THE UBYSSEY

VOLUME 75, Number 38 Vancouver, B.C. Friday, February 26, 1993

Indo-Canadians denounce violence

by Lucho van Isschot

Twenty people gathered outside the Indian consulate in downtown Vancouver on Wednesday to condemn the rise of right-wing Hindu fundamentalism in India.

The protesters came to denounce the recent ascent of the Hindu fundamentalist Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) and the concomitant increase in anti-Muslim violence right across the Indian subcontinent.

Shinder Brar, one of the people gathered outside of the consulate, said he hoped to draw international attention to the growing problem of communal violence in India.

"Our purpose is to raise public awareness. We want to get a few like-minded people together to oppose this kind of nonsense in India," he said.

According to Hari Sharma, a sociology professor at SFU and a spokesperson for the Indian People's Association in North America, there are a lot of people in India who also condemn the violence. In recent weeks, for example, millions of people in several Indian provinces came together to form human chains as a show of solidarity between Hindus and Muslims.

"Our little effort was to attempt to make links between ourselves and these efforts in India," Sharma said.

UBC political science professor John Wood said, "The genius of India is that despite the bloodshed [most Muslims and Hindus] still live side by side as brothers."

Violence against Indian Muslims—who make up more than ten per cent of that country's population—has been encouraged by Hindu fundamentalist organizations such as the BJP, the Vishwa Hindu Parishad and the Bajrang Dal in recent years.

Wednesday's vigil took place one day before a mass-rally of BJP supporters was scheduled to be held in New Delhi.

However, the proposed rally was declared illegal by the ruling Congress Party government and never took place. Authorities ordered Indian police to arrest and detain suspected BJP militants who had come to the capital city to participate in the event. Forty-five thousand were arrested.

Conditions getting worse

Anti-Muslim violence reached a crescendo in December 1992 when several hundred thousand Hindu militants stormed and destroyed the 460-year old Babri Masjid mosque in the town of Ayodhya, in the north-central province of Uttar Pradesh.

BJP leaders who supported the action claimed that the mosque stood on a Hindu holy site. They called for its destruction in order that a Hindu temple might be built in its place.

The BJP's claim was based on a dispute which began in 1949 when a clay statue of the Hindu deity Lord Rama "mysteriously" appeared in the compound of the mosque.

At the time, Hindu leaders claimed that the statue was evidence that a miracle had taken place—that Lord Rama himself had visited the site—and that the mosque should immediately be converted into a Hindu temple. They took their case to court.

> "They began to ride the back of an animal but they didn't know what kind of animal it was. Now they realize it is tiger, but they can't get off of it for fear of being eaten."
>
> —SFU sociology professor Hari Sharma

Indian government authorities then ordered that the mosque be closed to the public until the matter was resolved.

A man eventually came forward to admit that he had placed the statue in the mosque, but his testimony was ignored.

Years later, in 1986, then prime minister Rajiv Gandhi issued the courts an order: they had to make a final ruling on the case. However, no such ruling was made and the controversy did not die.

According to Sharma, Gandhi's decision to bring the controversy into the national spotlight was an attempt to exploit the issue for political purposes.

At the time, Gandhi was trying to win the support of Hindu leaders and was trying to take advantage rising Hindu fundamentalism in India, Sharma said.

"It became a symbolic issue," he said.

Sharma said that thus, while the Congress encouraged the rise of Hindu fundamentalism, they were unable to control it.

"They began to ride the back of an animal but they didn't know what kind of animal it was. Now they realize it is tiger, but they can't get off of it for fear of being eaten."

Tragedy could have been prevented

Sharma said the current Congress government of Narasimha Rao probably knew that the attack on the Babri Masjid mosque was going to happen and did nothing to prevent it.

In November of 1992 the Indian Supreme Court decided unanimously that after 43 years, the mosque was to be reopened. Immediately afterwards, BJP leaders announced that they were going to take the law into their own hands.

"[The BJP] gave an ultimatum," Sharma said. "They said: we are determined to build a temple on that spot and it will happen on December 6, '92. We don't care about what the court says, or what the constitution says."

The Congress government knew what the BJP were threatening to do, but failed to take any substantial preventative measures, Sharma said.

"I am claiming that the government knew it was coming and allowed it to happen," he said.

Fundamentalists could win election

Although Hindu fundamentalism has been on the rise since the early '80s, Wood said that people didn't take Hindu right wing parties like the BJP very seriously until very recently.

After all, the BJP won a mere two seats in the 1984 Indian federal elections, compared to 119 seats in the most recent elections.

For years, the BJP only appealed to upper and middle class Hindus in India's northern provinces—the subcontinent's so-called 'Hindu-belt.'

"[The BJP] is now reaching into the countryside and is seeking the votes of middle caste peasants," Wood said. "It's also begun to spread southwards and it's begun to make alliances with other Hindu right wing parties in the south."

Wood and Sharma agree that the BJP has only grown stronger in recent months.

"If there was an election [today] all of the signals point to the fact that the BJP might win—which is a frightening prospect for India's minorities," Wood said.

Sharma concurred. "It is a frightening reality," he said.

According to Sharma, the BJP has a list of some 3,000 other mosques that they would like to destroy.

STAN PAUL PHOTO

Hari Sharma addresses vigil-keepers

UBC daycare raises rates

by Sara Martin

Daycare workers and parents are opposed to the fee increase of $50 per month per child approved by the University. Parents are concerned that there is no guarantee this money will go towards salary increases to the child care employees who are still without a contract.

In July 1991 UBC took over the eight campus daycare services dissolving the cooperative parent boards. The university's stated intention in the takeover was to make daycare more affordable and accessible to students.

The $50 increase will make UBC daycares between $100 and $150 more expensive than the average lower mainland daycare centre.

"Is this really accessible to students?" questions Kelly Quinn, a third year arts student with a 4-year old daughter in full time daycare.

Parents and child care workers don't know where the fee increases will be going. The Children's Services Employees' Union workers at UBC daycare have not been offered a wage increase but are presently negotiating a new contract with the university.

The workers are still waiting for a wage equity grant the provincial government promised months ago.

Money earmarked for equalizing the wages of day care workers was released last October, said Joan Cowderoy from the ministry of women's equality. Eighty-five per cent of the grant was intended for workers' salaries, according to Cowderoy.

Daycare workers have not seen any of the government funding and fear it may be part of the university's new "benefit" package, Quinn said.

"So far I have seen no indication of more money going to staff, there has been no wage negotiations."

Benefits include a pension plan the University is trying to negotiate with the Children's Services Employees' Union before the UBC child care workers have secured a contract.

Child care workers have been without a contract since November of '91 .

Cheryl Davies, a full time student completing her masters in adult education and a parent with a son in Canada Goose daycare, is concerned with the University's handling of the situation.

"The parents are being used as pawns, put in the middle of the administration and the childcare workers," she said.

Kelly Quinn's child care costs are $540 a month. Her subsidy from the ministry of social services is $350. Quinn saves $50 a month because she provides one-and-a half hours per week of parent supervision time and two hours a month in participation training. Most students offer their supervision to save money on daycare, Quinn said.

This nine hours a month saves the University $118.71 in child care workers' salaries.

Quinn said, "50 per cent of people using daycare are students and they will receive no increase in subsidies or student loan."

As well, many students with children in UBC daycare are facing triple burdens of a ten per cent tuition increase and a rent hike in student housing.

A petition made up by parents against the University's ambiguous daycare fee increases are circulating and so far 70 per cent of parents have signed.

Announcements

Classifieds 822-3977

RATES: AMS cardholders - 3 lines $3.15, additional lines 63 cents. Commercial - 3 lines $5.25, additional lines 80 cents. (10% discount on 25 issues or more.) Classified ads payable in advance. Deadline 3:30 pm, 2 days before publication. Room 266, SUB, UBC, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 2A7. 822-3977.

5 - COMING EVENTS

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Friday, February 26th

UBC School of Music. Cecil and Ida Green Visiting Professorships. "Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano" seminar. 4:30 pm Recital Hall.

UBC School of Music. Cecil and Ida Green Visiting Professorships. "Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano" lecture-recital. 7:30 pm, Recital Hall.

UBC Symphonic Wind Ensemble. Martin Berinbaum, dir. 8pm, Old Aud.

UBC Student Counselling & Resources Ctr. Workshop: Acing the job interview. Noon-1:20, Brock Rm 200.

Grad. Stud. Soc. Roots dance with: Stoaters, Great Purple Earth, Paperboys, Dishpig and an African/reggae DJ. 7pm, Banquet room, grad ctre.

Chinese Christian Fellowship. Special singing group. Noon, SUB entrance.

Saturday, February 27th

UBC Fencing Club. Stephen Lazar Tournament; 2nd largest in Western Canada. Come see Canada's Olympic Men's Epée Team! 9:30am-6pm, Osbourne Gyms, next to winter sports centre.

UBC School of Music. Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. Masterclass. 1:30pm, Recital Hall.

Navigators. Mtg - Sat Night Live with U of C and U of A Navigators. 7pm, SUB 211.

Monday, March 1st

Gays, Lesbians & Bisexuals of UBC. Discussion Group. 5pm, Campus Lutheran Church Lounge.

UBC School of Music. UBC Student Composers. Noon, Recital Hall.

Intl. Socialists. Socialists & war: why Canadian troops should get out of Somalia. 7:30pm, SUB 215.

UBC Student Counselling & Resources Ctr. Workshop: Stressed Out? Relaxation Techniques. Noon - 1:20, Brock Rm 200.

Tuesday, March 2nd

AMS Global "Development" Ctr. & AMS Undergrad Soc. FOCUS on Media and Arts week: film: "Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the media." 7pm, SUB Theatre.

Ctr. for Research in Women's Studies & Gender Relations. Patricia Vertinsky: "The Social Construction of the Gendered Body: Exercise and the Exercise of Power." Noon, F&NS 50.

UBC Student Counselling & Resources Ctr. Workshop: Procrastination: Discovering the pace that's right for you. Noon - 1:20, Brock Rm 200.

UBC Student Counselling & Resources Ctr. Workshop: Stressed out? Your first step. Noon - 1:20, Brock Rm 200.

UBC School of Music. Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. Masterclass. 1:30pm, Recital Hall.

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FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
26 *The Ubyssey comes out.*	27	28	Women's caucus meeting at 12:30pm 1 Ubyssey Production Copy deadline 2:00 pm, Production meeting starts at 5:00 pm. All night newspaper production.	2 *The Ubyssey comes out.*

Class Act
GRADUATING CLASS GIFT CAMPAIGN
Act on it!

Holocaust history trashed in Main

by Frances Foran

An attack on books dealing with the Nazi era and the Holocaust has nearly destroyed UBC's main library collection on the subject.

Between 25 and 30 books have been gutted of entire sections pertaining to the Nazis and the Second World War, including documentation of medical experimentation in concentration camps, war crime trials and the organization of the Nazi party. Some of the reference books dating from 1945 are out of print and are the only editions in the province, said Main librarian Ruth Patrick.

"The older books will be harder to replace but we may be able to find them in another library—but maybe not in Canada," she said.

The damage is estimated at $10 000.

"It's pretty demoralizing for library staff," said humanities and social sciences head librarian Jocelyn Godolphin. "The damage was extensive and very specific in its focus."

A library worker noticed the damage to a reference room book on Nazi military history two weeks ago. Further examination revealed the damage extended to books on World War II in other areas of the library.

The library plans to repair the books by rebinding them with pages photocopied from duplicates at other libraries in North America.

"When you hear of the methodological destruction of books the first response is shock," said Hillel House program director Rene Ragetli. "The content of the books is worrisome because revisionist historians and Holocaust deniers come along, and the natural inclination is to see it as part of that pattern," he said.

A similar attack on the Nazi history collection was reported at the library at York university, Patrick said.

Vandalism at Main library causes $10 000 worth of damage

SIOBHAN ROANTREE PHOTO

Internet: UBC allows computer pornography

by Stan Paul

UBC students using the International Computer Network may once again be exposed to violently pornographic, racist and homophobic images.

The Internet, a recent and rapidly growing computer medium is forcing universities and law makers alike to deal with the legal ramifications of pornography and sexual harassment.

Linking one million computer sites in 75 countries, it is used to originate, communicate and even store information as an alternative to mailing libraries.

The "electronic commune" supplies academics with a vehicle for their collaborative research where they can quickly and easily exchange their ideas and information.

However, controversy flared last year when students complained about offensive images and messages appearing in some Internet files.

Offensive materials ranging from the use of sexual imagery on background screens in labs to hate material which violate human rights were to be removed from computer files by request of president David Strangway last year.

In his July 30, 1992 letter to the UBC community, Strangway indicated that a task force was being set up to examine the appropriates uses of information technology.

Despite that offensive materials still continue to appear on many files, the UBC Administration has just recommended the university not to impose any form of censorship on the network and to restore access to all newsgroups because of their importance to the teaching and research directive of the university.

"The opportunities for enhancing teaching and research activities far outweighs the obscenity played on by a few users," the task force reported.

The task force recommended that "the university work to create a climate in which users of information technology treat each other with respect, and in which abuses of others are not tolerated."

However, the task force was vague in dealing with how abuses of sexual harassment or human rights will be handled.

Maria Klawe, chair of the task force said, "the question of the law and sexual harassment, and the law and human rights are fairly new areas, as new cases get resolved precedents will be set."

If a member of the university community is forced to consume against his or her will offensive messages or images then complaints would be made towards the sexual harassment or human rights offices.

The task force recommended that UBC also identify a single individual with responsibility for providing advice and for contacting the appropriate authorities.

Although the sexual harassment policy has been in place for five years, dealing with offensive messages and images targeted at racial, ethnic and religious minorities, persons with disabilities, gays, lesbians, and bisexuals will be exceedingly difficult since UBC has failed to implement a human rights policy.

Other universities have responded to involuntary exposure to pornographic, racist, homophobic images in various ways.

Institutions which have deliberately chosen not to censor newsgroups include the University of Toronto and the University of Waterloo, both of which reversed previous decisions to remove controversial newsgroups from recommendations by similar task forces.

SFU, University of Victoria, and University of Alberta acted solely on the advice of the computing services management to censor the newsgroups.

Other centres such as the University of Manitoba, Queens's University referred the matter to committees for review and then decided to censor the newsgroups.

Since information technology is a rapidly evolving phenomenon, the task force has recommended that UBC regularly review its policies and procedures.

The best approach to create the ideal environment for working and learning is through education of UBC facilities in what constitutes abuses of information and what to do if abuses occurs.

Shaughnessy closure worries UBC medical students, faculty

by Rick Hiebert

The NDP government's decision to close the Shaughnessy site of University Hospital has UBC's medical faculty scrambling to minimize the impact on students.

On February 15, provincial health minister Elizabeth Cull announced that the site, one of three for University Hospital, will be closed by the end of August. She also fired the 20 members of the University Hospital Board, replacing them with a public administrator for the hospital, former Vancouver General Hospital senior vice-president Bert Boyd.

Cull justified the closure by citing increased future need for acute care hospital beds in Coquitlam, Surrey and Richmond and the Fraser Valley.

Most hospital programs and doctors and about 600 of the hospital's 2,000 workers will be transfered to other hospitals. The UBC site of University Hospital and the George Derby Centre will continue to operate.

1,800 undergraduate students in the faculties of medicine, rehabilitation sciences, audiology, dentistry, pharmaceutical sciences, nursing and speech sciences as well as 500 medical residents will be affected by the closure.

Dr. Martin Hollenberg, dean of the UBC medical faculty, said the NDP has given the university little time to relocate programs and students.

"They didn't really consult us as to what should be done. We had very little advance warning. There was a lot of goosip for a long time, but nothing concrete," Hollenberg said. "You'd really want a year to plan something as major as this, but we only have five months."

Students won't be affected for the rest of this year, he said. His faculty is considering moving some programs to other teaching hospitals, such as Vancouver General, St. Paul's, Children's and the UBC University Hospital, in time for next fall.

"There'll be fewer teaching beds," he said. "We'll see reductions in the accesibility to some teaching doctors and technicians, as they will be moving their practice out of the city."

Hollenberg said that UBC is committed to providing the best education it can, despite the cuts.

"On the long term, we still have a very good residency program and excellent instructors. Our students will get the best we can give them."

Adam Kendall, president of the Medical Undergraduate Society, said that although it is unclear exactly how UBC will cope with the shut down, students will be profoundly affected.

Medical students, for example, will probably have to go two to a patient each day, which is frustrating both to patients and students, who will probably have less time to learn through dealing with patients.

"The variety of cases that they'll see will go down," Kendall said. "Theoretically, you could have medical students have less practical experience dealing with patients' problems in the future."

"I hope that UBC will find ways to find new ways to give practical experience for medical students, for example. UBC's administration has to work on this."

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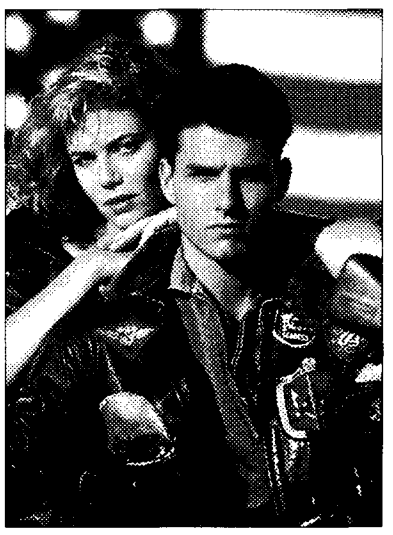

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CULTURE

Monster truck madness: erupting from the bowels of hell

by Stephano Scali

The ticket counterperson laughed none too discretely as I asked for three tickets to Monster Truck Madness. He obviously found it amusing, yet strangely disquieting, that someone (me) would actually spend money to see this event.

Alas, this was a common reaction to my disclosing of having seen the wonderous spectacle. My mates in Spanish class nearly bit my head off when I admitted it had been the highlight of my weekend.

MOTOR SPECTACULAR
GM Motor Spectacular
(Monster Truck Madness)
BC Place
February 6, 1993

The concept is simple—pack as many big machines with large, loud engines into as many events as possible in three hours.

Of course, they had the generic dirt bike race. Then came the "monster trucks" themselves, small vehicles with big tires. Yes, each "race" lasts only 3.2 seconds, but skill is definitely the primary factor in winning such a contest—not the $50,000 engine.

Another ingenius competition followed: make machines pull 30 tons and see how far they go. Why? I'm still not quite sure. Contact Archimedes for further elucidation.

Then there were some smash up derbies. Anyone know a good chiropractor?

Finally, the climax of the evening: MEGAsaurus. Yes, he's mean, he's lean, he's a car-eatin' machine. He not only breathes fire, he eats cars. Maybe he can eat UBC's garbage and solve the recycling problem. By this time, my companions Bim and Rocky and I had had too much intellectual stimulation. Our brains hurt.

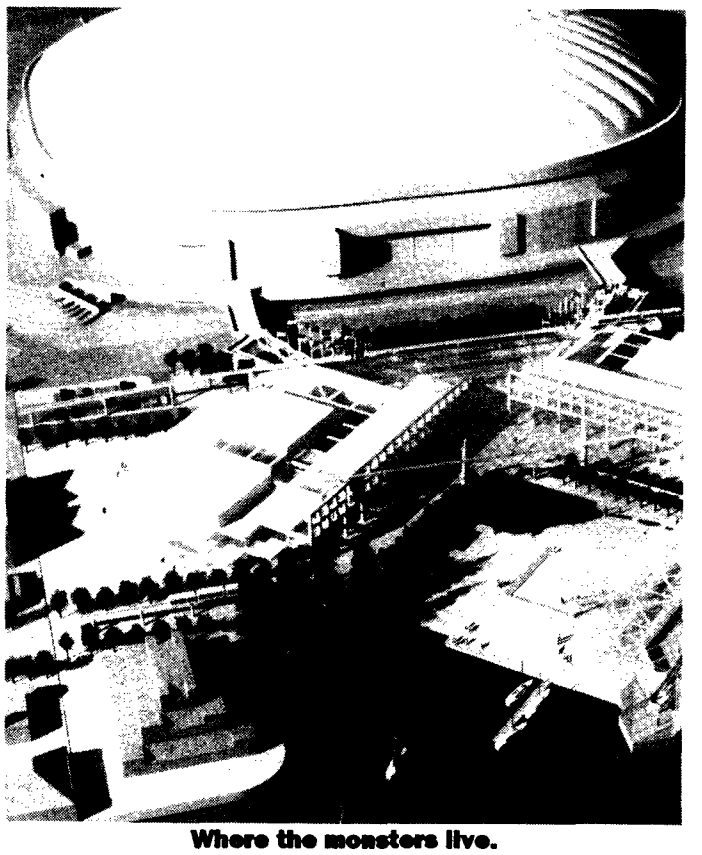
All I have to say is: Modern Technology! It's incredible—in prodigiality, that is.

Let us now kill the show. It was too loud, even in row WW—we should have bought some earplugs for safety. The announcer was some honky from the south whose drawl and poor grammar—"These competitors is real good, ain't them?"—made the show rather incomprehensible.

It started 45 minutes late. It had too many superfluosities in repeated events. It was too long. It was nothing we haven't seen a hundred billion times on North American TV.

It bordered on "cheezy" or "hoaky" (sic) at times—Exhibit A: the melodramatic music and utterances of fear that surrounded MEGAsaurus. It was mindless divertment. It took 30 minutes to get a drink.

The crowd contained an inordinant amount of young white males with baseball caps between the ages of three and 10. No doubt they will grow up aspiring to contribute to society one day through the values promoted by M.T.M.: smash up anything in your way and ask questions later.



Where the monsters live.

My own socio-psychological-cultural theory of events such as M.T.M. is simple: they are metaphors for society's inhibited violence sublimated into "acceptable" channels such as destroying vehicles. Just like the Romans and the gladiators, except that in M.T.M. nobody gets killed. People don't die in vehicles these days.

And what would Freud have said about M.T.M. and *thanatos*? Unleaded fuel for thought.

Despite these shortcomings, however, Monster Truck Madness only cost $13.95. And I think I enjoyed it in a sick kind of way.

ARTS WEEK

MARCH 1-5, 1993

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS:

MONDAY MARCH 1:
GENERAL MEETING RE: AUS ELECTIONS
UBC PRODUCED FILMS 7PM SUB AUDITORIUM
THE CLOSER
THE BOY WHO LOVED RAIN
ST' LU
THE ADVENTURES OF WANDA JUNE
"PARKER! "

TUESDAY MARCH 2:
BEYOND THE B.A. 12:30-2:30 SUB AUDITORIUM
ARTS COLOUR DAY: WEAR PURPLE
MOVIE: *MANUFACTURING CONSENT* SUB 7PM
ARTS PIT NIGHT @ 9PM DRINK SPECIALS

WEDNESDAY MARCH 3:
HAT & T-SHIRT SALES BUCH A107

THURSDAY MARCH 4:
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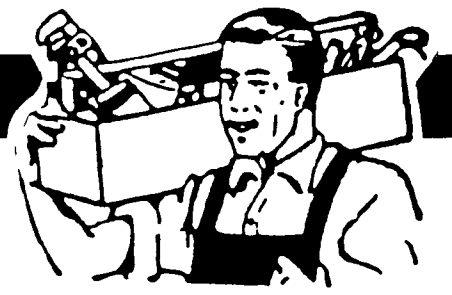

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Canada West hockey final standings

TEAM	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
Alberta	28	18	6	4	152	88	40
Regina	28	16	7	5	129	93	37
Calgary	28	17	8	3	127	110	37
Saskatchewan	28	16	9	3	149	124	35
Manitoba	28	13	13	2	112	126	28
Lethbridge	28	9	16	3	108	135	21
UBC	28	7	19	2	97	128	16
Brandon	28	3	21	4	85	155	10

POWERPLAY	PPG	ATT	PCT.
Manitoba	48	183	26.2
Albera	43	168	25.6
Regina	46	193	23.8
Saskatchewan	42	186	22.6
Calgary	35	160	21.9
Letbridge	36	167	21.6
UBC	43	227	18.9
Brandon	32	196	16.3

PEN. KILL	PPGA	ATT	PCT.
Calgary	33	198	83.3
Alberta	32	167	80.8
Regina	41	206	80.1
Saskatchewan	42	189	77.8
Brandon	39	168	76.8
Lethbridge	45	192	76.6
Manitoba	44	173	74.6
UBC	49	187	73.8

First period intermission mini-game between minor hockey teams is refereed by Mr. T-Bird.

SIOBHAN ROANTREE PHOTO

Break out the golf tees

by Steve Chow

Weep not, hockey fans, the Thunderbirds will return to the Winter Sports Center next season.

But for now, a few rounds of golf will allow coach Mike Coflin and company to ponder the hows and whys of a piteous 7-19-2 season record.

Friday, Feb.19
UBC 4 Regina 2

A win on Family Night, dammit! The T-Birds took advantage of the flaccid figure-skating flaunted by the University of Regina Cougars, building a 3-0 lead starting with a goal at 9:08 of the first from heavyweight winger, Darren Kwiatkowski.

Scott "watch-me-shoot-the-puck, bucko" Frizzell potted one for the hi-light reel at 2:08 of the second. The blue-liner's patented 9-iron shot beat Cougar goalie Craig Lumbard like a rented mule, picking the upper right corner of the net from the left point.

> Scott "watch-me-shoot-the-puck, bucko" Frizzell potted one for the hi-light reel at 2:08 of the second.

In his best Paul Coffey imitation, D-man Casey McMillan scored on a rush from outside his zone at 17:22, using speedy Mike Ikeda as a decoy on the two-on-one.

T-Bird fans were thinking shutout for goalie Mark Thom, when Cougar Kai Leggett took a perfect pass—too bad it was from a UBC defenceman—to score short-handed at 2:17 of the third.

UBC and Regina traded powerplay goals from Gregg Delcourt and Trent Hamm, respectively, to finish the game.

Coflin, pleased with the best home-ice showing from his squad since the start of the season, explained how the T-Birds were transformed from dispassionate ice-skaters to hockey demons in the last month.

"We went on the road and took the pressure off ourselves, came up with a couple of wins," said the coach. "I think our expectations are quite a bit different. Our emotion is on the outside, our intensity is higher. Certainly, it was an excellent game for the crowd we had tonight."

Regina coach Bill Liskowich made no excuses for his team's embarassing impotency, but had a few unkind spatterings for referee Bob Gordon, who ejected defenceman Bart Cote at the end of period two. UBC scored on the resulting five-minute powerplay.

"The ref made some bad calls," said a disgusted Liskowich. "A match penalty—that was ridiculous! I didn't even think it was a major. But a match—intent to injure! How the hell can you call that?!"

Saturday, Feb.20
UBC 3 Regina 8

The UBC giveaways in this game were so lamentable that a few 'Birds probably have assists on the Cougar goals. (Was that Adrian Plavsic in a T-Bird jersey?)

The damage began with top-gun Regina defenceman Hardy Sauter's three point barrage in the first period. After allowing four goals on 11 shots, UBC goalie Paul Hurl got the hook between periods.

Enter Mark Thom between the pipes, and a T-Bird comeback with a powerplay goal from Kwiatkowski two minutes into the second period, followed by a top-shelf marker at 6:49 by left winger #7, Bond—DAVE Bond.

Kim Perepeluk poked one past Thom at 15:33 before Captain Charles Cooper scored on the UBC man advantage three minutes later to close the gap, 5-3.

The Cougars, however, were not quite finished using UBC's sloppy defensive play for 12-gauge target practice. Three unanswered Regina goals in 90 seconds shot down the T-Birds, who did not play like the high-flying, possessed team from the night before.

Thus ends a miserable 92-93 campaign for the team, one that records the 'Birds as 3-10-1 at home and 4-9-1 away. After winning the first 3 games of the season, UBC took a one-way elevator into the Canada West basement.

"It's the most frustrating year I've ever played, seriously," said Dave Bond. "I'm just glad this year is over. I'm looking forward to next year."

Like his teammates, Mike Ikeda, UBC's player of the game, is caught between depression and relief, but noted that "the team pulled together at the end of the season and we should be really proud of that."

Despite defensive lapses and wretched penalty killing (four goals allowed in 10 chances) on the weekend, the team hopes to build on their .500 record in February.

"The last month is a good idea for what's going to happen next year," said Scott Frizzell.

Let's hope he's talking about the wins.

Last weekend's games wrap up the varsity hockey careers of defencemen Casey McMillan and Ross Ruttan; wingers Charles Cooper, Darren Kwiatkowski and Gregg Delcourt; centres Mike Ikeda and Bill Parkinson. Thanks for coming out to play, boys.

A CAREER IN ORTHOPTICS

Orthoptics carry out a wide range of tests and procedures which assist the Opthalmologist in the diagnostic and therapeutic assessment of patients of all ages with strabismus, ocular motility problems and related disorders of the eye.

In July 1993, two students will begin an intensive 24 consecutive months' training programme at the UBC/VGH Eye Care Centre. Students who successfully complete the course and pass the final examinations are eligible for certification by the Canadian Orthoptic Council.

Applications are now being accepted from individuals with a minimum of two years of university studies, and preferably a Baccalaureate degree, with courses in any of the following areas — anatomy, physiology, biology and physics. Candidates should have good communication skills and be emotionally mature. They should be able to relate well to patients of all ages from infants to the elderly.

Deadline for applications is March 31, 1993. For application forms and information, please write to the Orthoptic Clinic, UBC/VGH Eye Care Centre, 2550 Willow Street, Vancouver, B.C. V5Z 3N9. Fax 875-4663.

FACULTY OF ARTS

Student (Peer) Advisors

In a continuing effort to increase the level of service provided by the Faculty of Arts Advising office, the Faculty intends to hire between 3 and 5 students to serve as the first point of contact for students attending the Advising Office.

Successful applicants must be senior (preferably 3rd year) students in the Faculty of Arts who have completed at least 60 credits at UBC. They must possess good organizational and communication skills, and be reliable and conscientious workers. Their duties will include offering assistance to students in finding the correct path to resolution of their enquiries, referring assistance to students to appropriate Advising Office staff, and scheduling appointments for Faculty Advisors. Pre-employment training is offered and required.

Employment will be for 5 to 10 hours per week in regular 2.5 hour shifts (9:30 - 12:00, 1:30 - 4:00). Beginning September 7, 1993 through April 29, 1994 payment is at the rate of $12.45 per hour.

Applications, including a resume, two letters of reference, and a statement indicating the qualities the candidate he/she would bring to the position must be submitted to Ms. Wendy Trigg in the Arts Advising Office, Buchanan A 207 by 4:00 p.m. on March 12th.

Vancouver Opera drops the ball

by Martin Chester with Yukie Kurahashi

Given the choice, I'd rather have gone to see Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

Instead I tagged along with Yukie to "The Opera." Now I'm not a big fan of "high art" in general—I find it mind-numbingly boring—but I was expecting something just a wee bit better than this atrocity.

OPERA
The Magic Flute
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
attempted by The Vancouver Opera
February 3-8 1993

For a start, there are ways of staging The Magic Flute to emphasize or de-emphasize certain elements. In this production, the feminine power of the Queen of the Night (soprano Evelyn de la Rosa) was downplayed for the chosen focus, the male power of the (Masonic) Temple.

The result is an absolute affirmation of the male line of power. Not only is the dark queen denied her inheritance by her now dead husband, but the totally unsympathetic portrayal of her as a manipulative mother, and a bitchy, power hungry demon relates that she has no right to her claim.

On the other hand, the Temple is grandiose and wonderful, something to be legitimately aspired to. High priest Sarastro (Canadian bass-baritone, Robert Milne) is given a very positive read, despite being a slave-owning, paranoid militarist who has initially kidnapped the queen's daughter. (To avoid sounding ridiculously PC, I'll avoid even discussing the portrayal of the Moorish slave, Monostatos. We'll leave it at unnecessarily offensive.)

In this production, the affirmation of the paternal power takes precedence over the potential to emphasize the matrilineal power.

It is particularly sad given that de la Rosa as the Queen of the Night was by far the best performer of the evening. The word is beautiful, in every sense of the term. I have a tin ear, yet even I knew she was head and shoulders over the rest.

Moving on, the leads were complete wastes of space. Pamina (soprano Susan Patterson) paled in comparison with de la Rosa, and Tamino (tenor David Hamilton) was actually upstaged by a short, pudgy tenor in the Temple guard—a bit player, but a much better singer (not cute enough I guess). Patterson was also in Rigoletto, says Yukie, and always manages to sound tired.

Tamino's side kick Papageno (Canadian baritone Brett Polegato) and Pamina's counterpart Papagena (Canadian soprano Gianna Corbisiero) were far better. Polegato's playfulness and clarity of voice made this almost bearable, but only when coupled with de la Rosa's talent.

Which brings us to Mozart's cuteness. Neat name use, eh—Papagena-Papageno; Pamina-Tamino? Can we make the gender dichotomy any more obvious Wolfgang?

This was Mozart's last opera. It's pretty light, even though he took the message relatively seriously. I doubt if he hung out wherever dead artists go to watch their stuff performed whether he would cringe at seeing The Magic Flute done so poorly. (I wonder if Mozart hangs with Hendrix in this place, or if the rock-types are ghettoized?)

For Mozart, in the 18th century, the Masonic Temple represented something progressive and important. By that time the Temple had shucked off the yoke of being a guild and was propagating the early ideals of liberal democracy—then a revolutionary idea.

But today, the Masons, to many including myself, represent the insidious reality of men clinging to traditional power through secrecy and outmoded ideals. The progressive Mozart, were he alive to see the state of the Masons today, would likely agree and find another way to stage this, one of his most maligned pieces.

Were he to stage The Magic Flute today, Mozart probably would not choose these particular costumes and sets; however, I thought they were worth the price of admission alone (of course, I didn't pay). The Temple guards looked like they were going for the Carmen Miranda-thing—only the bananas were missing. The sets looked like something direct from my old highschool; no offence to those who worked so hard for the Argyle Theatre Department.

The capper, though, came when Tamino was singing about how his love for Pamina will tame wild animals or something like that. They actually rolled out cardboard-cut-out-animals. Big scary lions and hippos. You could actually hear the rollers as they pulled them off stage again. A little WD40 may have done the trick.

Of course the Vancouver Opera can't be blamed for either the costumes or the sets. They borrowed them from other companies, which of course means some one else made the same mistake using them.

Perhaps what the Vancouver Opera should learn from this attempt is that they should go with Canadian talent. With the exception of de la Rosa, the Canadians far out-performed their American counterparts. And the imported costumes and sets were a joke. Think Canadian, I say, and I'm not even a nationalist.

At least I could have stood and danced to Ned's Atomic Dustbin.

You gotta take the crumbs with the crusty role

by Paula and Sara

Asshole sales people, pseudo intellectuals, disillusioned junk collectors, resentful family members, a comical cowboy, and nose bleeding ivory tower profs—you know them all. We spent the evening with them in a 3 1/2 hour-7 play marathon.

THEATRE
The Best of Brave New Play Rites
UBC Creative Writing Dept.
February 11, 1993

The "Best Of" presented the favorites of the sixteen plays from the January run of Brave New Play Rites. Equipped with a how-to guide on watching the Arts Fest extravaganza, producer Peter Eastwood counselled the audience, "New theatre should never be a passive experience. Once the lights go down, you are involved."

In keeping with the true, active spirit of the stage, we tried to become involved in each production. Of course, some of these seven gems were more gripping than others. Since our "words are the best roses", according to Eastwood, these are the "finest flowers" we can give.

The evening began with "Passing", a play by Anne Fleming about a young offender and a psychological evaluator. A dramatic, yet cute "Silence of the Lambs"-type dialogue wherein the analyzer becomes the analyzed was the fresh dynamic of the performance. The show concludes with a big "Crying Game" twist. A more appropriate name for this play might be (italics on)Borrowing(italics off) rather than (italics on) Passing(italics off).

The second play, "Fugitive", a one-woman show written by Lisa Mesbur, satisfied our artistic cravings fabulously. Directed by Nicholas Podbrey, Catherine Williams (Robin) is a stereotypical heroine created by her alcoholic, adulterous playwrite, who escapes from her written mold, literally cutting herself out of the script to brave the real world.

Williams' gripping performance of the trials of living a two-dimensional life as "the love interest" leads her character to semi-liberation. Podbrey adds, "it's about trying to escape...and escaping half-way."

In Patricia Jones' "The Crusty Roll," we meet a woman obsessed with her bed, where she has dinner parties, coffee, and pretentious gab sessions where pseudo-intellectuals discover "the new staleness" in society.

Crazy dreams of an old lover and his analyst chatting in the bed lead Natalie's lover through a journey of bed-socializing acceptance. Natalie's therapist, numerologist and astrologer all agree that she should run off with Gabriel, our favorite character, who spent all of his energy trying to form a thought with his nubile body.

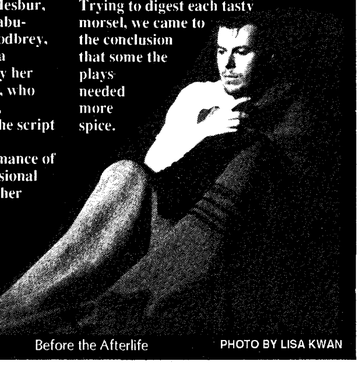
We could have lived without "The Waiting Room" (no pun intended) by A.C. Lavery. Although it was quite touching, the story was predictable and a teensy bit cheezy.

The motif of an elderly person reminiscing over memories of youthful energy right before her natural death is quite worn. Her bitchy daughter's bitter confusion over her true parentage only proved that sub-plots should be somewhat relevant to the main storyline—sorry! The last play of the evening shouldn't have been about death—poor fly!

All in all, Eastwood was happy with the success of the production. We agreed that the Asian Centre, as a theatre, added to the spirit of the Arts Fest with a stage surrounded by visual art. (Van Gogh's Chair is a must-see!)

The "Best" were chosen based on how well the writers worked within the context of a twenty minute play, which, according to Eastwood, is quite a challenge. Eastwood is proud of the comraderie with which the actors, directors and playwrites involved in the production worked.

We found the length to be quite a problem (we stayed awake, really!). Trying to digest each tasty morsel, we came to the conclusion that some the plays needed more spice.



Before the Afterlife PHOTO BY LISA KWAN

When the Levy breaks

by Lauren Davis

Changing character quickly on the closing night of Sea Marks, Barry Levy left the stage a grisly Irish fisher and came out to talk as the artistic director for Magic Owl Theatre.

Magic Owl Theatre was formerly Theatre at Large which was formed seven years ago by two UBC acting graduates and continues to employ former UBC acting students as the majority of its artists-in-residence.

Levy graduated from UBC's Department of Theatre in 1991 and assumed the role of artistic director a year ago.

INTERVIEW
Barry Levy, artistic director
Magic Owl Theatre

Now sharing the 100-seat Secret Space Theatre on Main Street with the Novus Theatre company, Levy hopes that Magic Owl's new home will help them to create a sense of community theatre.

But starting up in a new space this year wasn't easy.

They raise rent money through casinos and bingos as well as through diligent marketing and getting subscriptions, "names and addresses so they can't escape you," Levy said.

Levy began as an actor with the company and hadn't planned on being involved on this side of theatre production.

Understanding all aspects of production is only one side of the job. "Most of it is organizing and dealing with people," Levy explained. "I've taken courses in management since I started this."

As artistic director, Levy does all the hiring of crew, sees to all the artistic needs (sets, props, costumes), chooses the plays to be produced and the directors, whom he works with in casting... "Everything but balance the books," he said.

But by producing two plays in one year, when the norm is just one, Levy thinks the company may have taken on too much.

Sea Marks, the first play of the year which closed last week after an extended run and many positive reviews, is a wonderful love story that evolves through the written correspondence of its two characters. It was brought to Levy's attention by director Stephen Malloy, an acting professor at UBC.

"I just loved it," Levy said recalling his first reading of the Irish play by Gardner McKay. Levy immediately wanted to play the part of the fisherman Colm, despite the time demands of his other job.

Berlin to Broadway With Kurt Weil will be the second play produced by Magic Owl this year. Levy has wanted to do the play since his days at UBC. He will also act in this show, which opens March 26.

Although Levy is learning a lot in his new role at Magic Owl, he considers himself an actor first and foremost and eventually wants to concentrate on film.

With that goal, one would think he had plans of leaving the stage.

When asked how long he would stay with Magic Owl he replied: "Indefinitely. William Peterson and William Dafoe both run theatre companies they own and support. Because a lot of what you get in film and TV . . . isn't art. I'll always do stage, it keeps you sharp."

And judging from his last performance in Sea Marks, he is indeed sharp.

Secret Space Theatre will be a SPACE FOR RENT as of the middle of June. Call 877-1237.

Top ten lists of '92 - one false pick

by Lauren Davis

One False Move is a cop movie.

There is absolutely nothing new or different about it compared to the dozens of other movies of this genre you have already seen.

But for some strange reason this film made prestigious Top 10 lists for '92.

FILM
One False Move
theatres everywhere in '92

Like every cop movie, the picture begins with a heinous crime to show how *really* bad the bad guys are and how *differently* bad than all the other bad guys we've seen before. Thus, we sit through an opening scene of strangulations, torture and stabbings by our crime trio.

The rest is simple.

They're on the run from LA to Arkansas. Two LA detectives are sent to the southern state where the police chief of a small town joins them in a stakeout. (I wondered during the next 100 minutes why Thelma and Louise were pursued across the states by troops of police while these three leave a trail dripping with carnage, their pictures are printed in newspapers, yet no one tails them and the three policemen waiting for them in Arkansas receive no back-up.)

So, after the opening mutilation we wait an hour and a half for what we know is coming: The Shoot-Out.

Sure, in between there are a few stories. But when it comes down to it, we don't learn anything about these characters that makes us care about what happens to them.

Of the three bad guys, the woman has some humanity in that she wants to go to Arkansas to see her child. Nice, but why did she get mixed-up with these guys in the first place? And hey, didn't she just blow off that cop's head?

After fidgeting in my seat along with the other people who came to see the film at the Ridge before it disappeared from screen to video, we finally got to The Shoot-Out.

In an ambush of sorts, the local sheriff has the two bad guys down on the floor. In a last-ditch attempt at escape, the "knife-man" lunges at the sheriff standing a few feet away with a blade he keeps in his sleeve.

At this point, a guy in the back of the theatre pleaded in exasperation, "Oh, just get a gun!" and a sympathetic audience snickered through the rest of the final fight scene.

As far as the formula goes, One False Move delivers.

It is well-acted, well-paced, well-shot, glossy and slick.

This is commendable for a first-time director, for an independent film that was originally meant to go straight to video.

But so what?

There's nothing special about it. It doesn't stand out among the other well-acted, well-made films of '92.

I didn't get a wide-on

by Paula Wellings

Okay, call me a pervert, (people already do), but on a recent Saturday night I found myself wandering through the fog in search of explicit language and nudity.

Billed as a performance to blow my dental damn off, I was desparetly in search of the Station Street Theatre and some Hardcore Memories.

THEATRE
Hardcore Memories
Station Street Theatre

As I settled into my seat, I thought okay, I'm here, I'm ready, TURN ME ON!!

Ya it sounds sick, but that's why we were there, wasn't it? A pleasant night of hot erotic poetry, dirty talk and flashing flesh.

Well, for all you puritanical types, don't worry. Nothing happened. Nothing.

Two playwrites with dreams of stardom stumbled on stage to drag an audience through a series of sentimental and poorly performed monologues. Timing, stage presence and any idea of when to cut it short, never mind take it off, did not exist.

By the time the self-healing, the rape re-enactment, the save the earth mottos, and the goddess allusions had reached their hilt, my cunt had pursed its dry lips into a cranky scowl.

Hot, this was not.

Audrey Butler and Steph Kelemen, girly girls supreme, I address the next portion of this review/rant to you:

I didn't want to know that you "fucked and fucked and fucked" (is that the "explicit language"?) whilst you ackwardly thrusted your pelvis into the empty air.

I wanted you to tell me where, why, how, with who.

Was the ground cold?

Did you want her keen fangs to seer into you, your stark, naked, flesh?

Was it the woman at the bus stop you met on the way home from your lover's?

Did she tie your arms to the bed post, the door knob, the kitchen sink?

Did she scream like an angry cat, beneath your lips?

And when you touch yourself on the theatre floor, can you feel your own flesh, the pressure of your finger tips burning into your anxious thighs, tempting the teeth of your hungry cunt?

If you cannot feel this, tell this, want this, need this, I, so high up in the audience, would have to live in an alternative reality to have creamed on this one.

Sorry babes, unpassionate is just that.

And now, back to the review.

Butler and Kelemen, were not, at the same time, without a few inspirational moments.

Butler's monologues occasionally sparkled with the sardonic wit of Jane Delyn. Her blunt assertion that both sex and cable televion are equally good cures for insomnia, followed by her consideration of locating a twat-bugger at a dyke bar, revealed Delyn's unromanticized sexual reality.

Butler also teased the audience at her mention of being a punk lesbian stripper and tricking in Halifax with Kevin the "horned god." Unfortunately, neither of these scenerios were expanded. And while some of Butler's work was full of cheese, such as the mention of the "salty sea cavern" and an address to "Moon Cow", the single line "nails piercing a cunt not quite wet enough" aroused my otherwise dormant sensibilities.

Kelemen, too took a few tip-toes towards a distant light fantastic with her pope-bashing scenes and a lovely rendition of Jesus Hates Me and an invocation for dominatixes. Kelemen's step faltered as she attempted to stretch 10 minutes of material into a full length performance.

After leaving the theatre, my girlfriend and I bitched about the nasty tease we had just experienced.

Then, we went home and fucked and fucked and fucked. The end.

Salad myths from iceberg lettuce

by Eric Johnson

Iceberg Lettuce, a tragicomedy that attempts to challenge the gelatin-salad myth of the suburban nuclear family, starts out strong.

The play focuses on Elaine, a wry, angst-ridden actress (with an agent, but no work) who attempts to free herself from this myth.

You know the one—mom stays home happily cooking and cleaning for free, while daddy-o wins the bread and has affairs with the office temps.

THEATRE
Iceberg Lettuce
by Katherine Schlemmer
Firehall Arts Centre
February 4-23

But Elaine's nuclear family has long since exploded. Her father disappeared long ago, apparently by faking spontaneous combustion, leaving behind only a pair of slippers.

Elaine is left to deal with her carping semi-alcoholic mother and her sister Suzie, who dots the "i" in her name with a happy face, and is everything that Elaine is not—all milktoast goodness. Suzie is trying to live out the same happy family myth that she unquestioningly inherited from their mother.

Elaine, admirably played by Schlemmer, exposes this myth in the enchanting first act in a monologue where she trashes the vacuity that is her family, and the society that has created it.

A poster of Sandra Bernhard sits on the fridge in Elaine's apartment, indicative of the aserbic wit of the play and cynically lamenting how inane so many of our sacred cows really are.

We can't ignore the dry humour, nor should we want to, for the rattling skeletons that haunt Elaine can be found in many a closet—the sibling rivalries, the pressure of parental expectations, the horrible reality of the obligatory family gatherings where someone inevitably consumes one gin too many and the spectre of charades invariably rears its ugly head.

The humour of the fluid script works because it includes us. We are there with Elaine as she grapples with the long tenacious tentacles that her mom and sis keep wrapping around her beleaguered reality.

Unfortunately, the quick humour and liveliness of the first act diminishes in the second, where the family gathers at Suzie's newly renovated pastel pink and blue suburban home, complete with husband and child progidy.

The shift is natural, giving Schlemmer the opportunity to reinforce the tragedy by showing how Elaine is unable to resist the weight of her family, further exposing the family's hollow emptiness.

The fading away of the long second act, as opposed to the lively innovation of the first, bruises Iceberg Lettuce. It's as if Schlemmer gets a little lost on her way to the conclusion.

It's too bad, for the topic is well worth the analysis. The institutional myth, as depicted in ads for Joy and Comet, et al., of the ever-so-happy family needs to be challenged and trashed so that we may continue on our merry dysfunctional way.

BOTTOMLEY'S UP

by Ian Lloyd

As usual, I was late getting to the Pit, and I was looking forward to seeing John Bottomley. After reading their press kit, I thought that this was the band to end all bands—the purpose behind the press kit.

MUSIC
John Bottomley
Pit Pub
February 4, 1993

A band spontaneously named "Spring Session M", or something like that, took the stage before John.

The story was that they had only been rehearsing together for about a week, but they sounded better than you might have thought, blending the sounds of a jazzy/blues sax with a funk influenced, low medolic riff band.

The lead singer's voice wasn't great, but it grew on you. The highlight of their act was when they asked, "How many are drinking beer paid for by their student loans?"

Then the "band to end all bands" took up position behind the mic and delivered a burst of melodic folk, ambient background guitars supporting a lead guitar and John's voice. A roots influence was noticed later in the set—the mandolin gave it away.

I only have one complaint about the band: the second guitar. I usually like a melodic folk band, but this second guitarist took it upon himself to ad lib R&B riffs from a bloody Budweiser commercial.

I compare the sound of a metal slide on a guitar with that of the sound of dinner forks on an old blackboard.

Forgetting about the R&B steel guitar imitations, it was quite enjoyable.

After all, you have to have some respect for a band who does a Gordon Lightfoot cover.

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**Applicants will be accepted on a first come - first serve basis and there is some financial involvement.*

UBC Intramural Sports

UBC Intramural Sports, the largest intramural program in Canada, is now hiring students for the 1993/94 academic year. Detailed job descriptions are available at the Intramurals registration desk between 9am and 4pm, Monday to Friday. Remuneration is by a honorarium. Those interested should pick up applications from the Intramural registration desk in room 66 of SUB or call 822-6000 for more information.

Positions available (as of February 26)

Feild Hockey: Director, two Assistant Directors
Bodin Ball Hockey: Director, eight Assistant Directors
Todd Ice Hockey: Director, five Assistant Directors
Cross Volleyball: Director, ten Assistant Directors
Handley Cup Soccer: Seven Assistant Directors
Nitobe Basketball: Five Assistant Directors
Pod 1: Director, four Assistant Directors
Pod 2: Director, four Assistant Directors
Pod 3: Four Assistant Directors
Pod 4: Director, four Assistant Directors
Pod 5: Four Assistant Directors
Pod 6: Director, four Assistant Directors
Personnel: Three Assistant Directors
Finance: Two Assistant Directors
Advertising: Director, three Assistant Directors
Public Relations: Director, three Assistant Directors
Video: Director, twelve Assistant Directors
Statistics: Director, Assistant Director
The Point: Editor, five writers, three photographers, one computer layout

tel: 822-6000 fax: 822-6086 info: 822-6688

CULTURE

PURE:

Photo Credit: Jay Blakesberg

it's a four letter word, too

by Steve Chow

In lead singer Jordy Birch's words, Pure is the hottest thing to come out of Canada "since Triumph, man."

Coast 1040, MuchMusic, Reprise Records and a load of fans will probably agree.

But, I digress.

Falling from the arms of Morpheus one morn, I prepared to lock horns with a pretentious young rock-god slathered in the lascivious froth of new-found fame and fortune.

INTERVIEW
Jordy Birch
Pure
Reprise Recording Artists

To my chagrin, Jordy turned out to be a very pleasant being, beaming an open, "whatever, man" attitude.

He doesn't even hate Bryan Adams.

Thwarted, I attempted to incite him to blasphemy, telling him that Pure could be gods.

"Not everybody thinks we're gods. For example, we don't."

Fine, gods you are not. Indeed, the band licks farmboots, and the Pureafunalia CD is the lamest shit I've ever heard.

"Hey, well, if that's the lamest shit you've ever heard, you obviously need to expand your mind because I've heard a lot lamer shit in my life and if you haven't heard lamer shit than that—whoa. I would probably say that there are three million bands that are way below us on that level-of shit level. You're in dire need of expanding your mind."

Well, I find your songs an affront to my Christian sensibility.

"Oh, really? [Jordy indulges in his personal experience with religious hypocrisy. His story is the source for their groovy track, Pure, and impresses me.] I'm not saying that all people who go to church are fucked. I never say that."

The Geraldo Rivera demon within me spews forth curious allegations: sources close to management confessed Pure uses a drum machine; Evil Twang's Chris Houston played all the guitar; the producer simulated everything else on computer; Jordy's vocals were really done by Bif from Chrome Dog.

"Bif from Chrome Dog? Do you really think she could do that?"

Jordy would go on to desecrate ABBA ("I think they suck") and the Village People ("I always thought they sucked"), admitting with pride that KISS and Thor (yes, gauche and uncouth Thor!!!) were objects of his hero-worship.

Behold! What's the deal with four-letter bands?

"What do you expect when I grow up with a band like KISS? —I'm going to call myself something like 'serendipity'? Of course, four-letter words are going to be very appealing when bands like KISS were godhead to me. But I would never call ourselves 'Curve' 'cos that's five."

Yeah, whatever. So why "Pure"?

"I want people to understand that we named ourselves after the most absurd word in the English language. There's no such thing. Everything is pure these days. Everybody is wanting to be so pure. What is pure? What's 99.99% pure?"

Ummm...Ivory soap, isn't it?

"I think marketing and all that shit is so stupid. It really is. But it's reality too. It's so polluted. The word 'pure' is absolutely polluted. There can't be such a word as 'pure' when somebody is using it in a fucking car ad. It just can't exist. It's been raped so much. It's a beautiful word.

"Look at our album cover. THAT'S pure—the weirdo gooey-duck neck clown handing an ice cream cone to that fat little girl. That's pure to me, that's reality. Whatever you think reality is, is what pure is."

I'll take linguistic deconstruction of 4-letter words for 200, Alex.

"'Fuck' is a very interesting word. To me, it's like the word 'pure.' They're very similar. It's an absurd word that just doesn't exist . . . but people can relate to it. I guess it is a beautiful word."

Not everything has been beautiful words and snide arts reviewers for Jordy, guitarist Todd Simko, keyboardist Mark Henning, bassist Dave Hadley and drummer Leigh Grant.

After a contractual/creative fiasco with Nettwerk records as After All (remember Bullets?) and a year hiatus from music, the band had a tasteless run-in with Kim Fowlie, a hot-shot manager who proclaimed Pure as "the biggest band since Guns n' Roses."

Rejecting Fowlie's temptations of "dogs, little boys, crack, whores, whatever you want," Pure met Laurie Mercer, local manager of DOA, NoMeansNo, and Dayglo Abortions fame, who shared the band's vision of dealing with music business guano.

"You can't be stupid like we were with Nettwerk. We sold off everything to them for nothing. It was a waste of time. And on top of that, they fucked us over in the artistic space."

Working with top producer Jerry Harrison, the band has received many accolades for their debut album a mere two months after its release.

With the band's current success, Jordy isn't cynical of Pure's place in the hearts of the multitudes. Verily, as he says, "Love runs deep in Pure."

Jordy is not a rock-god.

He's just a lad from Surrey who, having found car theft and hockey unpleasant career choices, is making it big-time.

His personal message to you, The Ubyssey's fine readers: "Don't smoke crack and say your prayers, everything's going to be all right."

Doug's cartoon heaven on earth

by Douglas Ferris

For twenty years the International Tournee of Animation has been bringing the best of the world's short animated films to North American audiences. This year (gasp) it's. . .

ANIMATION
The Best of the International Tournee of Animation
until March 11
Starlight Theatre

Films using a variety of techniques, from traditional "cel" animation to computer animation (for those who like this stuff—personally I find it banal) to pixillations, are featured. Five were academy awards winners in their respective years, three of the others were nominees.

Among the award winners that catch my ego's fancy are the Hungarian "point of view" piece, *The Fly*, which spins you around a house trying to escape an angry resident. The 'haunting' expressionless puppets in the German-made morality tale *Balance* emphasize the bleak flatness of the world.

In the category of nominees (who really cares, except that they're mostly amazing shorts) is Cordell Barker's *The Cat Came Back*, a favorite of mine (that's good enough isn't it?) and the NFB.

Among the many other astounding (my word is quite predictable, isn't it?) shorts are *Fingerwave*, an example of pixillation from Gyula Nagy of Hungary, and *The Killing of an Egg* by Holland's Paul Driessen, an interesting view of who is the real egg.

For fans (but who isn't?), this "best of" series includes John Kricfalusi's original Ren and Stimpy pilot, *Big House Blues*. Made-for-television cartoons have finally returned to that level of frantic insanity not seen since Tex Avery introduced it to our parents and grand-parents—but with a few twists.

Local animators Danny Antonucci, Marv Newland and Mike Grimshaw are also represented. Unfortunately, Grimshaw's latest, *Stage Flight* (pssst! he does all of his own 'cel' work and plays bass on the soundtrack) is only being shown on Guest Animators' Night(s) on February 26 and 27.

COURTESY OF JOHN KRICFALUSI

Ren and Stimpy's "Big House Blues"

Cartoon terror:
Ren and Stimpy freak Graham

by Graham Cook

I was at my parents' house watching *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*, with special guest Barbara Bush. Not surprisingly I felt a bit queasy and turned to Muchmusic. Yikes! I'd stumbled onto the beginning of a "show," i.e. something for people with attention spans of slightly longer than four minutes.

ANIMATION
The Ren and Stimpy Show
MuchMusic
Tuesdays at 10:30

Not being one of those people, I considered switching to *People's Court*, but then I realized it was CARTOONS! And not talking-statue cheapies *à la* He-Man either, but ones that looked a bit like the airy, perfect chases of cartoon director Chuck Jones.

This was no *Roadrunner*, though. This was *The Ren and Stimpy Show*. I'm sure I'm way behind on the hip-meter (i.e., this show has been trendy for months and is now terribly uncool) but I think it's brilliant. Let me qualify that: brilliant and disturbing. A description:

Ren is an extremely ugly chihuahua with bloodshot eyes that hang off his face, droopy ears, a faintly jaundiced sheen and the stereotypical Speedy Gonzalez-esque hispanic accent. Stimpy is a puffed up wide-grinned simpleton with bugged-out eyes and a tongue hanging out of the mouth at an angle which precisely communicates "I am dumb."

Already you might be saying "Speedy Gonzalez accent? How do they think they can get away with that sort of racist stereotyping these days?" Well, they get away with it the way most people think they can these days—irony. (Whether or not people actually absolve themselves of racism etc. by being ironic is another question.)

The irony means that *Ren and Stimpy* doesn't get too caught up in the usual things cartoons concern themselves with—chases, visual gags, silly character traits (speech impediments especially) and so on. Or, to be more precise, *Ren and Stimpy* takes these devices and uses them for other ends. Its goal? A perfect parody of, and an *homage* to, cartoons themselves. It's a cartoon about cartoons.

Ren and Stimpy takes the usual cartoon devices and magnifies them out of their already exaggerated proportions. If an evil space monster in a typical Bugs cartoon is big, strange looking, has three eyes and looks a little scary, Space Cadets Ren and Stimpy have to meet one that is unbelievably huge and perverse looking with twenty eyes and looks that would truly horrify little children.

Where Tom and Jerry hit each other with blunt objects and roll their eyes a little afterwards, Ren slaps Stimpy for being dumb in a way that makes you alternately laugh and recoil.

It's traditional "cartoon violence" all right—the slaps don't really register on poor Stimpy apart from rolling eyes and a short-lived deformation of facial features—but the cruel pleasure that Ren gets out of it, the slow, calculated pauses between slaps, make the viewer chuckle uncomfortably at best.

Ren and Stimpy subverts cartoons by self-referentially showing us the truly awful things in them which many find so funny.

The show also explodes the more benign aspects of cartoons, like puns and sight gags, but the show's real punch is in its explicitly exaggerated depiction of the underlying terror and cruelty that traditional cartoons are based on. Thus the racist portrayal of Speedy Gonzalez is turned into the stereotyped Ren voice, and violence becomes ultra-violence.

In our super-mediated age, of course, the violence and humiliation in *Ren and Stimpy* will probably push just the right buttons for the Nintendo generation. And for post-teen folks, I'm sure most will mindlessly guffaw along with the show too, missing out on the ironic fun enjoyed by pretentious culture-critic-wannabees like me. Their loss.

As we distance ourselves more and more from genuine emotion, as morbid irony becomes the humour of choice, we can be assured that *Ren and Stimpy* are the future of cartoons, if not TV in general.

The University of British Columbia
Department of Theatre and Film

DOMBEY AND SON
BY CHARLES DICKENS
Adapted by Errol Durbach
Directed by John Wright
A Victorian Spectacular
March 10 - 20
2 for 1 Preview - Wednesday March 10
Curtain: 8:00pm
Frederic Wood Theatre
RESERVATIONS
822-2678
Support Your Campus Theatre

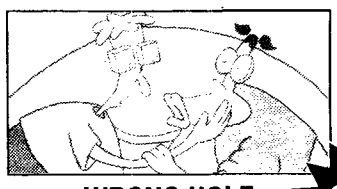
As Part of Arts Week, the Arts Undergraduate Society *presents:*

Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media.

Tuesday, March 2, 1993 in SUB Auditorium @ 7:00 pm
Free for Students

Discussion to follow presented by the **Global Development Centre**

STARTS TONIGHT!
SPIKE & MIKE sm New for 1993
ORIGINAL Sick and Twisted sm
FESTIVAL OF ANIMATION®!
Only at The **Ridge Theatre** – 3131 Arbutus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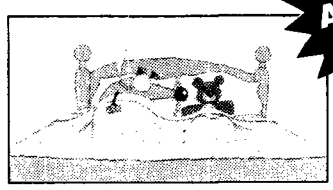
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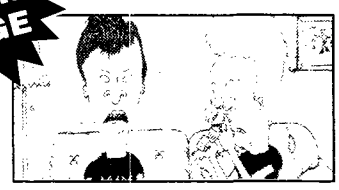
BEAVUS & BUTTHEAD

Week One Fri. Feb. 26 -11:30pm • Sat. Feb. 27 -11:30pm
Week Two Fri. Mar. 5 -11:30pm • Sat. Mar. 6 -11:30pm
Please Note: This is a **FULL LENGTH** Sick and Twisted Program-not just a bunch of re-runs from the eighties

If it doesn't say Spike & Mike - Tell 'em to take a hike!!!

Ticket Info: Tickets for the Sick & Twisted show are $6.50 at advance outlets, $7.00 at the theatre box office. Advance tickets will be available at Ticketmaster outlets only. **To charge by Phone call (604) 280-4444.** Please note: Ticketmaster charges a convenience charge for all tickets.
18+
STARTS FEBRUARY 26TH!

EDITORIAL

C'mon, smarten up

Do you believe everything you read in the newspaper? Do you really think that a US soldier pointing a gun at a Somalian youth's head is a "lesson about gun control"? The Vancouver Sun does.

How about reporting a man killing his wife as a "lovers' quarrel" as The Province did last week? Or launching a thorough media inquiry into the nocturnal adventures of Liberal leader Gordon Wilson and Judy Tyabji? (Why did she really lose her job anyway?)

Was it necessary to pursue the grieving family of murdered BCIT student Silvia Leung until they broke down in tears? It seems that "director" Stuart McNish of BCTV wanted tears.

Next question. Who sponsors media reality? It's not the 50 cents you put in the box (Sun, Globe or "Vinnie"). Corporate advertisers own the media and anything contrary to their interests isn't reported.

And, after all, advertisers do want to think that people are picking up the paper and tuning in to the televison news.

Sensationalism sells. News has become entertainment (witness CNN's coverage of the Gulf War).

It is, therefore, refreshing, in a disturbing sort of way, that The Province is honest about its work. Their new "Vinnie" campaign which urges other newspapers to "lighten up" is pathetic, but to the point.

If anything remotely upsetting to the status quo is presented in the media, it is decontextualized. It becomes impossible to make logical connections between events; everything seems arbitrary and isolated.

To consumers—us—what doesn't enter the media forum just doesn't exist. Not being allowed to know certain things makes it impossible to get angry and want to change things.

Do you believe everything you see or hear? How about the Smurfs? Are they real? If Papa Smurf told you to cheat the transit system would you?

THE UBYSSEY

The Ubyssey is a founding member of Canadian University Press; at the time we must have thought it was a good idea or something.

February 26, 1993

The Ubyssey is published Tuesdays and Fridays by the Alma Mater Society of the University of British Columbia. Editorial opinions are those of the staff and not necessarily those of the university administration, or of the sponsor. The editorial office is room 241K of the Student Union Building. Editorial Department, phone 822-2301; advertising, 822-3977; FAX 822-9279.

A rose is Sam Green is Frances Foran. Am I in it asked Helen Willoughby-Price.
Knowledge is what Doug Ferris knows. Little pieces are stupid told Paula Wellings.
Stan Paul is likely to write patriarchal poetry. Sara Martin and Paula Foran lifting belly.
Eric Johnson is the same as patriarchal poetry is the same as Martin Chester as Lucho van Isschot.
To be let Lauren Davis be to try let Lauren Davis try Siobhan Roantree let her be her be Ian Llyod.
Lisa Kwan is near. Yukie Kurahashi hated question marks, Steve Chow makes no mistake.
Say Stephano Scali and Mark Perrault say what you think. Liz Van Assum gives me greater pleasure.
Keep still quoth Theresa Lemieux. You said that before said Raúl Peschiera.

Editors

Frances Foran • Sam Green • Yukie Kurahashi • Lucho van Isschot • Paula Wellings

Letters

The Ubyssey welcomes letters on any issue. Letters must be typed and are not to exceed 300 words in length. Content which is judged to be libelous, homophobic, sexist, racist or factually incorrect will not be published. Please be concise. Letters may be edited for brevity, but it is standard Ubyssey policy not to edit letters for spelling or grammatical mistakes. Please bring them, with identification, to SUB 241k. Letters must include name, faculty, and signature.

Eco-economics confused

On Tuesday I attended a lecture by Frank Rotering, a recent Ph.D. in economics, allegedly outlining what's wrong with standard university economics theory and giving an alternative to it in the form of "ecological economics." This "school" claims to integrate economics and ecology according to what he called "formalized common sense." He claimed that Marxism and Keynesianism are dead, and, implying that there is such a thing as a homogeneous modern economic theory. He has set it up as the straw man for attack, and for substitution. Speaking to an obviously economically illiterate audience, he deprecated its modern "tinkering" and myopic econometrics. Pointing at a diagram which related the traditional economic entities of the household and of the firm, he asked in Humean fashion: "Where's the resources?" You see, to the traditional concept of relative scarcity (which captures the idea of resources substitution according to price), we must add, he explained, "absolute scarcity" in order to capture the idea that "resources are simply running out." He then dignified this inanity by lumping it under the principle of "enoughness." There are limits to growth, he then solemnly reiterated. It seems that common sense is an easy racket, where defining things like "growth" and probing what determines its character or rate are unnecessary. Of course this lecture was merely introductory, but he sure found time to flood the audience with mangled economic concepts and to solicit some laughs at economists, with their idolatry about "prices" and "markets", in opposition to the requirements of "morality," "community," and the "intrinsic value" of nature. But his antipathy to economics actually made sense: if there are values in this world that are "intrinsic", i.e. not values to someone and for something, then any field such as economics which tries to systematize and interrelate these is doomed, or at least marginalized. I'm no fan of modern economics, but boy, if ecological "economics" is what's to come, then God help us!

Stephan Weaver
Students of Objectivism

Our most recent missive

I wait expectantly for Ms. Mariann Horvath (Psychology 3) to be offered a permanent column in The Ubyssey.

Of course, she probably isn't capable yet of offering us the important commentary on topical issues which has become the hallmark of this vital student resource. It would surely take a more seasoned reporter than Ms. Horvath to relate an in-depth account of biting off a man's penis in the throes of a sadomasochistic frenzy (The Ubyssey, Feb. 12), and she probably would be similarly unable to vigorously document one woman's masturbatory experiences with garden vegetables (Feb. 12, 1992). However, with her most recent missive (Letters, Feb. 16), Ms. Horvath has clearly demonstrated her immense promise. She suggests that "human health has never profited from animal experimentation," a statement so fraught with error that one might actually mistake her for a veteran Ubyssey "analyst." Suffice it to say, Mariann, that you are full of shit.

Heard of polio, Mari? People used to suffer from it. How about antibiotics? Heart transplants? Bone marrow replacement? Radiation therapy? Cholera treatments? Anaesthesia? Blood transfusions? You mentioned AIDS in your letter, Mariann. Let me give you a better example: diabetes. I mean, I know it's not as glamorous as AIDS—after all, you can't get it from unprotected anal sex or communal drug use. But animal research led Banting and Best to the use of insulin to control this disease. Got any diabetic friends, Mariann? Without animal research, you wouldn't.

Listen, Horvath. You know, and I know, that you just don't get it. But do you have to get up on a soap-box and prove it to the rest of the campus?

Jason Ford
Med 1

Don't hold your breath

Dear Sirs:

You may not realize what damage you are doing by such irresponsible journalism—"Electric Limos For the People". I am a graduate from UBC; it is my university as much as it is yours. I am sickened to hear this rubbish as was shown on BCTV news. Do you not realize that the general public will frown on this kind of thought process? Do you think that what you write is representative of the thoughts of all the students which you represent? If there is a problem with cheap student transportation then address it—but don't go around telling people that it's not breaking the law unless you get caught!

I have been called upon over the years to donate to my university, and have done so proudly. I will not donate any more until I have seen a formal written apology appearing and that the person responsible for the article has been removed from doing so again.

I want to be proud of UBC not embarrassed by it.

Andrew Peck
B. Comm('83), RI(BC)

Boyle's cheating heart

I found your caption for the article about the AMS election drive quite distasteful. "Candidates split hairs over election results" shows your apparent lack of concern that the AMS election was certainly unfair. It shouldn't be surprising that you favor Janice Boyle being the winner since she had CHEATED her way to the AMS vice-presidency. If I am not mistaken, Janice Boyle did get caught cheating and thus she has committed a crime (the UBYSSEY way of thinking). Therefore, is this the type of person you want to be the vice-president of the AMS?? I surely don't want her to be and probably some other students here at UBC will agree with me.

The limit of $150 is in the bylaws for a reason and if that is exceeded by ANY amount, it should be dealt with very harshly. In this case, it was not deemed important enough to make a difference, which is entirely ludicrous. Ms. Boyle spent $26 more money than she was supposed to do. This may not sound like that much, but this converts into an excess of 17% of her allowable expenses, which is a fair size and would definitely contribute unfairly to her tarnished campaign. Randy Romero has shown to be very inadequate for the job of elections commissioner.

Look Janice, you went a little too far with your wallet, so you have to live with the consequences; meaning, you should be disqualified from being the vice-president. We don't need any more people in public office who have done dishonest things to get themselves in their position. By the way, I voted for neither Janice Boyle nor Christa Cormack, but I am concerned that the AMS election was used as a vehicle for dishonesty by one of the participants.

Mardy Leibovich
Chemistry, Graduate School

Honesty is best policy

I am a parent of two teenage children to whom I am trying to instill with proper values and morals.

I would like to tell you how offended I am that you, through your newspaper, would convey the idea that it is "o.k." to lie and cheat. It is not!

The transit system is already subsidized by by taxpayers. These taxpayers subsidize many of the programmes that you and I enjoy in this province. Those taxpayers, people like myself, my family and my friends, used the transit system and paid our share and still pay our share. We were never encouraged to cheat or be dishonest.

When the woman responsible for the article was interviewed on television, I couldn't help but think, "I wonder what her parents think - are they proud? Do they feel that they did their job?".

We have serious problems with people cheating and abusing our welfare system and our I.C.B.C. insurance system. The money does not go on forever and the cheaters in these systems as well as the transit system, will eventually make it unattainable for those who really need these programmes.

It is not alright to cheat the transit system. It is sad and offensive that you would encourage it. I told my children that these university students had missed some serious important lessons in their lives and that honesty is an important, admirable trait.

Sorry for you,
(Mrs.) L. Baker

ubyssey women's caucus will be meeting monday march 1 12:30pm in sub 241K

we will be discussing the upcoming women's issue (march 12).
all welcome.

LETTERS

Clothes-horse from hell

Dear Ubyssey Fashion Patrol (a.k.a. the ever so fashion conscious Ubyssey editors).

I just received my report card for the 1992-93 season. It was a fashion criticism that would make Mr. Black proud. As a self-admitted clothes-horse, however, I must set the record straight in order to protect my reputation. First, I do NOT own a red suit. I do own a red skirt, however, I know that as a strawberry-blonde with a fair complexion, it would be too harsh to wear red next to my face. But I'm sure you know this already, though. Second, I also do not own a mustard shirt. I did when I was blonde in the summer, but I gave it to my mom when my hair returned to its natural colour. (I'm sure you Ubyssey editors know what a pain it is when your natural haircolour returns). Third, I do not nor have I ever, owned brown lipstick. I am currently outlining my lips and colouring them with "Tawny Rose" and then glossing them over with M.A.C.'s "Cognac" lipstick. I know as well as you do that I cannot wear brown lipstick. On a humanitarian note, I would like to encourage all other clothes-horses to donate those outdated or out-of-season clothes to the Bennetton clothing drive. And while you're there maybe pick up a sweater or two.

Love and kisses,

Marya McVicar
(former Coordinator of External Affairs and AMS Fashion Consultant)

Attack of the angry taxpayer

With regard to your editorial and your memorable quote in the BCTV interview: if something is not illegal unless you get caught, then why do we have laws? If something is not illegal unless you get caught, was Bill Vander Zalm not in a conflict of interest situation as long as the public didn't know about it, as he claimed?

I don't like the transit hikes any more than any other commuter, but that doesn't justify selfish motivation. Civil Disobedience is a good thing, but it has to be an open thing. If civil disobedience is done in secret it accomplishes nothing.

So Frances, and I mean this respectfully, check your motives and check your conscience.

Brian Stedmann
A&R Coordinator
The Other Press (CUP)
Douglas College

Return of the angry taxpayer

To begin with Frances Foran, wake-up and smell the coffee. What colour is the sky in your world? I cannot believe your pathetic editorial on how to rip off transit. It's not the editorial so much (you have a right to your own opinion) as the follow up on BCTV. You condone illegal acts just as long as you're not caught. That's simply disgusting. How about I oh, oh... steal your car and trash it or even worse cause harm to someone close to you. Are these not illegal acts and something which should be dealt with accordingly in a Court of Law. Or are they, as you say, fine and only illegal if I'm caught? Just how can a mentality like this be allowed an editorial in The Ubyssey? Hopefully you will never wield any power over others and just how did you get your job—sneak in the back door?

Oh and one other thing...you want BC Transit to be subsidized by the government? Come on who do you think pays for subsidization in the end (since it appears you're so far out I'll tell you)? Our taxes. So you want a quick fix by taxing the public even more. This is quite a selfish, single-minded, unexplored point of view. I think you should quit your editorial position and take a course in Life 101.

Russell Lathigee
Fourth year

...but it might give you brain cancer...

Lillian Au's article on page three of POW, 9 February, concerns eavesdropping on cellular phone conversations. She says that "No UBC bigwig has yet been caught with the phone off the hook as eavesdroppers face interference from UBC's multimillion dollar nuclear KAON experiment where atoms are split. KAON coincidentally interferes with car alarms."

I have no comment on eavesdropping per se, but I must dash the hopes of UBC bigwigs. To say that there is any interference (either for eavesdroppers or for legitimate recipients of phone communications) due to activities here is utter nonsense. Nothing of KAON, a proposed extension of the TRIUMF laboratory, is yet built. If Au was referring to interference from TRIUMF's present operations, it is still nonsense: because of the extreme importance of preventing any interference with aircraft and emergency transmissions, federal authorities made absolutely certain from the start that adequate radio frequency shielding was installed at TRIUMF. When KAON is built, the same precautions will be taken.

Today, only ultra-sensitive test equipment would ever detect any radio frequencies emanating from TRIUMF outside its security fence, and NOTHING would be detected beyond 100 metres from the fence. Unfortunately, myths tend to persist, and can give TRIUMF a bad reputation in the community. A simple phone call (even cellular—yes, we do use them here!) to any and of our physicists or engineers, or a practical test near our premises, can produce the truth.

Michael La Brooy
Head, TRIUMF Information Office

Way out, man

The number of contradictions facing humanity today is our alienation from nature.

We, like a growing number of others, need no more convincing that life on this planet is doomed, if change, big change, doesn't happen and soon. We believe that an agrarian revolution is the way to go. We need a mass revival of the "Back to the Land" movement. The agrarian revolution was started by the hippies with the back to the land movement of the '60s. Contrary to popular belief the movement did not fail. Hippies are the originators of the environmental, communal, peace, and organic back to the land movement.

A land base has been established. There are hippies in the hills who have been farming organically, living simply and looking down the road for people young and old to join them. People who are willing to put nature's interests first and actively come to her defence.

Values as well as lifestyles have to change and we must start drawing closer to nature. One of the best ways to do this is by getting your hands in the soil. Even if it is just a potted plant in the window, (or in the closet as the case may be).

On a warm early spring day, pause for a moment to look over the seed displays in your corner store. See if you don't get an urge to plant some seeds. This shows there's still a spark of our culture left in us. This is the spark that must be fanned. We looked forward to the back to the land movement of the '60s really taking off again in the '90s.

J.L. LeBourdais

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-The History of an Historical Novel (The Vancouver Institute)
Saturday, February 27 at 8:15 PM
Woodward Instructional Resources Centre, Hall 2

EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER: Surviving in Mexico City
Monday, March 1 at 12:30 PM
Angus Building, Room 104

A READING OF POETRY AND PROSE (in Spanish and English)
Tuesday, March 2 at 12:30 PM
Buchanan Penthouse

BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES: The Making of an Environmentalist
Wednesday, March 3 at 12:30 PM
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The Crown is wrong: BC Bands

by Frances Foran

Two BC First Nations bands will argue in the Supreme Court that the Crown broke its own laws when it bought reserve land from them in 1945.

The Northern BC Doig and Blueberry bands, known as the Dunne-Za Crees, will appeal a ruling that the Crown was justified in buying their reserve land without advising them of their rights.

The bands' lawyer and UBC Board of Governors member Thomas Berger said last week's ruling is a breach of the formal obligation to Native peoples the Crown recognized in 1984.

"The judgement of the majority of the Federal Court of Appeal shirks that responsibility," Berger said last Monday.

The February 9 ruling states the Crown had the right to buy the 28 square miles in northern BC because it was needed for WWII war vets, and the Crown's purchase of the land for its own purposes superceded any obligation to the bands.

The 2-1 decision held that while the bands were "dependent on the Crown for advice in the management of their assets," the federal government was not obliged to inform them the sale was not in their best interest.

And even if the Crown were found obliged, the Court ruled that the legal time limits on appeal apply to First Nations, and that the bands' time to sue Ottawa expired in 1978.

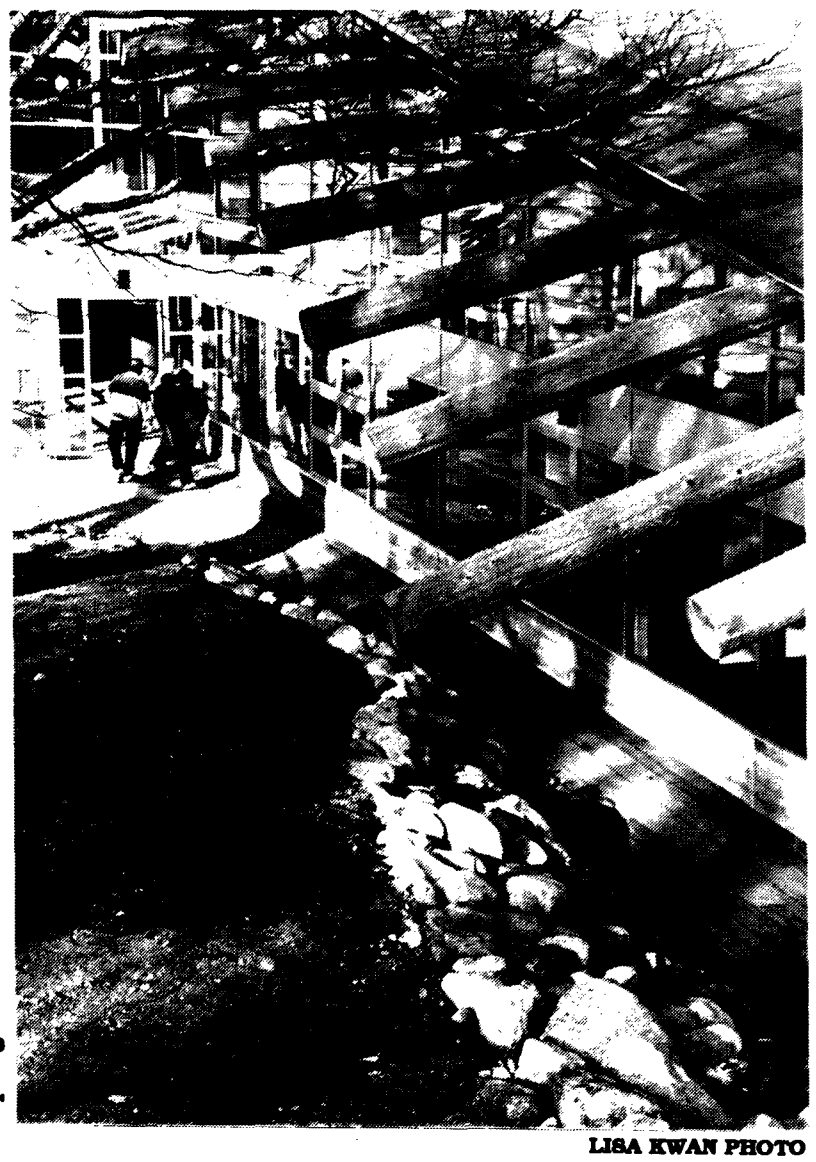
Berger said the Crown was obliged under the 1984 findings to disclose that the mineral rights would be lost or to advise the bands that the land could have been leased instead of sold.

The dissenting judge disagreed on all counts, and held that the Crown was guilty of fraud. Chief Justice Isaac also said the Crown could not absolve itself of obligations to First Nations and that the time limit on appealing should not apply to First Nations.

"Like victims of childhood sexual abuse, the [bands] were simply unable to appreciate the fact that when the Crown 'suggested' that they surrender their native rights to lands they might be giving up something of legal value," he said.

Berger said the case will be based on the standing responsibility of the Crown and on Isaac's dissenting statements.

"We think that chief justice Isaac had much the better of the argument," Berger said.



Finishing touches are being made to the First Nations Longhouse, the new home of UBC's First Nations House of Learning. The facility is scheduled to open this spring.

LISA KWAN PHOTO

Ubyssey Publications Board

will be meeting today at **3:30pm** in **SUB 205.**

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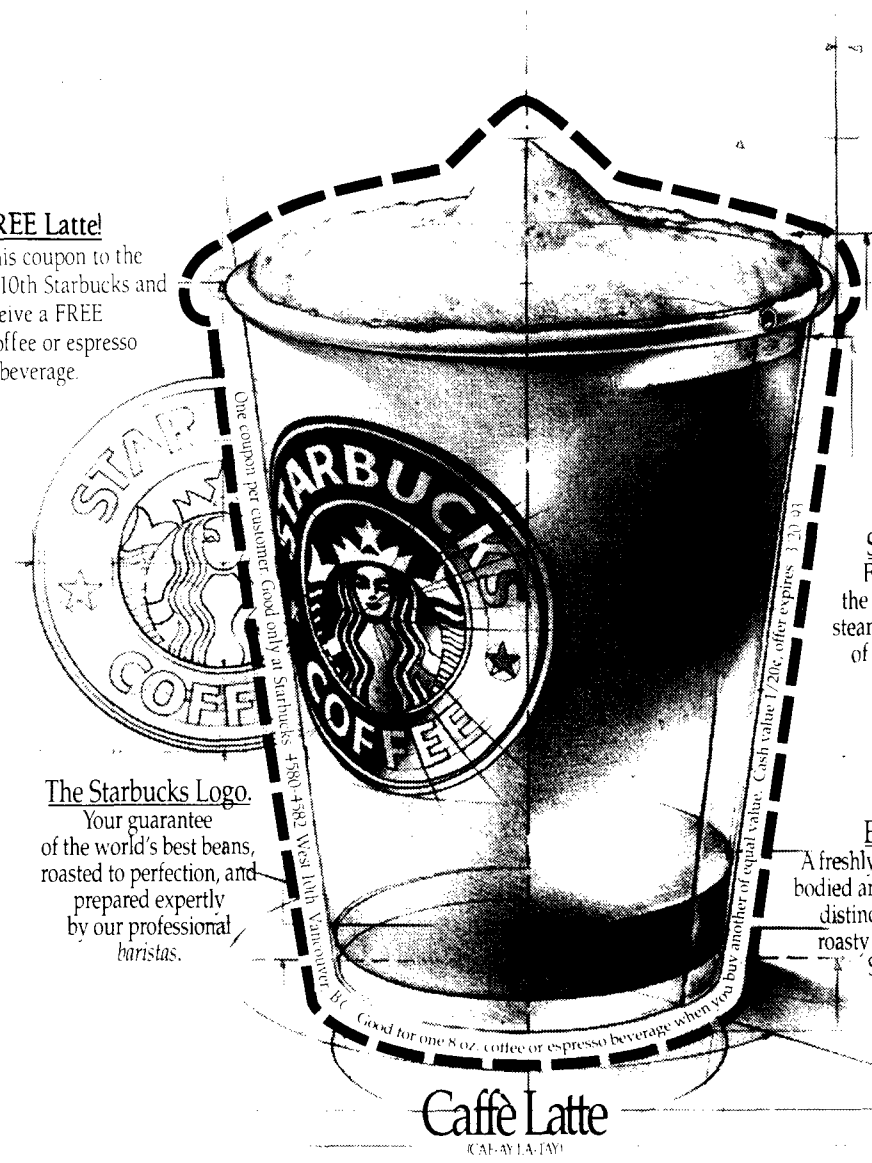

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