plan to get obnoxiously drunk and yell loudly at people at the line ups into *The Roxy*. Maybe I'll even take up considering my future options as an educated, white, queer female. Maybe I should become a supermodel.

Hmmmm, I've already achieved literary fame through the publication of my incisive and reflective articles in this esteemed rag o' rhetoric.

Maybe I should take that eighteenth century novel course I always wanted to take. Hold on here. I should take a course in summer school. You know there's this philosophy course I've alwys wanted to take.

Hey, I've always wanted to learn math. Oh my gosh do any of you know what this means? For one thing it means I can still be a student and thus will not have to take my thumb out of my mouth and accept the not so intellectually cozy institutional security blanket of that place we call the real world.

I'll have to cope with the fact that university has simply turned me into a smart rat, but, I'm still a rat (I just think I'm a smarter rat than the other rats). Oh how I look forward to eating little morsels of cheese the rest of my life. Maybe if I'm lucky I'll be able to afford bree cheese. Until then, good ol' canadian cheddar will fill my belly.

Also, (oops improper usage grammar to begin a paragraph, but who cares I've graduated), I'm breeding dogs not getting pregnant. I might even buy a volkswagen. God, I'm all grown up now and I know I dun good. Now I get to pay lots of taxes and throw out the essays I wrote in first year.

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Notes of urban decay: a photo/essay

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top to bottom:
Shoes. (San Francisco. July 1993)
Looking For America. (Compton. December 1993)
Grave of F. Bailessteros. (San Miguel, Mexico. January 1994)

by Sarah O'Donnell, Sara Martin and Graham Cook

North America is going down the tubes and taking the rest of the world along with it.

People are looking for America, land of the free and home of the brave—and can not seem to find it.

Cities are getting bigger, but not any better.

Poverty, hopelessness and despair are the meeting place of the new generation.

As the big criminals silently pick our pockets, the small ones make the front page of the papers—desperate to survive in the first real cannibal society.

Cities around the world swell as people flee the desperation of small centres. But the world they left behind may have offered the cycles of nature, a small plot of land. Now they have a square of concrete and the cold smell of diesel exhaust.

For many, death is the only way out, the only place where we are all equal.

For others, the ritual of work, eat, television, sleep keeps enough synapses firing to approximate a life—and that is enough.

Solutions seem so distant—or nonexistent—that many turn their attention to success on other people's terms, to victory within the narrow rules of another person's game.

Some leap on a passing bandwagon proclaiming social change, but the imperatives of career, reputation, family derail them.

Middle-class suburbia is collapsing and turning into one huge ghetto.

But thanks to modern technology, we won't miss a minute of it, care of CNN.

Every new administration promises to do it all for everyone and succeeds at accomplishing nothing for anyone.

People don't see faces sitting on the concrete begging for change, they just see shadows. Look a bit harder because that could be you!

What looks like garbage to many is probably clothes, a home and tonight's dinner for those on the street.

Cities are passing laws stating that it is a crime to be homeless. While the market dictates there are no beds to sleep in, the law dictates that park benches aren't for sale.

The more people around you, the more humanity crammed into ever-smaller spaces, the greater the sense of loneliness and emptiness, the less the sense of human connection.

As apartments get smaller, poor people use the street as their living room—and get arrested for loitering.

Deindustrialization has become synonymous with poverty-especially for women and children.

The only growing area of the economy is the service sector, which simply provides the lower class with more opportunites to serve their rich masters.

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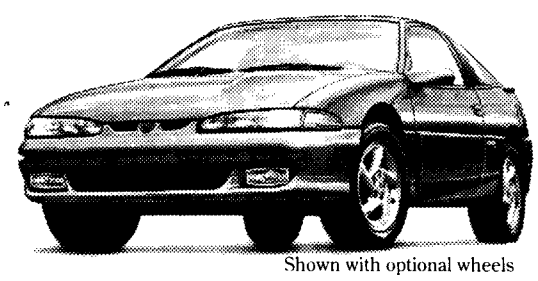

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Techno CDs

BY RON EICHLER

So I was at this club downtown last Tuesday and they were playing mid-80's dance stuff. You know, some Clash, some Billy Idol, Aretha Franklin, Frankie Goes to Hollywood, etc., and I'm thinking how much I miss this kind of stuff. The music was danceable, the songs occasionally had some normal lyrics, and all the songs were clearly distinguishable. That night was important to me because it put into perspective exactly what I don't like about a lot of dance music that is coming out now.

Take the following compilation CD's. First, there's MuchMusic's UK Seduction Vol. 4. This album has a number of new classics. At least I assume they are because the small print on the back says that some of the songs were featured on Vol. 3. The only songs I recognised here were "Everybody Salsa" by The Tribe and "Whoop Here It Is" by Rag Team. No problem though, as none of the other songs were that special anyway.

Then there's Club House, which promises 100% Canadian Dance. Let's just say that this CD does nothing for my patriotism. Although titles like "Yo" and "Da Real Shit (The Dung Mix)" are inspirational, the music fails to live up to his promise.

I had the most hope for Radikal Techno, as it featured 2 Unlimited and Afrika Bambata, but I can only listen to annoying beeps for so long before putting on some Smashing Pumpkins or Spirit of the West to straighten my head.

If you're wondering why there is no detailed description of the music here it's because I'm willing to bet you've heard it already. If you've been to a dance bar at any time over the last six months for any period over five minutes, there will be nothing new for you on any of these CD's.

I must say, that to the degree that the music is danceable but not really worth listening to; there is no purpose to buying any of them. Save your money for the cover charge if this is really what you like.

Although this music is danceable(I guess), why bother? Like I said at the beginning, better music exists already. And although amazing music is created everyday, these three CD's ain't it.

espouses the traditional values of society: materialism, upward mobility, and a wife's love and fealty to her husband. The couple seems to get along well but, for all their playful banter, they are truly estranged. Nora's awakening makes her realise that he is as much of a stranger to her, as she is to herself.

Director Neil Munro's clever staging techniques turns the play from a period piece into a modern play. The set is sparse and darkly lit, creating a surreal atmosphere that reflects the unconscious of Nora. She inhabits a slightly raised platform at center stage, and the other characters sit behind on red velvet couches to be beckoned onto the platform by her imagination. She does not leave the platform that is symbolic of her prison—her doll's house. The minimalist staging focuses attention upon the characters's psychology and emotions.

In the Bergman adaption, the exploitation is more overtly sexual than in the Ibsen original. The play even comes with a warning label that says "sensually explicit." An unfortunate aspect of the Bergman ending is that Nora's reaction against her oppression seems more emotionally motivated and violent than in Ibsen's rationally orientated original. It is still, however, effective.

The acting is good but not stellar. Grey is solid as the stern and unyielding Torvald while Kelsey is at times inspiring as Nora. But, there was a lack of spark (and timing) between all the actors that will hopefully be smoothed out as the play continues its run.

Regardless, the intriguing staging that subtly combines lighting, music and symbolism, makes for an emotionally charged and thought provoking evening.

HAIL YE CULTURE GODS AND GODDESSES

The Ubyssey Culture Department 1993-94 would like well-paying summer jobs at Sony, MCA, Cargo, Virgin, BMG, Alert, All-Star, CBC, Coastal Jazz and Blues, the Fab Commodore, Danstabat, EMI/Capitol, the Firehall, the Institute, the Learning Annex, the NFB, the Cinematheque, Perryscope, Phantom, Polygram, etc. concepts, the Rogue Folk club, Spy, the Starfish Room, the Starlight, the Lunatic Fringe, Martha Graham Dance Company, Studio 58, Sub-Pop, Timbre, Uzume Taiko, the Opera, Harper Collins, the Recital Society, the Cultch, Video In, the Vogue, the VSO, Warner, Women in View, the Fringe festival, Queer City, the International Film Festival, Ballet BC, the Playhouse, BeBop, Freddy Wood Theatre, Arts Club Theatre, Dorothy Somerset Theatre, SST, the International Writer's Festival, International Tournee of Animation, Green Thumb Theatre, or on CiTR's And Sometimes Why, Screaming Inconsistencies and the Dinner Report.

We would like to whisper sweet nothings in the ears of Janie Ferris, France in Montreal, Bev Menson, Valdine Ciwko, Fawzia Pirbhai, Liesl Jank, Stick, Maureen Verkaar, Harriet Fancott, Kevin McKeown & Jim Oakes, Kathleen Oliver, Janeane Ardolino, Cori & Teresa & Heather, Ians Gunn & McKinnon, Mary Arsenault, Bobby Gale, John Orser, Drew, Andy Dunkley, Helen Nestor, Steven Young, Paul Shaver, Jeff Perry, Joane Smale, Esther, Nik Blosser, Helen Yagi, David Sersta, Marian J. Dodd, Barb Fraser, Laine Slater, Jocelyn & Jennifer, Patty, Jing, Devon Hanley, Lisa Doyle, Jan Cox, Anna Chang, Lorraine Chan, Teresa Marshall, Kim Yu, Ken McIntyre, Heather & Lisa, Bob & Donna, Ken Ashdown, Steve Edge, Parm Soor, Peter & Keith, Miriam Shostak, Sherri Sadler, Nils, Diane Thorpe, Louise Bentall, Mary Olsen, Cynthia Bunbury, and Diana King.

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Dear Megan. Are you reading this? You always smell nice. Thank you, too.

ver read a book before wing it; it prejudices a so."

—Sydney Smith,

century canon of St. Paul's Cathedral and literary critic

Once upon a time a magic frog became a prince

Perspective

by Dan Walker

Imagine that you are the president-for-life of UBC. You have a major problem. Governments have decided that they are not going to pay as much for education as they used to. It's happening from Newfoundland to BC, and from kindergarten to PhD.

It begins with cutbacks in federal funding, and cascades down through the whole system. Last year, the provincial government refused to increase UBC's grant to keep up with inflation. That's the same as cut of about 3 per cent, or $8 million. And that cut will happen again this year, and the next, and the next.

What would you do? You work from a set of guiding principles:

1. UBC must continue to grow as it has in the past.
2. The real problem is to compensate for the lost funding by raising cash and cutting costs.
3. The only way to accomplish this is to impose your will on a fractious and squabbling campus.

You embark on a massive fund-raising campaign. You sacrifice a part of the campus for market housing. You bring in full-fee foreign students. You encourage research-for-profit. You ratchet up tuition fees. You hold down salaries.

You cut the funding to all the departments and other units like the library, and force them to deal with it. (At the same time, you also hand them tasks that used be done by your central administration, so you can cut your own costs.) You make cost recovery a mantra. Every service is charged to the user, if at all possible.

This all seems rather ruthless, but as president you see no other way out. Desperate measures for desperate times, right? But the problem is that it doesn't work.

Oh, it gives some short-term relief. But you can never raise enough cash, and it's often tied to non-essentials: the big donors will give money for bricks, but not for books. And all that cost-cutting turns out to be more apparent than real.

Time and energy is frittered away at every level of the university, on countless local battles about what should be cut, or how to avoid a cut. Somehow, the costs are just getting pushed around the system (remember how you passed your own costs down?).

For example, a department sacks its own librarian to save money, and the central library has to pick up the slack. Even worse, people look for ways to cheat the cost-cutting measures. For example, they start to check out their favourite journal just to improve its usage statistics, so the library will be fooled into keeping up its subscription.

But worst of all, you have destroyed any sense of community. Your authoritarian, divide-and-conquer style has ensured that no one feels any responsibility for the university as a whole. Every department, every individual, is out to protect their own short-term interests. Naturally, the powerful groups and individuals (including yourself) are most successful at this. The pain is distributed unfairly. The university is deeply fractured.

Things get worse. Everything you do is controversial. You are constantly defending your actions, and your power begins to erode. Eventually, you must accept the failure of your approach. You need to reframe the problem completely. You accept a completely new set of principles:

1. UBC is going to shrink.
2. The real problem is to cope with this in a way that is equitable and does minimal damage to the university as a place of education and research.
3. The only way to accomplish this is by building community and creating consensus. This means sharing both power and responsibility: an ongoing negotiation that involves everyone. It sounds like a lot of time and energy, but you realize now how much time and energy has been frittered away by all those controversies and conflicts at every level.

It won't be easy. A lot of deep divisions have formed, and everyone is pulling in a different direction. You have viewed this as a justification for your autocratic leadership, and now you must accept it as a consequence of that leadership. You haven't developed the skills or credibility needed to bring about a broad consensus among faculty, students, and staff.

Where would you start? Well, confidence-building is the critical first step. You can make a start by dramatically and unambiguously slashing your own salary. (After all, you're not in this for the money, are you?). And then you can start to ask the people of the university how they want to deal with the problem. Together.

Quebec province suffering from separation anxiety

Perspective

by Bijan Sepehri

The most common observation about Lucien Bouchard is that he is a crafty politician with a lot of ambition. It's amazing that people in Canada, especially Quebec, tolerate people like Bouchard. To believe in his separatist vision, one must first believe Canada is a compact of French and English races, not the shotgun blast of native and imported cultures that it actually is. It is also necessary to believe that Quebec is still oppressed by "English Canada" today, which is why Bouchard trying to deceiveq quebecers that every general cut that the feds make is specifically against them. To do this he is contradicting himself on every issue

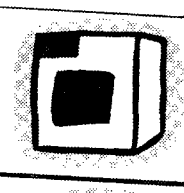
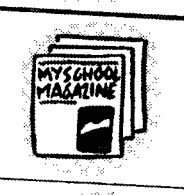
Bouchard, Parizeau and other separatist leaders also deceive quebecers about what separation means. They try to claim that it will come as "sovereignty-association", in which Quebec will be on good enough terms with the rest of Canada to use our currency and our army, not a bitter schism in which a divided Canada pursues a "scorched earth" policy whenever possible. First Nations people in Quebec do not share this vision, which may be one reason why the KKK, the defenders of all things White, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant, was leading the violent crowds at Mercier Bridge during the Oka crisis.

Bouchard also tries to dupe quebecers into thinking they will benefit from excellent relations with the United States after separation. His recent tour of the US capital was a display of boot-licking unseen since the reign of his friend, Brian Mulroney, who brought him into the cabinet knowing he was a separatist. A proud quebecer, Bouchard recently stated he wants his kids to be american citizens.

It is not surprising to hear revelations from Shelley Ann Clark, a staffer in the free trade negotiation team, that she shredded hundreds of free trade documents, including protocols for Quebec's separation in 1995 and english Canada's annexation by the US in 2005, when you consider that Mulroney and Bouchard were both instrumental in imposing the FTA on us.

Bouchard must continue to peddle the delusion that the US will allow a separate Quebec to be independent, and hope Quebecers never read "In the Eye of the Eagle, by Jean- Francois Lisee, which links the separatist movement to the US government. The biggest lie coming from Bouchard and those like him is their claim to be acting in Quebec's interests. If they are successful, Quebec will become a sort of French Panama - a puppet of the US, complete with its own St. Lawrence Canal Zone. The so-called defender of Quebec's language, culture, and free will is, in fact, its worst enemy. It only takes a look at Bouchard's words and actions to see his ambition is to become the Martial Petain of a Vichy Quebec.

ClarisWorks for Windows Report

General		*Simple to use, fully integrated, award winning software. Packed with powerful word processing, database, spreadsheet, colourful charting and graphics capabilities. Ideal for primary, secondary and further education, plus administration.*
Word Processor		*Full featured word processor. Create worksheets and hand-outs, plus letters and assessment forms. Eliminate spelling errors with a 100,000 word customisable dictionary and find synonyms quickly with a 660,000 word thesaurus. (International spelling dictionaries are available separately.)*
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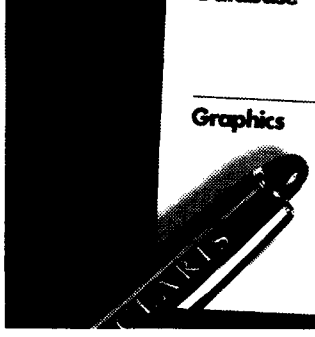

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Another modest proposal: why grad students should die

PERSPECTIVE
by Dan Walker

It has come to our attention that the time-to-completion for graduate degrees at BC has increased by 20 per cent since the 1970s. This loss of productivity would not be tolerated in private industry, and it should not be tolerated here.

How to deal with these malingerers? Unfortunately, the truly simple and effective methods are illegal in peacetime.

But we can go beyond wimpy little tuition increases. The following are a series of concrete proposals for solving this problem.

1. Do away with the thesis.

There are only two reasons for academic research: papers and patents. The thesis is merely an anachronistic distraction, and should be eliminated.

In the future, a masters degree should require either a paper or a patent. A doctorate should require two papers, two patents, or one of each. Naturally, the papers must be published in refereed journals.

A side benefit will be the saving of library costs for storing and cataloguing of theses. After all, who reads these things, anyway?

Under some circumstances, successfully starting a spin-off company could also count towards a graduate degree.

2. Eliminate all teaching assistantships.

Teaching assistantships serve only two purposes: free tutoring for undergraduates who are not smart enough to grasp their professors' lectures, and financial crutches for graduates who are not smart enough to have scholarships or wealthy parents. Neither purpose is necessary to the functioning of the university.

Teaching assistantships are therefore merely a drain upon the time of graduate students, and upon the financial resources of the university. They should be abolished immediately.

The assignment-marking function can be taken over by computers. If there is sufficient demand, the university should provide tutoring on a cost-recovery basis.

3. Change the graduate tuition structure.

Graduate tuition should be charged on a daily basis, with a daily increase. An initial fee of $1/day, increasing by only 0.3 per cent daily, will grow to $79.55/day by the first day of the fifth year. This should provide an inspiring incentive for rapid completion.

It should also eliminate complaints about tuition fee increases. After swallowing 10 per cent increases, how could students complain about a 0.3 per cent increase?

4. Require graduate students to live on-campus.

Graduate students should be required to live in monastic-type residences on-campus. Meals should be taken in common. Accommodations would be dormitory-style. The purpose of this proposal is to eliminate the distractions of a social life.

However, a complete lack of social life is not psychologically healthy. Therefore, passes to leave the campus should be granted on a monthly basis, contingent upon good behavior.

5. Don't allow graduate students to have children.

Children are a serious time and financial burden to the graduate student. Of course, it would be draconian to require current graduate students to give up their children for adoption. In future, therefore, graduate students with children should not be admitted into the university.

6. Don't allow contact between senior and junior graduate students.

Hidden cameras have revealed that many senior graduate students waste an inordinate amount of time "showing the ropes" to new arrivals, teaching them how to turn on the computers, sharpen their pencils, etc. This can be cured by isolating the two groups.

In practice, this could be accomplished by locking the senior graduate students in their offices at the commencement of the working day (5am).

7. Limit permissible research.

This is perhaps the most important point. Much time is wasted by graduate students attempting to pursue new ideas. Worst of all are the efforts at so-called "interdisciplinary" research.

Numerous studies have demonstrated that efficient research depends upon following narrow and well-trodden pathways to publication. The student's supervisor and committee should make it their paramount concern to ensure that the student does not attempt anything new or untested.

These simple measures should eliminate malingering, and ensure a productive graduate population. In the long run, research into artificial intelligence holds out the promise of robot researchers, eliminating the need for graduate students entirely.

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Perspective

by Nancy Xylaphone

On Friday 11 March Sigma Tau Phi, an honour fraternity at UBC, held a dinner meeting at the Faculty Club. Members of Sigma Tau Phi are those considered the best brightest at UBC; students who have made substantial contributions to this campus.

Honour societies such as this are rife on North American campuses. The tradition dates back to December of 1776, when John Heath and eight of his classmates founded Phi Beta Kappa at William and Mary Colege. Phi Beta Kappa is very strict about which campuses they will place chapters on, and honour the top ten per cent of graduating students at these schools by offering them membership. It is common knowledge that possessing a Phi Beta Kappa key can open many doors for a graduating student.

Following Phi Beta Kappa, a large number of honour societies, such as Sigma Tau Phi at UBC, sprung up, to recognize those students who excel academically, in student affairs, and athletics.

Our society today places great emphasis on being the best. To this end, Sigma Tau Phi claims to represent the best of UBC students. But where was Sunshine Hanaan, who sits on almost every committee that the Alma Mater Society offers, and does so without ever missing class? Bill Dobie, now serving his second term as AMS president was there, but where was Janice Boyle, now serving her second term as AMS vice president? Tim Lo was there, as were Dean Leung, Derek K. Miller, and our new Graduate Student Society president, Vighen Pacradouni.

But wherever were Leah Costello, Carole Forsythe, and the countless other women who donate their time and energy to student politics, our newspapers, and campus life in general?

Janice Boyle could not be there. It was not that she does not deserve to be, because she has worked tirelessly as AMS vice president. It was not that she had a prior engagement. It was because she is a woman.

You see, UBC's version of an honour society, Sigma Tau Phi, only recognizes the contributions of men to our campus. They have not recognized, or honoured in any way, the contributions of women to UBC. I wonder how, in good conscience, Bill Dobie could have become a member of, and party to, an organization that refuses to recognize the time and effort expended by the women who work with him every day in campus politics.

Some might argue that many campus organizations are gender discriminatory. For example, it is true that sororities do not have male initiates. However, there does exist a counterpart to them in the fraternity system. These single-sex organizations, while they offer the chance to develop leadership skills, do not make the claim that their membership represents the leaders of our community.

My closest friend is male. It galls me to think that, should he and I have both spent the past four years devoting himself to enhancing life on campus for our fellow students, he could be offered the honour of membership in Sigma Tau Phi, and I never could be, simply on the basis of gender.

The winds of change blow slowly over our campus, but Sigma Tau Phi has finally decided to open their membership to women. The history of this society, however, and its blatantly discriminatory practices, does a grave injustice to the generations of women that have attended UBC.

Sigma Tau Phi is perhaps a better example of a "dishonour" society, and that, my friends, is Sigma Tau Awful.

A phoenix, a pig, a pub and a punk perform playfully at pit

Perspective

by Phoenix

So yeah! Thursday night at the notorious Pit pub. I thought I'd take a break from writing. You know, go see a good band play for free, hang out with friends, bring some joy into my life and those around me! But as the capitalist state and all its agent, in this case it was the ever so authoritative (but of course in a justly kin of way) bouncers and the police, would have it: the best things in life should not, must not, and hence cannot be free. Let me start from the beginning of this, unfortunately, reoccurring nightmare.

As I was only five people away from being granted admission to the Pit of hell, me and most of the people lined-up were becoming impatient, knowing our disorderly ways, and also seeing enough people leave the gig, with none more let in to replace the vacancy (but of course, that's beside the point). So acting out of a possession, I dared looking at the bouncer, satan's little helper, and saying "C'mon man! There's room for another twenty people in there. I've seen at least half a dozen people leave."

I guess it is true, what they say, six is an evil number because this ape decided to point his finger in my face and, out of nowhere, tell me to "shut the fuck up."

There might have been a "bitch" thrown in there at the end of his profound answer but his back was already turning on me, and the music was loud, so I wouldn't bet my life on the last bit. But hey! What he said was insult enough for me to point it out.

I was left pleading, I guess, with where his brains abide. I tried to explain how it was well out of order, how it was uncalled for, how...how...how could you?! But there was no answer; and it was apparent he was beyond reach. The asshole, I am facing, would not speak! Oh what was I possibly thinking?! (Contemplate that!!!).

On my way away from the line up, I see what it looks like a fight. I see a guy, with scratches on his neck, a bit of a fat lip, and a torn T-shirt. And I see a bouncer, without a single scratch. There were many sorts of people standing around, some of his friends were advising the beat-up guy to call the police, most of the ones who did not know him were talking to the bouncer telling him that they all witnessed what he had done. A woman told me that she was looking right at Jason, later on I found out his name was, dancing when this bouncer all of a sudden pushed him. She thought he meant to push someone behind whom she could not see but must have done something wrong. However, the bouncer kept on pushing and punching Jason.

By this time, one of his friend's had already called the police because, and I witnessed this, the bouncer still being really hostile and violent towards the guy. Finally, I felt it must be stopped. The other bouncers were just standing around like some hideous fixtures out of a macho scene from 90210, and refusing to give out the bouncer's name.

I jumped in between the two right about when the bouncer kept on psychotically repeating himself saying things like "Oh! I'd like love to beat the shit out of you..." and "What are you a wimp? I'll give you the first punch!" pointing at his chin, and oh boy! He had a big one I tell ya.

I thought this is a good time to hopefully prevent the chance of more violence or embarrassment (ex. before the bouncer might say something along the lines of "Relax and you might enjoy it") So I said something along the lines of why are you trying to pick a fight with him, how about we all calm down and I hear the cops will be here soon.

He answered "Coz I'd like to beat the shit out of him so why don't you stay out of it sweetheart."

Now, I'm fuming. I said "you should learn some manners and have enough respect for women not to call them sweetheart like that."

He replied "only the ones who deserve it!"

Immediately I said "I didn't do anything to you." Then he swore at me. The man was making no sense; he too is a goner! What sexist power-tripping violent scumbags do they hire here, I thought to myself. Well, to be honest, I was thinking worst things, but there is no need to degrade them any more than they have already done themselves.

Now the police arrived. They dispersed the witnesses with a promise to listen once they are done questioning the parties involved. They took the "victim" aside for questioning. And the female cop was questioning the bouncer. The police start walking away while all the witnesses were protesting that he has not taken their statement yet, and what are going to do about this assault. He said he has heard both sides of the story and "if you got any complaints" take them to so and so at the AMS. And that it was probably a little misunderstanding.

I told him to take another look at the state of the guy, and I made him write down at least one person's testimony, just incase. The whole time I was thinking if this situation was reversed...if it were a punker who walked into a posh restaurant or some yuppie night club and beat-up one of them, they would have had him handcuffed and thrown in jail in no time, at least until charges were pressed or dropped. But in reality, the "little people" (minorities, the poor, women, non-whites, etc.), once again are discriminated against. No, it's more like we are silenced, stepped on, spat at, beat-up, and our rights violated, raped, or to say the least ignored.

But that was not enough damage for one night. As all the witnesses were sitting on the stairs outside, they saw the police preparing to leave, which they felt was unjust. So most people were feeling somewhat angry at the police reaction, or lack of it. But then the cops decided to give them all something to really be angry about.

One cop went over to someone who was verbally protesting, and grabbed him by the shirt. The guy tells the policeman to let go, the policeman instead grabbed the guy and dragged him up the stairs. I heard someone telling the guy being harassed by the cops to relax and try not to fight back.

It was good advice because once the guy happily took their shit, he was only pressed against the car, asked for ID, hand-cuffed, and arrested. I mean it, it was good advice because the police got out of hand and were physically assaulting people.

Someone went up to the policeman asking for his badge number and subsequently the police threatened to arrest him. This guy and almost everyone there at this point was telling the police that these people's rights are being violated and that we have freedom of speech to point it out to you, so please don't wave your clubs in front of my face. The

continued on page 21

Darlene Marzari
New Democrat MLA
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Another year is over.

Congratulations to all graduates. And to those returning, we'll see you next year.

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Vivisection

scientific fraud?

by Lisa Penney

Experimentation on animals has long been accepted as the testing ground for new human medicines and procedures.

Now, people are increasingly realizing how potentially dangerous and unscientific this assumption can be.

Current biological knowledge cannot, by definition of the complexity of life, be 100 per cent comprehensive. Human arrogance results in the belief that we know where all biological differences lie.

Animal experiments provide data that may or may not accurately relate to human diseases. There is no shortage of cases showing radically different responses in different species, sometimes even within species, to the same substance.

Penicillin, for example, is fatal to guinea pigs. Cats cannot tolerate aspirin. Strychnine is harmless to guinea pigs, chickens and monkeys in amounts that would be capable of giving an entire human family convulsions. Amyl nitrate raises the internal pressure in dogs eyes to dangerous levels, but reduces the pressure in the human eye. Sheep can swallow enormous quantities of arsenic. And chimpanzees are the only species other than humans to harbor the HIV virus in their bodies, but they do not go on to develop the disease.

Animal models of human diseases are subjected to artificial conditions, such as induced disease, trauma and severe stress. A true scientist should question the validity of this data. There is a growing list of drugs which are tested on animals, generally for legal reasons, that have caused side-effects as serious as death in humans. Examples include Eraldin, Opraxolone, DPS, Halcyon, chloramphenicol, clioquinol, thalidomide, Flosint, Ibufenac and Zelmid.

In 1982 the anti-inflammatory drug Opren was withdrawn in Britain, after 3500 reports of side-effects including 61 deaths due to liver damage. This after year-long tests in which rhesus monkeys were given up to seven times the human dose, and revealed no evidence of toxicity.

Clinical trials and human tissue cultures provide more accurate methods of testing. Prevention and natural medicines that treat the whole body rather than the symptom alone present a more common-sense approach to health. Chinese herbalists and acupuncturists have successfully treated people for hundreds of years without animal research. Chinese medicine has been shown to be highly effective in boosting the immune system of AIDS patients. AZT, the AIDS drug, stops the growth of DNA and destroys bone marrow, causes severe anemia, headaches, nausea, muscular atrophy and damages the kidneys. It has been called "AIDS by prescription" by Dr. Peter Duesberg, professor of molecular and cell biology at the University of California's Berkeley campus.

Medical research is a multi-billion dollar industry. Eighty percent of its research is based on animals. The budget of the National Institute of Health (NIH) in the United States was $8.6 billion in 1991. This is in addition to the pharmaceutical companies and health agencies which provide vast amounts of funding for similar research.

The basic rationale for animal research is that lives will be saved by sacrificing others. It presumes a choice between a child or a "lesser species," like an animal.

But animal-based research diverts attention from the study of humans. It fails to provide information on dangerous human side-effects. The choice is not between a child and an animal. Vivisection will take the life of both child and animal. The choice lies between good science and bad science.

What you can do:

—Write to your MP or MLA.

—Refuse to participate in what you do not feel comfortable with.

—Speak out.

—Call Lifeforce (an ecology and health organization) at 299-2822 or the Vancouver Humane Society 266-9744.

UBYSSEY FILE PHOTO

continued from page 20

cop asked "Whose rights?! What are you talking about?!".

"My rights and the rights of OTHER citizens" was the answer. The cop said "You are on the UBC campus and none of you are even a student here, isn't that right?!" implying that you only have the right to protest here, if you were a student. So I stepped in and ruined his little scheme. I pointed out that I am a student. He was silent for a few seconds, then said "Why don't you start behaving like one then." I asked him what it was I was doing, which was unacceptable for a student, or any human in fact. He had no answer, and so to save face, the female cop threatens to arrest me if I didn't "back off."

A somewhat drunken guy approaches the policewoman and he said that he has seen it all, it was wrong, etc. A policeman then suddenly decided to run and jump on him, gave him a couple of punches, threw his cheek against the dirt with a tight grip on the guy's longish hair. And another guy was arrested, denied his basic rights and freedom. But these are only a few of many repetitious police brutality stories. Do they not realize that freedom is not simply choosing between alternatives (ie. shut up or be assaulted or arrested). It is choosing what these alternatives are. And they wonder why they are referred to as pigs, and why they have such a bad reputation. They breed violence. But hey! When this corrupt system falls (and it will because contradictions are at the root of it), you will go down with it. This is fascism at its worst. Our lives are being mainly shaped by the few rich white dirty old men, and if you are sick of it too, then get involved. Write, talk to others, do what you can. The least YOU, human UBCians, can is boycott the Pit.

moo, moo said the cow. this is our last fuckin' issue of the year. this is it. na da. no more. finito. asta la vista.

staff ad? nope. we don't need anyone else. those of us who were here this year have called it quits. too late to join the ubyssey selective collective, so y'all can just keep wiping your asses and playing with yourselves.

that's right. we're all a bunch of radical, left-wing, communist, dope-smoking, fornicating hippies. we don't care if you don't like us. that's not our purpose. we're here because we all love ourselves.

this is your life folks.

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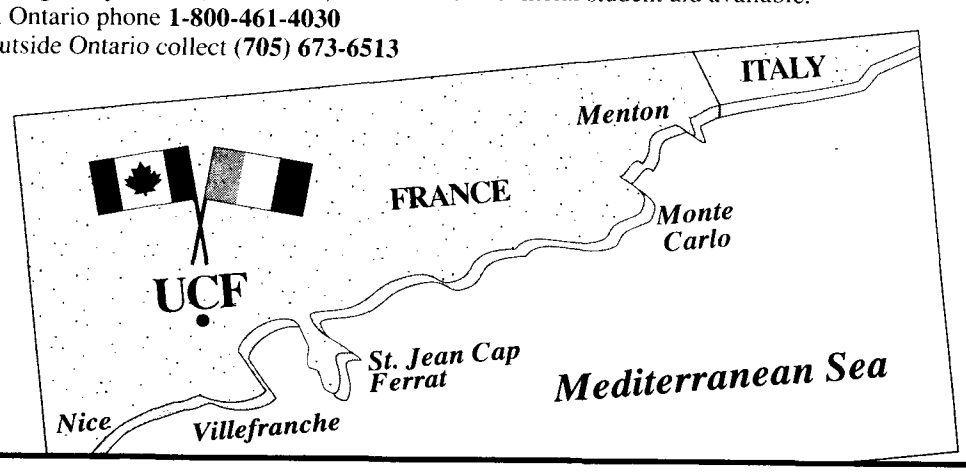

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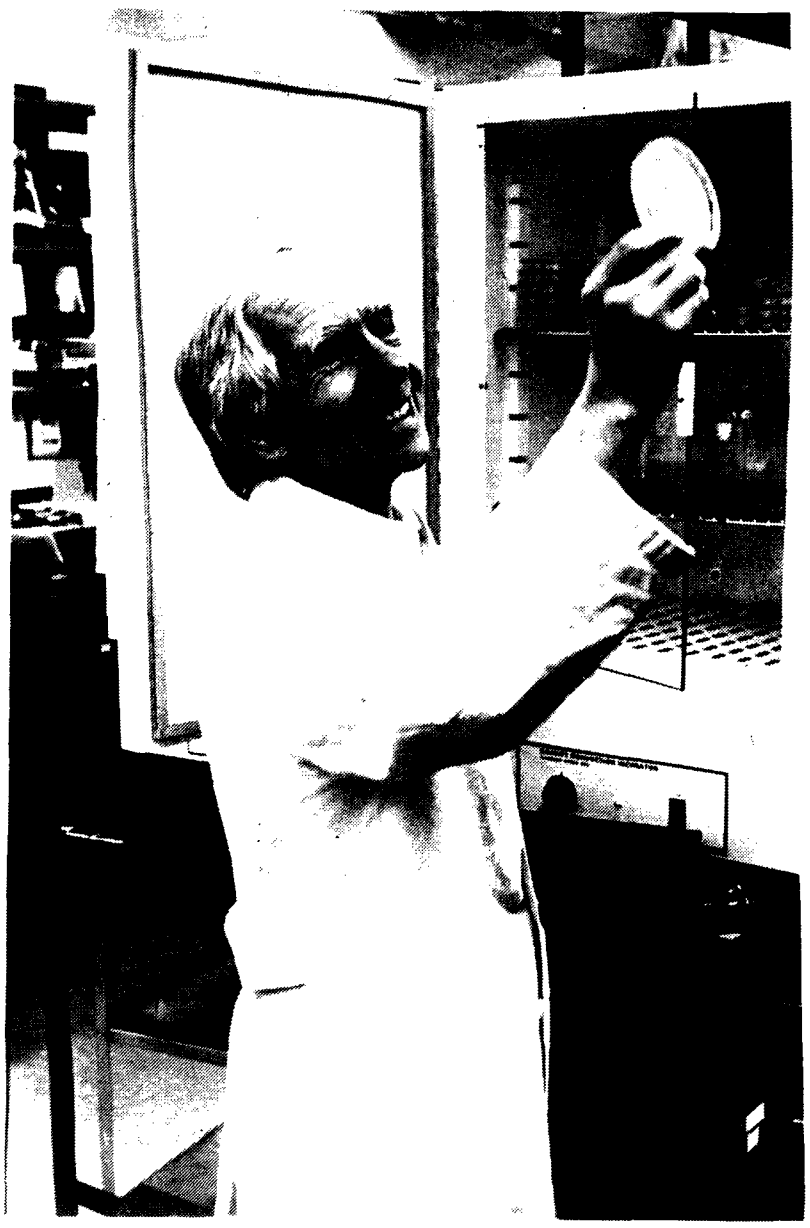
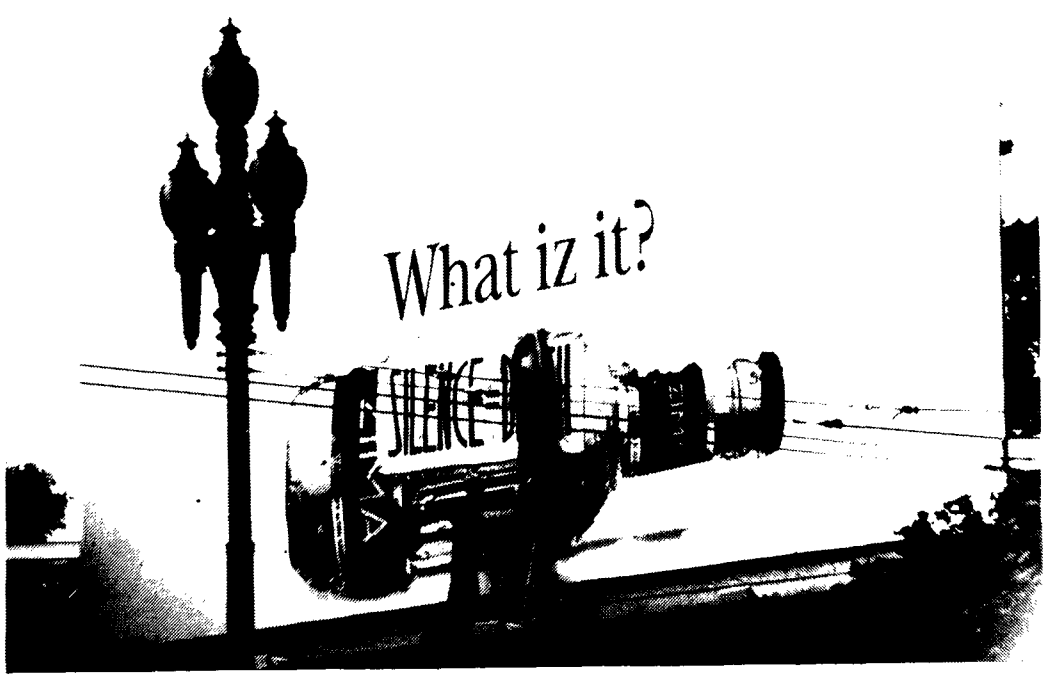
The 1993-94 Ubyssey





TOGA! TOGA! TOGA! TOGA! TOGA! TOGA! TOGA! TOGA! TOGA!

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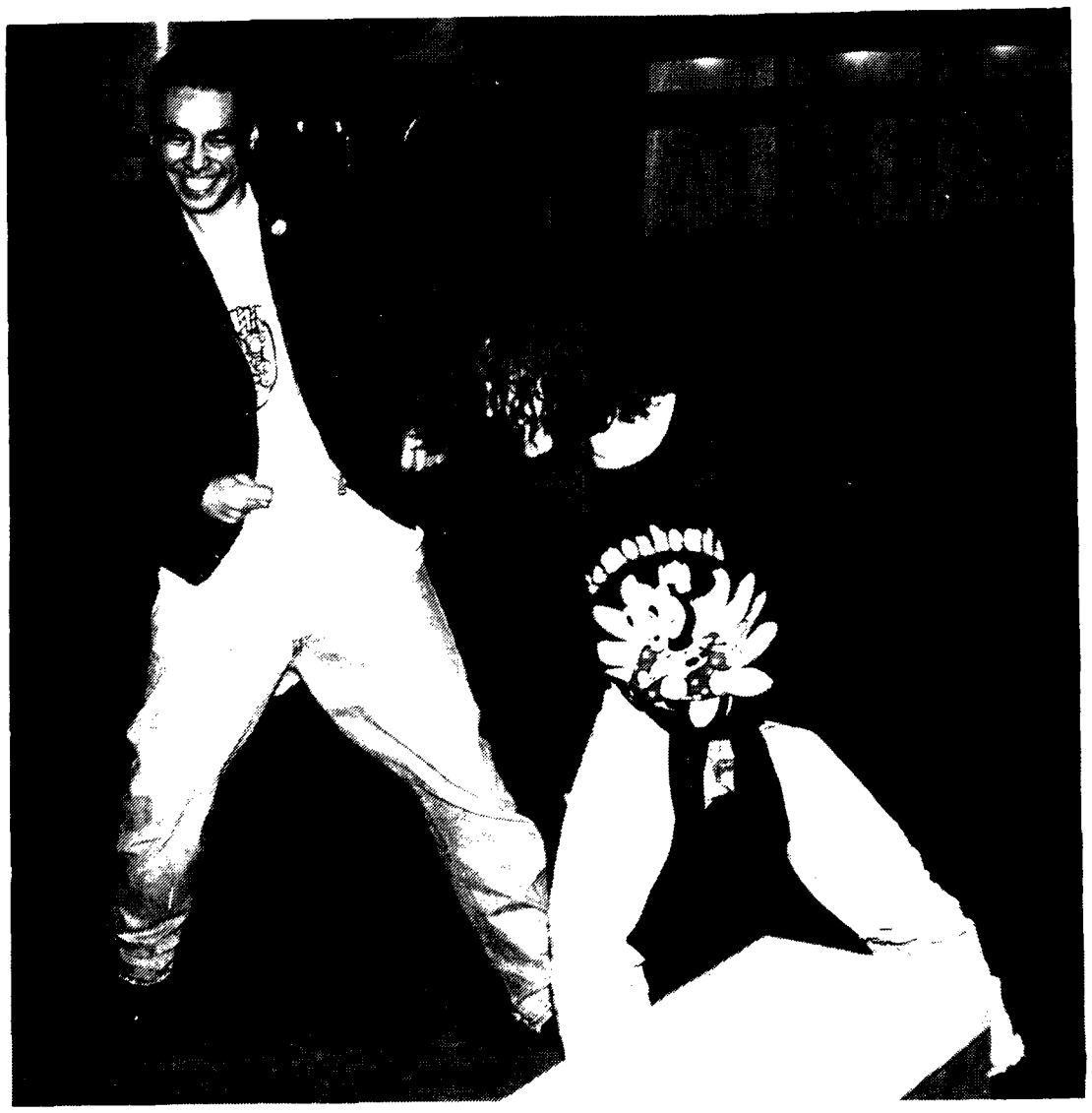
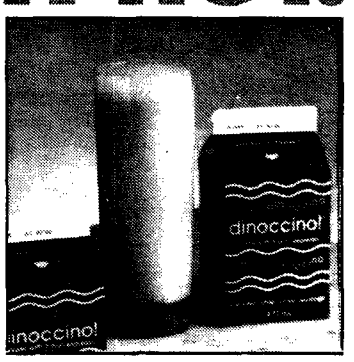


clockwise from left:

Microbi culture. ***by Steve Scali***
Ubyssey editor loses it - takes out "innocent bystanders". ***by Siobhan Roantree***
The Ubyssey moshes in the mush at the Pit. ***by Siobhan Roantree***
"I wanna be a cowboy." ***by Steve Scali***
Steve Chow points to various constellations of stars around the room. ***by Siobhan Roantree***
Silence still equals death. ***by Ted Young-Ing***

SOME LIKE IT HOT.



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EDITORIAL

Welcome to the incoming editors!

Phone all your friends and family tell them you're leaving town for a year and can not be contacted. Drop all your classes. Quit your job. Leave your lover.

For the next eight months you will eat, sleep, breathe in the asbestos and photo-chemical-poisoned air, lose your eyesight squinting in front of the PCs, cry, have creative surges and suicidal lows, learn to love and hate your co-editors, watch staff come and go, drive staff away and then beg them to come back and write, all between the ever-expanding and ever-inclosing walls of 241K.

For the newsies among you, the world outside the office will become a news story. Every smell, taste, sound and feeling you encounter will filter through your news-sensitive minds and issues that stir you, anger you until you see double, will find their way to the pages of your paper.

You will find new methods of eavsdropping. Buses will become to you not a mode of transportation but a ride into the conversations, concerns and criticisms of others. Everyone you talk to will now speak in quotes and as they speak you will envision their words in printed form strategically placed in your persuasive story. And as people in the campus community get to know you, you will lose your anonimity. People will stop talking when you enter the room. Use this power. Throw wretched fear into the hearts of the unworthy, for it is they whose sniveling souls you must eventually crush.

Laughter (or loud screaming) is the only escape from utter insanity as you learn how entirely shitty and unfair the world around you is, so use it well and use it often. It is your strongest ally and your greatest asset.

Stand tall and proud while others bend like reeds in the wind. Stick to your guns while others coopt your language to use it against you, realizing like Castro that history will absolve you.

If ever you begin to believe the critics, believe it when they call you a radical, take a peek back in time at old issues of The Ubyssey. They were criticized as radical, too. Your work here will appear just as mundane in time. The Ubyssey has seventy-five years of pissing people off to be proud of, a tradition that deserves to be continued.

When the dogs are in the street, when the tiny tories are trying to cut you down, when all renounce you for telling it like it is... keep telling it like it is.

Get used to the dark circles that develop under your eyes. We're hoping ours will fade someday.

Most importantly, don't worry about being nice to people when they threaten you. People in power when they see their power being challenged will alwys recoil and try to pout you in the position of the one who has the power. Deal with it, any asshole can twist a story around, but it takes a writer of talent to convince people that your story is the more reliable nd well researched one.

You get to play with computers. You get to smoke dope if you dare take the trip to the typeseting room. To you future production hacks, be prepared for the educational experience of seeing how fucked up the computers can get you.

Life begins and ends in this office. You will forever be transformed as a person and you might lose a lot of your friends but you also might make some great new ones. And fuck, it's a hell of a lot more educational than what this excuse of a learning institution has offered. We hope you survive the experience considering that in the end it still won't get you a decent paying job.

Ummm...and for everyone else who doesn't quite fit into the classic political scheme of the Ubyssey—you don't have to, McFly. Your time at The Ubyssey will be what you make of it, regardless of how potently fucked up everything is. You probably won't change the world from within 241K, but the world within you will change so much you won't recognize yourself after its over.

For every day you shout out to the world with your words, or mirror it with your photos, there will be nights where you'll just have to show up and shut up. Be selfish—take some time for yourself. For fucks sake, McFly, get a life if you can. rock the world children.

WE'RE OUTTA HERE!

Know that this is a wild media ride, and that you'll become part of a distinct history. Realize that it's like losing your virginity—you never forget your first time, and the world never quite seems the same after that.

Tacky? Maybe. But always remember that there is life beyond The Ubyssey.

THE UBYSSEY *30 March 1994*

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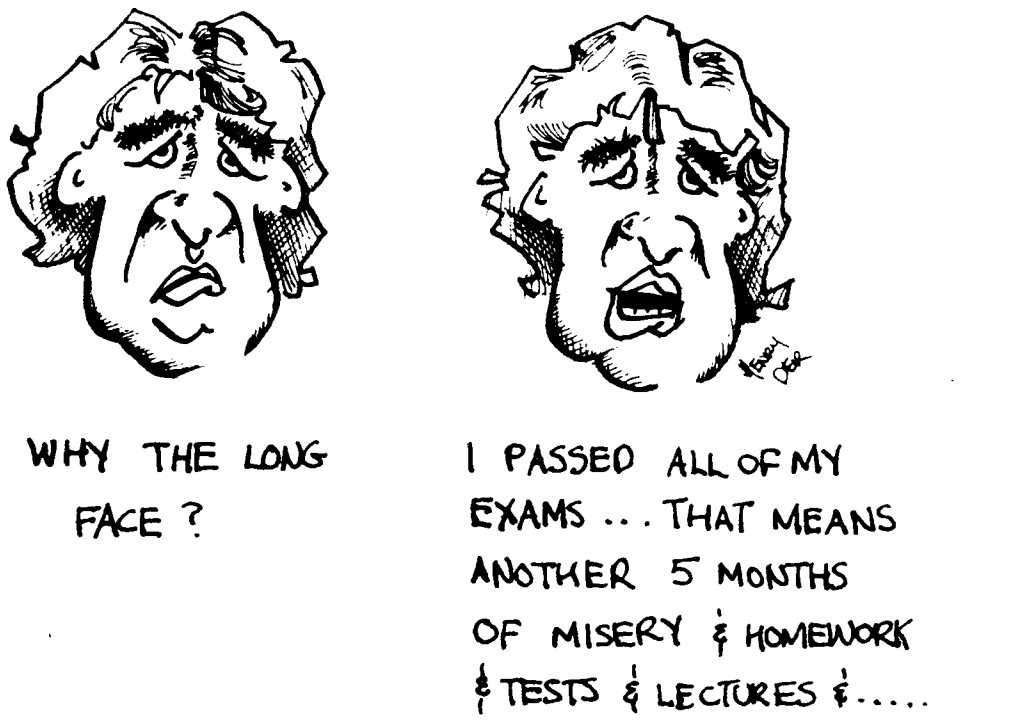
taivo evard said hi to graham cook who said hi to satuh o'donnel who said hioo to niva chow who said hi to sara martin who saif hi to liz van assum whio said a fine heelo to fish who said hi to steve chow who said hi to ted young-ing who said hi to doug ferris who said hi to siobhan roantree who said hi to gregg macnally who said hi to trevor presley who said hi to jan cook who said hi to will hamlin whoo said hi to hana elmasu who said hi to anancy xylaphone who said hi to dan walker who said hi to bijan sepheri who said hi to tessa moon who said hi to steve scali who said hi to tanya storr who said hi to susan juby who said hi to pat mcguire who said hi to megan mallett who said hi to ron eichler who said to graham coleman who had no one to say hi to.

Editors

Coordinating Editor: Douglas Ferris
News Coordinator: Graham Cook
News Editors: Sara Martin, Taivo Evard
Culture Coordinator: Steve Chow
Culture Editor: Ted Young-Ing
Photography Coordinator: Siobhan Roantree
Production Manager: Liz van Assum



Letters to the Staff

Clean up your act aus

I am a student on this campus, and like many other students I purchased my Arts County Fair ticket some time ago. I am also a member of the Student Environment Center and I have concerns which I wish to voice to you. At the SEC we are attempting to raise awareness on the campus about environmental issues and waste reduction. I remember being very pleased to see the cups provided at the Arts County Fair for the past several years; this was an example of a simple and inexpensive way to reduce and reuse. However, my image of this event as environmentally friendly has been shattered by the postering campaign which has taken place over the past several days. As far as I know, the awareness level about the Arts County Fair was already very high several weeks ago and yet over night the entire campus has been plastered with an absurd number of glossy, unrecyclable posters. To me, a campaign of this sort displays a distressing lack of thought and awareness. There is no reason to place ten posters where there could be one, printing that many posters in the first place is ridiculous. This campus should be setting an example and moving beyond this sort of revolting waste; even the most ignorant in our society are beginning to realize that resources and land fills are not bottomless. I hope that this kind of postering wil end as people begin to educate themselves and I hope that an organization representing the arts students will act more responsibly in the future. Thank you for taking my concerns into account

Emily MacNair
Arts

Misperceptions of arab women shows ignorance

"The wall of silence must be shattered" said Rabiner and Maerov ("Women in the Arab World: the cruel silence," Ubyssey March 25). I agree... However, it should never be done by making outlandish claims and through stereotyping of a whole people.

They claim to be "speaking of the ignored and highly concealed abuse, torture, rape and murder of women in the Arab world." I really feel amazed at such declarations!

I grew up in the Arab world (Lebanon and Saudi Arabia) and have never been aware of such conditions. I would be very interested to know who these "highly secretive" agents of abuse and torture are. Who these people, who openly encourage beating women in a highly concealed manner? (I wonder if Rabiner and Maerov see the contradiction in their article?).

Abuse, rape, murder and torture do occur in the region. However, it is very doubtful that it "amounts to the worst treatment of women in the entire world." Such crimes carry very severe penalties, far harsher than those meted by the criminal code in Canada.

What is very amusing is their claim that "if a woman is caught talking to a man, it is considered adulterous." My aunt, a professor (one of the many highly educated women in my family), would definitely be amused at this thought (and seriously concerned about the mental health of both writers) since she deals with men all the time.

Rabiner and Maerov bemoan Arab organizations in Canada for ignoring the issue of women and single out the Arab Youth Association of UBC. However, I am aware of lectures set up by this association about women in the Arab world. The Canadian Arab Federation held recently a national convention on the status of Arab women.

Should I go on? Ooops, my 300 word limit (set by The Ubyssey) ran out!!!

Mohammad Darwish
Ph.D. student
Computer Science

Israeli bias distorted depiction of arab women

Adam Rabiner and Eric Maerov sudden concern for Arab Women ("Women in the Arab world: the cruel silence," The Ubyssey, March 25, 1994) would have been admirable, was it not for their language, distortions, selective memory and timing.

The language used in the article was highly offensive as it stereotypes the Arab people as women beating and hating lunatics. If one is to believe them, my sisters (one in the process of finishing her Ph.D. in France; the other will soon be enrolling in a Ph.D. program in Texas) are languishing in mediocrity imposed upon them by my oppressive, women-beating father!

Adam Rabiner (and company), an ardent supporter of Israel, displays the same behavior that plagues Israel's apologists. Being unable to defend Israel's crimes against the Palestinian people (the most recent is the aftermath of the massacre in Hebron where Israeli soldiers shot indiscriminately unarmed Palestinian civilians with dozens killed. Also Israeli soldiers were under orders never to shoot a Jewish settler even though he is killing Palestinians), they engage in a campaign to dehumanize Arabs.

The words of Nathan Chofshi of Herzlia, one of the pioneer Jewish settlers in Palestine have never been more truthful. "We came and turned the native Arabs into tragic refugees. And still we dare to slander and malign them, to besmirch their name instead of being deeply ashamed of what we did and trying to undo some of the evil committed."

This is not to say that there are no human rights violations in the Arab World. Indeed, there are. Yet again, I condemn the undemocratic nature of Arab regimes and their human rights violations. Are you ready to do the same with regards to Israel's crimes against the Palestinian and Lebanese people?

Rafeh Hulays
Ph.D. candidate
Electrical Engineering

Four wheels do not lick boot

Recently, I got my first letter. In my "perspective" article of March 15, I said that making cars more efficient would help the environment, and that BC transit must improve to become an alternative to the car. I said that cars are not the antichrist and BC transit is not the paragon of all worldly virtue, so I expected a letter, hoping it would come from someone who'd make their opposing point clearly. Instead, I got one from a guy who likes to jerk off with a thesaurus.

You see, instead of presenting an argument, Brent Baybrook decided to be boneless and make assumptions about someone he hasn't ever met. He doesn't think I can critcize transit, assuming I've never used it. Since, I've taken the bus, seabus, and skytrain thousands of times, to nearly everywhere in greater Vancouver, I think i'm qualified to talk about it. I also wish I was half as rich as Boneless Brent thinks I am. No one has ever bought me a car, but that fact is lost on Brent, who thinks that all of North Van, from Prospect road to the native reserves, is just rolling in money.

I figure Baybrook lives in Shaugnessy, and subscribes to the Globe and Mail, but thinks he's a proleterian because he takes the bus. The way he defends the infallibility of BC Transit, you know he's a corporate sellout, who spends his spare time reading the poser's handbook or drooling into his latte.

You see, Brent, I can also make assumptions about people. So next time, try thinking before you use the wrong end of you body to take a shit. In the meantime, use that quality time on the

bus to shave your palms, you comestain.

Bijan Sepehri

Arab women don't need sterotypes

I suggest Mr. Rabiner and Mr. Maerov study their topic a little more deeply and find themselves some better sources that the US State Department before gallantly assuming the voice of Arab "women who are too afraid to speak out."

Contrary to their idea of a "closed door" conspiracy of dicatatorships, the "voiceless" presence of Arab women throughout the world has been felt strongly for generations. These voices have begun one of the strongest and all-encompassing feminist movements in the Arab world, organized extensive women's support networks, initiated programs in women studies at many universities, assumed the role of leader in the world of politics and community organization, become heads of households in areas such as the Occupied Territories where men are taken from their homes indefinitely and have become some of the loudest voices heard in protest to oppression of any kind.

It is articles such as the aforementioned that help reinforce the false stereotype of the "helpless" and "voiceless" Arab women—a stereotype perpetuated by the media, countries like the US and by minds that refuse to acknowledge a way of life other than their own.

Hanan Elmasu,
Information Director,
Arab Youth Association.

This one needs no introduction

Had the primary motive behind Adam Rabinov and Eric Maerov's article "Women in the Arab World: the cruel silence" published in this paper last Friday apparently been a genuine concern for women's rights, I would have praised it to the skies. But its tone and selectiveness of information reek insetead of two men who either hope to get a life by jumping on the fastest political bandwagon around, and/or who genuinely, if subconsciously, hate Arabs.

The first examples of their ignorance are the least serious: the name of the organization is the Arab Youth Association, not the Arab Students' Association, and "Arab week" at SUB was in fact three Arab days.

No, the realities of life in the Arab countries that the AYA focusses on are not the grim ones. It does not deny them either. A few weeks ago the front page of the Vancouver Sun, although not a newspaper known for challenging anti-Arab media norms, could nevertheless not avoid showing a picture of an Arab woman being hit in the stomach with a gun by an Israeli soldier. Was this "grim reality that women in the Arab world encounter on a daily basis" dwelt on at, say, Israel month?

Adamneric say, "No Arab nation is democratic," and we all know how safe women are in democracies, right? Is your proposed solution to democratize the entire Arab world? How do you suggest this could be done, at what cost, and to whom? Do you have wet dreams about George Bush? Who are you, where are you from, Rabiner and Maerov, who are you writing about, and what the hell are you really trying to say?

Will Hamlin

Even nazis read The Ubyssey

Oh my gawd, is the Ubyssey turning into the Young Reformer? Is that really Joseph Goebbels you quoted on page 13 of your March 25 issue?

How appalling that a magazine of your stature should stoop so low as to quote a Nazi. Agreed, Goebbels is not as sexy Hitler, but he's a Nazi nonetheless. And don't think you can be excused just because you misspelt his name!

I hope the International Socialists boycott you racist Nazi-quoting fascists forever!

Peter T. Chattaway
Arts 4

Thanks for the support, Nancy

Good-bye and good luck on your summer job hunts.

Perhaps those of you who return to UBC in the fall will find another forest razed, another rose garden destroyed, another library service closed; but you will see a new campus emerging, enblazoned by billboards that welcome you to a "World of Oppurtunity"!

It's yours. If you want to fight, I'm with you.

Nancy Horsman

Gee Zeek, didn't notice us saying that we're representing all women.

I've waited a month and someone has to say it. The editorial on page 3 of the March 8 "Womyn's Issue" states that there is "no male content whatsoever, even castrated ones." Did anyone notice that the back page consists of a full-page ad for Eaton's wherein a cool white male sits on a cool car? Page six has a full-page ad for Chrysler. And directly opposite "I love my pussy" by anonymous there is an ad for BCIT accompanied by a picture of a white male graduate. Am I "responding with denial, anger and a deliberately orchestrated distortion," as Janice Fiamengo states in her article on the male backlash? But what to do, when Sandra Hoenie implies in her "chilly" article tha I, being a "white heterosexual male of Western European/North American" Catholic descent, am not of any "racial, ethnic, religious or cultural background"? Hey, at least I don't have to worry about being "faced with problems of stereotyping."

Is resorting to intellectually stultifying absolutes the most constructive way to deal with the "concrete issues of women's [sic] liberation"? I've read more "Feminist" texts than, say, your average white male christian hetero, and by comparison I'd say that there's not much that's liberating or liberal in this "Womyn's Issue." It purports to speak for all women and men ("We are getting somewhere, and they are afraid") and thus reduces the pertinent readership to a stereotype. The writers speak of chilly exclusion without acknowledging the inherent hypocrisy of their rhetoric. For a paper with no male content there sure is a lot of male content—and this should give us a clue on how to proceed.

Zeef Cabrita
big man who has read many feminist texts

AIDS journal: the sound of silence.

It was different before I had friends who were HIV positive. It was different before people I knew developed full-blown AIDS. It was different before I knew people who died from complications due to AIDS.

HIV. What does that mean? That you're going to die—we're all going to die. That there is some pesky virus floating around in your system that's going to guarantee a cheap and dismal decay of your body?

It's a fucking virus. Smaller than a speck of dust, but it's killing one person every 15 minutes. Every fifteen minutes.

I'm surrounded by casualties and carnage from a war that no one else seems to notice that we're fighting.

And I can't do it any more. I can't fucking do it anymore. I'm sick and fucking tired of sitting around watching my friends test positive one by one, watching each one develop symptoms, watching them get sick. Man, I cannot do it. Watching them decay, watching them be stripped of their dignity and dying a heap of bones. I can't do it.

A friend of mine from Los Angeles recently showed me his address book. Every page had a few names and numbers crossed out. There was no need to ask. Names are something that are rarely discussed in the whole context of things. Rather, people with HIV are some sort of myth—with an idea that somehow by not associating with it, it does not exist.

But it does.

I'll never forget the expression on his face when he told me that he tested positive. In that stupid fucking cafe, he had to shout it above the obnoxious techno.

Or the fear in another friend's voice when he told me over the phone that he started taking AZT.

These are the realities that I want so desperately to share with you. Statistics are meaningless.

If you haven't been through it, you can't understand. You can't even understand the utter paralysis I feel watching it all happen from the side lines. I can tell you about the time I went to the forest after I heard another friend had tested positive. I screamed til I was hoarse, but nobody heard me. Or if they did, nothing was done.

Fuck. I want to make you understand. I want you to be able to see that not everyone can be played by Tom Hanks and win an Oscar, then go home when the day is over. Not everyone can choose to change the channel or turn the page. Not everyone can choose their future.

It's so frustrating to try and explain the feelings that I go through everytime I hear about another friend, read another lie or see a fucking red ribbon on the chest of someone who thinks it's cool cause the stars on tv are all wearing them.

Take the damn ribbon off, it's a disease not a fashion accessory.

I'm beyond tears now. I've past the point of even being able to cry. All I can do is grit my teeth and clench my fists.

It's true that HIV doesn't equal AIDS, and that HIV doesn't equal death. But you don't write requiems for the living.

Count the gravestones. Somewhere, there's a Higher Power that taps you on the shoulder and decides that you're next. Or maybe there's not—maybe it's all chance.

But I want so desperately to find some greater purpose; a meaning to attach to that heap of emaciated bodies.

And then I want to be able to forget the bodies. The cages that held their spirits. Vessels that are slowly failing them, unable or unwilling to respond to commands.

And in the end, what does it all mean? Some sort of empty journey with an end result of nothing. Distortions and misappropriations, and an overwhelming, deafening silence. A silence that equals death.

Ted Young-Ing
Ubyssey Culture Editor

Women Students' Office Sexual Harassment Office Student Health Outreach Housing and Conferences Alma Mater Society Student Counselling & Resources Women.

AMS

Did You Know?

According to a Statistics Canada Survey on violence against women, that:

15% of women have experienced violence from their current spouse

48% of women experienced violence from a previous spouse

one third of the women who experienced violence from a previous partner, said the violence increased in severity during the separation

21% of women abused by a current or previous spouse were assaulted during a pregnancy

For more information or help, call:

Women Students' Office	822-2415	AMS Safety Hazard Line	822-SAFE
Student Health Outreach	822-4858	Sexual Harassment Office	822-6353
R.C.M.P.	224-1322	Student Counselling	822-3811
		WAVAW/Rape Crisis	255-6344

Women Students' Office Sexual Harassment Office Student Health Outreach Housing and Conferences Alma Mater Society Student Counselling & Resources Women.

Wanted AMS Clothing Coordinator

Here's your chance to earn extra $$$ during the school year!

The Clothing Coordinator is responsible for:

- taking clothing orders from various intramural teams, clubs, constituencies and other UBC organizations; this involves holding regular office hours to be accessible for all student groups
- placing orders with various clothing companies and screen printers
- organizing couriers for pick up of orders from these companies
- all accounting involved

The wage is based on commission sales. The term of work is from late August to April 1995. Basically, the harder you work, the more you will earn! Please submit a resume to Terri Folsom, the Administrative Assistant, in SUB Room 238. If you have any questions, please feel free to contact Randy Romero, the Director of Finance at 822-3973 in SUB Room 258 or Michael Chow, Clothing Coordinator at 822-9855.

The application deadline is April 15, 1994.

culture

Zeppelin rocks and rolls

by Stephen Juby

What can I say? The band rocked.

What can I say about these guys that hasn't already been said before? Inspired. Genius. Rock and roll.

That's it! Rock and roll!

Led Zepplin rocks the house.

Led Zeppelin
Pacific Coliseum
Vancouver, 1969

This band is fresh. The sound defines the very meaning of the word "hot." Hip, happening rhythms combine with mean axe-picking and a voice that could melt the pants off of Nana Mouskouri to produce a melody so sweet that I got a toothache.

The crowd went wild as the Zep broke into "Communication Breakdown," and they just didn't look back. Words cannot explain the tremendous energy flowing from the sweaty crowd.

Police searched everyone at the door, as if we were all criminals. I guess we must have looked pretty mean to them.

The band rocked while the crowd rolled, in fact, some beer even rolled onto my shirt. But all had a good time.

This band is god. They are the greatest band of all time, bar none. They made me laugh when they played "Good times, bad times," and I cried when they played "Babe I'm gonna leave you." They became a part of me. But I was not alone. The crowd almost seemed like they were bowing in reverence, but maybe that was just the acid kicking in.

Buy all their albums. See all their shows.

They certainly get my rating of approval.

Deep Purple rocks and rolls

by Jane Jupiter

What can I say? The band rocked.

What can I say about these guys that hasn't already been said before? Inspired. Genius. Rock and roll.

That's it! Rock and roll!

Deep Purple rocks the house.

Deep Purple
Pacific Coliseum
Vancouver, 1979

This band is fresh. The sound defines the very meaning of the word "hot." Hip, happening rhythms combine with mean axe-picking and a voice that could melt the pants off of David Cassidy to produce a melody so sweet that I got a toothache.

The crowd went wild as the Purple broke into "Smoke on the water," and they just didn't look back. Words cannot explain the tremendous energy flowing from the sweaty crowd.

Police searched everyone at the door, as if we were all criminals. I guess we must have looked pretty mean to them.

The band rocked while the crowd rolled, in fact, some beer even rolled onto my shirt. But all had a good time.

This band is god. They are the greatest band of all time, bar none. They made me laugh when they played "Highway star," and I cried when they played "The mule." They became a part of me. But I was not alone. The crowd almost seemed like they were bowing in reverence, but maybe that was just the acid kicking in.

Buy all their albums. See all their shows.

They certainly get my rating of approval.

re

Kravitz rocks and rolls

by Tomas Rigby

What can I say? The band rocked.

What can I say about these guys that hasn't already been said before? Inspired. Genius. Rock and roll.

That's it! Rock and roll!

Lenny Kravitz rocks the house.

Lenny Kravitz
Pacific Coliseum
Vancouver, 1989

This band is fresh. The sound defines the very meaning of the word "hot." Hip, happening rhythms combine with mean axe-picking and a voice that could melt the pants off of Lisa Bonet to produce a melody so sweet that I got a toothache.

The crowd went wild as Kravitz broke into "Mamma said," and they just didn't look back. Words cannot explain the tremendous energy flowing from the sweaty crowd.

Police searched everyone at the door, as if we were all criminals. I guess we must have looked pretty mean to them.

The band rocked while the crowd rolled, in fact, some beer even rolled onto my shirt. But all had a good time.

This band is god. They are the greatest band of all time, bar none. They made me laugh when they played "What goes around comes around," and I cried when they played "I built this garden for us." They became a part of me. But I was not alone. The crowd almost seemed like they were bowing in reverence, but maybe that was just the acid kicking in.

Buy all their albums. See all their shows.

They certainly get my rating of approval.

Nirvana rocks and rolls

by Dog Chow

What can I say? The band rocked.

What can I say about these guys that hasn't already been said before? Inspired. Genius. Rock and roll.

That's it! Rock and roll!

Nirvana rocks the house.

Nirvana
Pacific Coliseum
Vancouver, 1992

This band is fresh. The sound defines the very meaning of the word "hot." Hip, happening rhythms combine with mean axe-picking and a voice that could melt the pants off of Margaret Thatcher to produce a melody so sweet that I got a toothache.

The crowd went wild as Nirvana broke into "Smells like teen spirit," and they just didn't look back. Words cannot explain the tremendous energy flowing from the sweaty crowd.

Police searched everyone at the door, as if we were all criminals. I guess we must have looked pretty mean to them.

The band rocked while the crowd rolled, in fact, some beer even rolled onto my shirt. But all had a good time.

This band is god. They are the greatest band of all time, bar none. They made me laugh when they played "Polly," and I cried when they played "Lithium." They became a part of me. But I was not alone. The crowd almost seemed like they were bowing in reverence, but maybe that was just the acid kicking in.

Buy all their albums. See all their shows.

They certainly get my rating of approval.

Cypress Hill rocks and rolls

by Heili Cambridge

What can I say? The band rocked.

What can I say about these guys that hasn't already been said before? Inspired. Genius. Rock and roll.

That's it! Rock and roll!

Cypress Hill rocks the house.

Cypress Hill
Pacific Coliseum
Vancouver, 1994

This band is fresh. The sound defines the very meaning of the word "hot." Hip, happening rhythms combine with mean axe-picking and a voice that could melt the pants off of Winona Ryder to produce a melody so sweet that I got a toothache.

The crowd went wild as Cypress Hill broke into "I ain't goin' out like 'dat," and they just didn't look back. Words cannot explain the tremendous energy flowing from the sweaty crowd.

Police searched everyone at the door, as if we were all criminals. I guess we must have looked pretty mean to them.

The band rocked while the crowd rolled, in fact, some beer even rolled onto my shirt. But all had a good time.

This band is god. They are the greatest band of all time, bar none. They made me laugh when they played "Real Estate," and I cried when they played "I love you Mary Jane." They became a part of me. But I was not alone. The crowd almost seemed like they were bowing in reverence, but maybe that was just the acid kicking in.

Buy all their albums. See all their shows.

They certainly get my rating of approval.

EVER FUCKED A COUNCIL MEMBER?

Then you're eligible for a summer position with the ASM!

The ASM is now accepting applications from former concubines for the incredibly well-paying position of

INSIDE ASM'S PANTS EDITOR

The successful applicant will get an office with a nice view, a good computer, an exorbidant salary for very little work. The position entails a time commitment of 30 to 45 minutes per week.

Applicants please drop off resume with description of experience with the ASM to:
ASM Nepotism Committee,
c/o SUB 2378

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Cost of living up.

Can't afford to eat?
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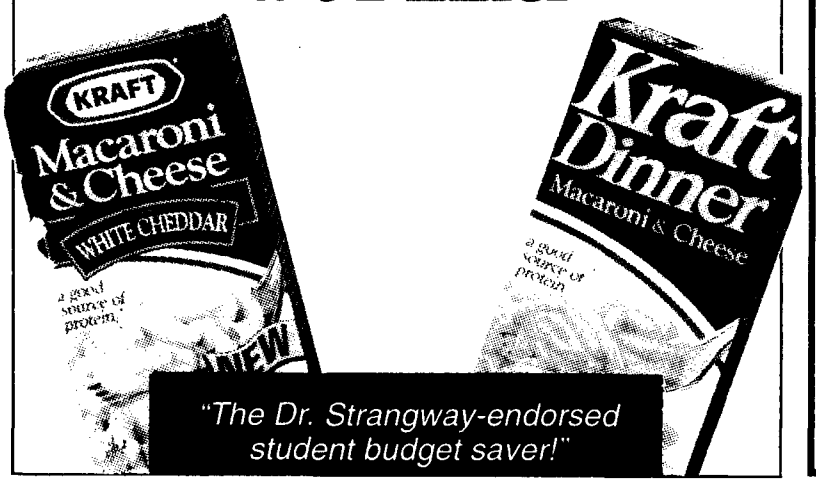
Kraft Dinner!



if i give you flowers then I guess it means it's true.
if i say i love you then i guess it means I do.

If i say write for The Ufeces then I fuckin' mean it.

EDITORIAL

We had planned to write an editorial about student apathy, but we don't really feel like it.

Kick it! Let's rock the house! I want everybody in the house to make some noise! Say oooh-oh!

We had planned to write an editorial about student apathy, but we don't really feel like it.

We had planned to write an editorial about student apathy, but we don't really feel like it.

It was reigning cats and dogs. Those fucking animals had taken over the earth again.

A is for AMS, who think we're the best
B is for Boyle, who treats us like Royals
C is for Costello, who makes quite a bellow
D is for Dobie, the best that you can be
E is for editing, we need no accrediting
F is for fearless, for this we are peerless
G is for greatness, matched only by lateness
H is for heart, and we fill the part
I is for irate, our readers berate
J if for journalism, what the fuck's that
K is for Kultur, das ist ganz gut hier
L is for laziness, matched only by craziness
M is for merit, we have it, we share it
N is for news, we print only the trues
O is for office, a great stinking trough it is
P is for pub boards, our masters and overlords
Q is for Queen, that band so serene
R is for Romero, who dances bolero
S is for Strangway, the king of the day
T is for Tim, he's handsome and slim
U is for underwear, a type that is fun to wear
V is for victories, for the campus tiny tories
W is for win some, around here we lose some
X is for Xavier, our prez who's the saviour
Y is for yes-men, to us they're the best men
Z is for zealous, that's us, don't be jealous

THE UBYSSEY 30 March 1994

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It was the eve of global peace.

The Prince of Darkness and the Lord of The Ubyssey were visiting Sheena Ramontree's place for a mug'a'cider.

Liz "fuck you" van Assum was the first to arrive. "Fuck you," she said

The next was Ted Dredd, not a neophyte by any means. "California's the place to be, California's the place for me," he said.

Free Wheelin' Granola Crunch was off to tackle the skeletons in SFU's closet, but gave a ring

"Free the sea horses," he said.

Next in the door was Sahara Martini along with the Professor of Hubris.

"Nice day to go snowboarding," Martini said.

"Let's hit the slopes!" the Professor exclaimed.

The Reigning Queen was the last to arrive. And the last to leave.

"I'm in charge here," the Queen stated.

Blessa Sun, who had been cleaning all around them and listening in on all their conversations, said nothing. Her information was to be used at a later date.

Thunder Storm rolled in with large cigar-shaped objects, but the smell was different.

"Let's rock the house!" she screamed.

The Fallen Angel showed up, drunk and naked, and began to croon "Love Me" by Elvis as he scooped handfulls of gel into his hair.

"Lick boot," he whispered.

"Amen."

Editors

Coordinating Editor: Fallen Angel
News Coordinator: Granola Crunch
News Editors: Sahari Martini, Prof. of Hubris
Culture Coordinator: Prince of Darkess
Culture Editor: Ted Dredd
Photography Coordinator: Sheena Ramonetree
Production Manager: Liz "fuck you" van Assum

Come and see the show down at city hall

Who does *The Ubyssey* collective think they are using the word "queer" to refer to gays, lesbians and bisexuals?

As a 34-year old, this is not only insulting me, but maybe some other people as well. This is typical of the whining, sniveling types that inhabit SUB 241K.

The use of the word "queer" should be reserved to oddities, not to sexual preference. If I wanted to be called "queer," I'd just pull on my Napoleon outfit, slip one hand down my pants, and go dance a jig on the steps of city hall, singing "I've gotta be me."

Did I mention that I'm 34 years old, I've had sex with someone half my age, and I scored a bonus game on your corruption test? Does this make me corrupt? How am I doing? C'mon guys talk to me...

Runt Gallstone

Letters to the Staff

Dobey dings do-gooders

I would just like to say that this year's paper has improved markedly over last year's paper. And the year before.

The editorial transformation that *The Ubyssey* has taken over these last months has been heartwarming to myself and those below me. Your news coverage of campus injustices has been exemplary, your articles well-written, well-researched, and thought-provoking.

The light-hearted humour that you have incorporated into your articles has brought back fond memories for my mummy, who remembers what classy collegiate humour was like.

Kudos to you, the editors, and a pat on the back for a job well done in training staff and surviving after we cut your budget to a shadow of its former self. You survived with second-rate equipment and no support from anyone on campus. If anyone tells me that modern-day miracles are an impossibility, I direct them to the pages of *The Ubyssey*.

You called it right on the election posters. You wrote editorials so witty that I went down and read them to a room-full of engineers, who howled and belly-laughed at the humour, giving me a standing ovation at the end. You have been a watchdog for the AMS and the campus, and have served the campus and its students with excellence.

Thus, it is with this letter that I inform you that the summer *Ubyssey* will once again be cancelled, and your funding cut below the incredible pittance it stands at now.

Billion Dobey
AMS precedent

Seeking SWM

I'm a straight white male, so fuck off.

Trevor Rind
just some white fuck

Conrad Black to sue Ubyssey

I'm going to sue your ass.

Conrad Black

(Editor's note: Not really. Simply a satirical poke at someone we dearly respect. A fine, upstanding human being who has brought joy into the hearts of countless children and orphans. Sir, we salute you!)

A love letter straight from the heart of the Ubyssey's nearest and dearest

Your recent article about a student who was assaulted after leaving the Blue Chip Cookies was really, like, totally unfair (Campus assaults on the rise, April 5).

This is just another typical *Ubyssey* article. No one came to me to ask my opinion on the incident, and I'm the coordinator of external affairs. *The Ubyssey*'s continuous bad attitude towards the AMS, reporting on thingies related to the AMS, then not interviewing AMS-types, namely myself, is just plain wrong.

This is yet another case in which an article isn't particularly well-written, well-researched, or thought-provoking.

In fact, the last time a thought crossed my mind was last week in my political science lecture. I banged the funny-bone in my knee (what's that thing called, anyways?), and I thought, geez, that really hurts.

I'm not going to read your paper any more. I know I've said that before, but this time I really mean it. Really and truly. Only if you interview me some more. Did you read my thingie in the *Vancouver Sun*? I really got you good, didn't I? That was, like, totally funny. Not like the funny-bone in my knee, though. A different kind of funny, you know?

Real Hostilo
Former Reformer,
Lobbying performer

Our most faithful reader

In the latest issue of *The Ubyssey*, I was again misquoted, misunderstood, misinterpreted, misjudged, and misconstrued. My letter was bobbited in all the wrong places and my words were disregarded as usual, so I am now writing to reattach all the missing bits.

Last night I decided to forgo watching TV with my wife and two daughters in order to write letters to *The Vancouver Sun*, *The Province*, *UBC Reports*, and *The Ubyssey*. I love writing letters. Writing letters is my life. I especially love to write letters to *The Ubyssey*.

Your malcontent sycophantic socialist feminist communist leftist pluralist libertarian incoherent babble is going to stop. I want to see heads roll, dammit! Seeing you all relieved of your duties would relieve me in ways you could only imagine.

If I could call you up and piss through the phone, I would.

Jamie Striker
BMOC

May those ass-kissing licks boot lips never unpucker

I'm plain sick and tired of the treatment you *Ubyssey* trash heap upon the likes of a fine human being like Janice Broil. She is not only one of the best student politicians this campus has ever seen, she's one of the best people this campus will ever see.

The curves of her "s"-es, the crosses on her "t"-s, the dots on her "i"-s, those incredible little round circles topping those towering letters, all awe-inspiring.

Your vile rag has referred to my lips as "boot-licking." I prefer to think of myself as a student politician, no more, no less. I got where I am the old-fashioned way, like all the others. Playing by the rules. Some call it ass-kissing. I call it integrity.

The AMS executive this year is the best ever. They're the real heroes here, and let's not forget it. Your unfounded criticism of their actions is entirely reprehensible.

Students, if you've bought into *The Ubyssey*'s sham, you've been hoodwinked, you've been bamboozled.

And remember, when the AMS elections come around again next January, plant your "x" on the spot.

Bottom Scraper
Arts and crafts

Graham Cook wouldn't know a truck and tractor pull if it hit him in the face

This letter is to that Graham Cook. You pampered, pompous, pretentious, prissy, prim and proper pedant.

Your last article entitled "Gender, class, and truck and tractor pulls" was typical of the snot-nosed childish rants you youngsters down at SUB 241K dish out.

Have you ever even been to a truck and tractor pull? I think not!

Families from all farming backgrounds bring their offspring to those hallowed events. I've even seen priests there with their girlfriends.

For Cook to read in some airy-fairy artsy-fartsy college-kid book larnin' big-worded high-falutin' messages is a sad commentary on our system of higher education.

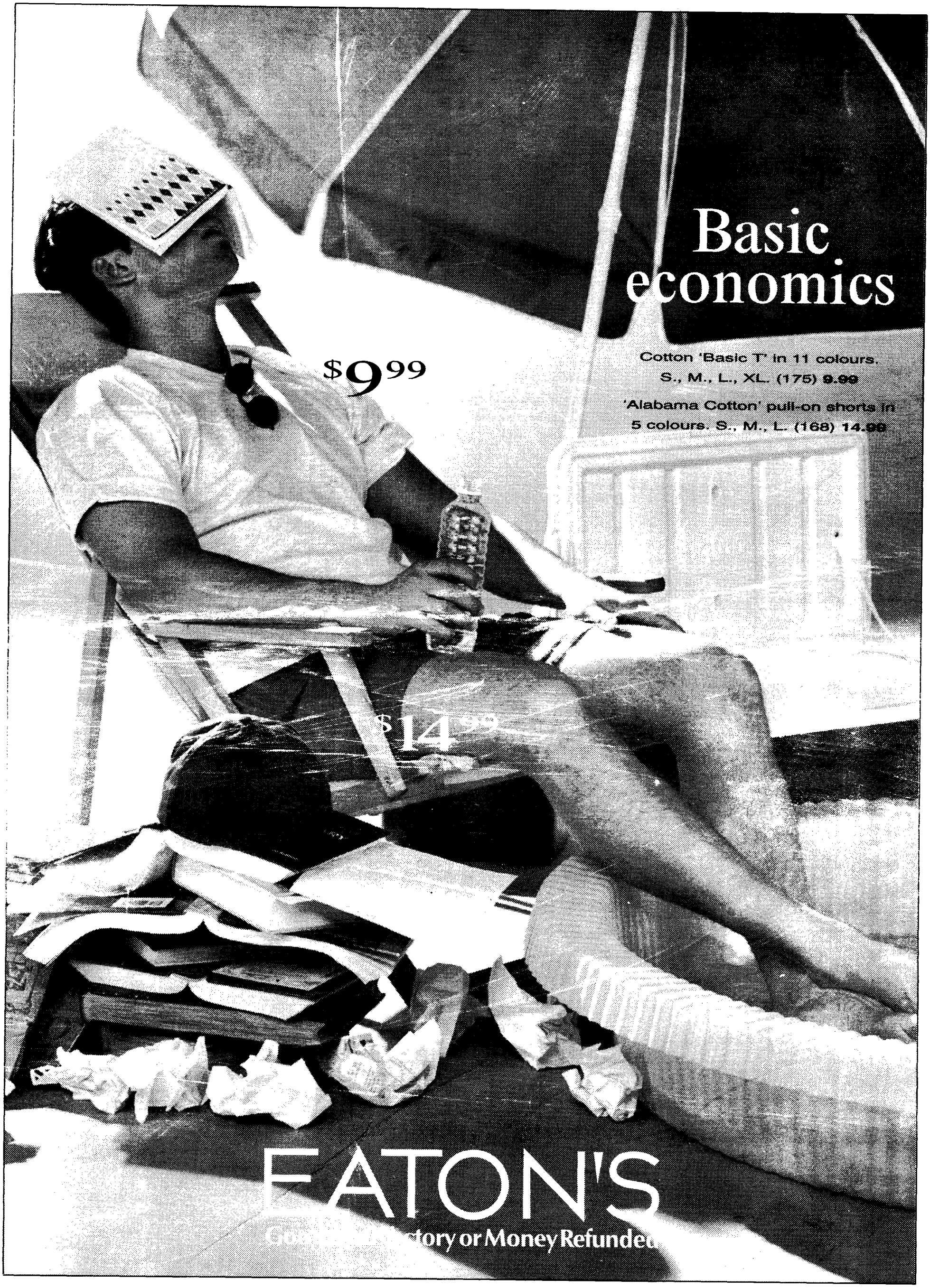
I bet you're on student loans, and my daddy's taxes are paying for your education. It's people like you who make people like me want people like Strangway to stop people like you from coming within a country mile of this place.

That's what the endowment lands are for: coyotes and their eventual prey.

You know the category into which you fit.

I.P. Nightly
professor emeritus

Letters policy: we write 'em, we print'em.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