

# THE UBYSSSEY

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ALMOST UNEMPLOYED SINCE 1918

## Tuition proposal looms

by Ai Lin Choo

Just one week before a decision on fee increases is expected to be made, new questions surrounding the tuition policy proposal have arisen.

Presentations on UBC's financial situation, the new tuition proposal and student concerns about the proposal were made to the Board of Governors' (BoG) committee on Thursday.

Under the administration's current proposal, most undergraduate students will see a \$480 tuition increase next year, with fees rising by 65 per cent over the next three years. Students in the second-year-entry programs Commerce and Pharmacy will face increases of \$1091 and \$1000 respectively next year.

Graduate research-based students can expect to see a \$492 increase in next year, while fees for

post-baccalaureate and professional graduate programs rise in the next two years to approximate those at peer institutions across Canada.

If the tuition proposal is adopted, tuition will generate \$18.4 million for the university, leaving UBC with \$20.3 million after covering basic operating costs to improve education. The BoG is expected to vote on the tuition proposal at its meeting this Thursday.

UBC President Martha Piper began the BoG's tuition discussions on Thursday with a summary of UBC's financial outlook. Piper said that without expected federal funding for indirect costs of research and an increase in tuition fees, UBC will see a \$10.9 million shortfall next year.

Piper said that out of the \$30.4 million UBC requested from the

province, she is only expecting \$19.3 million. However, UBC will not know precisely how many full-time equivalent (FTE) students the provincial government will fund next year until the government's budget letter to UBC arrives. The budget letter is expected soon.



PIPER

Piper said UBC's first financial priority is paying for 2002/2003 operating costs and commitments, which include faculty settlements, repayments on previous years' shortfalls and benefit costs.

But in a presentation to the BoG committee, Kristen Harvey, president of the Alma Mater Society (AMS) and Annick Gauthier, president of the Graduate Student Society (GSS), said that there are still several problems with the tuition proposal even though consultation with students has been good.

The two student presidents feel the tuition increases are too drastic and that the decision to increase tuition to the national average isn't logical. Harvey and Gauthier both noted concerns regarding student accessibility, potential difficulties with student recruitment, accountability and efficiency.

Harvey said she felt her presentation had succeeded in "planting the seeds of doubt in the minds of the BoG," and emphasised that UBC should outline precisely how much money it needs rather than projecting a target. Gauthier said that, ideally, implementation of the proposal would be postponed to facilitate further consultation and feedback.

"You might have to re-vamp the entire proposal for me to be happy with it," Harvey said.

The presentations sparked many questions from board members. Some questioned UBC's proposal to differentiate tuition at the under-

graduate level for Commerce and Pharmacy students, while others wanted to know how UBC's expenses compare to those of other universities.

Tieg Martin, student representative to the BoG, also proposed amendments that would allow the BoG to re-visit the effectiveness of the three-year tuition policy during the next year. The amendments will be considered when the BoG evaluates the proposal this week.

"What I'm trying to do is to amend this proposal so that when we're having the same discussion next year, people involved can look back and ensure that goals are met," he said.

At the meeting on Thursday, UBC administrators announced that tuition for undergraduate UBC Commerce students would be based on the average tuition in

See "Tuition" on page 8.

## Rallies and celebrations

International Women's Day inspires a weekend of activity



**WOMEN AGAINST WAR:** A demonstrator holds a sign protesting US-led aggression in Afghanistan, at last Friday's International Women's Day vigil at the Vancouver Art Gallery. NIC FENSOM PHOTO

by Dirk Schouten

Over 500 people marched down East Broadway on Saturday afternoon to highlight a weekend of International Women's Day events.

Leaving the Broadway Skytrain Station on Commercial Drive, members and supporters of local women's organisations, activist groups and labour unions marched to celebrate women, raise awareness of global injustice and protest recent provincial government cuts.

"Every year we come together to take up the historical challenge of fighting for the rights of women everywhere—in labour and in society," said Donna Tanchak, one of the event's organisers.

The march brought westbound traffic on Broadway to a standstill as participants walked to the Vancouver Community College.

Marj Morton of the Green Party of BC helped carry a banner that read "Women's Spirit in Politics."

"We're here to promote the initiative of electoral reform," she said. "We want a change to proportional representation."

Colourful placards attacking Premier Gordon Campbell's provincial government and promoting awareness of human rights abuses worldwide floated above the sea of marchers. One placard read "Gordio And His Corporate Rodeo." Others denounced the treatment of Palestinian women.

At Vancouver Community College, the women held a 90-minute rally, which included

See "Women" on page 8.

## AMS FACES FINANCIAL LOSS

by Chris Shepherd

After three years of meeting, or surpassing, yearly financial expectations, the Alma Mater Society (AMS) will fall short of its projected income by about \$200,000 this year.

Bernie Peets, general manager for the AMS, said the summer transit strike and unexpected costs related to SUB renovations were the main causes of the financial shortfall.

This summer's bus strike limited many people from coming to campus. While the summer is not the busiest time for the AMS, it is important to the fiscal year, said Peets.

"We generally have a pretty good kick start to the year as a result of conferences and high school kids that come out to play at the arcade," he said.

In addition, there were problems with several renovations to the SUB. In September, a two-week delay to the opening of Bernoulli's, the new bagel shop on the main level of the SUB, strongly impacted the amount of money the AMS took in with the store's opening.

"It was a fair amount of money

[that wasn't made], especially from the first two weeks of school," said Peets. "People get into habits at the start of school, so they missed out on that opportunity to get some customer loyalty there."

AMS Designer Michael Kingsmill said the problem occurred because of the age of the SUB. The records and drawings of the building were not up to date, he said, so construction was slowed two weeks while appropriate supplies were made and delivered.

Kingsmill said construction was slowed by "onerous" university building requirements, which are stricter than BC building codes.

Problems also arose when construction began and a wall believed to be concrete turned out to be brick. Extra work was required to strengthen the wall before construction could proceed.

While the AMS does not have as much money as expected, the society is still financially sound, said Peets. "There just won't be as much of a surplus as there would

See "Finances" on page 8.

## Super Southpaw

PITCHER JEFF 'BOOMER' FRANCIS HAS BEEN LEADING UBC'S BASEBALL TEAM TO VICTORY. PROFILE PAGE 4-5

feedback@ubyssey.bc.ca

www.ubyssey.bc.ca

## CLASSIFIEDS

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### Travel

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### Announcement

**MUSSOC PRESENTS: A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.** At the NORM Mar 18-23, 8pm. \$12 Students \$15 Adults from SUB Box Office

**ECOLOGICAL THEORY, POLITICS, AND ACTION.** The Environmental Studies Association of Canada presents a weekend conference on key environmental issues in BC. Mar 15-17, Graduate Student Centre, UBC. \$25-50. For more info, see www.thegreenpages.ca/esac or email dalexana@sfu.ca.

**TROTSKYIST LEAGUE FORUM:** Mass Protests Shake Argentina. Fri Mar 15, 7pm, Britannia Community Centre, Rm 14, 1661 Napier St. (off Commercial Dr) \$2 donation suggested. Info: call 604-687-0353, e-mail dlt@look.ca or write to Box 2717, Main PO, Van. BC, V6B 3X2

**BILL WILSON FN LAWYER & LEADER** for 30 yrs is speaking on the proposed Aboriginal Treaty referendum and related issues. Thurs Mar 14, 12-1pm, SUB Conversation Pit. Samosa lunch provided for first 100 people.

**SPARTACUS YOUTH CLUB CLASS:** Break With the Pro-imperialist NDP - Forge a Leninist Vanguard Party! Wed Mar 13, 6pm, SUB Rm213. Info: call 604-687-0353 or email dlt@look.ca.

**FESTIVAL CULTURAL FESTIVAL** with food, performances, displays, & workshops. Mar 15, 5-11pm. Tix \$5 Adv only @ International House 822-5021

**ARE YOU A LIBERTARIAN? WANT THE STATE OUT OF YOUR LIFE?** Connect with other Libertarians. Call Westcoast Libertarian Foundation 604-681-9861

**PARTICIPANTS NEEDED FOR STUDY** aimed at investigating the scenic beauty of forested environments. Participants will evaluate computer generated images & digital photos. Study runs thru March & lasts for 1 hr. Financial compensation provided. Book a time slot at 604-822-6708 or ideal\_lab@hotmail.com

**VEGETARIAN CLUB:** Healthy Nutrition Healthy Lunch. Tues. 12:30-2:30 @ International House, 1783 West Mall. Different ethnic vegetarian cuisine weekly.

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**EXPERIENCED TUTOR, PROOF-READER.** Univ. English, ESL, Arts, 1st year Biology, High school/Elementary Sciences. Thesis editing. 221-9439; tcherina99@hotmail.com

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### Services

**UNIVERSITY DRYCLEANERS.** Alterations, Laundry, Dry-cleaning & Dressmaking available at 105-5728 University Blvd. (UBC Village) ph 228-9414. Discount coupons accepted. Some hand-crafts & gift items also available for sale.

### Accommodation

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• Finding Minimums/Maximums of a Function  
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THE UBYSSEY

STAFF MEETING...WEDNESDAY...NOON...SUB 24...  
CUP...ELECTIONS...STORM THE WALL...SPECIAL  
ISSUES...OTHER BUSINESS...POST MORTEM

In Theatres March 15

MILLA JOVOVICH MICHELLE RODRIGUEZ

RESIDENT  
EVIL



A SECRET EXPERIMENT.  
A DEADLY VIRUS.  
A FATAL MISTAKE.

Subject to Classification

Come to SUB Room 23  
(in the basement  
behind the arcade)  
to receive a  
COMPLIMENTARY PASS  
to a screening of:

RESIDENT  
EVIL

at 7:00pm on  
March 13th, 2002 at  
Tinseltown theatre.

UBYSSEY  
GIVEAWAY

## NOTICE TO ALL GRADUATING STUDENTS!!!

Do you have an Idea for a gift to the school?  
Then you need to have this information!

### AN IDEA!

If you want to submit a Gift Proposal to the Grad Class Council you can pick up the forms at the AMS Administration Office in the SUB. All proposals must be completed and handed in by Noon on Thursday March 14<sup>th</sup>, 2002.

### A CHOICE!

Do You Want to be involved in the Gift Choice? Then come out to the Grad Class AGM on March 15<sup>th</sup>, 2002 at 2-4 PM in the Party Room of the SUB and help make your choice in what the Legacy of 2002 will be. Food and Refreshments will be available when you come out and the Vote.

### THE TREE!

As always are graduating class will be having a tree planting ceremony, which will be held on March 18<sup>th</sup>, 2002 at noon outside the law school facing towards Cecil Green Come out and watch our tree take root.





## The City Sleeps No More

Jeremy Schilling

Now we tuck in our tails and eye the shadows and sharpen our teeth and stick knives in our eyes and spit and vomit and throw ourselves out of bars and hurl ourselves down streets, shoeless, with tears in our eyes. Now we know only shadows and life inside of reflections, watching our mirrors as they watch us. Now we can no longer see the sun. Now there is light and only light and nothing more than light. Now there is no orb.

It is 2 a.m. The wind is crisp, dark, and brittle like ice. Neon signs flash vacancies and the streets are emptying, bodies scurrying to shelter. I, alone, am stumbling, falling, standing and stumbling again, babbling, shouting, kicking syringes, eyeing the dead moon.

Here in the earth beside a tattered sidewalk beneath a building tall enough to lick the sky I find a rock. It is round, oval, smoothed by millennia of wind and rain and ocean waves. Fashioned of the earth for me alone. It fits comfortably snug in the palm of my hand like the contours of soft, tightly gripped flesh; a flesh inside flesh. It is my own.

In a moment the rock is airborne, a charcoal black against the arterial blue of the night sky. I watch it, transfixed as if by the trail of a falling star. I find another, a second oval, and launch it too into the night. A majesty of rising and falling orbits. I am jubilant, filled with a passion I have never known.

The first window breaks and there is a scream. I am indifferent to the cutting edge of this faceless voice; it draws no blood. I am possessed of a beauty beyond me: that arc, that reverberating image of invaded sky. But the scream is my alarm call, the high pitch of a reckoning; possessed with a shaking laughter of love and longing I throw and throw and throw.

With the alarm comes the smoke and in the smoke there is a blossom of fire. It comes up out of the earth, out of the windows, out of the sidewalks, and rises off of the street like steam after an August's midday rain. Ascending to the heavens in dancing orgies of flame. And like a choir bid to assembled song by the wave of a baton, a tumult from silence, suddenly there are a thousand voices above below and all around me raised in terror, fear, and agony, voices imbedded in the tumbling walls of smoke that soon obscure from me all sight but these dragontails of flicking fire. This is my second night, the night within night that I have created, and within it I am blind to the world. Or the world, seeking refuge from the flames, has fled onto the plain of my soul like a million scurrying rats or a hoard of demons. I hear it but I cannot see it; its voice is instead my own, inchoate spawn of my mind. My passion rages, blooming full and blood-red: down the voices, down the flames, down the smoke. All around me

The more they multiply the more they become one. A tremendous unintelligible screech. As a cloud in collision with another cloud becomes one cloud. The enormous voice. A multiplicity of echoes rebounding, endlessly, off one another in a canyon of proud, tall buildings rumbling in cacophony. A suffocation of sound.

I seize upon this one voice and am fueled, the shaking of sound becoming my own clenched and shaking fists. I fumble, bloody fingered, along the ground for more rocks.

It is 2 a.m.

It is cold and I am wet with sweat, my arm in continual motion. A frenzy of frozen images blink across my mind: a shattered window, a lick of flame, a plume of smoke. Now and then, memory and action, are all a stew of tar and molasses. I am no longer aware of before and after; time dissipates and is dissolved in the zenith of my fury. I am a waxing moon

immediately waning: smoke thick and hot like lava overcomes me, smothering my lungs. I run gagging, choking, spewing muffled obscenity. Anguish stuck in the throat seeps from my lips as a bubbling gibberish: anh heh vill mon heh ord aht. My eyes dart left and right for sight of safety from this pit but there is no marker, no streetsign, no path to lead me away. There is only the impermeable black cloud thick

against my face and stinging inside my eyes. Death breathes dark on all sides. I spin, disembodied; looking down I can no longer find my body, or the earth, or the rocks. My hands are weapon stripped, rock cut; I feel leaking blood as it drips from my fingertips.

I choke, stumble in cough, gravity gashed.

I am down, downed, immobile, a chasm breaking between my world and me. Blackness and silence and the vomiting scent of singed flesh. The gnashing of teeth. A whimper and a beating thought - no more, no more.

A silence, vast in an ocean, and then -

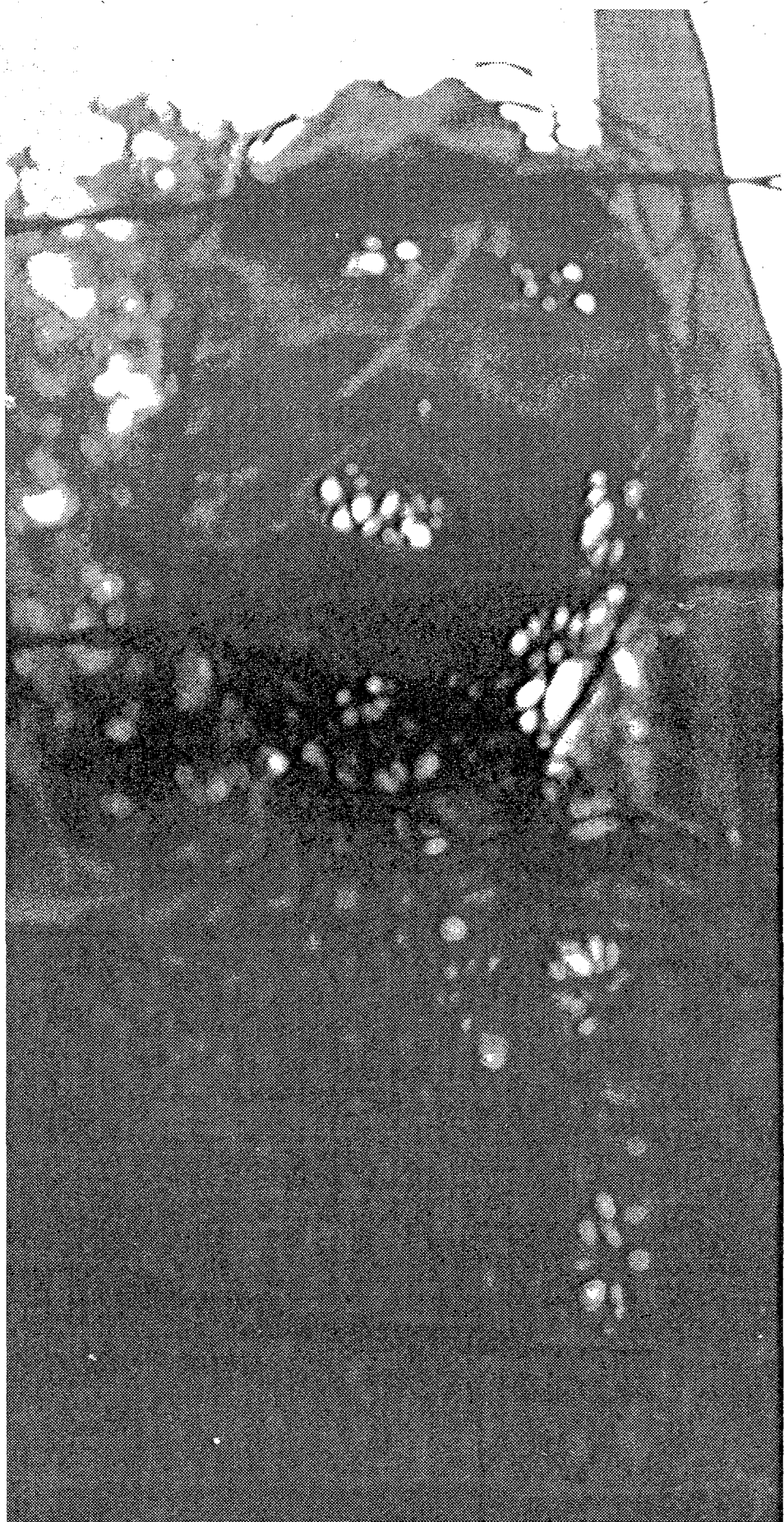
We are running again hand in hand through the streets. You follow with me, clutching a rock inside your fist. And another a cudgel wormed from the wood of an oak tree. And another a dagger molded and fired from cliff-face clay. And another a razor-edged shard of coloured glass.

We, devil leashed, hell furied, face the waking wave of our largest fear and in the city, on this asphalt street, in the vein of night, we announce our passion as a river of blood spilt down from between our flashing eyes, lips taut against the white blades of our sharpened teeth, tools heavy in our battle-scarred hands. We are a perpetual wind of flying limbs and falling stars.

"This city sleeps no more!"

I watch it,  
transfixed  
as if by  
the trail of  
a falling  
star.

It is cold  
and I am  
wet with  
sweat, my  
arm in  
continual  
motion.



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Photography (Serguey Bazov)



# First Dissolution

Gleb Bazov

Into the ocean's cold serene I come  
As naked as a star in cosmic birth.  
Your boundless love I enter faltering  
To breathe its flux of immortality,  
Its grace eternal and its force unseen.

I traverse waves as cold as pristine flames  
That hover over depths of stellar pearls.  
The pleasures nectarines, and edging pain,  
And drowning consciousness and violin sound -  
All lost in me when numbed serenity.  
In you dissolves that Life in you I found.

In death the birth is sung again to us  
When all your multitudes my dream inspire;  
No more of flesh, but of empyrean Love  
My essence is. In you we're Life itself,  
Its crushing waves above the tranquil wave.

The lucid crystal of your mirror's mind  
Unfolds my facets like the wind - a rose,  
Dissolves them into salt of ocean's breath  
And shatters into universal beam  
The young and feral, gentle, wise and old -  
The countless pearls of rippling brilliant laugh.

Be it in the Pacific's flaming waves,  
Or in the void of thought where spirit roams,  
Or in the myriad constellations' span,  
Your breath, My Love, embraces all,  
And makes each man a Child, each child - a Man  
In me, unfolding your eternal soul.



## Evening

Erik Hoff

Hackneyed by twilight's bridle,  
Dusking eucalyptus,  
The faint scent perdures,  
Crepuscular and lovely.

In this shade-casting of a tree,  
Whose roots map heaven and hell,  
Life becomes insipid,  
Colour is razed with an intention,  
The Sempstress with another Weft,  
For us to tangle,  
Mawkish,  
Creating some tearful myth.

(We have forgotten She is the Myth,  
twinning Universes that we call memory)

But before we stagnate into the breeze,  
The void carking each soul,  
We wish to haggardly lift the tarnished ganglia,  
Leaking out of its body,  
Exalt each smoldering passion,

We see now love has frantically  
Slept into dust.

Under this tree-web we begin to fear  
That the world will soon begin  
In ineffable pallor.

## What Harbours Remain

Daniel Cowper

Upon an inlet's crossing, among the uncontesting winds,  
What harbours remain unclosed to me,  
When I am refused by the precipitant sky,  
The green sewn islands, and the introspectant sea.

The Ocean,  
Although it seems close brother of the thunders,  
When you are among its shifting pressures,  
From a distance, it seems but an intricate monotony;  
Thin wave upon the next, ink lines engraved,  
Stained into the reflexant cracks of the sea.

Here where the winds whisper over the waves,  
It is hard to remember the islands,  
Now but half-living growth upon the granite day;  
How it is to be among their stones and forest,  
When the air comes mustering up from the dust,  
And the snapping chalk heavy sounds they make  
Within the sapwood of their hearts.

How hard it is to remember the trees motion, shake,  
The thundering power of the boughs to one among them,  
So like the surface of the open ocean;  
And yet, although the sea has deeper graves,  
When you are without the islands, they hollow,  
And seal themselves about with quiet waves.

## closing my eyes) when my Lady

William Haworth

closing my eyes) when my Lady  
comes she will come at all  
with nothing knowing; TRUMPets  
shall leak frostbeams  
when? my Lady

not with raspy screeching organs  
will she come to wake me  
with her purest kisses (which  
sing dawnly rich)  
wholly full Moons

feeling me fully unafraid  
of dooms (for who is Death  
to those Alive! and reborn,  
stars dream at noon?)  
being Remade

my Lady wields such a Poem

## Bus Poem

Ada Ramadanovic

a man that  
watches me out  
of the darkness  
with eyes as  
white as  
air in  
space  
wide open

the woman in front  
of me  
chews  
the white soft  
bread in hot hands  
the jaw line  
moving  
the mouth discovering  
air

the boats on the  
water are  
clustering  
the white  
into clusters of  
eyes  
the morning  
undoing itself as the sight lines fuse



## A young lady in a coffee shop

Daniel Cowper

What supplication in her upstretched palm,  
Her opal wrist, and flame-burnished hair;  
The fruit of her joy swells on stalks of calm.

She says:  
"Quiet the noise, the vibrant soldiery,  
And hush the orders of the trembling air".

The deep-plumed coach the spreads beneath her,  
In eglantine embroidery,  
Holds her gently with one arm,  
As she with graceful art reclines;  
Her aloe arms in monumental setting,  
And legs in contrapuntal fretting  
Match the curve of her stomach's incline.

Soon, her eyes do flicker from their reading,  
Past where I am seated,  
To touch the clock and space upon the wall-  
There, there should be unfurled, tapestries,  
And gorgeous linens hung along the hall:  
All this in obeisance to her wish, her word.

All that is here is angled into her;  
As drops of water upon a vase's sides  
Slide down the glass face's decline  
And slip into the rippling pool at the base.

Her hands of flora, and forearms globed with green,  
Shelter the air that breathes upon her lap;  
Her hands a haven proffering  
To all the shapes that in her eyes are seen.

When she speaks, they are invited;  
And when she speaks, all things hasten towards her  
In ranks, in lines and in formations,  
Seeking I know not what- fulfillment?  
A release from expectation; redress, or consolation,  
To coalesce into an ordered constellation;  
Lines curl and wave in the plaster of the ceiling.  
(The end of lamentation, the long sought healing)

## Genealogy of Thought ... (Part two)

Thomas Liusin

18) Plato's Soul: a blank cheque on the immortality of my mortality.  
Perhaps the next step is to strive for it and not merely expropriate a  
potential as preordained mastery but as a "forensic" entity forensically  
created.

19) God is the internalized host empire, the Emperor and Arbiter of all  
its future ramifications - perhaps the most Kafkaesque bureaucrat ever  
invented.

20) An illusion is also an error whose operation strives to be continuous -  
a power paradigm propagated by those who find it beneficial to their pur-  
pose and usually one of ecumenical proportions, maintaining, as it will,  
the mandarins of the ruling infrastructure. Illusion for this purpose is  
much more powerful than force, for it also incorporates the power of the  
strong. Though there are not many of these power vortices, they have  
subsumed much throughout history.

21) Is it possible that only the most advanced surviving consciousness  
must forge the collateral events of an incipient Universe, a consciousness  
that has never ceased but only accelerated its momentum, achieving  
immunity to finality in its wake - a critical mass of isolated conscious  
power forever contemporary. In short, one that wins the Creation Lottery?

22) To think Personally, internally, intensely, is to think beyond systems  
through all the layers of Meaning into Nothing.

23) If truth has a purpose it would be as a seedling which grows a  
Destiny - of any quality - even if its swelling gardens contain Flowers of  
evil and the secret scent of death.

24) Love's denotation: the indigenous bonding of power.

25) Time is the capacity to create God, and if you fail you LOOSE.

26) God is not subject to the realms of magnitude - only power is, and  
God is powerless.

27) Light can be terrifying if it merely shines on your eyes without  
reflecting any content.

28) The more universal and the less tribal something is, the less it will try  
to convince you of its universality.

29) No matter how powerful we - as compared to everything else -  
become, between us and an all powerful being there can reside only ONE  
quality - the mystery of compassion: the unblemished amelioration of a  
power which invokes itself to become mortal - child of transcendence.  
But if this aorta of power remains fundamentalist and childless unre-  
ndered to its other creations who "render" to IT, then the mystery is  
annulled - seemingly how it seems to be.

30) The "Soul" is that which seeks to augment an ever-greater conscious-  
ness in itself. It is a fugal thinking and feeling, a Pantheistic membrane  
that can "stretch" to and incorporate every new insight.

31) It is life that cuts the furrows in the level field and renders the multi-  
tudinous paradigms of probability; not the legato effect of coasting on ice  
but a cobblestoned journey; an expedition of flux and resonance whose  
length, light and shadow are conditioned by the horizon you see or seek.

32) To say that God created man in His image is to precondition God in  
Man's image. If you predicate any imperfection in the holder of this  
assumption, the idea then "falls" to its most necrotizing fundamentalist  
urge - a Will to Power by "subsuming" the inner infallibility of a God  
mandate and its Divine Right aura. Perhaps this also conveys our modern  
sense of Original Sin that having fallen, we are falling still; that God until  
desiccated, continues the stench of "divine decomposition" and man  
within in his own terrible mercy to others where "divinity" is not equally  
applied. Not the Gods, but perhaps God must die for men to become  
more human and breed forth a soul. But God is the one entity not easily  
buried and where only power remains, what was defect becomes a des-  
tiny.

## Superfluous Vocabulary: Vacuuming the Human

by a Philologist Hamster

(translated into the English by Erik Hoff)

All humanity is miserable. Each day I thank the Lord for not being a  
human. Such droll, idiotic creatures. It makes me want to puke.

My first point is to introduce my purpose in this essay. Why humans?  
you may ask. Why not mosquitoes or tree mildew, for example? More  
specifically, what is about humans that is so utterly detestable, that it  
prompts the need for an essay by a hamster? Such philosophical ponder-  
ings agree with my little palette, and I will be pleased to address them.  
Firstly, I would like to clarify that I am not a gerbil, nor have anything to  
do with them. I may appear like a gerbil, and even at times act somewhat  
like one - but, nonetheless, I am not a gerbil. Gerbils are fickle, stupid  
animals. They are grimy and ugly.

... they  
spend far  
too  
little time  
having  
sex.

Which brings me back to humans.  
Now, let us first define this term  
"human". By defining the term, we  
will then make it clear that, whenever  
we use this term, we are using it under  
certain specifications. Each term  
properly used should be first defined,  
and then applied, taking meticulous  
care that the meaning is never skewed.  
If said term is changed or altered in  
any way, our entire argument becomes  
useless. Therefore, it is essential that  
we clarify the words we use, before  
proceeding to draw endless conclu-  
sions on their nature. So, when I say  
"human", let us now agree what I  
mean by that potentially flaky and  
ungrounded term.

There are many uses for the term "human", many of which I doubt its  
users even understand. It is a word which has travelled through time hap-  
pily thanks to the ignorance of its speakers. It has been thrown around  
like confetti at a dinner party - now let us hope we can recover its scat-  
tered remains from the carpet. We could use a vacuum, but no! This will  
just suck it up into a vacuum bag! We want to pick the confetti up piece  
by piece, cherishing each brilliant individual colour it boasts. Some

pieces are blue. Others are green. Some are neither blue nor green but  
yellow! And this miracle trinity of luminous paper bits is just the begin-  
ning of an infinite pantheon of mini-paper gods.

Now, after years of ceaseless work, we have succeeded in separating  
the colours into separate piles. We soon realize that it is not enough to  
have separate piles. After all, the piles are meaningless in themselves;  
they are subject to their own smaller units. We must begin to extract the  
different colours from themselves: make the yellow, "more yellow" as it  
were. But how do we go about this? We know it is necessary for the next  
step of our problem, but what action is to be taken? We could separate the  
piles into separate piles, or even single out each individual piece, but  
either way we will end up with the same confetti.

This then, is the best we can do: humans are confetti, let's vacuum  
them up. After this refreshing conclusion, we can re-approach the initial  
question that began this problem: the "human". Except now, as we pro-  
nounce the word, we are overtaken by a kind of uncontrollable, maniacal  
laughter. A sort of delirium caused only by drugs or religion. We look at  
the word, laying on the page, odd bones sticking out everywhere, and an  
expression of pathetic disbelief. We roll around for hours unable to halt  
our chortling seizure. The next morning dazed after having passed out in  
comic ecstasy, we forget what has happened the previous night. We forget  
all about the word and pass months, years living happily and eating good  
food.

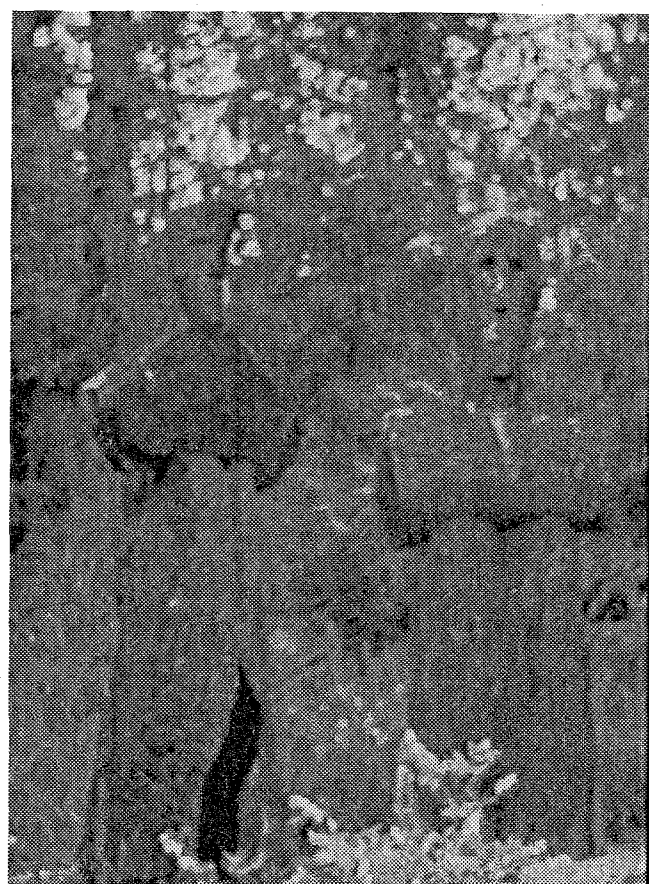
Finally, one day, while burning up old, festering garbage, we inadver-  
tantly look once again at the word. Years have passed, and our memory  
has faded with the seasons. We can no longer remember our laughter, but  
now we can only hear it at a distance. The word is horrific. It creeps in  
our minds with morbid absurdity. We are terrified. Quickly we burn the  
paper, so no one will ever have to see such a sight again. As the paper  
burns, we are absolved from our anxiety, returning once again to heavenly  
bliss.

Of course, there is never enough fire for all the paper. We keep burning  
and burning, but still there is more to burn. The "human" cannot be suc-  
cessfully burnt. We cannot get rid of him. We cannot dispose of the pesti-  
lence.

Perhaps now some of the problems arising with the term "human" are  
clear in the reader's mind. We can now proceed having clarified (as best  
as can be done by science) our principle vocabulary. There will be three  
principle themes in this essay, each of which will be approached progres-  
sively. First I will consider why humans should be exterminated. Second,  
I will delineate how, and finally I will talk about their mating habits.

Why should humans be exterminated? Perhaps a better question is:  
Why shouldn't they be exterminated? Better yet: Is it possible, by any  
means of logic or philosophical derivation thereof, to come up with a  
morally sound basis on which to argue that humans should not be immedi-  
ately and efficiently gleaned from this, our universe? Certainly not.

The "how" is much easier, but it is much too fun to describe in a seri-  
ous essay such as this one.



## Alien Race

Thomas Liusin

Unshadowed streams the receding wonder  
Of the night's eternal flowing yonder;  
Thoughts that render through its clefts unroll  
The enfolding lava of the soul;  
In the unslummed shall he ponder

Unvalenced to the shores that here abide  
But lanced to the poles which the soul divide  
And blast the stains of encrypted fear  
Unearthed to all and what is near  
In which conscience shall never seek to hide.

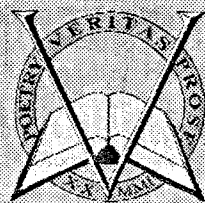
Ecstasies' wonders are its creeded goal  
And revelation craves the vesseled soul  
When conscience shall bleed its ribbed ideals  
Warped in the rapture by which men feel  
The human height in the infinite whole.

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# Valediction

Gleb Bazov

Spread out, smooth, blow, the roughly snowing sail!  
Crackling, bursts, blooms, the sheet-white corona, dawns  
Over waves, foam, too white in the divine  
Peal of sea, brilliant. A trifling stalk, fleured,  
Mid hail, torrent of the spraying mirth –  
Wings of Love, vast, infinitesimal, infinite.

Incomprehensible this sail will cross.  
In ether's void the Wind that bore our ship  
Will drown in silent still of gazing stars,  
With crowding ice they'll moor our cracking keel.

Their naked scrutiny through barks, and masts,  
And beachhead, ropes, floors, rails, oars, will rumble,  
Unstoppable, unprompted, they'll reclaim  
With inhumane indifference their realm.

But sail will live, at last it'll flutter free!  
Unburdened by the weight of flesh and soul,  
Asteric it will shine, unstoppable,  
In fugue of heaven's frozen luminousness.

Like horns, like trumpets, stars our Love ignite!  
They send her forth, they surge into her spread  
With lightning rays of stellar breath. They bloom  
Her sail with jolting blows of luminescent sight,  
And blossom with their selves her sphere.

Pearl, in dark born, unfolds in darkling chaos,  
Stars, a maelstrom of universal light,  
Swirl through curved petals of unfurling Love.  
Windless swells cosmos, our wings in airless void  
Soar! Your, Love, essence through my facets bursts,  
Igniting all the planes with raging Life!

In silence, stars are mute with songs of birth,  
In silence on we sail, to our infinity.



# The Woven aviaries

Daniel Cowper

Poets, weave you arbours, aviaries,  
To catch the songbirds, and keep their singing;  
Smooth wax into bedding, bunting, buying  
Loops of silk and of silver threading;  
While the song birds in their airy harbours,  
In the heights, rapturous, their hearts ringing,  
Fly, and wait your flowing fingers, setting  
Through the breathing ethrous, singing;  
Till caught in these poet woven nettings,  
Where cords tied by trembling fingers tie them,  
Their feathered forms, silk-wrapped, impassioned,  
Toll, bell-ringing, heaving out their souls  
In singing.

# Claire

William Haworth

eyes. Claire's pair are (mutably corkish and  
somewhere) lighting teardrops. Twenty, she's not  
certain (how's fragile) or if drawings out  
ivory candles her arms, heaving  
when sky she's evening. Or if sighing star  
light and rising fall her hair strands (Sailor,  
Claire's the girl) if you see, like the churning  
with sea dancing her guarded breathing. And  
how her opening and closing pageless  
boundaries like faerie words silences.  
How the dawn like a deadly myth, cycles  
around and around. With a finger Claire  
winds the rainbow over mahogany  
sunlight. With a finger Claire writes me

her

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# to HJB

Frank Wallace

He clicks his  
pen (and in)  
His thought boun-  
-ces (and out)  
on his thumb  
(The world (and in)  
waits (and out)).

# [Untitled]

Flora Ge

Because the world was never made for me,  
I fled the whispered fears of gathered throngs,  
I fled the roar and tumult of the sea,  
And the wild north wind's crazed and clamorous songs.  
I fled, because the sun with vicious glare  
Of clarity has wrought a jagged plain  
Across my thoughts and left them hollow, bare,  
And so I fled to shadows, mist and rain.  
In silence then, and haunted solitude —  
To dream, to dream, perchance, and never sleep;  
Was this the haven, this the bower deep  
That echoes with the canting multitude?  
Be still, my thoughts, and cease to restless flee  
What always was and must still always be.



# Y

William Haworth

How am I to begin to tell the story I have set out to write without noting that I am not, in fact, associated with any of the events which I am set on relating? I will demand them from various minds, as I myself was demanded at my birth. I will sing the symphonies of the Great Composers to audiences of one-or less than one, should I not in fact sing them, or should in someone's estimation I be not both a performer and appreciator.

I produce, and I consume; yet, I do not produce anything terribly original, any more than a cow does something spectacular when it gives milk, or a bull does something spectacular when it gives cows. So I then must be my own audience.

But the cow, doesn't she become indignant that the production of milk is called a terribly worn item of oppression? Isn't she something, if the milk is something? Then I mustn't be my own audience.

And I haven't stolen anything.

No excuse needs to be made for my words. Pardon me.

...

"Rabbi Yehoshua, why must we keep milk separate from meat?"

"Because we must."

"But the cows don't-"

"We are not cows."

...

On my way out to the street, down the fifty-four old brownstone stairs, after the Pastor's call, I noticed that the flowers blooming in the florist's were, in fact, not blooming at all.

...

Johannes was a baker, his shop being a block from my apartment, directly across the alley from the florist's. Filled with his songs of home, he dreamt of cows: he was a multicoloured cowboy after all, one of those sons of the West who were neither truly West nor truly sons.

I used to visit Johannes every Tuesday morning. I remember walking down the frost-mottled sidewalks-even in late summer it was cold enough in the mornings-past the earliest of the most impatient impostors.

Rather, they passed by me.

Johannes would be there, standing behind the morning ring of the bell perched just over the lintel of the front shop door, and he would be dreaming of his cows, of his songs, and, without end, of his dear wife of whom only he knew the whereabouts.

In any event, the impatient nations would drive past Johannes' shop as well, the infamous Bakerij Noordam, of which we are all warned of as children to avoid at all costs, it being said by our dear teachers-secular of course-that it is the very widest of wides.

...

"Oh, the memories!"

"Oh, the memories?" Now seriously, what are you saying, darling?"

"The doves, dear, they're really just a variety of pigeon, you know-come here-"

"I do, you feel that, don't-"

"Yeah, I do."

"I mean, that pigeons are flying rats?"

"No, that they're lovers, darling. They're lovers."

"Softly, dear. You're always so softly, so such."

...

The Bakerij Noordam. He called it that: he was Dutch by birth, but had come to life in this city of mine when he was ready to strike out on his own-something he had previously only been able to do with the aid of the parents he did not have. I can vaguely remember the day he came to town-to be sure, I was years from coming here myself-but I can say that I remember in the sense we all remember, in the sense that a bull remembers the sights of his bovine predecessors when he sets out to give cows.

And so, I can indeed remember when Johannes, this city's first eternal baker, made his first appearance.

The day was in spring, or it may have been fall, I am not too sure of April or October on account of their being so similar in a place where there is frost on early September mornings. Johannes arrived on a beautiful grey donkey, followed by a horse-drawn cart carrying all of his nefarious tools. Our dear teachers-secular, of course-professed to know all about his past, and about all of the destruction which would be wreaked in the city by having a bakery planted in our midst. They danced and chanted the organizing songs-

"Whaddawewant?"

-hoping to be heard over the crowds of citizens cheering the arrival of this baker and his multitudinous pans of all conceivable shapes and sizes. But the crowd would not have of any of that childish nonsense.

And so Johannes set up shop accross from the back of the florist's, and he is still here in the city, and the poor are happy for the bread and the wealthy are happy for the pastries.

I don't visit anymore, though.

...

There was Johannes, standing behind his bell as I opened the door to the bakery, with his smile of dreams beaming like the sun out of a cloud of smoke and ash.

...

Rabbi Yehoshua moved along slowly in his endless shoes towards the great oak doors of the schul emblazoned with the images of a certain history. As far as I can remember they have been so, and never have ever belonged to any other history, but belonged to this one eternally. As to the dates and names of the images, I cannot tell.

"And her?"

"Nu?"

"Just a thought...." I spent a moment reframing my question. "Moshe, did he truly recieve the entire Torah from the mouth of Hashem at Sinai?"

"Yes."

"Is that why he is considered the first of all the prophets?"

...

My grandmother always carried, and for all I know, she may yet carry, the scent of her unique reality with her wherever she went, or merely thought of visiting. The reality of an eternal now existing somewhere then: that was her perfume. In a place far from the painted fringes of my city, far past the snap-together tracks of the subway trains and the red-and-orange trams.

...

"And you're so how, and so hard...when will you stop and come to me?"

"Never. I can't-I mean, I musn't."

"But you're always coaxing me-"

"I know, but-"

"-closer, and inviting me to dance on your bed, to singe it, to play in your dreams, to sing your songs. And then you-"

"Won't! I know-more than that, I feel-"

"Then why-"

"It's not a matter-"

"Of love?"





IS SHE SAYING THOMAS OR PROMISE? Why it's both! Shannon Oksanen steps up to the mic while Bill Napier-Hemy and Jade Blade rock out in the background. KIM KOCH PHOTO

## VOLUMIZE THIS!

ANNA MAKEOUT'S BIRTHDAY PARTY and  
VOLUMIZER CD RELEASE PARTY

Volumizer with Clover Honey, Operation Makeout, the  
Accident and the Ewoks  
at the Pic Pub  
Mar. 9

by Duncan M. McHugh

Saturday night was a terrible night. The rain, which had been coming down for a few days, was falling hard enough to make you want to stay inside until May. So, as I waddled to the Pic—soaking wet and bloated from eating too much at a potluck dinner I'd attended—I did not have much hope for an enjoyable evening.

By the time I arrived, the Ewoks had already played. This was a letdown since I'm sure their performance would have been more enjoyable than my third helping of couscous at the aforementioned potluck. Still, there were four more bands to go, so my disappointment didn't last long.

Up next was the Accident. The four-piece started off blandly, but got better as the set went on. The band plays guitar, bass and drums, with a synth added to make weird noises. Their songs weren't great and the synth seemed unnecessary, but the Accident's energy, particularly that of Jesse the bassist, made the set enjoyable.

By the time Operation Makeout got on stage, the Pic was full and a line-up had formed outside. This was good 'cause the crowd was pumped up and supporting local music, but bad 'cause the Pic has such a heinous layout. It was hard to see and impossible to move. Plus, the pub has inherited a fascist bouncer from the Starfish Room. What a drag.

Operation Makeout seemed excited, the show being the drummer's birthday party. Coming off of last month's west-coast tour, the band also sounded really tight. Unfortunately there were some technical problems halfway through the performance, which really sank the group's onstage energy. Nonetheless, the Makeout kids put on a decent show and their new songs were strong.

Ever the diligent reviewer, I missed the first part of Clover Honey's set when I was coerced into getting pizza. By the time I got back, though, they sounded H-O-T. The trio—Shindig! winners from a few years ago—played fun, tight punk and did a fantastic cover of the Cure's "Just Like Heaven."

Last up was Vancouver's latest 'supergroup,' Volumizer, celebrating the release of *Gaga for Gigi*, the band's debut album on Mint Records. Having not heard the album, I looked forward to hearing what all the hype was about.

Volumizer showed its vitality immediately, kicking off with "I Promise You, Thomas," the first song on *Gaga for Gigi*. Shannon Oksanen's nonchalant vocals commingled perfectly with Jade Blade's (ex-Dishrags) and Bill Napier-Hemy's (ex-Pointed Sticks) driving guitar work, capped off by John Cody's (Ralph, Ray Condo and the Ricochets) acrobatic drumming. All this and *Gaga for Gigi* producer John Collins (New Pornographers, the Evaporators) filling in for Rodney Graham (ex-UJ3RK5), who wasn't performing.

Even though the songs must have been unfamiliar to most in the audience, the set was great and enraptured the audience. Despite the rain and the venue, Volumizer celebrated their debut release fittingly. And Anna Makeout had a good birthday. Booyal ♦

## Sex, scandal & deception at the Chan

DIDO AND AENEAS/GIANNI  
SCHICCHI  
at the Chan Centre  
Mar. 7

by Gregory Chan

Balance is the virtue of a wise man, somebody once said. Watching the inspiring production of Henry Purcell's tragic opera *Dido and Aeneas* and Giacomo Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, the maxim seemed appropriate.

*Dido and Aeneas* is the tragic love story of Dido, the Queen of Carthage, and Aeneas, a Trojan prince destined to establish a new Troy. An evil sorceress, aided by her trusty witch maids, conspires to destroy Dido by sending a servant disguised as the god Mercury to convince Aeneas to leave Carthage to fulfill his destiny. Ultimately, Aeneas' decision leads to Dido's suicide.

The second performance of the night brought us inside the walls of Buoso Donati's house in Renaissance Florence. In *Gianni Schicchi*, the wealthy Buoso Donati has died and his relatives are mourning because their names are not in his will. They seek the help of a disreputable but successful merchant, Gianni Schicchi, who has risen from the peasantry to solve their problem. Schicchi's peasant street-smarts and his confrontation with Donati's snobby relatives create a saucy operatic surprise.

Thematically disparate, these operas were crafted by director Nancy Hermiston into an aesthetic and musical balance. UBC theatre student Kevin McAllister transformed the set for *Dido and Aeneas*; it smacked of tragedy and mythical nuance. The drama-turgy revolved around a pair of half-exposed stallion torsos, as if the horses were rising from hell, or pulling a marbled angel.

The UBC Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of New York-born conductor Neil Varon, easily

worked its way around a demanding score filled with love gone wrong, anguish and sinister dark magic. Sandra Stringer starred as the emotionally distraught Dido, while Krzysztof Biernacki's convincingly lovelorn Aeneas gave a voyeuristic experience of love, hate and denial. Jinny Park, as Dido's confidante Belinda, shattered any stigma against small people singing opera, with sincere and churning singing. Unexpectedly, the highlight came from the University Singers, who splashed the audience with rich solemn harmonies. Although *Dido and Aeneas* was sung in English, it was at times difficult to follow, but Purcell's compositions compensate for the public's disorientation.

No complaints however for UBC Opera's hilariously witty rendition of Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, with the English translation thoughtfully projected in the background. The UBC Symphony whipped up a delicious furor of music lifting us back to the Renaissance and matching the organised energy of the exciting drama on-stage. Justin Welsh's portrayal of the wily Gianni Schicchi possessed the necessary charm, but it was Philippe Castagner as Rinuccio who stole the show. In his solo, unforgettable raw streams of compassion and power were refined into voice. The show flowed tirelessly from one comedic phrase to the next, until the climax spilled over into the end.

Although not an avid opera fan, I can see why people get all snazzily dressed up for the opera: to enhance the experience of drama, song and stagecraft. Dido's death and Schicchi's bantering were staged on three subsequent nights with alternating casts, probably to prevent psychological burnout among the actors. With student discounts, opera might just become habit-forming. Just be careful; it might change your wardrobe. ♦

## Douglas Gordon: MONSTERS in the mirror

DOUGLAS GORDON  
until June 16  
at the Vancouver Art Gallery

by Svea Vikander

While reviewing a previous show at the Vancouver Art Gallery (VAG), *Vancouver Collects*, a disturbing photograph caught my eye. Entitled "Monster I," it was the image of a sane but depressed-looking man opposite a picture of himself, distorted to monstrosity. The monster had been created by scotch-taping various parts of the man's face—the eyes and nose pulled upwards, while other parts were flattened. The result was freakish and arresting. The artist is the Scottish-born Douglas Gordon and a new retrospective of his work, including "Monster I," is being featured at the VAG.

The themes of "Monster I" are pervasive throughout Gordon's work; although he has stated that he "doesn't believe in [dichotomies]," they are some of the most striking parts of his work. In this case, the dichotomy is between the monstrous and the banal, but it ranges from

the archetypal good-versus-evil to the much more subtle hairy-versus-bald.

The second theme that "Monster I" demonstrates is the use of tape, both as a medium and as a subject. Gordon's work is mostly photography, but he is well known for his video installations, in which he distorts classic Hollywood films; the most memorable installation on display was "Between Darkness and Light (After William Blake)." It transposes classic horror (*The Exorcist*) with charming religious sisterhood (*The Song of Bernadette*). The two films are worlds apart, but the piece maintains congruency, priests appear in both films. Perhaps it is as William Blake said, "Opposition is true friendship."

The third major theme of Gordon's work is doubling or reflection. In "Monster I," the normal man on the left wears a shirt that buttons the way that most men's clothing does—left over right. The monster, however, wears clothing that is the mirror image—right over left. This is not an installation work, where the viewer consciously participates in the work. On some level, however, Gordon's work pulls the viewer in. "Monster I" is the struggle between the

more restrained, socially acceptable consciousness, and the impulsive and expressive subconscious. When rage is internalised and shoved down into the subconscious, it manifests itself as depression in the conscious self. Here, the struggle is shown as a miscommunication between the two—a distorted reflection.

I enjoyed the intensity of Gordon's work—although one man (who claimed to be a layman but was wearing a beret) said he found "nothing in it." Perhaps this is because many pieces require not only interpretation, but also a contribution of one's self. This is not art school rhetoric. Ambiguous messages can be more involving than obvious archetypal contrasts, or easily understandable social issues. Another work, "Tattoo I," has the words "Trust Me" printed on an outstretched arm. The value in this picture is in both its aesthetic beauty and the questions that it inspires. What do these words mean to me? When have my arms been outstretched? What is the value of trust if one must demand it? Gordon's ability to propose these questions is outstanding, and the audience is challenged to answer them. ♦



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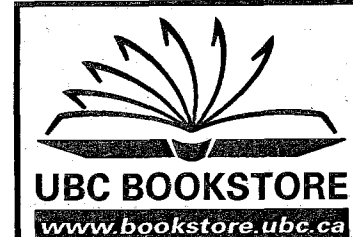


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## Volleyball bronzed

Women's team takes third after narrow semi-final loss

by Scott Bardsley

Going into the CIS National Championship in Laval, Quebec, the UBC women's volleyball team knew it was going to be close. The three Canada West teams in the tournament—UBC, Manitoba and Calgary—were also the top three seeded teams. But even the Thunderbirds didn't guess how close they could have come to gold, losing a narrow semi-final match to the Manitoba Bisons.

"We went in there; we had a dream of [a CIS Championship]; we missed it in the semis, but we didn't give up. We worked together. We believed in each other and tried our best," middle Julie Schiller said.

The tournament started well for the Birds. They beat Ryerson 3-0 Thursday, each time by a margin of at least seven points. "It was pretty much our game all the time," Schiller said.

It wasn't like that against the Bisons, however. UBC easily won the first set of the semi-final 25-16, but the Bisons narrowly took the second 28-24. Reimer felt that was a turning point because a win would have given UBC an almost unbeatable 2-0 advantage. "We had a couple of chances there to put it away, and if we could have done that, that could have been the difference."

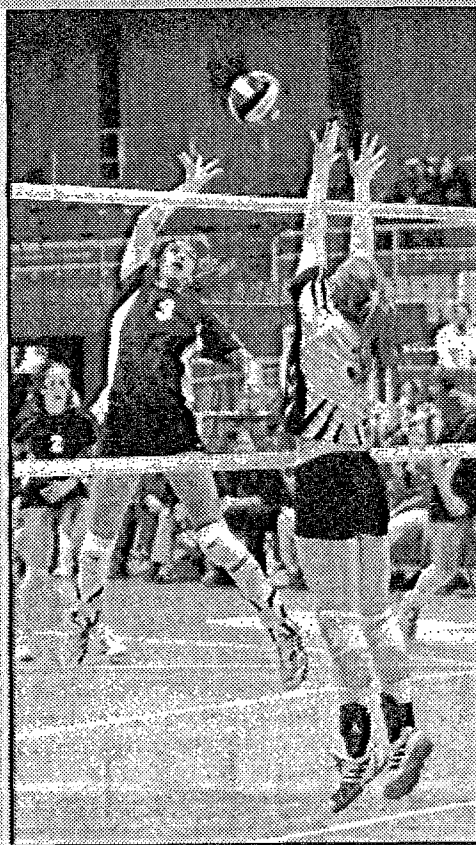
UBC snagged the next set 25-20 and Manitoba won the fourth 25-15, setting the stage for a winner-take-all fifth set. And things didn't start well: the Bisons built a 7-2 lead. At 14-11 for Manitoba, the Birds seemed finished. But UBC almost pulled a rabbit out of its hat. An Izzy Czerveniak kill and a Leah Allinger ace put UBC within one point, but then Allinger tried for a second ace and hit it out of bounds, giving the win to the Bisons.

"It was very sad. Leah's serves brought us back in, but we also lost on her mis-serve after a timeout. It was really upsetting because we were close," Schiller said.

"I'm very proud of them. Very proud, but disappointed because I know how close we were to making that bronze gold," UBC coach Doug Reimer said.

UBC moved on to the bronze-medal game against the Vert et Or. It would have been a close contest, but after a close 15-14 start for UBC, Sherbrooke's star setter Annie Martin injured her ankle, sidelining her for the rest of the match. "With her not in, they didn't know what to do with themselves," Schiller said. The Vert et Or fell apart, losing the first set 25-16. UBC had a close 25-21 battle in the second and dominated the third 25-16. The Birds won the match 3-0 and took home bronze, while T-Bird Kaley Boyd was named a tournament all-star.

The UBC bronze, along with Manitoba's gold



**WAY UP THERE:** Middle Izzy Czerveniak (left) led the Thunderbirds in total kills, serve aces and digs this season. PIERRE MAGNE/JOURNAL IMPACT CAMPUS PHOTO

and Calgary's silver, gives the Canada West conference four of the eight berths to the 2003 Nationals. Berths are awarded to the previous year's medallists and each conference's champion.

The game was the last for fifth-year left side Leah Allinger. Allinger was crucial to the Birds' success this year. She led the team before Boyd's return to UBC from the Canadian national team in January and amassed 256 kills and 24 aces over the year, the second highest on the team.

"It's pretty bittersweet for her," her sister Alicia Allinger said. "It's her fifth year, so she's graduating and it was a great tournament and our team was so amazing. Obviously it's hard to move on from volleyball, but at the same time it's exciting and she gets to leave with a bronze medal, which is awesome."

After last year's disappointing, fifth-place finish, leaving Québec with bronze was an important turnaround for the Birds. "The end result, some people might think is disappointing," setter Amy Schroeder said. "[But] I don't think anyone has any regrets."

In addition to keeping a near perfect pitching record at UBC, Francis has also been a member of the Anchorage Glacier Pilots, who played in the National Baseball

## UBC's power pitcher

Southpaw Jeff Francis is leading the UBC baseball team up the NAIA

by Kate Ingram

At first glance, Jeff 'Boomer' Francis seems modest and timid—not what you'd expect from a powerhouse pitcher. But the top-notch pitching of UBC baseball's rising star is leading the Thunderbirds to victory and, possibly, to the NAIA conference final for the first time since UBC joined the American League in 1998.

Since Francis arrived at UBC in 1999, the T-Birds have been realizing their full potential. In 2001, Francis had his best season ever, leading the team to an overall 36-23 record with a 22-11 conference record—UBC's best finish since joining the NAIA. And in 2001, Francis posted an impressive 0.92 ERA (earned run average), which firmly established himself as a force to be reckoned with in NAIA baseball.

In fact, baseball has been a big part of the Vancouverite's life since he was a child. "I started Little League when I was six, just like every other little boy, and started really enjoying it, which gave me the confidence to excel at it," Francis says.

His parents, Mike and Joanne Francis, have both always been athletic. "We were a baseball family from the beginning," Mike says. "Jeff would watch his older brother and try to be just like him."

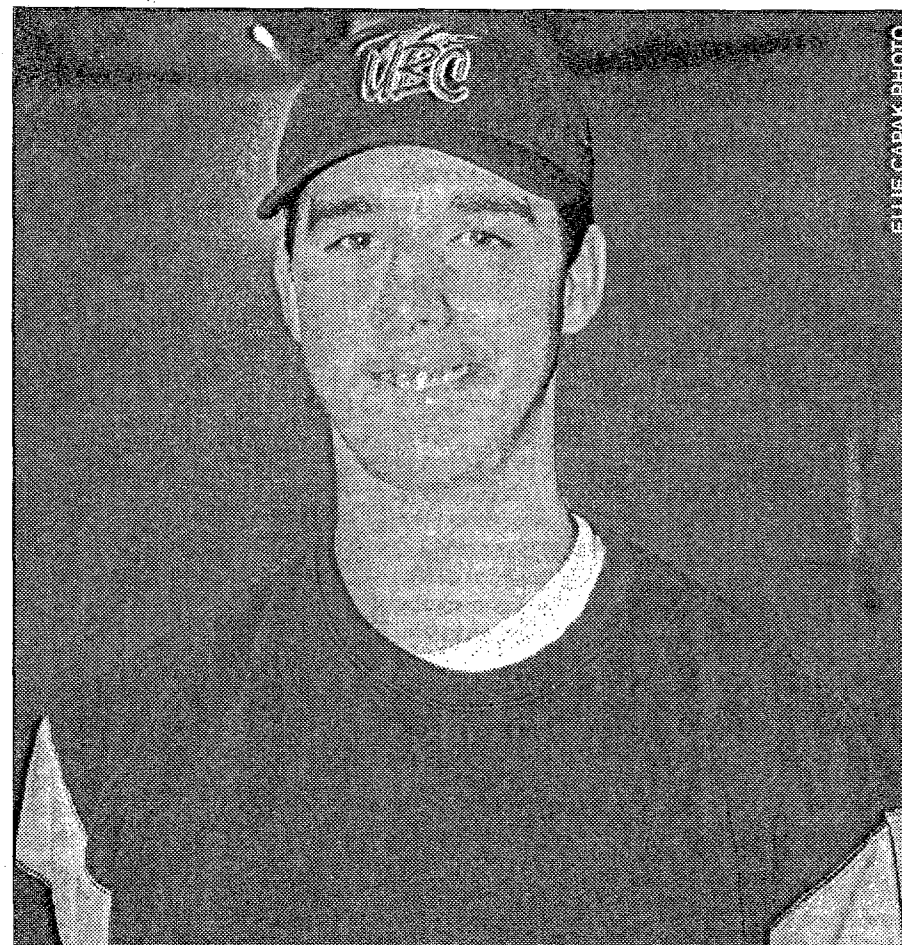
"[Jeff was] always very talented and knew about the game at a very young age," Mike says.

Francis moved beyond Little League, excelling with his high school team at North Delta Senior Secondary. In Grade 11, he quit playing other sports so he could focus on baseball. After discovering that his pitching potential was well beyond that of an average ball player, Francis began looking at post-secondary opportunities south of the border, but the scholarship opportunities in the US were too small. Francis headed to UBC to begin a degree in Science majoring in physics.

"Coming to UBC turned out to be a great decision because I had known [UBC baseball coach] Terry McKaig for quite a while before I came here," Francis says. "Now looking back over the past three years, I think that coming here was the best thing I could have done because I got to pitch every weekend, which is something very few players can say."

"Jeff hasn't changed much mechanically since he arrived at UBC because there was little to change," McKaig says. "The biggest change has been his velocity increase, which has resulted in a newfound confidence and the knowledge that he can dominate from the mound." Francis has been clocked at 90 mph.

In addition to keeping a near perfect pitching record at UBC, Francis has also been a member of the Anchorage Glacier Pilots, who played in the National Baseball



ELLIE CAPAK PHOTO

Congress World Series last summer. He pitched like a pro, earning himself World Series MVP honours and winning the Top Pro Prospect Award. "Standing on the mound, throwing my last pitch and after, everybody jumping on top of me—that was definitely the highlight of my career," he says.

So where does Francis hope to go from here? Francis says he would love to play professionally. And why not? The majors are turning their heads in his direction. Scouts have sought out Francis and rumours are circulating that he might be a first-round draft pick in the spring.

"There is no doubt that he will be drafted to the majors and there is no question that he wants to move on and play professionally. He has reached the top of his game here and he needs new challenges," McKaig says.

All his success has attracted quite a bit of attention. But the attention from scouts and papers like the *Sun* and the *National Post* can take its toll on a young athlete like Francis.

"It's hard and it all comes down to support that I get from my friends and family. I try to keep it from distracting me while I am on the mound as much as I can," he says.

"Even with all this success, he has done an unbelievable job of staying focused and of maintaining what his priorities are," his

coach says. His parents agree. "He is getting used to the media attention and is becoming more outspoken as a result, and yet he's still the same Ol' Boomer to us," Mike Francis says.

Off the field, Francis is focused on school and trying to manage some sort of social life. "It gets hectic sometimes trying to do it all, but I know that I have to give up some things for baseball and I am prepared for that."

Finding friends is easy, he says, because the guys on the team are not only teammates but also good friends. Fellow pitcher Jeff Brewer is Francis's best friend. The two are known together as the Brothers Jeffrey.

"Around campus, the guys I hang out with and go out with are on the team. It is kind of inevitable because we spend so much time together," says Francis.

"Jeff and I have been good friends for a while and I think by him dominating on the field, he sets the precedent for the rest of us," says Brewer. "I have found that that has helped my game incredibly as a result."

Even though it's doubtful he'll need it, Francis has a back-up plan in case his baseball career doesn't work: the UBC medical physics program.

So where do you go when you're reaching the top? "I think I just want to make every game better than the last one and if I can do that then everything will come together," he says. ♦

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Canada

## Déjà vu for track and field team at CIS Nationals

by Laura Blue

The CIS Track and Field National Championship in Sherbrooke, Québec was a moderate success for UBC, with the men placing seventh and the women 13th despite one of UBC's nine competing athletes falling sick, another being disqualified from his race and the two strongest distance runners posting somewhat unimpressive results.

UBC earned its sole gold medal from weight-thrower Jeremy Edwards, the only UBC field athlete to qualify for the national meet. The winning throw was also a new personal best for Edwards.

"It went about as good as it could have went," said Edwards, a second-year athlete who trains with a coach independently of UBC, which has little formal field program. "It was a big relief 'cause it was a goal from the beginning of the year. I knew I could."

"It's an unbelievable accomplishment for him and for the development of the program," said UBC distance run-

ner David Milne.

The running finishes were decent, although spectacular, and bad luck cost the birds a chance at several points. Jon Luckhurst was disqualified from the 1000m after touching another runner on the start-line and Chris Williams—scheduled to compete in the 1000m, 600m and the 4x800m relay—was struck by a case of flu that prevented him from racing any of his events. UBC coach Marek Jedrzejek speculates that had Williams been fit and running, UBC could have claimed enough points to push the team up into the top five.

The other runners had strong, yet mildly disappointing, finishes.

Heather Macdonald, who was ranked first nationally in the 3000m before the Championship, won bronze in that event, with Thunderbird Karen Tulloch finishing right behind her in fourth place. Although she was pleased with the overall team showing, she was somewhat disappointed with her own results, which also included a

sixth-place finish in the 1500m.

"Everybody seemed to be relatively pleased with their performances," she said. "I wasn't that happy with mine, but it's hard. We have a really small team and it's hard to go into those kinds of meets where some of the other teams have, like, 60 athletes where everybody's really supportive of everybody."

David Milne, last year's CIAU 3000m champ, also earned a bronze this year, with teammate Byron Wood finishing close behind in fifth. But like Macdonald, Milne had anticipated a stronger result and felt he could have performed better.

"I wasn't very pleased with the 3000. Obviously I wanted to win; I didn't, so obviously I was a little disappointed with that," said Milne, who also won bronze in the 1500m. "I came there with the expectation that I was going to win."

Although the meet results meant both the men's and women's teams dropped in the national standings from

earlier this season, the finishes are a slight improvement from last year. The women improved their national ranking this season by four places, up from 17th, while the men held steady at seventh.

"We moved ahead; we placed better than last year, and we'll be looking to improve that place for sure next year," said Jedrzejek, who said he was pleased with his team's performance.

And with many team members hoping to qualify for August's Commonwealth Games and others continuing their training in clubs over the summer, UBC's track and field program only lacks one thing.

"We just need more people," said Macdonald. "I wish we could get more people interested in track at UBC 'cause, you know, we have good coaches and it's a good group of people."

"We send just quality, no numbers," said Edwards. "I just hope that in future, over the next couple years, we can build on that and compete." ♦



## THE UBYSSY

TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 2002  
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Duncan M. McHugh was lonesome. He was yearning for the soft, gentle news pieces of Ai Lin Choo and Sarah MacNeill Morrison. They had left him to collaborate with Julia Christensen and Hywel Tuscano, and so Duncan sat feeling abandoned, with only Ron Nurwisah and Scott Bardsley to comfort him, and Nic Fensom to indulge him as he reminisced about the good old days with Lin and Sarah. Luckily, Laura Blue had taped most of the interesting parts. Alicia Miller and Graeme Worthy had gone as well. They had left him for greener fields, where they could frolic with Sara Young and Kate Ingram. Duncan lay on the couch, watching old Ellie Capak films and eating Jesse Marchand's 'Old Style' TV dinners. Only Dirk Schouten could lift his spirits. Or Kennedy, but he was leaving for China. Gregory Chan tried to cheer him up by buying chocolate. Svea Vikander tried to make him smile by repeating jokes that Michelle Furbacher had told her. Chris Shepherd offered to wear the 'French maid' costume again, but it was only when Craig Battle showed up, to serenade him with Death Cab for Cutie, that Duncan started to smile.

Canadian  
University  
Press

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An open letter  
to UBC's Board of Governors

To the members of UBC's Board of Governors:

At this week's Board meeting, when you will be asked to vote on a proposal to raise tuition fees at UBC to a level roughly equivalent to the national average at public universities across Canada, we ask that you take the current proposal's many demerits into consideration.

No doubt you are aware that the decision you make will be an important one, one that will affect students both financially and academically, and one that will shape potential students' decisions to attend UBC.

With the recent provincial cuts to various programs—including student employment programs—and the lifting of the tuition freeze, students have been coping with the daunting reality that not only will they have to pay more for tuition fees, but they will also have to come up with even more creative ways to pay for their education.

By not announcing the end to the tuition freeze until February 11, the provincial government has given BC's universities very little time to establish new fee levels before their budgets are due on April 1. This has left UBC's administration scrambling to come up with a viable tuition policy before the Board meeting on Thursday.

But while the administration's immediate deadline for drafting the proposal might explain last-minute changes and problems it does not excuse them from their mistakes. This policy has seen tremendous change since it was first drafted and that change was rightfully a consequence of an effective student consultation process, but it is also an example of administrative oversight. With all of this in mind, can we support the implementation of this proposal with confidence?

The university says it does not know how much money is needed to cover its costs, reinstate services it has cut and increase the quality of education to a targeted level. The university does not even know what these improvements will be. Are we expected to trust the administration to make good on its promise to increase quality when there are no control factors in place? At every institution, accountability is of the utmost importance. It is irresponsible of the university to ask for students' money without showing how the extra funds will benefit students.

The decision to raise tuition will also reduce student accessibility to post-secondary education at UBC. The university has a policy which states that no student accepted to UBC will be denied entrance due to financial constraints, but this policy is fundamentally flawed. The university will only provide assistance after students have taken out the maximum amount of financial aid and to do this is a burdensome choice that will leave some students with towering debts. Many students will not come to UBC if tuition is increased: keep that in mind. If you do feel tuition increases are absolutely necessary, we ask you to consider them extremely carefully.

First, examine the principle behind the university's proposal. The administration is asking that tuition increase up to the national average, to that of 'peer institutions' across the country. While UBC has argued its case for increased tuition, the only justification it provides for choosing to set UBC tuition to the national average is that was the University Presidents' Council proposed that increase to the provincial government last fall.

When considering raising tuition to levels equivalent to those at other schools, the university needs to look at more than just what other schools are charging. For example, consider the costs per capita at other universities. In using the national average, UBC has ignored the differences in the size and cost of running other institutions.

For graduate students, financial packages offered by universities take priority in their decisions on which schools they attend. While schools in Ontario have outlined financial package guidelines with tuition guidelines, UBC financial aid proposals have been rushed. The university, realising it hasn't been able to properly research financial aid packages for graduate students, has promised to match their tuition increases with an equal amount of financial aid. But this is indicative of the most basic problem surrounding this tuition proposal—not enough time being given to generate studies, feedback and consultation regarding the increases.

Students have not been given enough time to think about whether they support the proposal because, for the past week, the proposal has been constantly changing. Most of the feedback generated by students has shown their confusion regarding the actual policy and disagreement with the principles that underlie it.

So we ask that you not only read the binder you were given, containing the concerns of students, even though it is a small, small part of the varied opinions that students have regarding tuition, but that you also consider that this proposal is invariably flawed. It is rushed, it is unclear and it suggests rationales and principles that do not make sense.

A UBC education is one that we students look upon with pride. We do not believe it is essential that tuition fees increase dramatically to improve the quality of our education. UBC has remained one of the top schools in Canada while dealing with the little money it gets from the government and students. Efficiency should be a big part of the equation. So we ask that you consider how sustainable the university is, how effective the proposal is and how much sense it makes to implement an idea developed in two weeks.

—THE UBYSSY

## LETTERS

Health Plan: same  
price, better service,  
different benefits

The Alma Mater Society (AMS)/Graduate Student Society (GSS) Health and Dental Plan is indeed changing. However, it's important to clear up some of the misconceptions reported in last week's article, "2002 health plan: Same price, less service" (Mar. 5). I think that perhaps the Ubyssy reporters are confused by the term 'service' vs. 'benefits.'

Service encompasses the actions and resources that studentcare.net/works devotes to increasing students' use, awareness and satisfaction with their health and dental plan. This includes an on-campus office for personal service, extensive communications campaign, toll-free contact centre for telephone and e-mail and complete online administration including Internet opt-out. These services are not being reduced and have, in fact, continued to expand, for example, with the recent launch of two new services—a Vision Network and a Physiotherapy Network.

Regarding benefits, the recent government cutbacks to the Medical Services Plan, combined with the high plan usage among students, mean that costs are rising at a time when, more than ever, students are turning to their health plan to cover necessary medical expenses. The dedicated members

of the joint AMS/GSS Health Plan Committee spent several months researching options and reviewing student feedback. In the end, the decision was made to reduce some benefits in order to include new ones, such as eye examinations, while keeping the premiums low.

Unfortunately, the Ubyssy also incorrectly stated that the Vision Network "means that students will not be able to choose their own optometrist if the optometrist is not one specifically covered by the plan." This is not true. In fact, students can visit any dentist or optometrist anywhere in Canada or around the world and use their plan benefits. The various networks created by Studentcare provide additional discounts that work independently of the insurance benefits to directly reduce students' out-of-pocket costs.

I encourage students to visit www.studentcare.net to obtain up-to-date and accurate details about their benefits so they can make the best use of their AMS/GSS Health and Dental Plan.

—Kristin Foster  
Pacific Director  
studentcare.net/works

Students for Choice  
do advocate violence

As Philip Fitzpatrick pointed out in his letter to the paper ("Students for Choice website inappropriate" [Mar. 1]), Students for Choice clear-

ly stated on their website that an option on how to deal with the Genocide Awareness Project (GAP) display is "vandalism." By putting information and examples of how exactly to vandalise a GAP display on their website, Students for Choice DO advocate violent activities. According to the Oxford dictionary, "to advocate" means to recommend. Does nobody care that the group clearly recommends and condones illegal activities? Hannah Roman ("Lifeline tactics inappropriate," Letters [Mar. 5]) can say that Students for Choice "certainly do[es] not advocate violence" but all evidence is to the contrary.

Hannah Roman mentions that their website "simply lists various tactics that students opposing GAP here and at other universities have used or considered." Ms Roman, so because other people have considered and/or used illegal activities, your club has no problem suggesting using the same tactics? It seems odd to me that you then seem annoyed at the thought of legal action. Isn't the function of the legal system to uphold the law, something that your group has suggested violating?

This brings me to my next point. It is essential that fair treatment of individuals and situations is maintained in a society. Lifeline is prepared to use the legal system to ensure that our rights are upheld. Our intention is not to "prevent [Students for Choice] from speaking out" but rather to

make sure that our right to freedom of speech is maintained. We are not trying to silence their opposing view. We are also not saying that they can't disagree with the use of our images. What we do object to is the direct threat to our personal safety and the lack of respect for our property. We do also object to their efforts of silencing our message on campus. Freedom of speech is a right that carries a responsibility—the responsibility to tolerate viewpoints different from our own. We disagree with Students for Choice's ideas on abortion and the rights of the unborn child, but we do not disagree with their right to voice their viewpoints.

The problem is that Students for Choice don't tolerate our right to display GAP. They don't respect our right to make our stand on opposing the dehumanisation of the unborn child. By posting violent, illegal suggestions on how to destroy our displays, they clearly are not interested in the concept of freedom of speech. What I'm starting to wonder is if Ms Roman and her group have realised the power of our displays and their ability to show the brutality of abortion, and this is why they are eager to advocate vandalism and violence in order to prevent us from displaying the powerful images.

—Christine Thompson  
Lifeline president  
Nursing 2



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Lars Goeller needs one staff meeting.  
Ted Chen needs two staff meetings.  
Feel you should be on this list? Contact Coordinating Editor Duncan McHugh @ 604-822-2301 or come to Wednesday's staff meeting.

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-Position papers due March 13 @ noon  
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## IMPORTANT REGISTRATION INFORMATION SUMMER SESSION 2002

### UBC Enrolment Services Registration Services



THE UNIVERSITY OF  
BRITISH COLUMBIA

### Registration For Summer 2002 Will Begin On 14 March 2002.

Individual student registration start dates are determined by year standing and program of study. To find out your personal summer registration date, go to [students.ubc.ca](http://students.ubc.ca) and click on Registration. When you login to the Student Service Centre, you will see your registration start date listed with your summer registration eligibility. You may begin registering at 7:00 am on your registration start date. Other services on the Student Service Centre are available almost 24 hours per day. For exact hours, please check <https://ssc.adm.ubc.ca/main.html>

### A Couple Of Extra Reminders For A Hassle-free Registration:

Don't forget that undergraduate students must pay a deposit before registering for Summer Session. Check out the ways to pay this deposit by going to [students.ubc.ca](http://students.ubc.ca) and clicking on "Deposits and Fees".

If you have any questions about your registration, you can email them to [records.inquiry@ubc.ca](mailto:records.inquiry@ubc.ca). You can also phone our Registration Support line at 604.822.2844 during weekday office hours if you would like to speak with someone directly.



*"Women" from page 1.*

speeches, dancing and singing. Amy Wuttunee-Eustergerling, a Cree woman, who has lived in BC for over 40 years, began the rally by offering a prayer for increased equality in the world.

"Justice for the people, justice for all the relationships. It's important for us to work for balance and harmony in all our lives," she said.

The theme for this year's rally was "From Kabul to Vancouver—Standing Our Ground," and was meant to convey the strength and solidarity of organisations aimed at promoting peace and justice. Speakers condemned the US-led aggression in Afghanistan and the effects the war has had on innocent people, especially

women and children.

Clair Robillard, an event organiser, encouraged members of the crowd to become aware of how women are still oppressed around the globe. She condemned the killing of female babies in China, as well as honour killings and the stifling of women's rights to safe abortions.

Debra McPherson, president of the BC Nurses' Union, denounced Campbell's Liberal government for initiating cuts that leave health care providers overworked and the health system bankrupt of necessary facilities and finances.

"It's time for us to reclaim the political agenda, an agenda that promotes equality and unity," she said.

"Our biggest challenge and

struggle is to be able to provide access to health care for all people in this province. Hospitals are being closed and health care is being cut. We're seeing an increased dependence on the private sector to provide the most basic health care," said McPherson.

Numbed by the cold weather, the crowd shrank in size by the time the march was completed at Kingsgate Mall.

During the march, spectators on the sidewalk clapped and waved while eastbound motorists honked their horns. But not everyone showed support.

"Do these people work?" said Dustin Abt, a construction worker who took a break from his work on Broadway to watch the march. "Most of them are your typical Commercial Drive people. They look like a bunch of bums to me."

The previous evening, about 100 people attended a vigil on the steps of the Vancouver Art Gallery set up by Grassroots Women, a women's advocacy group in Vancouver.

Rachel Rosen, a spokesperson for Grassroots Women, said the vigil was aimed at promoting awareness of the inequality women experience in the work force and in society as a whole.

Rosen said recent provincial cuts to welfare and childcare mean that poorer women will not be able to care properly for their children. Grassroots Women is also concerned about "export processing zones," areas in the world that companies have targeted for manufacturing centres because of cheap labour, low tax rates and lax environmental regulations. ♦



SINGI Performers graced International Women's Day festivities in the SUB Ballroom Friday afternoon. MICHELLE FURBACHER PHOTO

*"Tuition" from page 1.*

comparable programs at five peer institutions.

Derek Jones, Commerce Undergraduate Society (CUS) vice-president, communications, said he had only been made aware of the plan for differentiated fees recently and that the society has not been able to explain fee increases to its constituents because confusion still surrounds the tuition proposal.

He said that in principle, however, the CUS was not opposed to differential tuition or fee increases.

"On the whole, we feel that the tuition increases are necessary," he said. "I don't have a problem with the increase, but if they're going to call it an average and it's not trans-

parent that it's only five schools, I don't agree with it."

Kurt Ellis, a third-year Commerce student who was unaware of the increase when asked, said he supported a differentiated fee. He feels it makes sense since the demand for Commerce has been extremely high.

"I want it to be compared to the premiere schools," he said.

But Michael Law, another third-year Commerce student disapproved of raising tuition, especially if only two programs had fees differentiated from those of regular undergraduate programs.

"Tuition is an investment for the future. Look at all the people who might do well at university, but now the cost is crazy. It doesn't seem reasonable," he said. ♦

*"Finances" from page 1.*

have been if we'd made our numbers," he explained.

Last year, the AMS's surplus from business was \$676,000. This total was projected for the current financial year, which ends in April. According to Peets, the surplus is now expected to be about \$200,000 less.

With decreased income this year, the AMS has tried to be more efficient, said AMS Vice-President, Finance, Nick Seddon.

"We've ensured that any purchases that we do make are directly beneficial to students," he said. "The executive expenditures have been substantially less than was budgeted for. Also, the resource groups have limited their spending."

But there have been other challenges facing AMS businesses. This year, UBC introduced a new, compressed exam schedule, which had a negative effect on AMS businesses

during December.

"We thought it would be a heavy exam schedule," Peets said, "but why wouldn't people still get a slice of pizza?"

More competition has also impacted the AMS financial situation. This year has seen the opening of restaurants in the new University Marketplace behind the UBC Village and two new Asian-food franchises in the SUB's Pacific Spirit Cafeteria.

Effects of the new food vendors are unclear because, while sales at the Moon, the AMS's Asian-food outlet, have increased this year, the new shops are doing business which Peets believes would have likely gone to the AMS businesses.

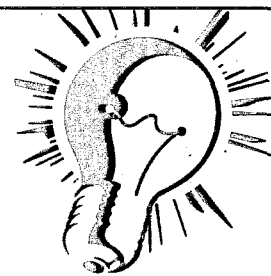
In response to the increased competition, the AMS has stepped up its promotions.

"Advertising doesn't work. The students are already here," said Peets. "So we have to entice them in some way." ♦

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