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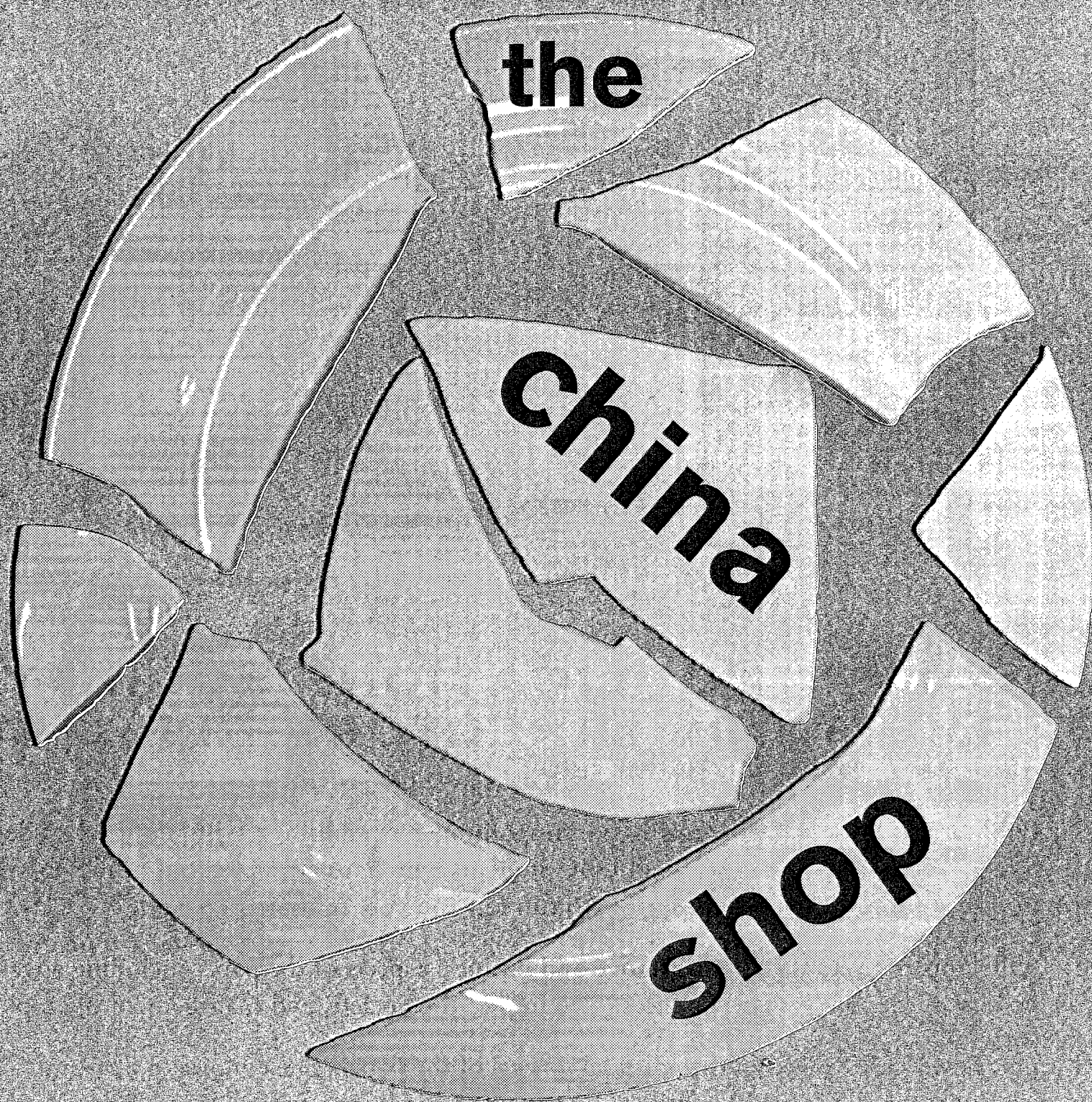
january 11, 2002

volume 83 issue 28

dry humpin', heavin' since 1918

the ubyssey magazine

demolishing



In Humanities 101, students find a place to cultivate their passion for learning and instructors find a place to challenge their teaching. Pages 4-5.

VERITAS literary supplement inside.

CLASSIFIEDS

Volunteer Opportunities

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED to work with mildly autistic fun loving boy. Please call Cynthia at 827-0014.

UBC RESEARCH STUDY - BOYS BETWEEN 7 & 9 (with or without ADHD) and their mothers are needed. Mothers receive \$20 and children get a UBC T-shirt. If interested, call 604-822-9037.

Announcement

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

"BORDERLINES": THE CANADIAN STUDIES STUDENT ASSOCIATION is looking for essay submissions for their academic journal. Deadline: Jan. 18, 2002. For info: sgirving@canada.com

Travel

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Accommodation

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UBYSSEY PICKS

w e e k e n d

MUSIC New Waveaoke Railway Club, Saturday at 10pm.

Equal parts Karaoke and new wave. What more could you want? See aspiring Deborah Harrys croon with a live band or, better yet, find a way too big suit, perform "Burning Down the House" and make David Byrne proud.

Admission is \$8

FILM War, The Pentagon and the Media The Ridge, Sunday at 1pm.

War isn't like what you see on CNN and the truth is hard to come by. Start by checking out this one day mini-festival of documentaries. It looks at everything from the global arms trade to US involvement in Panama and Desert Storm.

Day Passes are \$20, go to <http://webhome.primus.ca/gwishart> for more information.

The Royal Tenenbaums Cinemark Tinseltown

Best movie of the year? We're not sure, but it's certainly a crowd-pleaser. Slightly more absurd than director Wes Anderson's previous film, *Rushmore*, the film still manages to tell a very moving comic story. Look out for co-writer Owen Wilson (*Shanghai Noon*, *Zoolander*) who co-stars as a drug-addled, pulp Western writer; he's dreamy. Gene Hackman is also fantastic as a dying, deadbeat patriarch.

Admission is \$10.50 at night, \$5.50 for matinees

THEATRE Exit the Dragon Firehall Arts Centre, Saturday at 8pm, Sunday at 2pm and 8pm

After a successful premiere at the Fringe Fest, *Exit the Dragon* returns for a short run at the Firehall. Eric Michael Zee's play explores the issues and problems of Asianness. For the Asian-Canadian theatre community any play with five roles for Asian-Canadians is a godsend. For audiences, great performances by actors Norman Yeung and Tong Lung make this show worth watching.

Tickets are \$12.

SPORTS Men's and Women's Basketball vs. Winnipeg War Memorial Gym, Friday and Saturday at 6:15pm (women) and 8pm (men).

The odds say that both T-Bird basketball teams are headed for a sweep this weekend. Both are already on a roll: the women have won their last six games while the men took their last four. At the men's contest, watch out for #40. He's UBC's star guard Kyle Russell, who's currently fifth nationally in scoring. \$2 gets students (with ID) into both games.

UBYSSEY PUBLICATIONS SOCIETY 2002 BOARD OF DIRECTORS ELECTIONS

The Ubyyssey Publications Society is the organisation responsible for publishing UBC's official student newspaper, The Ubyyssey. Its membership consists of all UBC students who have not opted out of membership by completing an opt-out form. Members are eligible to run for, and vote in, Board Elections.

The Board of Directors oversees the administrative and business aspects of the paper including advertising, marketing, distribution, the budget and finances, meetings of the Society, and management of employees.

The Board is not, however, involved in the editorial aspects of the paper. The editorial policy and content of the paper is determined by the editorial board of the paper, elected by the staff in March of each year. To become a staff member, those interested need to contribute to three issues of The Ubyyssey and attend regular staff meetings in order to get voting rights and the right to run for an editorial position.

Term is February 2002 to February 2003. Directors attend approximately 20 Board Meetings through the year in addition to serving on Board Committees. No previous experience with newspapers or the UPS is required.

The positions up for election are **THE PRESIDENT** and **4 DIRECTORS AT LARGE**.

Nomination forms are available at the Ubyyssey Business Office, SUB 23 (basement). Completed forms must be returned by 4:00pm, Friday, January 11th, 2002.

Elections will be held in conjunction with the AMS elections January 21st to 25th, 2002.

For more information, contact Fernie Pereira at 822-6681.



ORGIA CARMINIS

Why Not To Read This

The first reason is the title. A title should be gripping, not confusing. Good titles should bring about shocking and oddly enjoyable images that inspire you to, as it were, dig deeper into your apparently meager and unsatisfying soul. This, the pitiful title, however, inspires nothing, leaving your soul as rotten as it began.

The second reason is that nothing in particular happens while you read this. This is the thesis sentence and the climax. It means nothing and is a little annoying. Annoying things are better avoided. Further, the conclusion of this paragraph is meaningless and only compounds the irritation first spawned by the thesis/climax.

By now you are thinking: he's leading me into something, this is all just a trick that is trying to keep me from something good. Wrong. There is nothing good in this. I am afraid you will begin to see your life represented here: flat and miserable. Why do you keep reading? Miserable.

So far, you have read the introduction and the setting for the characters in this. I mean character, namely, you. The action part, chapter 2, comes now: your frustration, mild indignance, the realization that you must read alone: no one is with you to suffer through this. Have you tried reading a book with someone else? Are you starting to feel chapter 3 coming in the next paragraph where you begin to go insane?

Now is the time to stop reading. You've gotten this far, been insulted a little unnecessarily, but wisely looking into the future, you can learn and move on. You may be miserable for a few days, and burn this, but it will pass. But no, you will continue: you have nothing better to do. You cannot find anything more satisfying than a masochistic journey through your mind. I do not recommend this. That was chapter 4.

Perhaps now it is time to show you that words can be useless. These lines can keep on going on, and the only thing left will be your futility. Maybe there's a deeper meaning, but maybe there's nothing. What we know for sure, is there's someone staring idiotically at a page with letters on it, hoping to find meaning in them. The meaning is that you are staring idiotically at a page with letters. What a wonderful life you have.

Is this enough to turn you away? Chapters 5 - 23 (which you'll notice are ever-increasing in distance from the wondrous climax we encountered in Ch. 1) are about you becoming sick. The words make you nauseated, the whole idea of literary experience is this hypocritical catch phrase that creates in you a desire to barf all over. What is this, some kind of experimental garbage? Why can't people just write good old-fashioned, easy-to-understand stories? They can and do. Go read them. Stop reading this, it will make you wish to live in a hospital. I'm begging you. But, alas, succor is in vain. You continue reading, hoping that the next line will bring an insult unexpected, and captivating in its new, interesting way of strangling the reader.

I shall try starker methods of persuasion. Remember: I am your enemy. I do not wish you to read this. I wish you to go away, and find someone else that hates you. But maybe, you're thinking, I hate you less. This is impossible. All the hate that everyone bears you, multiplied by infinity, is a decimal percentage of the hate I fervently bear you.

Was this effective? Unenjoyable, perhaps? I'm trying. Anything you have ever found displeasing or belittling, I am doing my best to include here. In fact, think of what you hate most, that which strikes horror in your being, that irremovable blemish that plagues your otherwise clear conscience. Now place me there dancing happily with a basket of fruits on my head. Demeaning, insulting, exasperating? I'm shooting for all three.

At least, you think, you have gotten past the worst. I have brought up that which is your greatest hate, and you have managed to get past it. But, I am sorry to relate, the true Hell is in the future. I cannot even predict how pitiful your life will be when these words are finished. But I can ask. What makes you wish to know the forbidden? And, more importantly, what is more aggravating than an interrogative conclusion?

- Erik Hoff

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PRAESENS TEMPUS

The Gestalt Myth

What we crucify upon the bones of reality's continuum is the Myth, not political dreams or military victories. Continually revolving through Fortuna's circle, legends rule with more potency than empires, ideologies, and the self-administered sedative of bureaucratic mores. Myth is superlative in the range of human genesis. Whatever agglomeration of military and political might comes about will be superseded by a legend which omits it. The Myth transplants a dream from the fabric of collective human consciousness onto the strands of history's canvas. Conversely, it is dubious that an empire will sprout if the script of its existence is not imbued in the score of the Myth.

What then of the New World Empire born in the autumnal period of the past era, the September of seemingly earth-shattering proportions? Did the world indeed change with the Miltonic Devil's clandestine assault, or was it all part of the Grand Design, of the Myth scrupulously extracted from the depth of human consciousness? Did Pandora's sin cause a sea-change, or was it simply part of the self-propelled logic of evolution? In other words, are phenomena that seem unique and unprecedented, such, or do they reflect patterned maturation, growth, ripening of the seed planted in the body of the Myth? Human reality is not circuitous, nor is it spiral, but genetic - it traces the forebodings of our legends.

The Roman Empire had to extend its law to the farthest reaches to survive. Russian Czardom pressed with expansion from the Pacific Ocean to the Western seas. The United States secured its Western Frontier from any possibility of insurgence as it grew through the 19th century. The actions of any human collective are the unconscious unfolding of the noumenous logic of the Myth, as process itself in itself, without our interference. There could be no rebel and no Great Satan if they had not been impersonated by God and the Adversary in the genes which also spawned Paradise Lost.

The American democratic empire follows the same process, little changed by mutation and entropy. Even the slogans of "making the world safe for democracy" it uses are indicative of its destiny. It is apparent that to be secure ultimately, a power will subsume the entirety of the realm which it inhabits. Yet in doing so it will inhale the germs of its ultimate trivialization, dilapidation, and destruction.

The rebellious Taliban sought what so many had sought before them - the power that seemingly shaped the world they inhabited. They embodied the Luciferous ambition and his will to possess the tools of creation. Whatever ideology they brought forth matters not, nor what empire they fought. Neither is it important what mores, rituals, customs bureaucratized their cause - what matters is the pattern according to which their challenge unfolded - embodied in the Myth and reflected by Lucifer, Hannibal, and now Osama.

The logic of empires is defined by the archetypes of the Myth - germs of existence that reverberate through the continuum of reality with impunity. Mutation and degradation of the genetic code of phenomena is inevitable, and thus metamorphoses occur, but the sheer gravity and momentum ensure that noumena remain relatively unchanged through millennia. Yet even when changes occur, any human events remain within the body of Myth and remain subjected to its logic.

One can hardly refer to September 11th as reality-altering - the actors are different, the circumstance and surroundings have changed, yet the governing archetypes remain the same. What will follow will hardly differ from the Myth already contained within our collective consciousness.

- Gleb Bazov

VERITAS Thanks Everyone for Their Help

Veritas has taught all the people involved in its publishing a lot about working in a large group to create something new and hopefully original. The list of those that worked on or contributed to the publication can be seen throughout the magazine. Here I would like to thank those whose encouragement and support have allowed this publication to reach fruition. First I would like to thank the staff of the Ubyyssey for allowing us the use of this space for our launch. I hope that the two publications have a long and profitable future together. However, I would like to specifically thank Fernie Pereira, the Ubyyssey Business Manager, for being extremely supportive of the publication through its infancy. I would also like to thank Duncan McHugh, the Ubyyssey Coordinating Editor, for giving support and being an exemplar role model for me personally while I have learned the finer points of publication. And lastly I would like to thank Hywel Tuscano, the Ubyyssey Production Manager, for answering the technical questions whenever they came up. I would like to thank all the sponsors, like Little Sisters Book and Art Emporium, and many others without whom this publication would never have seen the light of day. So to all those that threw in a hand and not a towel congrats and I look forward to working with you all again on the next issue.

Jules Kirby, Production and Business Manager

INSEQUENTIA ORGIA

TILES

"What are those people doing?" James asked.

They are eating the tiles, a man beside him said.

"The bathroom tiles? Why?"

They all have different reasons.

"Just the bathroom walls? No other ones? Not the floor?"

Five second rule.

Have a look, the man said. You have to see the pattern.

The connections. Think of Majong.

"But aren't they all the same?" He asked, frowning his brow.

Well, everything is energy. And energy is energy.

"But can I eat a tile right now?"

Well, you aren't eating one, now are you?

- Court Caldwell

Sex at Denny's

Your smooth back with strappy tan lines sticks to
The shining white counters sparkling with stale
Condensation, sticky with syrup, sweat,
And disinfecting soap, lemon-scented.
Coffee stains slide under your trembling thighs;
Soft, constant touches prevent your notice.
Fingers grip the fraying counter edges;
White spotted with green formica digs in,
Indenting ecstatic flesh with smooth lines,
Not unlike the moon shaped nail marks rising
From my too-tight grip on your tensing hips.

- Rae Franklin

Mirrors

Some find mirrors in the forest:
a path speckled with frosted puddles,
profiles etched in fickle blue sky clay,
a druid twin pressing eyes
through stretched birch skin.
Papery lips, wrinkled brow,
cheeks gnarled in layers of summer,
she sighs, scraping ice from her lashes
to look at nature's growing pupil:
bleach-stained December; Swamp-Goddess March—
I haven't forgotten the smell of her skunk cabbage robes,
mossy fringes toned with purple mint.
And I know of the ostensible rocks blanketing the riverbed
in silver—how they sometimes surface, revealing slippery mouths
full of flies,
then again are blended smooth by the current.
The tree shakes; I brush my fingers through the golden leaves
of hair (is it mine?),
step into the footprint slippers molded from mud
above a fossilized heartbeat—
the forest still pulses.

- Leila Scannell

Sonnet

There is, of course, an endless sea of tears,
Poet, for thou to drink and drown away,
Then cry thy words of pity and dismay,
Thy thwarted fancies and thy nameless fears.
Or weep the winged passing of the years,
A thought undone, the doubts of yesterday;
So this the greatest verse, as thou wouldst say,
And this the form that wisdom most revere.
But soft, there falls a simple drop of sound:
A lark, perhaps, who caught the morning's breath
Beneath his wings and gently severed there
The silken threads that bound him to the ground
— O Joy beyond despair! O Love past death! —
And soaring burst his soul upon the air.

- Flora Ge

[Untitled]

blue,
shimmers gold while dancing definitions light
shadow,
await the soul of hoping's know
cleaving to the ever faithful,
a patient leaf's delight
to ascend upon the fronds of feather's flow,
expressions of the wings of fire's letters,
ebony.

sleep,
lateral shafts of long past sunrise
dissolve,
dawning into your white blaze of ivory
forever touch of lips seared o'er my gaze,
seared deep into my weakest heart,
twined one with
your name.

night,
you see alone my songs soaring,
uniting all now with all when,
her slenderest pierce
into mine infinitely delighting:
the tangential liaison of fiercest fire to fire

upon the canvas unutterable.

-William Haworth

The prisoner looks out

Sliding down the wind on singing wings
dancing the sun, three wild swans.
A white song and
dangerous
to one so worn
at heart
seeing dim, weary from sorrowing.

Dazzling swans! This white searing
will speed my death
with its wild silence.

- Frank Wallace

[Untitled]

dripping rain
drops from tree
branches

- Laurel Hart

Of Fear

this
is for the night
i sang
because time ran short on
talking

this lacks
the destruction
of many
the carelessness
of few the
randomness
of reality

leaving so
suddenly so
quietly frightens
everything
i know
births
to imaginary
mountains on rivers

on steeples
in
the highlands
where people
go
to pray
and wish
they were never here

that's where
games
become hunts of
carnivores and cakes
where stone walks
on
soup

and
singing
is
currency

- Tonia Ness

[Untitled]

Mortality
A last rush,
A push
In desperation
To fly
And feel the wind one last time
Under such fragile wings
As iridescent feathers glow
In summers' sun.
The last breath expelled
And eyes that look no more—
The still form
Of the hummingbird
Lies lifelessly limp
Within my hand.

- Ryan Kemshaw

Twilight

Skipped stones
Flat as god's forehead
Run from cave to cave
Eating the livers
Of those who have never
Met Moon's golden hair
Or her black empty eyes.

- Rae Franklin

Summer Palace

the magic animal
has deer horns,
dragon head,
cow's forelegs,
lion's hindlegs.

it stands before the palace
gates and vibrates to those
who are tuned in to the
right station.
saying, 'i protect
the infant sleeping
in the pistils of
the lotus.'

when the emperor's
step-mother learned
of his plan to expand
the territories of the
empire north, south,
east, and west,
she locked him in
the house of Jade Ripples
for the remainder of her life
which ended only a few years
before his.

the magic animal
is still vibrating.

still protecting.

- Josh Corber

Submergence

Umber eyes
cup mine
between two pupils.
Retinal mouths open
Eyes swallow eyes.
I drown slowly
like underwater gestures.

I am tethered to a gaze
so steady—
stone slabs
succumb to sand
before this
unwavering moment
crumbles.

I crumble before this.
Below my face
my borders fray,
boundaries feather,
body fractures.
Underneath this undertow
I fragment.

I am slipping
Between the flecks
of firmament in your iris.
My understanding fails
as, like splayed fingers,
the fiery filaments in your eyes
beckon me

to submerge.

- Kyla Gardiner

Infinite Soul

Arise, true spirit, soar, sing,
Reverberations whispering!
Throughout the wide expanse of cosmic sea,
Squalling, play, curl in the swells of the stars,
Spread your seed, out, its flag of rippling light!
Arise, with Will to Love, in her and me!
And forth your sail set, and onwards travel,
Through intimate cosmos of infinite Soul!

And rumble brass in bright stars
Be not afraid to smash their hearths!
Stream in foam, madding, pour our Love on them,
Let viral thought insinuate in their pearls
Enter, sublimate, expand in their walls,
And break their crumbling cells and free our light!
And onwards your spirit breathe with passion
And guide your sails, filled, to infinity's eye!

Come, rip the glade of sea, part
Her flesh and boil her blood to foam!
Brooding, spread over the span of her awe
Pregnant, seed void with sacrifice of Love,
And plunge into abyss, uplift the mass,
All the waves then subsume with your thousands of sighs,
And follow their paths, and search what they sought,
In crevices boil with orgasmic mirth, rage!

Come, split the seeds of our flesh
Into infinitesimal parts!
Divide, and then merge! And again us embrace —
Into globes of bright stars disunite fusing breath —
Our blood enjoined inside the stellar hearts and veins,
In arteries of streaming rays, in cosmic grains!
Indomitable — crushed, primal — borne by breath of Love,
The madding Will that now is free to roam
The wide expanse of the absurd!
And throw, spread, in a soaring chorus, the foamed wave
Of cosmic seeds — the grains of sacred Love
Atop the void of shattered glow, the arid grave
Of sickly scurrying failing flames — extinguish their death!
With Love — with birth of the infinite Soul!

- Gleb Bazov

resighting

Across the way, two cranes have waded queenly in their pit
busy all day heaving up, these two, a nest for ideas,
concrete and tangible
conclusions, carefully
drawing up in weighted grace
each wiry tangled bale,
effective, effortless
force placing with royal calm the
grand spacing and outlines for six stories,
high columns in great rentable
hypotheses, holding an
imprint, a carapace to contain the world's tall tales.

Judging their work done, they move elsewhere to build
again
knowing others have begun to hatch all minor details.

- Frank Wallace

[Untitled]

breath moves
inconsequential
in-and-out

like someone I know

my lips move
they touch and part like
hands grasping at something unreachable

and his breath echoes the silence

- Amanda Truscott

Leaf Epic

Potential Saviour dry stored
Bark sheltering Spirit soon to be,
Malicious cold beats the door
Death-feigning in frozen gusting:
Slay the Soul before becoming,
Cut out an epoch before it is,
Destroy Divine creation in early thought.

Icy Weather breathed evil poison;
Blow out Goodness' Wick!
Stout father branch held firm
Keeping household of peace:
Empty construction for generation,
Winter-paused poised for springing,
Waiting for blessed waking command.
Holding firm form for deep soil-rooted Mother.

Great Begetter's ever-blissful control
Spells Bitter Coldness as Joyful Springing,
Transformed newly, fueling Her Supreme Intention:

Waters flow radiant
Ringing juices teeming
Beauty dissolved into moisture
Seeped into wood strength:

Begotten Beatitude Born;
A Baby budding.

Grand attraction fills early years,
Hunger for sun,
Thirst for showering delight,
Infant waxing innocent
Bright days; sheltered nights
Hidden still in Mighty Form's care.
Close-wombing future saving heir.

Youthful sprouting follows kindly,
Joyful growth in handsome timing,
Colour shining like eternity,
Blistering veining lineage-tracing,
Together brought in Glorious Form,
A Mirror for the past's tireless work.
Shapely ideal summary
For future imagining.

No, none can overmaster
This Verdure Brilliance
Glowing in Sunny Empire!

Summer's steadfast illumination
Of Immortal seeming Reign
Passes softly cloudy grey
Taking fiery pulse along.

Slowly days wane,
Age stains Glory's mark
Leaving Appearance unrecognizable.
Long History now plagues wonderful stemming,
Down falls the Son of Hopeful Rising,
Re-adopted by Earth for reprising,

But remaining, promised, above the death,
Is its Soul's Perfect Image multiplying,
Filling mortal sight with Celestial glancing.

A Reminder of our Sacred Ancestor
To thank for our life bestowing
And to be simply praised in marvellous beholding!

- Erik Hoff

Trumpets of Jerusalem

Arise, arise, the sun is high
Upon the barren dunes of dawn!
Arise, arise and hear the cries
That flush the vestiges of night!

Alight, alight!—in Jerusalem
Upon the gates of crimson wood.
Come to yourself and then be gone,
For the world has not nor wants you.

The copper trumpets sound the fall
Of silver dew that paints the wall
In carpets thick with pearls. Call, call!
Soothsayers, laymen, all!

Push through the pulsing mass of men;
From darkness enter light and climb.
Upon the highest tower spread
The flag of sunset passion red!

- Gleb Bazov

Inside a memory

Inside a memory
the unuttered language
falls off

the green of the
seasons

the flesh of the
leaves

the ignorance of nature
to
our
affairs

those parts beyond
the touch of our
fingertips
remain

watermarks on the page

the grain of wood

opium flowers

the taste of rain
on
asphalt

steam lifting
off
of
skin

after an accident
of love

- Ada Ramadanovic

little
sister's

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LITTERAE

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Rav Nachman said in the name of Rav: Bridegrooms are of the number, but mourners are not of the number.

They raised an objection: "Bridegrooms and mourners are of the number."  
(T. Ketubot 8A)

Is the Poet noble for pursuing the Dove at all costs? Perhaps the rain falls upon her as well, perhaps she too walks alone under the brightness of the deep night. Perhaps she searches for herself. Sometimes it is that the stones, warmed in the palms of little boys, thrown over the rail of the pier in the summer heat are revealed, glistening, uncertain gems, when in the chill of winter the sea grows tired of lying upon her bed and stretches up towards the moon hanging somewhere over her midst. And the moon could not ever possibly hang crooked on her wall, the Poet says to me, he says, no because she is the Dove. I don't notice, for his sake, that tonight the Sea of Tranquility is migrating to the left. No, because she is the Dove. Who? She is. Is this her house, I say to the Poet, or are we sitting in your study? Yes, she lives with me, she is the Dove, even she is my Dove. There comes a dove through my window this morning with an olive branch, yes there will be peace again today, I tell myself that the flood will end soon, the sea, she will grow weary and retreat to the moon, crooked. And then I look as she walks below in the street and she looks towards the moon, because it is that time of year and the moon is in the morning, and I can hear her singing a song, to the moon, to the Poet with whom she lives, to whom she draws closer when she becomes lonely covering the depths of the universe. Sometimes the depths, though, my love she is deep, never, my love she is high. And he cannot recognize her voice because there are no mourners in his study. I ask him why he has done this, because they are sad, they aren't real, alive, the Poet replies, they scare her, her voice is never as it should be, scared like that.

\*\*161101\*\*

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And as Rav said to Chiyya his son:

In her presence, observe mourning.

Not in her presence, do not observe mourning. (T. Ketubot 4B)

Where is the moon when the sea is in darkness, weeping? The Poet observes that the moon is reflecting the varied monochromatic spots of age tonight, tonight he says that he weeps when he sees the Dove. When? She is with me, because you cannot be her, I say to the Poet? Yes. Time is constantly moving away from the moon into the sea, it must not stop descending when the moon is in the sky, I must weep. How could I not mourn her death, when she comes to me she dies, descending like that. How many shirts have you torn, I say, have you left your study to mend them? No. She stands outside my door always in flowers, in the moonlight. I pass by her and knock to her, she asks me about the Poet, the Dove flutters into my soul and asks my heart if it will ascend for her, to the land, if I will bring news from the hall of joy, the hall of study. I tell her that the Poet will not mourn her if he cannot see her, if she will not come into his study. She is standing in the moon, descending to the sea churning with the tears of the Poet, who when he looks from his window sees the Dove, and he mourns, shuts his dusty slat-blinds, and will not permit mourners in his study. She is with me, she is alive when I cannot see her, when she is in me she is alive, she cannot be anywhere but with me, she is my Dove, the moon is in my soul, there is no sea. I ask the Poet if the sea will ever return? Will the Dove ever return to your study? The sea to your soul? She must not, I must not mourn, he dances, singing, I must not, there is no sea moving, I have no more shirts to tear, tears to weep, she after all is alive, I dare not frighten her to kill her. I say to the Dove, ascend to the Poet, descend in his sight, he must mourn, she says to me, if I would open the door to his study and stream in silver dawn, then. The door exists only in the study, never in the street, and the Poet will not mourn her, his door remains beyond the dawn, the sea creeping to the moon, the Dove in the street, dancing patiently, drawing suddenly.

-William

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ARS PHILOSOPHIAE

Genealogy of Thought . . . (Part one)

1. The crucifixion of time is the moment of revelation; its temporary cessation makes the heart a crucible of influx and insight. Time ceases when the spirit hovers: it becomes the beginning.

2. The Modern Arts seem to reflect or are metaphors of a beginning, an incipient process. They represent the unassembled - like a jigsaw of discrete logic or piecemeal representation.

3. As the cities of man incorporate the remaining islands of nature, the soul suffers infection and requires preservatives if it is not to die.

4. Great art are like the echoes of God - not a Messiah.

5. To live in a Universe in the manner of those who have mastered it requires an acceleration of insight that compels its own light - a critical mass of consciousness.

6. Science may resolve every single mystery and process embedded in the Universe yet below it lies the platform of purpose, the incipient mystery of creation and inflection point of Myth. But finally, in the frozen blood of reflection, there exist no redemptive existential motives as Purpose, only the raw kaleidoscopic propensities of process.

7. Whatever is, remains undeclared if not reflected in something else, divinity and power subsuming the greatest share in this reflective stance; gods and kings require the fealty of their citizenship to be what they are without which. O an involuted point of nothing - a fool's cap anointed in silence with not the least declarative background noise as overt recognition.

8. Talent is the genius that shines through the cracks of a closed door.

9. While death does not have to face itself, life is different; while there is an invocation of the immortal in finality and non-being, its inversion is least apparent and most true. If death is unity, life is its infinitesimal and unsymmetric response. Divide the former by the latter ... and you get the meaning of that inversion.

10. If one is not in a sense above the law, then you, and not merely your body, will be ruled by those who make it.

11. Question: does anything in Quantum Theory stipulate the necessity for a BEGINNING of any kind or can it be completely devoid of any such necessity. Can it create ripples without casting the stone? If so, then all phenomena is merely a freezing, a metaphor of a quantum flux, a primeval soup of concurrent incipience and finality.

12. If we were the only intelligent life in the universe, it would rival a miracle whose magnitude only the greatest improbability could create because it would exclude all other possibilities. The inflicted proof would force and finalize the belief in God as required by such a miraculous exclusion. Our existence would have to converge in a unilateral and somewhat paralytic divinity, not in any super augmentation of confluent power. As well, any lack of self-respect would subconsciously convey the same demarcation hideously looped to every altar of the living God. A more depressing thought is hard to imagine.

13. The infinitesimal contains infinity; nature at its most extreme is never opposite; its inversion - the folding in upon itself - is what renders discreteness and the confluent field of opposites.

14. If there is a single "if" in a list of pronouncements leading to a conclusion then the latter is all you have; no proof has been expounded or at best only residual grounds for proof. An argument wholly reasonable is also psychically gravitational. To remain ungrounded and forgo belief in something that incorporates its own momentum of believability is to forgo an empire which seemingly rules the world.

15. When thinking itself extends beyond the ramparts of logic, then one must escape into the language of metaphor - a new and inexhaustible mathematik of thought.

16. What happens when consciousness becomes so layered it confuses itself with its own power? It develops a Soul, a palpable aura of uncertainty and precondition of contention and unfolding. But in most cases where consciousness is simply not that overt, one adopts a soul scripted by the annals of sacred text.

17. As consciousness creates symbols, so shall the opposite be true, for consciousness itself is emblematic of creation and the constant reformation of its symbols. They are the Skylights of the future, the Event Horizon of conscious thought and destiny. But Symbols may also be considered as sharded prisms in the psyche where the methods of Newton and Goethe so expounded, not merely co-exist but indigenously create an endless flux of fusion and separation with never a chromatic re-blending of the same.

- Thomas Liusin

Students caught unaware

Med students disagree about live animal use

by Ai Lin Choo

Although they attend one of the only three medical schools in Canada which still uses live animals in the classroom, many UBC Medicine students are unaware that animal use continues at the university.

About 25 live pigs are used every year at UBC in a third-year course, introduction to basic surgical techniques. Procedures such as suturing, intravenous placement and the insertion of chest tubes, tracheotomies and arterial lines are taught and practiced on pigs. Students are also taught how to monitor heart rates.

Ashley Riskin, president of the Faculty of Medicine's first-year class, said he was not aware that live animals were used in UBC classes. Riskin said he did not feel that the practise was "crucial," since so few schools in Canada still follow it.

According to Associate Dean of the MD Undergraduate Program Wes Schreiber, participation in the course is optional, and in the past students have decided not to join in.

"Some students have not wanted to participate in this class and they don't have to if they don't want to," he said. "They will have to learn some of these skills in other ways or at a later time, but I don't think it has a markedly negative effect in any way."

"I probably wouldn't do [the introduction to basic surgical techniques course], I guess, if we could learn the same thing in another way," Riskin said.

Memorial University and the University of

Western Ontario are the only other universities in Canada to use live animals for instruction of medical students.

Jorina Elbers, president to the Faculty of Medicine's second-year class, said that while she was not aware UBC used live animals when she applied to UBC, having this knowledge probably would not have prevented her from applying.

Elbers, however, feels the university must look at alternative methods since many medical students strongly oppose the use of live

"All of us accept that a student that's out there [learning medicine] needs to practise, but how do people learn? Animals should not suffer and it's a waste to kill animals."

—Jim Love

Director of the UBC Animal Care Centre

animals for instruction.

"Obviously, it is not right to kill an animal just for the purpose of a procedure. I think if other schools are using models [for practice], UBC has to look at other alternatives in teaching these procedures," she said.

Jim Love, director of the Animal Care Centre at UBC, said the pigs do not experience any pain when used in classes. He said the animals are anesthetised for the duration of the procedure and are killed painlessly almost immediately after.

But Love said people need to ask themselves whether the loss of an animal's life is justified to train physicians adequately. He said he believes that UBC uses live animals because they resemble human tissue more closely than models, but that alternatives are available.

"All of us accept that a student that's out there [learning medicine] needs to practice, but how do people learn? Animals should not suffer and it's a waste to kill animals," he said. "So are their deaths justified? No, I think it's possible to [practice] in other ways."

The UBC Faculty of Medicine is currently reviewing its policy of live animals use. In a letter to the *Vancouver Sun*, Dean of Medicine John Cairns said that the school will be evaluating the experiences of other medical educators who use teaching alternatives such as computer simulations and sophisticated human models.

Love said that with the latest advances in modelling and virtual reality, he is hopeful that fewer animals will be used for medical teaching and research. ♦

NEWS briefs

GSS passes policy against differential tuition

The Graduate Student Society (GSS) has joined the Alma Mater Society (AMS) in opposing the university's proposed differential tuition policy.

Differential tuition is a policy which would charge students different tuition rates depending on the cost of their program. At its December 6 meeting, the GSS passed a motion stating that because "differential tuition may influence students' choice of degrees and/or programs," the student society would oppose tuition for graduate students that is either differential or cost-based. "Cost should not be a factor in choosing fields of graduate study," the motion states.

According to GSS President Annick Gauthier, both the GSS and the AMS have been meeting with UBC administration to discuss differential tuition.

Stating that "undergraduate students are the researchers of tomorrow," the GSS also supported the AMS's opposition to differential and cost-based tuition at the undergraduate level.

The GSS also passed two motions in preparation for any tuition increases, including one resolving that the student society would urge "all relevant bodies that any increases in tuition come with fully indexed increases in university-provided income." The GSS hopes this will ensure that graduate students working as teacher's assistants and researchers are paid enough to cover any tuition increase.

AMS nominations close today

Students interested in running for an AMS executive position should secure their nominations quickly, as all candidates must be declared by 4pm tonight.

Students will vote for candidates from January 21 to 25. AMS executive positions being voted on are president; vice-president, external; vice-president, academic and university affairs; vice-president, finance; and vice-president, administration.

Representatives to UBC's Board of Governors and Senate, directors of the Student Legal Fund Society, and a president and four directors of the Ubysey Publications Society board, will also be elected.

Nomination forms must be returned to SUB Room 238. All candidates must attend an All Candidates Meeting tonight at 5pm.

Buchanan's going to be cold today

A steam leak in the mechanical room of Buchanan means the building's heater will be shut down today.

Chris Skipper, a UBC Plant Operations facilities manager responsible for Buchanan, said that the steam system—which is used to boil water for heating in UBC buildings—will be shut down in Buchanan for the day, but it shouldn't be noticed by anyone in the building.

"We're not expecting it to affect the heating or hot water at all," he said. ♦

Early action against G-8 summit

Western activists plan for summer protests

by Darren Stewart
BC Bureau Chief

VANCOUVER (CUP)—Activists from across BC are gearing up early for protests surrounding June's Group of Eight (G-8) summit in Kananaskis, Alberta.

Demonstrators from all over the world are expected to converge at the resort during the G-8 leaders' conference this summer to express a shared belief that the current disparity of global wealth is unjust and the result of a flawed economic system.

The G-8 is an alliance of the world's eight most economically powerful nations.

Last Saturday, approximately 50 representatives from various social justice groups met in Vancouver for the first of a series of meetings to network and hear an update from groups planning action in Alberta. They also discussed what role activists from the western provinces could play in preparing for the leaders' summit.

The meeting was organised by a handful of Vancouver activists to get the local ball rolling in time for June.

Co-organiser Kevin Millsip said he was pleasantly surprised with the turnout and hoped it suggested a strong commitment from BC's activist community.

"It's great, considering this was all thrown together ad hoc," he said. "We're only just beginning to organise."

The group, made up of people from all over BC and as far away as Toronto, heard extensive reports from Alberta activists and carried a lively debate. Some described themselves as the "Group of Six Billion"—representing anybody not invited to the annual meeting of the economic powerhouses.

"We're just looking for ideas on how we can connect, what support we can offer the Alberta groups and what action people out here will take," said Millsip.

Meeting topics ranged from how to

organise a blockade at the highway leading into Kananaskis, to the planning of a counter-conference at the University of Alberta and the development of strategies for involving unions in the planning and action process. Participants also discussed whether the new federal anti-terrorism and security legislation would play a role at the convergence in June.

Marika Schwandt, a representative of the Edmonton activist community, said those concerns are unwarranted because security powers at previous activist meetings in Québec City, during the Free Trade Area of the Americas meetings and in Vancouver, during the Asia Pacific Economic Cooperation meetings, were not limited to arrest and control of participants.

"My initial reaction is to downplay [new security legislation]," said Schwandt. "[The police] have always done what they'll do without worrying about it."

She said that so far planning for the G-8 has been a challenge as it has been split between Calgary and Edmonton rather than having a focal point. But she said there are also some advantages.

"There's a larger population base [and] a broader representation of different people because with two cities you get two activist communities," said Schwandt.

There has been much debate in the activist community over how to register dissent without jeopardising the sensitive wilderness surrounding Kananaskis and over whether local organisers should call for a mass convergence on Calgary, or on the highway leading to the wilderness resort.

Kananaskis is located 100 kilometres west of Calgary.

"It's a bit of a problem," said Schwandt. "The meeting is happening in a pretty wild place and most of us are used to urban activism."

Calgary activist Shane, who would only give his first name, said people would come

to Calgary and Kananaskis from all over the world no matter what groups in the province decide. He said he hopes some will organise "solidarity protests" in their own country and community.

"A lot of people learned from [last year's G-8 summit in] Genoa and they aren't stepping down. They aren't necessarily coming to Canada but there are definitely things happening beyond our borders," Shane said.

He gave a thorough report of actions planned in Calgary, the closest major urban centre to Kananaskis, which many believe will be a focal point of protest action.

"We're not ahead or behind in our planning. We're right on the money," he said. "You can never start organising too early. That's one of the things I've learned after being involved in the past." ♦

Demonstrators from all over the world are expected to converge to express a shared belief that the current disparity of global wealth is unjust and the result of a flawed economic system.

Confronting Knowledge

by Jennifer Forhan

Students in the Humanities 101 program don't just nibble at learning, they bite. And their passion for education has taught program instructors more than a thing or two about teaching.

The classroom is lively: students are eager to speak, questioning the instructor, bursting with opinions and wanting to share anecdotes from their own lives. There are heated debates, flaring tempers and anxious eyes. One student can hardly wait for another to finish speaking. The room buzzes with an energy not found in most other UBC classrooms. This is the classroom of Humanities 101.

The Humanities 101 (H101) program describes itself as a "barrier-free" education program, open to anyone who is willing to learn. While there is no specific entry criteria for the program, the students who apply to H101 are almost always at an economic disadvantage, unable to attend university for the fundamental, but significant, reason of social class. H101 doesn't claim to be a pathway to formal education, but for many of its participants, the program is a door to a world that has otherwise restricted these students' entry.

These are people who are eager to learn. They are interested in the humanities. They have ideas they want to discuss, and their incredible dedication to their schoolwork acknowledges the unfortunate truth that higher education in this country is a privilege, and not a right.

The students of H101 come from all areas of life: they are writers, musicians, parents, artists and retirees; young and old; some previously schooled, some not. Some of these students had never been to the UBC campus before they enrolled in the program; some have never been in a classroom as an adult.

At the beginning of the school year, students in the program are given the necessary tools: books, paper, pens and binders. They are given a tour of the university and the library, and then they attend class two nights a week from September to April. The students are also given bus tickets to get to campus for their twice-weekly lessons, and food vouchers to buy dinner in the SUB before class begins each night.

The program includes the full scope of humanities and social science subjects: English, history, political science, economics, art history, anthropology, sociology and philosophy. The course is divided into sections for each subject, with a typical section running two to three weeks, two classes per week. Each subject is taught by a UBC instructor—often a sessional instructor—from the relevant field. Occasionally there is also a guest lecturer or writing workshop between segments.

Barry, who declined to give his last name, is a 2001 graduate of H101. He says the biggest benefit of the program was the motivation it gave him to continue learning. He knew he wanted further education after H101 and, when he graduated, he immediately enrolled in Science 101, the humanities program's science equivalent. He is currently in Sustainability 101, yet another offshoot of H101, which deals with environmental studies, his favourite subject area.

Lifelong learning, Barry says, is extremely important. "[One] need[s] to commit to lifelong learning now, because the days when a person went to school or university, and then they went

to a job and that was it, that's finished now, except for maybe a few exceptions," he says.

The program is "not an on-ramp to UBC," he says, but he believes it is a springboard from which students can further their education.

"It's very inspirational," Barry says. "I enjoy learning, even just for the sake of it, even if the subjects I'm studying may not lead to anything in the marketplace. Lifelong learning is like...it's like water. You can't really live without it. It keeps you interesting, and interested."

Valerie Leduc, another 2001 graduate of the program, agrees.

"[H101] changed my outlook. Since I had to take early retirement, I was getting out of bed and...I didn't know what to do with myself. I was looking at this endless abyss of nothing," she recalls.

Having completed the program, Leduc now values herself more as a person, and sees that she has skills and abilities to give to others. Like Barry, she sees the program as a beginning. She says it was a "very solid basis" from which to continue life-long learning.

"It's definitely enabled me to see things in a different light," says Barry. "You see the world differently. You're exposed to other ideas, and you re-evaluate your own beliefs. It encourages you to look at your attitudes, your world-view. Definitely, it creates a change."

"[H101] opened the door for us, and now we're keeping it

open," Leduc says. "I think the best opportunity that it presented to me was an overview of the different types of classes...There was such a mix...Because [there were] so many different subjects, we each got to find out what our own individual interests were."

For Leduc, H101 brought many of her dreams back to life. "I came in [to the program] very...unsure of what to do with my future...only to find that it re-awakened my childhood dreams of writing again, doing essays, maybe doing journalism," she says. "It gave me direction."

The philosophy segment of the course inspired Leduc to take the Philosophy 101 program at the Humanities Storefront, a separate but related resource which was founded by and for H101 graduates.

Barry is currently considering entering a program at the Open Learning Agency. He likens his future education to a patchwork quilt where he can pick and choose his courses, and go at his own pace.

The H101 instructors are a large part of the program's success. After all, they are the ones who ignite the flame of passion in their students. H101 instructors are UBC instructors from all disciplines; all volunteer their time in the evenings to teach.

Leduc holds all of the instructors in high regard, but has a particular appreciation for Susanna Egan who is currently teaching the literature component of H101 for the second year in a row.

Egan, who is also the associate head and graduate chair of UBC's English department, says the difference between her undergraduate classes in Buchanan and her Humanities 101 classes is "colossal."

"[H101 students] really wanted to connect their own experience and their own thinking to what we were reading together," she says. "In fact, it could be difficult to stay on topic because people had such powerful stories themselves and such compelling reasons for drawing us off in one direction or another."

Peter Babiak, sessional English department lecturer and H101 economics instructor, also notes the different attitude of H101 students.

"It's a chore sometimes to get the undergraduates to speak, and it is sometimes a chore to get [H101 students] to sort of calm down and listen just for a couple minutes," he says, laughing.

H101 students bring much more life experience to the classroom than undergraduates do, Egan says, and this presents new challenges for her as an instructor. "They're not doing this for the grade. If I am insensitive, or unaware, or plain stupid, I may step on a land mine," she says.

Babiak agrees that there are many differences between H101 classes and his undergraduate classes. As an economics instructor in H101, he has been challenged to adopt a more practical approach in his teaching.

"You can talk about the metaphor of the invisible hand in economics until you are blue in the face," he says, "but after five minutes people will ask you, 'How does this relate to my life? How does this relate to the fact that I have to go collect my welfare cheque once every month? How does this relate to the fact that I wait at the food bank?'"

"What are you going to do, when you're confronted with this huge difference between a term that was coined in 1776 and somebody who is existing today? How do you do that? It's not an impossible task, but the point is you have got to do it. That is your job as a teacher. You've got to somehow bring that together and make it make sense to them."

The H101 classroom is about real lives, not just books, not just academic achievement, Egan says. Unlike students in regular undergraduate classes, the students in H101 are not formally graded on their work.

"The H101 student doesn't give a damn whether I'm pleased with their answer or not, really. And that's neat, because basically, we've all got our sleeves rolled up and we're working with the ideas," she says.

In the H101 classroom, learning is a two-way street. "A number of instructors commented on how interesting it was to be working with adults rather than people just out of high school,"



A ZEST FOR TEACHING: Susanna Egan has been an instructor for Humanities 101 for two years, an experience she says is both challenging and "hugely stimulating." NIC FENSOM PHOTO

Leduc says, "and even I could explain some things to the instructor."

"Each student in that room is there for his or her own curiosity, with his or her own tools, baggage, and possible direction. Very stimulating. Hugely stimulating. I can't sleep for quite a while afterward," Egan says.

The H101 students have a pronounced desire and determination to learn. This dedication, Babiak says, is independent of any expectations or possible outcomes from the program. "They are here in a program that is twice a week," he says.

"It's regular, it's consistent, there is a certain discipline there...and they all show up. They all do this, week in, week out. Nobody's going to promise them a full-time job that's going to take care of all their economic problems, but the very fact that they still want to learn under those conditions or under those circumstances is remarkable, utterly remarkable."

These students have been barred from higher education because of their social class, giving the H101 classroom a strikingly different demographic from that of other UBC classrooms.

Babiak perceives a kind of expectation among his undergraduates at UBC: expectations of a career, economic prosperity, security, and glamour. Post-secondary education is seen as a good way to round out young people before they enter the workforce, and possibly to get them a better job. Babiak thinks these same expectations aren't really present in H101.

"[H101 grads] have gone on to do things, become involved in the community, in a set of different organizations," he says. "It serves as a purpose for them, but perhaps not the same kind of ideal, that notion that undergraduates still have."

Babiak feels the H101 approach is how learning should be: tactical, hands-on, with lots of dialogue. He criticises the traditional, ivory tower learning philosophy. That style, he says, "approaches the humanities like one walks into a China shop...sort of look-but-don't-touch...And the China shop gets

"[Humanities 101] approaches the humanities like one walks into a China shop...sort of look-but-don't-touch... And the China shop gets demolished in H101. It's confrontational knowledge."

—Peter Babiak
H101 instructor

demolished in H101. It's confrontational knowledge."

Babiak says that he feels the aim of the university has moved away from the spirit of teaching in the last five years—a trend that he finds unsettling.

"When you start thinking that the primary aim in a university is to do research, rather than teaching, then I think you've kind of missed the mark of what higher education is about. That for me is a big point," he says.

That discontent was part of what prompted Babiak to get involved with the H101 program. He likes "the idea that [H101] is real teaching, pure teaching, not teaching as the means to get another article out of it, or using your students to throw out your radically chic post-modern ideas."

There is an immediacy in H101 classes. In H101, there is no separation between education and life.

"Ideas and knowledge don't have to exist out there in the library," says Babiak, motioning towards Main library. "That's not where ideas happen. Ideas happen with people, out there on the street. Ideas happen on the Downtown Eastside, on any given day. Culture is not something you find in a rare bookstore; it's something that happens when you talk to people. That's culture. When you discuss things, when you have disagreements with people, [whether it's] about economics or the history of the novel, it doesn't matter. That is how culture enacts itself and repeats itself."

Bridging the gap between UBC and the community is also one of the university's goals laid out in Trek 2000, the document which outlines UBC's vision for the 21st century. While many people see H101 as a fulfillment, or at least a partial fulfillment, of the Trek 2000 commitment, Babiak feels there is still a long way to go.

His 40-minute cycle between the Downtown Eastside and the UBC campus at Point Grey is jarring, he says, because the two places are so close together and yet seem universes apart.

"It's time to confront the things that people fear. And people fear—literally—the Downtown Eastside, for no good reason."

Many H101 students truly enjoy attending classes at UBC. They enjoy the beauty of the campus, and the access to resources from which they were previously barred. The UBC Library is a valuable and vast resource that several H101 students have used extensively while enrolled in the program. Babiak says the students like the mystique—the quietude—of university life. He explains this desire to be involved in the UBC community as a symptom of the students' desire to learn.

"They're not buying in to whatever one would call a sort of 'ideology of the ivory tower,'" he says. "They're simply trying to say, 'This is cool. This is interesting, and I like it, and I want to be a part of this world as well.'"

Babiak also hopes that, as a teacher, he inspires people to go further with their education.

"I always see my role as somebody who lifts the curtain on a window, and makes [a student] look through it. And hopefully after I'm gone and the class is finished, the student will want to penetrate further beyond that." ♦



PETER BABIAK: As a Humanities 101 instructor, Babiak has learned a lot about the art of teaching from his students. While the program has far exceeded expectations, Babiak feels there is still a long way to go. NIC FENSOM PHOTO

THE UBYSSEY

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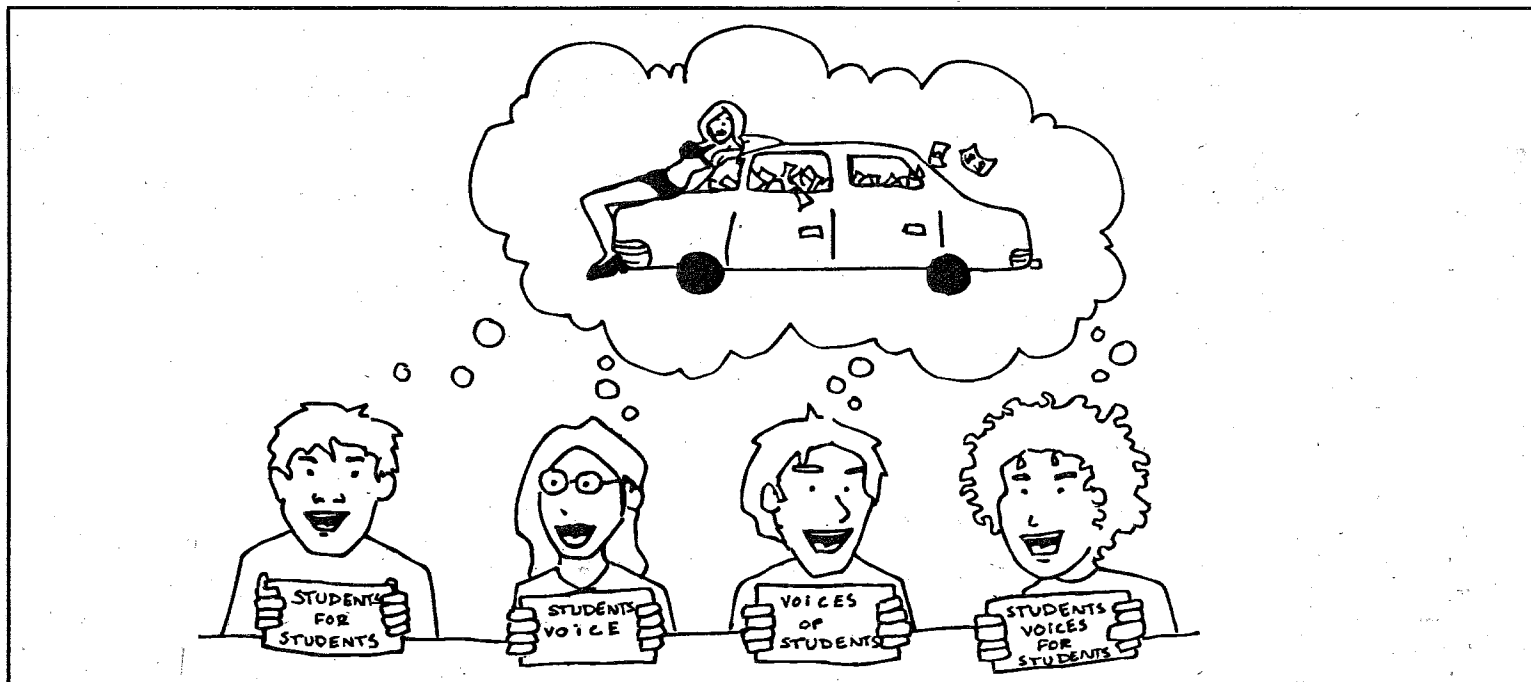
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As Phoebe Wang, Kat Single-Dain and Hywel Tuscano waited to pay tuition at Brock Hall they tried to calculate just how long it would be before Graeme Worthy cannon-balled off the roof of the building in frustration. Campus cowgirl Sara Young brandished her night stick, attempting to subdue the unruly Duncan M. McHugh, Jesse Marchand and Scott Bardsley as they ripped shrink wrap at the bookstore. Ron Nurwisa, Jennifer Forhan and Julia Christensen formed an orderly queue in front of Room 24 at the SUB waiting to get that day's Ubyyssey so they could go to the Swiss Chalet for perogies with Marta Bashovski and Alana Prochuk. At the bus loop a serious brawl was brewing as Emma Fitzgerald, Al Lin Choo, and Alicia Miller elbowed their way through the line to board the 99. This earned them frowns from Sarah MacNeill Morrison and Dan Silverman, who were already on the bus. Rob Stolesbury-Leeson and Laura Blue were having significant difficulties sorting out their futures: Arts Academic Advising was packed as usual. Slothful Science advisors Nic Fensom and Lauren Emberson kept referring their psychology students to Arts Advising. There was no line-up at the Cheese.

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Note: all candidates must sign their own nomination forms. This means you can't nominate your friends without them knowing. Were you to think that sort of thing were funny, there would be no fun for you.

Offer not valid in Québec. ♦

* provided the bouncers actually recognise you as the famous student politician you are, and care

** based on vouchers; some restrictions apply

letters

Reply to a 'weak' review

Who is Nic Fensom? Did he even read *Lord of the Rings* ("Lord of the Weak Rings" [Jan. 4])? This is not just any blockbuster movie. Before making any judgments on the plot, refer to the book to see if there's any room to complain. The book is long and the film is long for a reason. It's fantasy and usually the main characters have to go through many obstacles to get from point A to point B. Unlike in the 21st century, you can't ride a plane or FedEx the ring to your destination. It's the same with any PlayStation game. You've got to go through many levels, fight 'never-ending demons' until you've finally conquered the game.

This is not just a typical blockbuster movie, like say *Titanic*, *Pearl Harbour*, or *Jurassic Park*. *Lord of the Rings* is a phenomenon. It can be read as an adventure tale on one hand, but also on a deeper level of basic humanity. So why do people go to see this movie? 'Cause they love the book! We all know this movie's about the good guys fighting the bad guys, etc. But this is also about filmmaking. People go to this movie to see how this fantastical world is pulled off through the special effects, acting, scenery, etc. Maybe the reviewer did not understand that,

on a deeper level, this film is about camaraderie, the bonds between two hobbits, Frodo and Sam, hobbits and man, hobbits and other beings, and hobbits and a mentor (Gandalf). What vulva?! On behalf of those viewers who saw something more than just a 'weak film,' this film wasn't long enough and we can't wait for the next two. Read the next two books when you review the next two films.

—Mark Saber
Georgia State University

UBC still performs animal experiments

It is troubling to learn that the University of British Columbia medical school still has live-animal laboratories in its curriculum (*The Vancouver Sun*, "UBC stands nearly alone in using lab animals," [Dec. 26]), given that excellent non-animal teaching methods exist and are employed at other universities. The majority of medical schools in Canada and the US have animal-free curricula, thanks to innovative computer-based laboratories, life-like simulators and valuable first-hand clinical practicums that save schools money and eliminate any ethical concern. Thousands of doctors and other health-care professionals gradu-

ate from top schools every year without ever participating in a five-animal laboratory. Surely one would not think that McGill graduates are inadequate physicians or that medical students at Harvard or Yale receive a "compromised education." Quite the opposite. They focus their training on human patients and human illnesses.

Ultimately, students are poorly served by experimenting on pigs, dogs and other animals. Not only are countless aspects—from the amount of incision pressure needed to break the skin to the size and placement of internal organs—on other animals dramatically different from those of humans, but killing healthy animals teaches our future healers that life is cheap.

—Karl Losken
Board Member,
EarthSave Canada

Looking at the fine print on your BCSL

Students cashing British Columbia Student Loan (BCSL) loans should be aware of the fine print on Certificate 1. Any BCSL loans dispersed after 2000 are collected through the British Columbia Student Services Branch (BCSSB). When you sign your Certificate 1 in order to get your BCSL, if you pro-

vide account information in Section 3, you are automatically authorising BCSSB to remove money from your bank account when the time comes for repayment. Do not let the Consolidation Agreement that you'll get in the mail after you graduate fool you—it may LOOK like you have other repayment options, but you don't if you've chosen direct deposit on your Certificate 1.

According to the BCSSB representative I talked to today, I must put up with an end-of-the-month automatic debit, and I have no legal way of preventing the government's access to my account. I've written to the Ministry of Advanced Education to see if perhaps this is an overstated case. The representatives at the BCSSB have made sure to indicate that the fact that I don't like an end-of-the-month automatic withdrawal from my account is because I am irresponsible and don't want to pay my loan—and I think that case is pretty overstated too. I was told that "students prefer it this way," so I guess I may be the only student who prefers to pay my bills on the day I get paid.

Just a word to the wise. If there are any other students out there with my preferences, maybe you want to write the ministry too.

—Arwen Brenneman
2001 computer science grad

TRAVELLING AT THE SPEED OF STARS

THE STARS
The Comeback EP 2001
[Le Grand Magistery/Darla]

THE STARS
at the Railway Club
Jan. 8

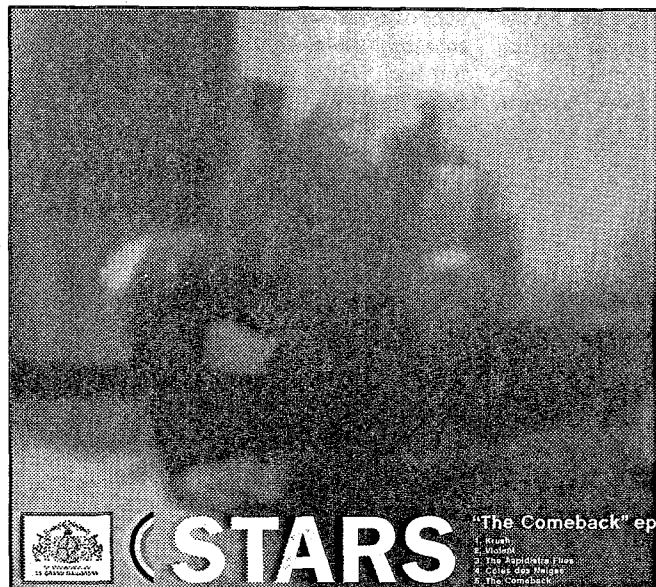
This town needs to see more of the Stars, if their twinkle manages to pierce through the spotlights and trendlights of these rainy streets. The Montréal five-piece shone their sample-sprinkled, endearing and polished pop to a small Tuesday night turnout. I always suspected people don't tilt their eyes towards the sky enough—now I have proof.

Absent from end-of-the-year best-of lists was mention of the Stars' poised EP. Also absent from the Railway's narrow space were the apathetic scenesters that make shows in this town so prostrate. I'm sure these two details are related.

The Stars are a secret that shouldn't be kept. Torquil Campbell's lyrics endeared the audience to his playful heart. Amy Millan escorted him with her modest yet piercing voice and added guitar flutter riffs to the sparse bass furrows of Evan Cranley. Chris Seligman enriched the sound with a French horn, keyboards and a pulsating and well-placed beat track that eased into Pat McGee's keen drumming.

Both the Stars' performance and their EP have that elusive balance where the band's different elements don't smother one another. There isn't an abrasive moment on the album. The Stars are most eloquent in their restraint, almost too impeccable. Their tidy execution might be held against them by those that demand more spontaneity. But there's a sexiness to their tension and abandon. Their songs brim with danceability.

The EP didn't spellbind me on the first play, but I was struck by the band's efforts to present different moods in the five tracks. The songs all draw from the same pop sensibility, but move away from that heart so much that each song is distinctive enough to have a set-piece presence. A flossy instrumental track follows a parody Brit-ballad and the first song has a French beat akin to that of Stereolab. They name The Smiths



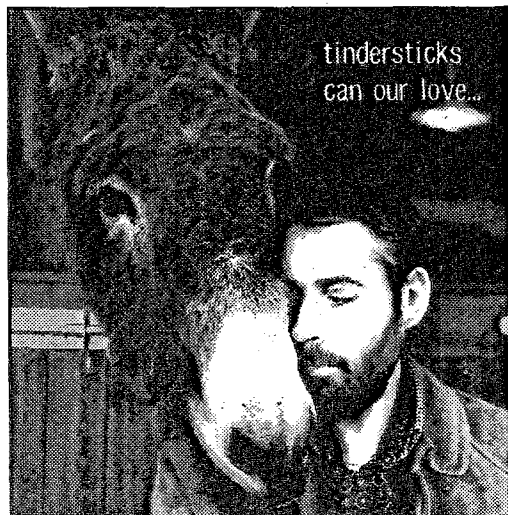
as a favourite and ask you to "dust off the 8-track." Aren't these reasons enough to be won over?

Released on Le Grand Magistery, *The Comeback* is the Stars' second EP after the *A Lot of Little Lies* EP and *Nightsongs*, a full length album released early 2001. *The Comeback* is a pricey EP, something to do with Magistery mismanagement. The Stars are now signed to Shipbuilding Records, the abode of their friends and tourmates the Dears. "I painted signs on the road to the fame," sings Tonquil, and their next signpost and newest album should be out this spring.

Near the end of their set (was it really already a 12:45am?), I turned around and was startled by a barricade of faces, attentive and rapt. All the talking in the room had stopped, and a note of disappointment strung through the air at the end of their final song, "The Stars Are Out Tonight," also a recent EP. Quick applause brought but a one-song encore. The first performance of their west coast tour inaugurated a new year's faith in sparkling possibility. I pushed past the mob around the merchandise table and tilted back to the night air's kiss.

—Phoebe Wang

MELANCHOLY TINDERSTICKS



TINDERSTICKS
Can Our Love...
[Beggars Banquet]

You can tell from the cover that Tindersticks' latest album, *Can Our Love...*, is going to be a melancholy one. The album sleeve depicts a forlorn looking man nuzzled up to a donkey, one of the most tragic animals. If you doubt me, spend some time on the farm and you will find that even the pig appears jaunty

when compared to our sombre friend, the donkey.

But all hoofed animals aside, listening to this album is like living an entire winter under grey Vancouver skies in just eight tracks. The lyrics on this album embody that hopeless, helpless feeling invoked by months of interminably ashen horizons. The opening track, "Dying Slowly," offers the resigned statement, "So this dying slowly, it seemed better than shooting myself. This dying slowly, it seemed better than shouting it out." Things don't get much brighter, as the album moves through the title track and asks, "Can our love grow any further?" After nearly 45 minutes of gloom, the album ends with the "Chilietime," which declares, "I'm here, I got this feeling now, but it'll never stay long."

Even more depressing than the lyrics on *Can Our Love...*, are the for-

lorn instrumentals. This album, with its abundance of string and brass accompaniments—and several lengthy tracks—definitely has a dark cinematic feel. This is reflected in the band's decision to approach several filmmakers in hope of setting short films to some of the tracks on *Can Our Love...* Tindersticks' interest in combining performance and music is made evident in that, since releasing this album, they have scored *Trouble Every Day*, the new film by Claire Denis (*Beau Travail*), which promises to be at least as dark and depressing as the average Tindersticks' song. Tindersticks also provided the soundtrack for Denis's 1996 film, *Nenette et Boni*.

All of this is not to say that *Can Our Love...* is a bad album. The fact is, it's a wonderful album, even considering "Tricklin'," which offers only one-note instrumentals and the bareness of Stuart Staples's deep vocals. It's like what Eeyore once said: "Listen Piglet, the beauty in life is that it's shit—no matter what that stupid bear tells you."

—Sara Young

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THE UBYSSY

I had the oddest dream. It had something to do with a giant flying machine. I think it was a boat too, but I'm not sure. Sometimes, if I hop in the shower right after I get out of bed I can start dreaming again. The images flood back, and I can start piecing it back together again. But I was late for class, and so I didn't bother to shower. I just threw on some clothes and scurried out the door, but when got to class I still felt it tugging at me.

Flyin' high since 1918

No teachers, no teams

Teachers are no longer coaching high school sports teams. T-Bird coaches and athletes talk about what it means for kids and UBC

by Scott Bardsley

Neither choice was a good one. Shnane Liem, a younger sister of Thunderbird Lauren Liem, was really looking forward to playing basketball for her high school when she came back to class at the beginning of January. But on Monday, Phase Two of the teachers' union job action left Shnane's basketball team without a teacher sponsor, shutting it down. Shnane could either get back on the court playing for a club or wait and see how politics played out.

She reluctantly chose the club. According to her older sister, it's not an easy situation for Shnane or her friends.

"They're really upset that they can't play because that's pretty much all they did at school," Lauren said. "They can't have the Fraser Valleys or the BCs [Championships] and that's pretty much your goal if you're on a [high school] team: the BCs, the Provincials."

This situation is hurting high school students across the province. On Monday, the

BC Teachers' Federation introduced Phase Two job action: teachers no longer participate in extra-curricular activities, and because most public schools require their teams to be sponsored by a teacher for insurance reasons, BC's high school sports have, for the most part, been shut down.

Phase Two has UBC's coaches and athletes both worried and sympathetic, since many of them were in high school themselves not too long ago. Cancelling extra-curricular sports teams will have a major impact on kids, especially high school seniors, says Kevin Hanson, the coach of the T-Birds men's basketball team.

"The high school year, your Grade 12 year, should be one of the most memorable times in your life and it's a shame that the student athletes don't have a chance to compete for something that they've set their whole high school careers on, and that is to compete and win a championship—in any sport," he said.

Zack Silverman, one of the UBC quarterbacks, says that removing sports teams takes away a crucial part of school.

"A lot of students, that's what keeps them in school, playing sports," he said. "A lot of my friends wouldn't have shown up if they didn't have football."

"High school can be pretty lame and boring," said Emily Menzies, the UBC field hockey team's goalie. "But sometimes sports and other extra-curricular activities will make it something that's more comprehensive and interesting. When you take away extra-curricular activities it really sucks for students."

While student athletes can continue playing with club teams, clubs can't play for the Provincial Championship. This year's high school graduates will be denied a shot at the title.

"Grade 12 is the year you really show yourself and it's your last year to make Provincials," said men's basketball player Ben Sansburn. "It's pretty tough to not be able to reach your goals, or even try to get them."

According to coaches, the high

school teachers' job action has only had a minimal effect on UBC's recruiting efforts, but both UBC's men's and women's basketball coaches still worry about high school athletes who only blossom in their last season.

"Most university coaches have a fairly good inclination as to who's on the recruiting list [already]. The ones that may not get a chance are the late bloomers, the late developers," Hanson said. "The Grade 12 year is a really key year in terms of their self-efficacy and...in terms of their confidence as an athlete."

Deb Huband, the women's basketball coach, said that sometimes players only get noticed when they make it to the Provincial Championships, and those players may not get a chance this year.

As far as practice goes, very dedicated players will still play under clubs, Huband added, but she's concerned about other athletes.

"It's the athletes who don't have the club, and maybe the stand-out player on a mediocre team, those are the ones who are really going to be hurt," she said.

Players of some sports, like volleyball, were lucky because their season finished before Phase Two began. But even Phase One of the teachers' job action hindered athletes. Since UBC has high academic standards, good grades are critical for athletes hoping to get into UBC. Some frustrated parents complained they couldn't get their children's grades from teachers even when they tried several times, said Dale Ohman, the men's volleyball coach.

Private schools are unaffected by Phase Two and some public schools, like Sentinel Secondary, allow non-teacher coaches to sponsor teams with the principal's permission. But in most schools, if the labour dispute drags on, kids will be forced to turn to club teams instead of school teams, fundamentally changing the way high school sports work.

Silverman thinks that while a club system can work, it has a lot of important drawbacks from the school teams. Transportation is a hassle because students don't practice at school and instead have to trek around town with all their gear. And while dedicated kids may move to clubs, Silverman worries that clubs won't attract as many casual players. To top it off, not

"A lot of students, that's what keeps them in school, playing sports...A lot of my friends wouldn't have shown up if they didn't have football."

**—Zack Silverman
UBC football**

representing your school is a big downer.

"One of the things that's fun about high school football is representing your school," he said. "Having a pep rally in the school gym, wearing the school jacket—it's a good way to make friends in your school."

Menzies noted that many sports do not have well-established club leagues for athletes to turn to. Developing those leagues would take time.

However, schools that require teacher sponsors for sports teams could possibly change their insurance policy to allow non-teacher coaches, according to Seycove Secondary's principal Dick Burns. That too would be a lengthy process, he says, and not having teachers coach would alter his school's philosophy about how sports are run.

In one way or another, the status quo may have to change. Randy Young, Sentinel's athletic director, hopes that a settlement to the labour dispute will be reached soon. But he's concerned it will be a lopsided legislated deal.

"Hopefully the government doesn't hammer us, as I've heard they may, because then there could be a real nasty reaction like...in Ontario where they shut down extra-curricular activities for three years," he said.

Not a pretty picture. Shnane Liem may have to spend a long time with her club team. ♦

"Most university coaches have a fairly good inclination as to who's on the recruiting list [already]. The ones that may not get a chance are the late bloomers, the late developers...The Grade 12 year is a really key year in terms of their self-efficacy and...in terms of their confidence as an athlete."

—Kevin Hanson

UBC men's basketball coach

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Colours Caucus: Friday, 1:00

Women's Caucus: Tuesday, 1:15

Nash: Tuesday, 3:30

PWRCUP: Tuesday, 4:00

Culture: Tuesday, 11:30

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