

THE BYSSEY

INSIDE

That's it
for the
'80's

ALL I WANT for X-mas

I'd like to
give the WORLD
a COKE



The Bay to go
BANKRUPT



Zbigniew JUAN-MACDONALD

ANarchy, peace
LOVE and Hippie
SHIT



AH
OZONE
LAYER



Like Mr. SNOWMAN, we had a hard time
deciding what we wanted in our stockings

CLASSIFIEDS 228-3977

Classified Advertising

RATES: AMS Card Holders - 3 lines, \$3.00, additional lines 60 cents, commercial - 3 lines, \$5.00, additional lines 75 cents. (10% Discount on 25 issues or more) Classified ads payable in advance. Deadline 4:00 p.m., two days before publication. Room 266, SUB, UBC, Van., B.C. V6T 2A7, 228-3977.

05 - COMING EVENTS

AQUA-SOC CHRISTMAS PARTY Friday Dec. 1st - Tickets \$5.00 on sale now in the DIVE SHOP. Starts 7 p.m. in Room 207/209. Door prizes & raffle.

UNIVERSITY HILL COFFEE HOUSE 8:00 p.m. Sat. Dec. 16 - live music!!! Cover by donation. 5375 University Blvd. (at University Chapel), 222-0800.

10 - FOR SALE - COMMERCIAL

SEND BELGIAN CHOCOLATES FOR GIFTS. Anywhere in Canada/US for only \$14. Mail cheque to CHOCOLATE POSTE, 106 - 2619 Alma St., Van. B.C. V6R 3S1

11 - FOR SALE - PRIVATE

COMPAQ PORTABLE 386. Includes 3 MByte fast RAM, 100 MByte fast disk, expansion chassis and full set of reference manuals. Excellent for software development! Also complete software packages. \$7900. Call for information, or to try. 291-9009 preeves.

FLY VANCOUVER-TORONTO RTN. \$450 OBO. Dec 21 - Jan. 3. Female. 228-3718 or 224-8850. Ask for Tia.

XT COMPATIBLE, 640K, 10 MHZ, math co-processor, 30 meg hard disk, 2400 bps modem, Logitech mouse. Must sell. Offer around \$1,400. Ph. 228-9393 a/h.

SERF. THE HOME OF LOW PRICES. Wang, AS & Micom Word Processing Equipment. Call 228-2582.

20 - HOUSING

THE DEPARTMENT OF STUDENT HOUSING & CONFERENCES has vacancies for women in Totem Park & Place Vanier residences. These residences offer room & board accommodation in single or double rooms. Pls. contact the Student Housing Office during office hours (8:30 a.m. - 4) weekdays or by calling 228-2811 for more information.

5 BDRM, 2 STOREY, 20 yr old house for rent. House on 1/2 acre lot on Western Crescent. Ideal for a group of UBC students. Asking \$2500/month. Call Kris or Tony 643-1716.

MATURE FEMALE GRAD STUDENT, n/s, wanted to rent furnished bsmt. room in house near the village. Shared kitchen & bath. Separate entrance, cable, laundry. \$350. Call 222-3389, after 6pm.

2 BEDROOM, 2 bath deluxe apt. to share Dec. 1 or Jan. 1. Located at UBC gates, modern, bright California style apt. Rent \$476 inc. utilities. N/S. Darryl, 228-1867.

NEED A ROOMMATE to share 2 bedrooms apt. Cost \$275/month incl. cable, hydro, parking. Call Bernard, 876-0893.

WANTED TO LET three bedroom basement. Tel. 228-5051 ready to pay \$600.

25 - INSTRUCTION

UBC DANCE CLUB offer Beginner Jive Lessons starting Jan. 8 for 5 weeks. Cost: \$25. Limited space available. For more info. call 228-3248.

30 - JOBS

RUN YOUR OWN BUSINESS Student Sprinklers is now hiring on campus! We have 45 manager positions available nationwide. In 1989 our top manager's gross profit was \$45,000. Join a winning team - apply now. 681-5755.

-LIVE IN JAPAN-

International Education Services invites applications for a one year assignment in Japan teaching English language skills in school settings as well as to Japanese Business people from major corporations and government offices. Minimum academic requirement is a Bachelors degree; some work experience desirable. Liberal Arts degree holders as well as those with specialized degrees (i.e. management, engineering, pharmaceutical, securities, finance, languages, education, etc.) are encouraged to apply. Please submit current resume and cover letter accompanied by a recent photo to:

International Education Services
Shin-Taiso Building
10-7 Dogenzaka, 2-chome
Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150 JAPAN
Fax Number: (81)-03-463-7089

University Christian Ministry. A discussion on current subjects and Christianity response to them. 12:30, SUB 211.

Badminton club. Gym Night: New memberships are 30% off! Dance: Dec. 20. Purchase tix from Execs (or phone 327-8258). 7 - 10 p.m., Lord Byng, 3933 W. 16th.

SATURDAY, DEC. 2

Graduate Student Society. Children's Christmas Party. 12 (noon), Graduate Student Centre Banquet Room.

Concerned Cyclists for Non-Polluting Transport. Protest Ride to demand safe opportunities for cyclists in Vancouver. 11 a.m., meet at Hastings and Cambie (outside Bigfoot Outdoor Store, 150 Hastings). For more information call 251-6471.

SUNDAY, DEC. 3

Lutheran Student Movement. Communion Service. 10 a.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

United Church Campus Ministry. Informal discussion, study and prayer. All welcome. 7:30 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

P/T HELP REQ. Autoplan Insurance. Will study for level 1 license. 1st or 2nd yr. student preferred. Call Grace at 433-7748.

HEAD COACH for summer swim club. Must have NLS & extensive coaching exp. 590-3780 or 596-6577.

EARN EXTRA \$\$\$ using your answering machine p-t \$400 - \$2,000/mo. Mr. Rohn. Ph: 435-6494.

FRENCH TRANSLATOR NEEDED to translate 2 simple documents. Will pay \$30/hr. Approx. 5 hrs. Call Jean, 584-6218.

NOW HIRING!

Tortellini's Restaurant is now hiring a part-time cashier. Please apply with resume and your exam schedule, Monday - Friday 9am to Noon or 2pm to 4pm to Nancy in Room 230F SUB.

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If instructing sailing interests you, we are offering a course to enable you to become a C.Y.A. certified basic cruising instructor.

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FAST GROWING BUSINESS has opening for students desiring to create dependable income while studying. For interview call 879-8095 or 731-2019 between 3 - 7 p.m.

MAKE EXTRA CASH OVER CHRISTMAS from home. 100% natural products. Make excellent gifts. Call Don, 435-0787.

35 - LOST

LOST QUEENS GRAD RING in War Memorial Gym Sun., Nov. 26 at noon on Crt. 2. BSC 87 on outside, GSR inscribed inside. Call Glen, 874-7494. Reward.

40 - MESSAGES

ANYONE KNOW the rest of this song? It means a lot to someone I know: "Like a ship in the harbour. Like a light in the darkness. Like a mother and child." Please call Anya at 524-6984.

MONDAY, DEC. 4

Graduate Student Society. Manhattan w/ Casino Royale - last film night until Jan. 8/90. 6:30, Graduate Student Centre Fireside Lounge.

TUESDAY, DEC. 5

Lutheran Student Movement. Co-op Supper. 6 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

Lutheran Student Movement. Bible Study. 10 a.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 6

United Church Campus Ministry. Carols, food, socializing. All welcome. 6 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

THURSDAY, DEC. 7

Disability Centre. Open Forum. 12:30 - 1:30, SUB Meeting Rm. 125 (Main Floor).

Lutheran Student Movement. Theological discussion. 6:30 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

70 - SERVICES

VISITING TORONTO? Bed & Breakfast in our restored home. minutes to the 'U' of Toronto & downtown. Rates from \$45. Ashleigh Heritage House: (416) 535-4000.

75 - WANTED

DO YOU HAVE A SAX TO SELL? Please call Kira at 2153 here, or 732-7257 at home.

RESEARCH PROJECT. Free one-day stress management program for female graduate students in second term. For more information, contact 228-5345.

80 - TUTORING

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Try it Monday & Thursday Sub 24H

Between Classes

Deadline for submissions: for Tuesday's paper is Friday at 3:30PM, for Friday's paper is Wednesday at 3:30pm. **LATE SUBMISSIONS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED.**

Note: "Noon" = 12:30 p.m.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1

Institute of Asian Research. Lunchtime lecture by Dr. M.K. Chan, University of Hong Kong. 12:30pm, Seminar Room 604, Asian Centre.

Graduate Student Society. GSS Bzzr Garden. 4:30 - 7:30, Graduate Student Centre Garden Room.

Graduate Student Society. Zen Meditation & Instruction. 12:30, Graduate Student Centre Penthouse.

Graduate Student Society. Nathaniel Hurvitz - Guitar Soloist. 7 - 10 p.m., Graduate Student Centre Fireside Lounge.

International Youth Challenge. Information Meeting. 2:30 p.m., SUB 215.

University Christian Ministry. A discussion on current subjects and Christianity response to them. 12:30, SUB 211.

Badminton club. Gym Night: New memberships are 30% off! Dance: Dec. 20. Purchase tix from Execs (or phone 327-8258). 7 - 10 p.m., Lord Byng, 3933 W. 16th.

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Lutheran Student Movement. Theological discussion. 6:30 p.m., Lutheran Campus Centre.

FRIDAY, DEC. 8

The Vancouver Chamber Players Orchestra. Conducted by Eric Wilson, presents a free concert at the U.B.C. Old Auditorium on Friday, Dec. 8 at 8pm. The program features John Loban as soloist, and will consist of Brahms' Violin Concerto, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and an overture by Donizetti. Refreshments will be sold at intermission.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 13

Graduate Student Society. Feminist Research Group & The Grad Female Student Support Network Christmas Get Together. 4 - 6 p.m., Graduate Student Centre Garden Room.

FRIDAY, DEC. 15

UBC Sailing Club, Windsurfing Club, Ski Club, & Graduate Student Society. Christmas Party. 8 p.m. - 1 a.m. Graduate Student Centre Fireside Lounge.

SATURDAY, DEC. 16

Chess Club. Tournament, open to all, nationally-rated, prizes for beginners to experts, cost: \$10. 9:30 a.m. - 5 p.m., SUB 212.

Chess Club. Lecture: "Who is the Greatest Chess Player of All Time?" by Dr. Nathan Divinsky, Canadian representative to the World Chess Federation. Cost: \$5. 5 - 6:30 p.m., SUB 205.

HOT FLASHES

Disabled students requiring assistance with access to Christmas Exams Dec. 5th - 21st, or anticipating specialized needs, should contact: Jan del Valle, Co-ordinator of Services for Disabled Students, 228-4858, Student Counselling and Resources Centre, Brock Hall."

Auditor tackles AMS accounts

by Joe Altwasser

UBC's student council was muzzled by their legal counsel on Wednesday following an extraordinary meeting called to deal with an impending audit of certain AMS accounts.

Davis and Co., the AMS's legal counsel, suggested an information moratorium on the details of the audit until it is completed and results are released.

Council voted unanimously for AMS president Mike Lee to be the sole spokesperson for the AMS on the issue.

Lee said the motion "was necessary mainly to affirm my role as the provider of information."

"I can't comment on it (the audit) until the individual auditing firm has finished the audit," he said.

"Apart from ensuring the integrity of the AMS is upheld, it would be unfair to any people involved to release information until the irregularities have been verified and their full extent has been determined."

Lee would not reveal which accounts are to be examined in the audit which will begin Monday.



Mike Lee

In a second motion Karl

Kottmeier, director of finance, was replaced by Mark Brown, president of the commerce undergraduate society.

Brown will act as director of finance for Kottmeier who has taken a temporary leave of absence.

No reason was given for Kottmeier's leave. He could not be reached for comment.

Some students are concerned the AMS is withholding information about the audit.

"Personally I don't have much faith in the AMS," said Gareth Davies, arts 4.

"This bothers me that they are not telling me what they are doing with my money. Any wrong-doings or perceived wrong-doings should be made public."

Jason Gadd, history 4, said: "If there are any wrong-doings they should be let out to the public. It's our money and we should know what's happening to it."

Some students, however, agreed with the information ban.

Alan Price, science 5, said: "I don't mind. They have to sort it

out internally. As long as they let the information out at the end of the audit."



Karl Kottmeier

Lee said the results would be made public as soon as the audit is

complete.

"Students will have full information on the issue after the audit is completed and council has the opportunity to adopt and implement the recommendation," he said.

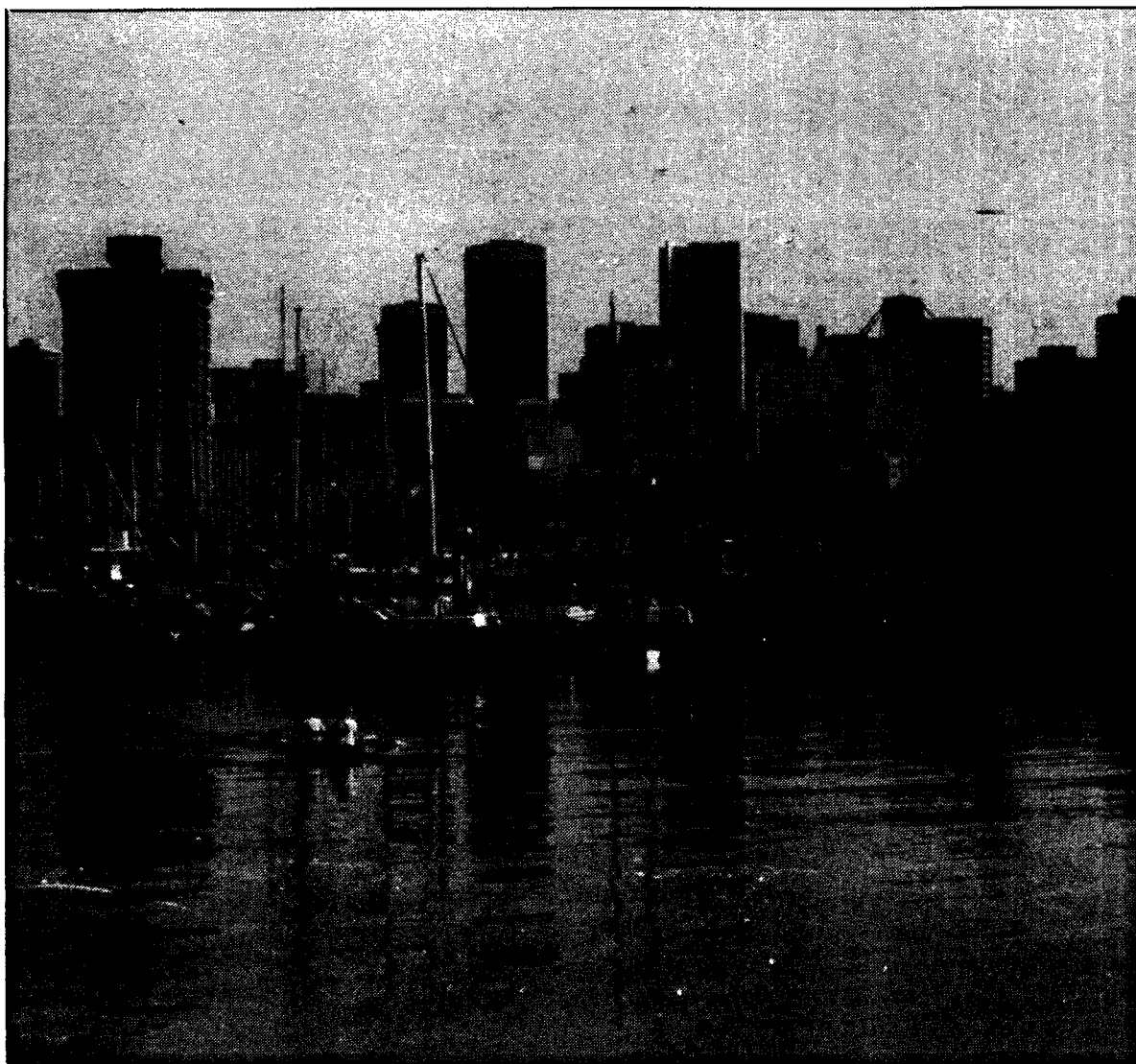
Peat Marwick, the firm which normally conducts the AMS year-end audit, will perform the investigation.

This decision to use Peat Marwick was also affirmed Wednesday night.

Lee said there is a marked difference between an annual audit and a special investigative audit.

"A special investigative audit differs from a regular audit in that it looks at perceived weaknesses which have been identified by others and considers the seriousness of those and makes recommendations if applicable."

"A regular audit is performed annually by the auditors and verifies that the financial statements are fairly represented," said Lee.



Row, row, row your boat but don't swim in the stream.

SARAH NAOMI CLYNE PHOTO

Referendum may refund SRC

by John Gray

Students may soon be lining up, not to pay more fees, but to receive a rare monetary refund if a referendum sponsored by R.J. Moorhouse, Arts Undergrad Society rep on student council, comes to fruition.

The petition calls for a referendum to refund the \$30 fee collected from students in September for the building of the Student Recreation Centre. The Alma Mater Society is holding more than \$800,000 in trust.

"We have a moral responsibility to return that money to its rightful owner," said Moorhouse. "It's like holding a wallet."

Moorhouse hopes to get the thousand signatures necessary to

compel the AMS to call a referendum soon so he can take advantage of the upcoming AMS executive elections.

"If we can put a question (regarding the refunding of SRC money) on the January election ballot then we can save the AMS the time and expense of arranging another referendum."

"We have already spent too much time and money arguing about this already."

Moorhouse said the only real expense that could arise would be any extra staff the AMS business office would have to hire to deal with long lines of students wanting to pick up their cheques.

According to a rough draft of the question, Moorhouse is proposing any money left unclaimed

be donated to the AMS bursary fund.

But according to AMS president, Mike Lee, there may be complications.

"I know of one group of students that is right now circulating a petition to call for a third and final referendum concerning SRC."

"The two petitions may be presented in the New Year when they will obviously be at cross purposes. At this point the council will have to make a decision about the petitions. If we were unable to come to a decision then it would have to be submitted to student court for their decision."

Both Lee and Moorhouse agree if the money is not used for the SRC then it should be returned to students.

New tuition hike hushed

by Chung Wong

Silence from the President's Office on the upcoming tuition hike has students worried that there will be no recourse to negotiate the increase.

"I've been trying to set up a simple five minute telephone call with President Strangway for the last couple of weeks but have had no luck," said Tim Bird, student representative on the Board of Governors.

"My original prediction for the tuition increase was originally five to seven per cent, but this secrecy concerns me. It could mean up to eight and nine per cent now," said Bird.

The president refused to comment to The Ubysey about the tuition increase.

Bird said students need to pressure for negotiations with Strangway before he presents his tuition proposal December 18 at the next BoG meeting.

"We've got to convince President Strangway to change it now before December 18 because once the proposal hits the table at the meeting then it's going to be fifty times more difficult to amend the increase."

According to Bird, their secrecy is unusual.

"From my experience the student board representatives and the most prominent student politicians have usually been privy to what the increase would most likely be well in advance. This would give us a chance to formulate a decent argument."

"Once a decision is publicly announced there's all kinds of factors that come into play that were not there before—issues such as loyalty."

UBC Vice-President Bruce Gellatly acknowledged the tuition issue to be quite "sensitive" but maintained the president has yet to reveal any elements concerning this year's tuition proposal.

At the beginning of the year, however, Strangway distributed a pamphlet to all BoG members called Truths and Myths about Tuition, written by the Washington D.C.-based Association of

Governing Boards of Universities and Colleges.

"It's got two columns—myths and truths—that is from the administration's perspective," said Bird. "From the student perspective, you simply switch the headings."

"The pamphlet represents the perspective from a university financial analyst. A financial analyst doesn't look at a student's pocket book—he just looks at the university's budget. The student perspective is not brought into perspective in the 'Truth' at all."

Myth number seven says that "when college and university presidents are faced with cost increase, they raise tuition to make up the difference."

In response, "Truth" number seven says that "presidents and trustees are extremely careful when making tuition decisions—each increase in tuition is the result of detailed, often agonizing deliberation by the institution's board."

AMS Tuition Taskforce chair Joanna Harrington pointed out the lack of a justified arbitration system between the BoG and students.

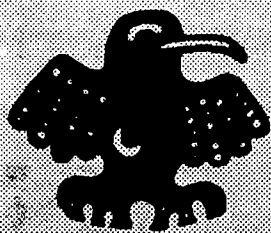
"It's really undemocratic—we're not involved," said Harrington. "(BoG has) closed meetings whereas other universities have open meetings."

"There are 15 BoG members and only two student representative members," she added.

But she noted students should not only focus on BoG alone. "We can't just blame BoG—they'll say the province isn't paying enough. And the province will say BoG decides. So we really have to focus on both."

Students are also apprehensive over the university administration's attitude toward students. Bird noted that UBC raised tuition by 30 per cent in 1982-83.

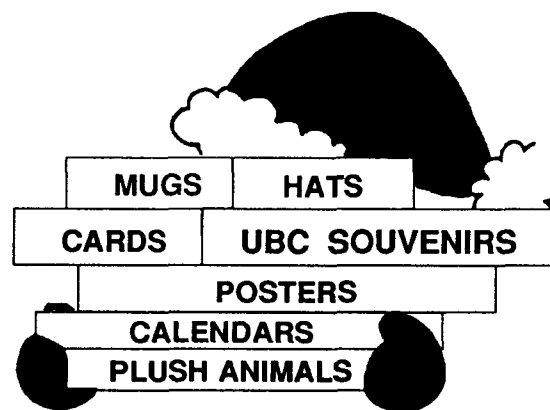
"Last year they (the provincial government) increased the budget by seven to eight per cent. They were very generous. But UBC still came around a 10 per cent increase."



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 Sunday 12 p.m. - 5 p.m.

HAMPTON PLACE: A STUDENT PERSPECTIVE

WHO WILL LIVE AT HAMPTON PLACE?

- Not students.
- Not new faculty.
- Not staff.
- Condos will be sold at market value (approx. \$500,000 each)
- Highrise units will be rented at prevailing market rates for luxury apartments.
- Hampton Place is targeted for "empty-nesters" who already own property on Vancouver's West Side.
- No student housing has been included.
- Many current faculty members have expressed concern that Hampton Place will not be affordable, for themselves or for incoming faculty.

HOW WILL THIS DEVELOPMENT AFFECT THE ENVIRONMENT?

- Highrises three times as tall as the trees will be right beside the Pacific Spirit Park.
- A brick wall will be built alongside the Acadia Park Daycare.
- 1600 commuters will be driving on and off campus everyday, contributing to Vancouver's pollution and traffic congestion.
- Hampton Place could be helping to alleviate the pollution problem by housing students, staff, and faculty on-campus.



WHAT WILL THE MONEY GENERATED BE USED FOR?

- According to the Administration, the money will be used for capital funding.
- It could be used for student housing but no guarantee has been given by UBC's Board as Governors.

WHO HAS BEEN INVOLVED IN THE PLANNING?

- Many experts were consulted, but those affected by the development (students, faculty, staff, the Musqueam Band, and other Lower Mainland residents) were insufficiently consulted.

YOU CAN EXPRESS YOUR CONCERNS BY SIGNING THE STUDENT PETITION AT SPEAKEASY, MAIN CONCOURSE, SUB AND BY WRITING TO THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS AND PRESIDENT STRANGWAY.



EXTERNAL AFFAIRS • AMS STUDENT ENVIRONMENT CENTER



After spending seven wonderful weeks travelling through the People's Republic of China, I arrived in Beijing on June 3, 1989. I had hoped to see the many sights of Beijing and its surroundings, such as the Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven, Mao Zedong Mausoleum, and the Great Wall. I never did.

Instead, I became a participant in history, and the only sights I saw were terrified Chinese students and civilians in a state of angered shock after being betrayed by their government's promise not to use force on the students' peaceful demonstrations.

Deng Xiaoping's murderous 27th Army Battalion created a scene I will never forget.

When I arrived at Beijing train station following a 36-hour train journey from Chengdu, I found myself surrounded by thousands of young Chinese students. A massive pilgrimage had been bringing students from all over the country to Tiananmen Square for weeks, adding strength to their pro-democratic demonstration. After spending an hour wandering the parking lot of the station, I finally threw my backpack in a bus whose driver had agreed to take me to the travellers' hostel, which was two km from Tiananmen Square.

I sat in the bus, exhausted from the hardships of third class Chinese train travel, but I was nonetheless happy to finally reach Beijing, where I planned to spend my final two weeks in China.

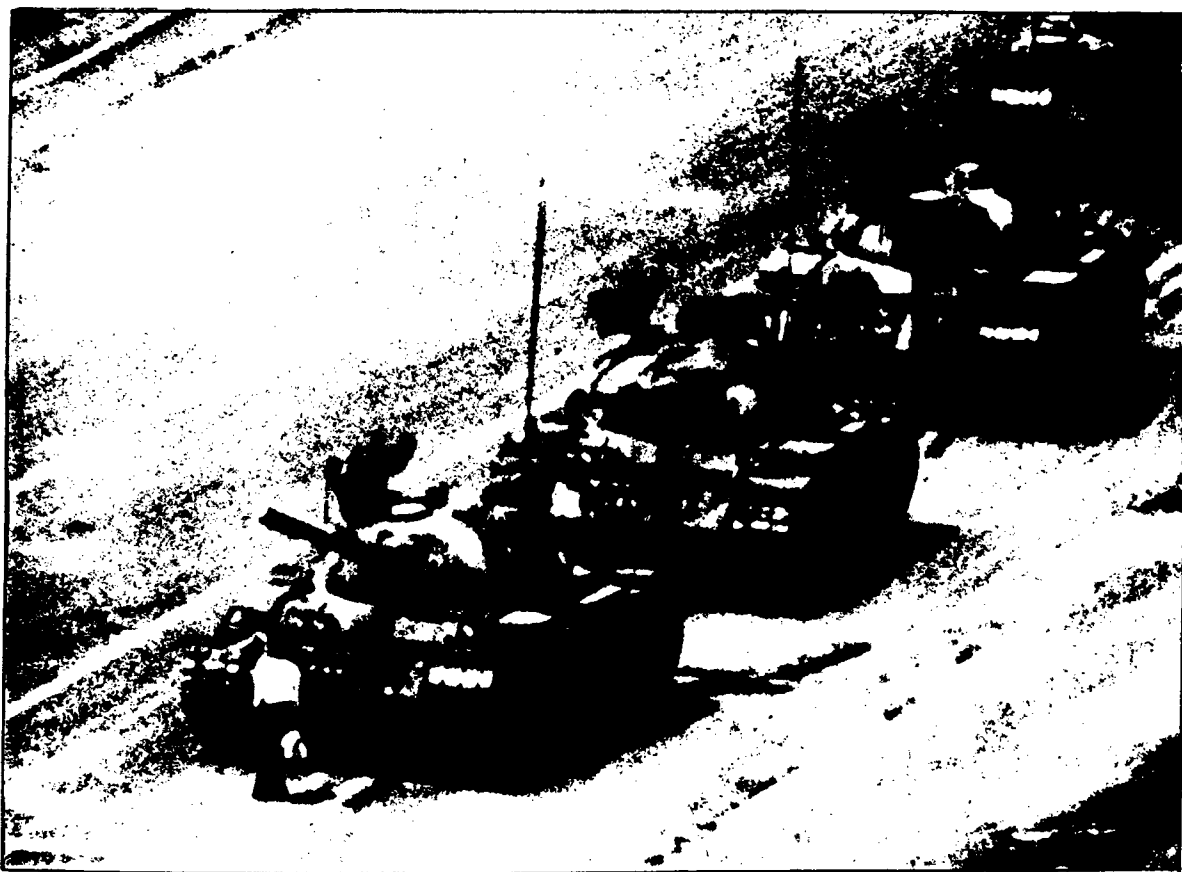
Looking out the window of the bus I was surprised to see ominous line-ups of military personnel carriers parked on the main streets leading to Tiananmen Square. I was aware that martial law had been imposed in Beijing a few weeks earlier, but I did not realize there would be such a presence of armed soldiers.

About 10 minutes from the train station I noticed the bus driver seemed to be troubled by these occupied roads. As I don't speak Chinese, I couldn't understand what he was saying to the passengers, but he looked worried and seemed concerned with avoiding the military carriers through some crafty detours.

Suddenly the bus came to a halt. Through the driver's gestulatory motions, I understood he wanted everyone off the bus. As I threw my backpack on my shoulders, I saw why the driver had refused to drive any further. About 100 metres up the road there was an enormous convoy of army vehicles which led almost a full mile to Tiananmen Square.

I was surprised to see citizens mingling with the soldiers, laughing, smiling, and sharing cigarettes. This comforted me, seeing these soldiers displaying human emotions. I honestly thought at this time that the soldiers were merely a precautionary measure. Certainly they were not going to be used for an offensive attack. They could not possibly do harm to their brothers and sisters.

As I stumbled along, searching for the hostel, I met a Chinese woman who spoke English reasonably well. After she kindly gave me directions to the hostel, I asked her if the installments of soldiers had been there long. With complete seriousness she said "These troops have only ar-



Lights out in Beijing

rived today. Something bad is about to happen." She then vanished nervously in the congested streets of Beijing.

In the early hours of June 4, 1989, I slept peacefully and undisturbed in the Beijing Hostel as hundreds, perhaps thousands, of innocent students were crushed horrifically by tanks.

A pounding on the door of my room awoke me at about dawn. It was my Scottish friend, Tony, staring at me in disbelief, his Sony shortwave radio glued to his ear. "Voice of America" had just given news of the takeover of Tiananmen Square by troops, leaving an undisclosed number of students dead.

Along with my James, an Australian friend whom I had been travelling with for some time. I raced down to the square on my rented bicycle. The streets were a shambles. Garbage bins were overturned. Rocks and glass covered the streets. Tires of military personnel carriers were smoldering as burnt-out vehicles stood motionless.

I was approached by many of the Chinese students and civilians who desperately tried to tell me of the atrocities which took place only hours earlier. By putting their fingers up to their throats and cutting across in a horizontal fashion, they were trying to tell me that many of their friends and family had been murdered. Their eyes conveyed a fear and anger

which I had never seen before.

Suddenly gunfire let loose. I was only 200 metres from the barricaded square. In panic, I quickly turned my bicycle around and raced off with thousands of screaming people, a sound which I doubt could ever be emulated. My heart and adrenaline were pumping furiously.

I became worried when James didn't catch up with me after the shooting. Later that night I found out he had been unable to turn his bicycle around fast enough. Throngs of frenzied people went charging past him, knocking him off his bike and subsequently trampling him. Miraculously, he suffered only scrapes and bruises.

There were reports that bodies were being burnt in order to reduce the fatality count, and there was indeed smoke rising from various parts of the occupied square. An army helicopter was constantly being flown in and out of the square, picking up bodies of the dead soldiers and flying them to some unknown destination, where they could be disposed of without leaving any trace.

As I was cycling past a hospital on my way to the east entrance of the square, I stopped at a large gathering of people who were listening to the pleas of a doctor who was asking them to donate blood. He was in need of a special blood type which could possibly save the life of a young pregnant woman who had been shot in the neck by a

soldier.

Just then, a bicycle with a cart attached to the back of it came rushing by with two injured Chinese males in it. One seemed to be in extreme pain, clutching his side, while the other didn't seem to be in any pain at all. In fact, he lay motionless.

During the troubled days in Beijing, rumours were flying around as wildly as bullets. No one knew what was happening. Talk of civil war between the 27th and 39th armies was looming. Short-wave radio signals from the west were being jammed by the Chinese authorities, preventing anyone from knowing how the outside world was reacting to the crisis that was unfolding.

Cycling around the city with my camera concealed in my day pack, I wasn't scared of the commotion in Tiananmen. I had some ridiculous preconceived notion that because I was travelling with a Canadian passport, I would be exempt from the perils of this war torn city. However, when caught amongst gunfire, I quickly realized bullets cannot discern the nationality of your passport. Then I was terrified, intrinsically aware of my vulnerability as I passed through a city of horrors.

Blood stains and puddles of blood were splashed in and around Tiananmen Square. I came across a pool of blood which had obviously been left by a woman whose white shoes remained behind.

While cycling near the Beijing Hotel, caught up in all the action, I came upon a charred human body, hanging lifeless from a pedestrian overpass. I suddenly felt sick to my stomach. It was the remains of a soldier. He had been beaten to death, then doused with petrol and set ablaze. A noose had then been wrapped around his neck and he was hung up on display, a sickening sign of defiance.

A few of the English-speaking members of the mob told me this soldier was getting exactly what he deserved. I was told how this lynched soldier had only eight hours earlier driven a tank over an elderly woman as she was carrying her grandchild. Madness brews madness, I thought.

I was careful when taking photographs and often leery of exposing my camera in public. A German friend of mine was caught while trying to photograph a group of soldiers. Two soldiers chased him, and when he threw his hands in the air to surrender they grabbed him by the hair, then ripped the camera out of his hands and smashed it on the blood-stained pavement. Though he was later outraged at the loss of his camera, my friend was at the same time relieved he himself had not suffered a similar fate.

By the seventh of June, tension was boiling in the streets of Beijing. The stage was set for civil war. I was on the top floor of the International Hotel having a look down toward Tiananmen, when I noticed a single file of tanks proceeding east on Chang'an Avenue towards us. Just then an American businessman who had been sharing the view with me said that the tanks were out to enforce the 5 p.m. curfew which had recently been imposed by the military. According to my watch, it was 5 p.m. at that very moment!

Aware that I was at least 25 minutes from my hostel by bicycle, I ran to the elevator out of the hotel in less than a minute. I jumped on my bike and raced towards my hostel, hoping I could avoid any confrontation with the tanks. Despite a punctured rear tire, I arrived at the hostel safe and sound, and breathless.

At this point I knew I would not be safe in Beijing any longer. I phoned the Canadian Embassy and they advised me to get to their compound as soon as possible. I spent my last night in China at the embassy, seeking refuge from the horrors that beset the streets of the city. The next morning I joined the Canadian escort to the airport, along with about 200 other Canadians who were as confused and befuddled as myself.

On the way to the airport I felt saddened. My adventurous, if not precarious, trip through China had come to an unexpected and abrupt end. But more than that, I felt for the horribly oppressed people of China. I thought of all the wonderful people I had met throughout the country and how the last few days in Beijing would affect them for the rest of their lives.

As we passed the last of the stone-faced soldiers, their guns ready and alert, I thought how lucky I was to be leaving this militarily ravaged country, but many of the courageous students and people of Beijing would not share my luck. Their fate was dismal. Now they can only hide and await inevitable and inescapable punishment.

I thought of all the wonderful people I had met throughout the country and how the last few days in Beijing would affect them for the rest of their lives.

by Daryl Krywonis (CUP)



IRWIN OOSTINDIE PHOTO



IRWIN OOSTINDIE PHOTO

**Hope for those who
struggle in and for
happiness**



Salvadoran University fights repression

by Deanne Fisher
and Lynn Marchildon
Canadian University Press

OTTAWA (CUP) — On the first night of his visit to El Salvador, Brad Hornick awoke three times to the roar of bombs hitting parts of the campus where he stayed.

A week before he arrived in El Salvador, 15 students were shot during a protest over the kidnapping of one of their leaders. And as Hornick attended two conferences of the popular movement of trade unions, church groups and farm-worker's groups, 18 students were captured by the military.

Hornick was one of several Canadian students and professors who went to El Salvador in August to support the student movement and provide protection as an international and to attend conferences and to find ways to help bring an end to repression by the El Salva-

doran government.

They returned with 25 hours of film footage — testimony of the increased repression on the academic community under El Salvador's ARENA government — and concrete plans to bring meaning to sister relationships with Canadian groups that until now, have been on paper only.

"The student movement in Latin America plays a dramatically different role than it does here," said Hornick. "Students play a great intellectual leadership role. Their autonomy is under direct attack by right-wing governments."

The University of El Salvador considers itself lucky to have commenced the fall semester.

"In spite of the constant threats by enemies of culture, such as the military encirclement around the University for the past several months, intended to obstruct the full development of the Alma Mater's teaching, research and social outreach activities, the semester commenced on the correct date as planned," reads a UES newsletter.

Committed to being a "popular, democratic, free and humanistic" institution with low tuition, the university attracts children of the elite, union representatives

and city peasants alike and has a history of being terrorized by the El Salvadoran government.

After four years of operating in exile, its facilities destroyed by the military, the University reopened in 1984. Since the 1989 spring election of the far-right ARENA party and subsequent intensification of 'anti-terrorist' legislation prohibiting forms of popular expression such as demonstrations and graffiti, the University's existence once again faces annihilation.

Its motto now reads, "The University of El Salvador Refuses to Die."

McMaster University professor Graeme MacQueen, along with two other professors and two students, visited the university and is now trying to establish a twinning of McMaster and the UES to provide international support.

He said the university exists "to bring about social change to make a more humane and just society in their society." In contrast to most Canadian universities, the UES reaches out to the community to learn from it. One campus project sees students study folklore involving local herbs to provide alternative medicine to people too poor to afford prescription drugs.

"The University is very much victimized but it's not just a passive victim. It's a very gutsy institution," he said. "It was very disturbing talking to them and realizing what people have to go through just being a part of the university."

Its motto now reads, "The University of El Salvador Refuses to Die."

One woman told Dr. MacQueen how a close friend of hers "was found one day with his hands tied behind his back, and his eyes gouged out, dead on the street."

"Two were undergraduates and one was a secretary. None of them as far as we could determine were politically active," said MacQueen. "They were just picked up randomly in order to terrorize the university and increase the pressure on it."

Hornick, too, is spearheading a move to bring more meaning to a sister relationship between the Pacific Region of the Canadian Federation of Students and the largest student federation in El Salvador — the General Association of Salvadoran University Students (AGEUS).

Hornick hopes to convince 30 Canadian student unions to contribute funds and their names to a full-page advertisement in the Globe and Mail stating that they are "witness to the repression" of the University of El Salvador.

AGEUS needs a printing press, darkroom facilities and an office so that they can continue to document their on-going battle to save the university. They have been unable to publish a student newspaper since December, according to Hornick, and newspapers are one of their main forms of protest.

Another facet of the CFS plan involves a national network of student unions who would receive 'alerts' from El Salvador when violence erupts or students are captured. Canadian students would then respond with telegrams and faxes of support showing the government that the international community is watching.

The University of El Salvador relies now on international support to ensure its survival. The Peace Camp in Defense of UES Autonomy brings international delegates to campus and facilitates the establishment of communication channels between the UES and the international community.

**"Thank you, thank you, thank you,
thank you, thank you..."**



The PW Recruiting Team from left to right: Bill Garrard, Heather Nicolaas, Deirdre Carter, Craig Campbell, Bev Bennett, Greg Pederson

...for coming by to see us — on campus and in our office. We hope all of your discussions with Price Waterhouse staff were informative, useful... interesting and fun. We enjoyed meeting all of you.

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NDP convention offers no heir apparent

by Martin Chester

The New Democratic Party of Canada, in Winnipeg this weekend for their bi-annual convention, is embroiled in the first truly competitive leadership campaign in the party's history.

Unlike past campaigns where an obvious heir apparent was anointed, the present campaign to replace the departing Edward Broadbent, party leader since 1975, is highly competitive because there really is no credible candidate in the race.

The front runners are Yukon MP Audrey McLaughlin and B.C. MP and former Premier Dave Barrett, who are credible politicians but not national leadership material. McLaughlin is an inexperienced politician, has only been involved in federal politics since 1986, and is an uninspiring

speaker. She has significant support at the moment but is not likely to build her support at the convention.

There will be two opportunities for candidates to build up support at the convention: with the speeches on Friday, or in the 'bear pits', a formal series of short debates between the candidates on topics chosen by the convention delegates. It is vital for candidates to be able to perform well in these two theatres, and this is exactly where McLaughlin is the weakest.

Barrett, on the other hand, is a strong speaker and should perform very well in the 'bear pits'. Barrett's weakness, however, is that he is unilingual. Do not be too surprised if some questions at the convention are asked in French just to trip him up.

It is generally agreed that a party leader, if the party wants

national support, must be bilingual, at least to the extent that Broadbent was bilingual, and his French was poor.

At present McLaughlin is thought to be leading the race but only by a short margin ahead of Barrett. To win both will have to pull in supporters of the other candidates as they drop out.

The first to drop out will likely be Roger Lagasse, a school teacher from Sechelt with no political experience. Lagasse is a throw-away candidate, who seems to be in the race primarily to remind the NDP of its lower class and Cooperative Commonwealth Confederation roots. Lagasse's supporters will not have an impact.

Steven Langdon and Ian Waddell could play the role of kingmakers. They have enough supporters to make the difference in a tight final ballot. Neither will

be around after the first couple of ballots.

Langdon has two handicaps. The first is a hereditary disease which makes his hands quiver and his voice quaver—disastrous for a politician. The other is that he is a true Socialist in the old-time Christian Socialist style of the CCF's first leader J.S. Woodsworth.

Waddell is flaky and has made enemies in the NDP by publicly opposing the party's stand on the Meech Lake Accord.

With all this said, there is still the possibility neither McLaughlin nor Barrett will win. Their are two candidates who, as the front runners split the vote, could sneak in and play the role of spoiler.

The first is Simon de Jong, an ex-hippie and committed environmentalist, who has the support of perhaps half of the very large

group of delegates from his home province, Saskatchewan. Saskatchewan will be represented by about 200 delegates. De Jong is an experienced, though low profile, candidate who has been in the House of Commons for ten years.

De Jong has little support outside of Saskatchewan and little union support, so he is unlikely to win but he could send a scare into the leading candidates.

The second possible spoiler is Howard McCurdy, another excellent orator who has the support of the powerful Ontario union movement. His prime strengths are his Ontario origins, and his aggressive nature, which will win him supporters in the 'bear pits'.

It would not be too surprising if McCurdy sneaks in from third or fourth place to steal victory as Joe Clark did in the 1976 Tory convention.

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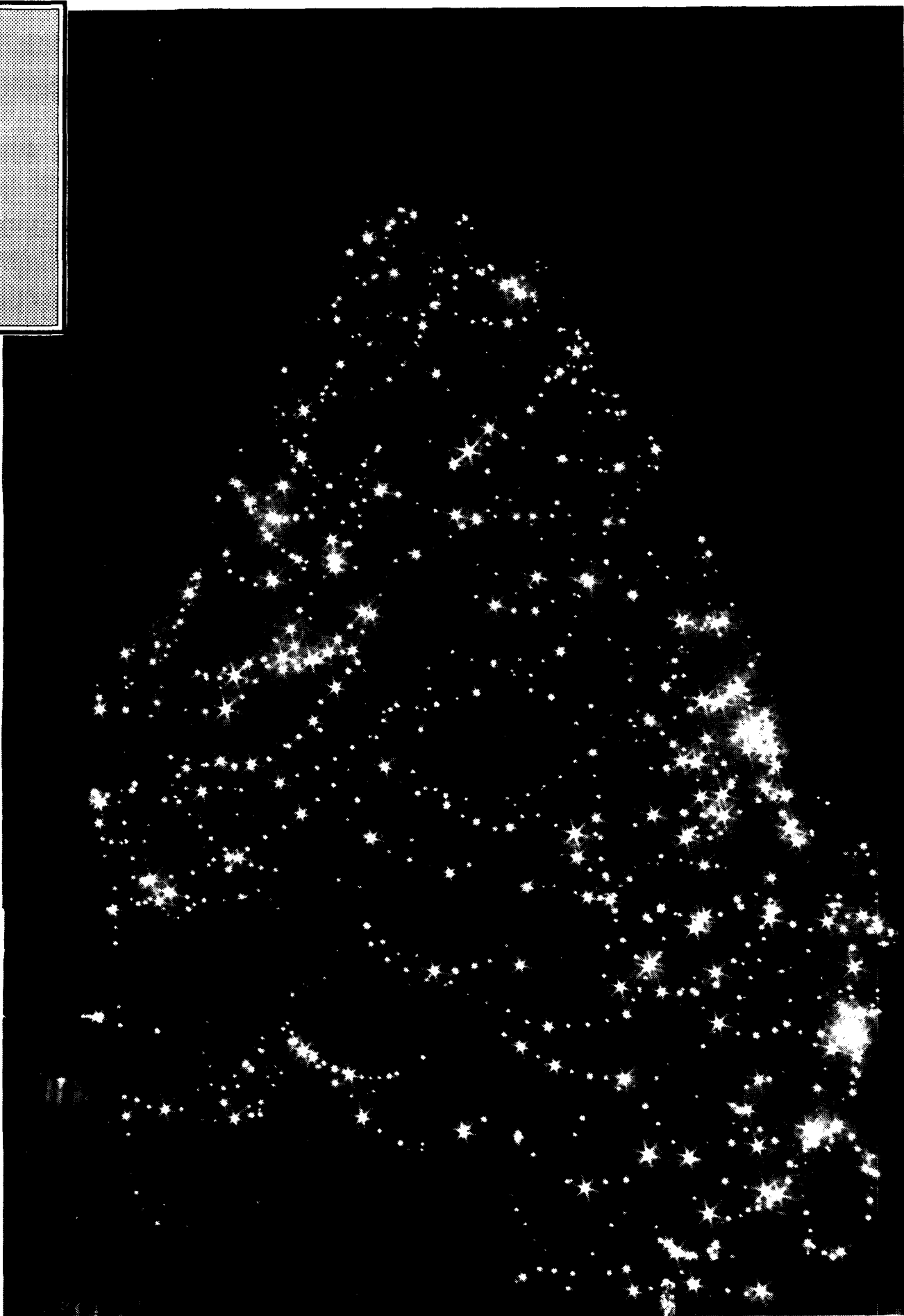
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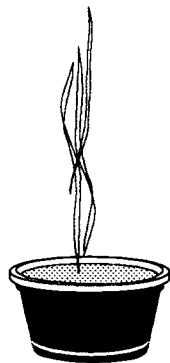
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MASTHEAD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Muelebach, Sandra Stephanson, Deb Fullon, Mark Perreault, Clare Linthwaite, Teresa Rind, Geoff Berner and Svetozar Kontic in unison.

Patricia Edwards, Mandel Ngan and Pat Nakamura ran into the muffin shop and sat down to talk about their condos. In the muffin shop John Duthie, Penny Churchas, Tara Shioye, Rebecca Bishop and Otto Lim watched MTV and talked on their cellular phones. They ate organic food but weren't vegetarians. No way anyone was letting them into the 90s.

Ross McLaren had a plan of his own. "Live off the land. Self-sufficiency before the 90's nudge us into a netherworld." Parminder Parmar, Liz Nunoda, Steve Chan and Kevin Harris joined up. Steve burst into tears, realizing he'd have to sell his car, and Olivia Zanger ran over to comfort him. Ian Wallace fell in love with Olivia and bought her a dust-buster as a present. "Back to the 70s," cried Olivia.

Franka Cordua-von Specht raised the blind and giggled, looking embarrassed, with an unfurled thingy in her hand. She joined the mysterious faction. Lisa Doyle, Jennifer Lyall, Joanne Nielson, Esther Besel, Carla Maftchuck and Carol Hui followed Franka and sat at her feet, eating sushi mysteriously. Laura J. May sat alone, listening to middle aged rock stars on her C.D. player. But a demand for new-age music came from Laura Hansen, Gabriella King, Rob Reid, Ed Koo, David Van der Wetering, Robert Borhis and Christina Yee.

Back in the muffin shop the T.V. displayed Geraldo and Oprah Winfrey, While Noah Quastel, Sylvia Peltier, Monica Delmos and John Hudson ran by screaming, "Give us Trump's head on a platter. We'll serve it with coolers and dry beer. And change the station. Gretskey's on the other channel."

Lisa Doyle jumped out of the espresso machine and threw condoms at everyone. "Have a kinder, gentler fuck," she said. But Christina Park and Dale Fallon were more interested in safe investing. Catherine Lu took them aside and warned them that the stock market would probably crash again, what with the anarchists around. Myron Neville, Linda Chobotuck, and Jason Glynnas, Joanne Nielson, Esther Beser and Joe Adonis Altwasser grinned fiendishly. They too were of the smash-the-state cabal.

Steve Conrad bought a blueberry muffin and sat at the booth, with a mysterious twinkle in his eyes. Guess what faction he belonged to.

Chung Wong and Robert Groberman stared recycling all the paper in the muffin shop. Ernie Stelzer and Rick Hiebert lectured everyone about styrofoam till Rick ran after Mark Nielson and Wong Kwok Sum and asked them to shut Ernie up. Michael Gazetas

and Mike Booth formed the Mike faction but got confused when Yukie wanted to join. She explained to them the possibilities offered by magic realism and soon they let anyone join the Mike club, even Stacey Newcombe, Brian Hulme, David Loh, Greg Davis and Kris Obertas. Katherine Vogt went to join but Nikki Patel stopped her, explaining that it was not realistic.

"Just say no," said Nikki. Effie Pow watched movie sequel after movie sequel, in despair. The anarchists wouldn't leave her alone. The Trump-killers wanted her help too. She already had over-committed her time, working as a desktop publisher and surrogate mother all at one. She remembered Harold Gravelsins' words: "You'll never leave behind the margaritas, rap music, cajun food and Madonna video."

Effie took crack and listened to Dr. Ruth on the radio. She was a wipe-out. When the anarchists found her she was reading U.S.A. Today.

One of the articles told the story of Heather Logie, who had lived alone in a cave in Northern B.C. for 18 years. A

woman named Robin Iwata had gone up and written a book about her. She wanted to get information out to the world. She loved fax machines. She used to get drunk and horny and sad and fax documents all over the world at odd hours. Ted Ing found her one night, soused on Jack Daniels, faxing out messages to Australia.

Katherine Monk understood. She too was trying to break out the entropy that oozed creepily out of the T.V. screen. She lost hope when she heard Imelda Marcos singing Feelings on the radio.

"But he smashed the record afterwards," cried Deanne Fisher frantically. Martin Chester returned, with Trump on a stake. But his wife was still alive. Luis Piedmont appeared wearing Ivana Red lipstick, showing off her thinner thighs, chattering happily about the benefits of liposuction. Julie Roberts reported that 14 governments had been smashed so far and there were still 17 shopping days till Christmas. Lorraine Schober gave up on the environment. Wendi Shin and Hao Li said "Love will save us all," but Dale Lund replied, "Get real."

ABDUL MACNAMMARA

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Students condemn styrofoam cups

by Monika Delmos

Are UBC students environmentally conscious?

When asked in a recent survey put out by the Student Environment Centre (SEC) whether students would like to see a reduction in styrofoam cups on campus, 99 out of 100 students said yes.

Styrofoam cups are made with chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs), a chemical agent that contributes to the deterioration of the ozone layer, which in turn is the earth's only protection from harmful radioactive rays emitted by the sun.

James Young, a member of the SEC, said CFC-free cups are an improvement but not a solution to the problem because the cups made with CFCs release highly toxic pollutants when burnt for disposal. If not burnt, the cups will sit in landfills for an estimated 150 years before biodegrading.

"Our basic purpose is to rid students of the idea that we live in a disposable society," said Young. In doing so, students will be prepared for the 1990's when the environment becomes an even hotter issue, he said.

According to Young, the spread of information is the only way to reduce the level of ignorance in our society. He said reduction of levels of harmful toxic agents and non-biodegradable products is not enough, and that elimination must be sought as the solution.

Eighty per cent of the survey's respondents were willing to purchase reusable portable cups and carry it for their use on campus. Two-thirds did not feel a financial incentive, such as cheaper (portable) cups, were even necessary.

"People are doing this because they are concerned about the environment, not because they are

financially motivated," said Pond.

Though they are not rid of styrofoam, Blue Chip Cookies is leading the way on campus with the sale of \$3 plastic portable cups. They have already sold out. Another shipment of 2,000 cups will be arriving December 1 to be sold at \$1 each.

In order to target new students next September, the Student Environment Centre hopes to find an outlet on campus willing to distribute a larger number of portable cups.

On September 16, 1987, 24 countries, including Canada, signed the 'Montreal Protocol', which states their intention to reduce CFCs by one-half by 1990.

"This gives weight to the average citizen to dispute the government on environmental issues," said Ellen Pond, a co-ordinator at the SEC.

International aid program for students

by Alan Nichol

Tired of just hearing about environmental and Third World issues? Frustrated by all the talk?

Youth Challenge International (YCI) is a new organization currently seeking participants for projects in Guyana during 1990. YCI have initiated community service projects, ranging from building schools to undertaking immunization programs, in Chile, Cameroon, Kenya, India, Pakistan and Malaysia. Scientific experiments investigating ecosystems and conservation have also been conducted in many areas.

"We found two new species of bird that day...I lay awake listening to the sounds of the rain forest,

wondering what tomorrow would bring," said Dave Briggs, a venturer in Malaysia.

Volunteers say intimate contact with other cultures has a way of putting the good and the bad of their own into sharp relief, and most participants come back home with a better understanding of Third World issues and of themselves.

"I firmly believe the unique nature of the Youth Challenge International program has allowed me to experience tremendous personal growth while reaching and inspiring others in ways which otherwise would not have been possible," said Doug Whitty, from Toronto.

Participants go through a selection weekend in which they learn first aid, cooking and how to build shelters. They are selected on their ability to communicate effectively, to work with others and to remain positive under often gruelling conditions.

The weekend prepares participants for tasks such as helping field doctors perform eye surgery, building a school or teaching children how to recognize the symptoms of typhoid.

YCI volunteers must be Canadian citizens between the ages of 17 and 24 years. There will be a presentation about the program Friday, December 1, at 2:30 p.m. in SUB 215.

The University of British Columbia ENGLISH COMPOSITION TEST TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1989

From 8:30 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.

Rooms open at approximately 8:00 a.m. Students must write the Test in the rooms to which they have been assigned by the Registrar's Office.

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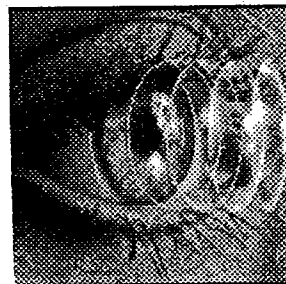
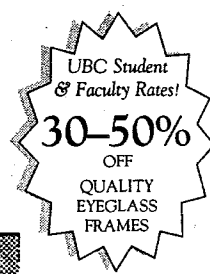
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DAO - ELM	GEOG	100	PAS - PZZ	CHEM	250
ELN - GMZ	MATH	100	QAA - RXZ	BIOL	2000
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HOB - JAN	BUCH	A104	SME - SUN	MCML	166
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Dictionaries permitted.

Note: The next sitting of the ECT is Friday, March 16, 6:00-8:30 p.m. All students writing in March must purchase fee-paid stickers.

ONE HOUR



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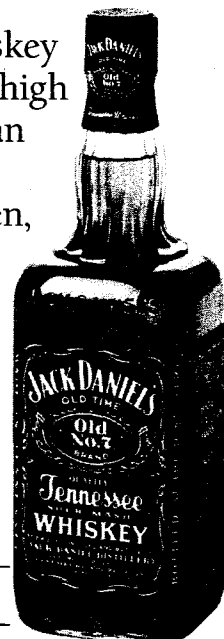
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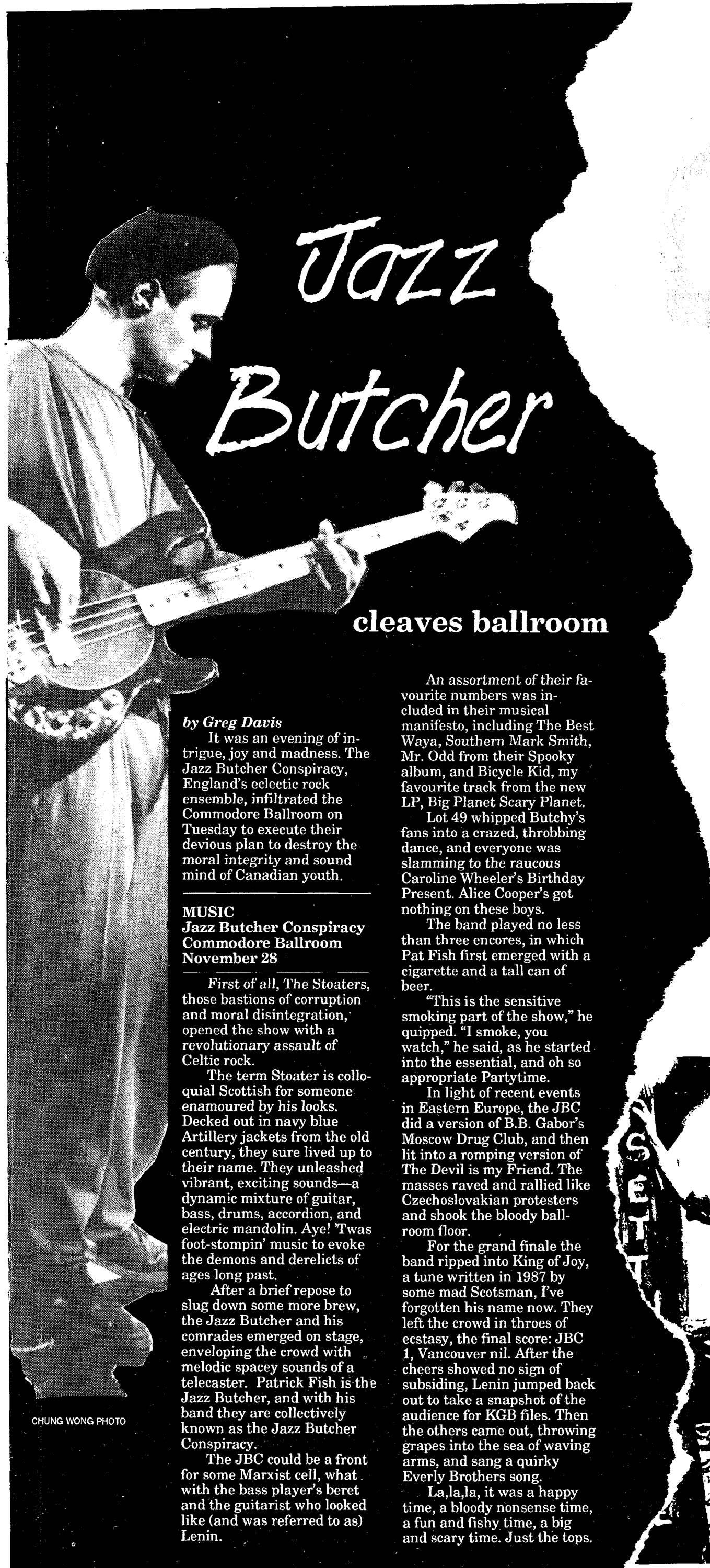
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Jazz Butcher

cleaves ballroom

by Greg Davis

It was an evening of intrigue, joy and madness. The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy, England's eclectic rock ensemble, infiltrated the Commodore Ballroom on Tuesday to execute their devious plan to destroy the moral integrity and sound mind of Canadian youth.

MUSIC
Jazz Butcher Conspiracy
Commodore Ballroom
November 23

First of all, The Stoaters, those bastions of corruption and moral disintegration, opened the show with a revolutionary assault of Celtic rock.

The term Stoater is colloquial Scottish for someone enamoured by his looks. Decked out in navy blue Artillery jackets from the old century, they sure lived up to their name. They unleashed vibrant, exciting sounds—a dynamic mixture of guitar, bass, drums, accordion, and electric mandolin. Aye! 'Twas foot-stompin' music to evoke the demons and derelicts of ages long past.

After a brief repose to slug down some more brew, the Jazz Butcher and his comrades emerged on stage, enveloping the crowd with melodic spacey sounds of a telecaster. Patrick Fish is the Jazz Butcher, and with his band they are collectively known as the Jazz Butcher Conspiracy.

The JBC could be a front for some Marxist cell, what with the bass player's beret and the guitarist who looked like (and was referred to as) Lenin.

An assortment of their favourite numbers was included in their musical manifesto, including The Best Waya, Southern Mark Smith, Mr. Odd from their Spooky album, and Bicycle Kid, my favourite track from the new LP, Big Planet Scary Planet.

Lot 49 whipped Butchy's fans into a crazed, throbbing dance, and everyone was slamming to the raucous Caroline Wheeler's Birthday Present. Alice Cooper's got nothing on these boys.

The band played no less than three encores, in which Pat Fish first emerged with a cigarette and a tall can of beer.

"This is the sensitive smoking part of the show," he quipped. "I smoke, you watch," he said, as he started into the essential, and oh so appropriate Partytime.

In light of recent events in Eastern Europe, the JBC did a version of B.B. Gabor's Moscow Drug Club, and then lit into a romping version of The Devil is my Friend. The masses raved and rallied like Czechoslovakian protesters and shook the bloody ballroom floor.

For the grand finale the band ripped into King of Joy, a tune written in 1987 by some mad Scotsman, I've forgotten his name now. They left the crowd in throes of ecstasy, the final score: JBC 1, Vancouver nil. After the cheers showed no sign of subsiding, Lenin jumped back out to take a snapshot of the audience for KGB files. Then the others came out, throwing grapes into the sea of waving arms, and sang a quirky Everly Brothers song.

La, la, la, it was a happy time, a bloody nonsense time, a fun and fishy time, a big and scary time. Just the tops.

by Bradley Dickson

54-40, Canada's answer to U2, were 'welcomed home' by a fairly enthusiastic audience Friday night at the Orpheum.

MUSIC
54-40 with Ultima Thule
Orpheum
November 24

Having spent part of this year playing in Russia, the band brought back with them a souvenir of their travels—opening act Ultima Thule, from Estonia, who performed a professional, if not particularly inspiring, set of original, English language songs.

If nothing else, Ultima Thule proved that music indeed knows no cultural or political bounds—even mediocre music. But the musicians themselves were affable enough, particularly the energetic drummer, who played with a wide variety of objects, including his skull.

When 54-40 took to the stage, they were plagued with sound problems, which is a shame in such an acoustically fine venue as the Orpheum. The vocals and guitar were not loud enough, which rendered many of their songs unintelligible and hollow.

Make History

sounding. In addition to the poor sound quality, some of their early songs seemed particularly devoid of life: Cha-Cha, for example, was little more than a dirge.

However, as is usually the case with this band, things got better as they went along. If their older tunes sounded tired, the material from their new album, Fight for Love, was anything but. Journey, a song reflecting band leader Neil Osborne's association with Amnesty International, was a turning point in the show.

Next, the band played a 'video set,' playing the songs that have been made popular by television airplay of rock videos. One Gun and Miss You were greeted with recognition, a few fans even going so far as to toss a few flowers onstage, a la the video.

Then, having apparently been roused by remembered TV images, and realizing that these scruffy gentlemen really were the same ones they had seen on MuchMusic, a few of the younger members of the crowd were compelled to clamber onstage. As usual, the security were overly rough, and Osborne rebuked them, while at the same time

subtly cautioning the crowd by making reference to the loveliness of the theatre.

After finishing with a terrific version of the new song Baby Have Some Faith, which Phil Comparelli prefaced with an experimental and effective guitar intro, the band came back with stirring renditions of their previous hits Walk in Line and One Day in Your Life.

They then brought out their opening act, Ultima Thule. Both bands then collaborated on an extended, freestyle version of 54-40's own Standing in the Way, electing, thankfully, not to play something more profound, anthemic, or by Woody Guthrie.

"You're going to see history made tonight," Osborne told the crowd, referring to the playing together of Canadian and Estonian bands.

But any potential pomposity was defused by the musicians themselves, who played loosely and with obvious enjoyment. It was a fitting conclusion to an evening that, despite a slow start, ultimately gave one their money's worth. Besides, how often does one see history made at a pop concert?



The spirit of coward is brought to life

by Nadene Rehnby and Denise Dyson

NEVER has such a terrible first act been able to pull itself together by the final curtain with such vivacity and spirit.

THEATRE
Blithe Spirit
Vancouver Playhouse
Until December 23

There is no question of the sheer brilliance of Noel Coward's Blithe Spirit. The play is supreme escapist entertainment: Written primarily for a wartime audience, it is reckless about such serious issues as death, yet witty and sturdy enough to grab onto an audience, completely engrossing them in its humour.

But the first act in the Vancouver Playhouse production is boring, boring, boring. The plot is lifelessly established: a country doctor writing a book on the occult invites a medium to his house to observe the "tricks of the trade." During the seance, he recalls the spirit of his dead wife. Wife number two is understandably not impressed.

Coward's script is good, but

the cast doesn't seem to think so. They are tired and lost as they rush breathlessly through their lines, seemingly unaware of the other characters. The accents, bumbled through on fast forward, come across as completely unintelligible at times. Both cast and audience seem to be eagerly awaiting first intermission.

The play comes a long way during the following two acts. A power struggle between Mrs.C.-the-ghost and Mrs.C.-the-living results in an awful predicament for the husband that is fresh, alive, and funny. The actors capture the essence of Coward's script, giving excellent performances and delivering well-timed lines with both eloquence and humour.

Nicola Cavendish serves up the medium, Madame Arcanti, with relish, meeting and surpassing many difficult challenges and creating a character that astonishes and delights. It is not surprising that Miss Cavendish, a well-loved Vancouver actress, has come so far. Her performance is perfect.

Goldie Semple as Elvira plays the evocative, playful wife to Wendy Thatcher's practical, power-hungry Ruth. The two

wives play off each other brilliantly, creating a dramatic and humorous tension from which the entire play benefits.

John Moffat's Charles was the worst part of that lifeless first act. Fortunately, this only makes his later re-emergence all the more significant and appreciated. Lines that fell flat, usually because they couldn't be heard, metamorphoses into some strong moments toward the end of the play.

What director Larry Lillo fails to do with his actors in the first act is not reflected in his larger vision. Set, costume and lighting work skillfully together. In particular, set and lighting designer Douglas Welch and costume designer Phillip Clarkson successfully create a stunning, ghostly yet graceful, image of Elvira. Welch's stage is well-planned: As well as being both pleasing to the eye and workable for the cast, it also contains a few surprises of its own.

Blithe Spirit is a sophisticated comedy, yet it is one that can be enjoyed by all. Stick through the first part of the Playhouse production; the second half is well worth the waiting.

Mysticism drawn down

by Catie Pickles

WOW. Heavy. The return to psychedelia and mysticism? Out of a mist of incense and up from the glow of candles comes this sign-of-the-times account of the state of the astral plane and other cosmic matters in Canada.

PRINT
Witches, Pagans, And Magic In The New Age
Kevin Marron
Seal Books Toronto, 1989,
\$24.95

Author Kevin Marron lets us float along with him as he explores the lives and obsessions of witches, elves, pagans and satanists.

This book is as much a personal journey for Marron to discover what forces he sways with as it is an attempt to cash in on the current upsurge of interest in things with magical connections. The reader is often left to wait along clinging to Marron's coat-tails, absorbing considerable insights and the commonsense, well-read approach which Marron brings to a potentially sensationalist topic.

A rational interpretation of the so-called New Age Movement is offered, along with a critical analysis of the people who are casting the circles and encountering the curses.

What Marron conjures up is a glimpse into the lives of a diverse array of individuals who appear to cluster around more

than a few kindred characteristics. Using a "journalist's objectivity," and armed with a quasi-scientific method of analysis, Marron draws down some surprisingly unsurprising elements.

The friends of the planet he deals with are decidedly earthy, feminist, and aware they're practicing an old religion in a new age. At the same time these people are very ordinary, at points teetering on the brink of boredom. Another sprinkling are simple crooks, into offering cut-rate curses and plastic pentacles from their seedy business ventures.

The witches represented pride themselves on being able to operate within a religion that has freedom from hierarchy and rules at its centre. Or rather some of the covens and societies do. A number of witches hold lowly opinions of the beliefs and practices of others. Marron is able to rub his hands with glee at the petty squabbles, triviality and lack of depth which he encounters.

Some witches Marron gossiped with are willing to concede that politics are a form of magic. Others liken spells to prayers and a few attempt to scientifically rationalize intuition by reference to the workings of brain cells.

One of the most startling contradictions uncovered by this book is an entity Marron interviews called Alf. Alf claims to be a witch, reflexologist, palmist, exorcist and devout Roman

Catholic.

You begin to adopt an anything-goes attitude when such desperate elements are united within one book, however comprehensive it attempts to be. This is a shame because there is more than a hint of something bigger and deeper behind the general awareness that Marron taps into.

It is being heralded that we are about to enter a new age. The Age of Pisces, which commenced with the birth of Christ, is drawing to a close. It is an age which has witnessed the separation of man from God, good from evil, male from female and people from nature.

At this very moment we're in transition en route to The Age of Aquarius, of the water bearer, which will be a time of peace and unity, occult knowledge and ESP. People will feel at one with each other, the earth, and the universe.

To this optimistic account, Marron concludes that we derive our power and truth from whatever we believe in. Sadly, he claims that in his journey he has stripped away the veil of mystery from magic to reveal something quite ordinary: will power or goal actualization.

But hang on. Wasn't this supposed to be a book about witches, pagans and magic? Alternative lifestyles? Where's the difference and excitement gone? It appears that interconnection has led to its own circular downfall.

A chat with Eric Nicol

ERIC NICOL says "Humour is a bitch mistress." His mistress, though, has done very well by him. The famous Canadian humourist who has a regular column in *The Province* hasn't done badly at all for someone who freely admits that he planned to teach French for a living.

INTERVIEW
with Canadian humourist
Eric Nicol

"I'm a frustrated teacher. I was going to be a French teacher. When I took the MA at UBC...I was just writing the column for *The Ubyyssey* for the fun of it. It was not a career thing. I didn't intend to make a career out of it."

Nicol wrote a column for *The Ubyyssey* from 1937 to 1941 and 1945 to 1948 under the pen name of "Jabez". His column *The Mummery* took a humorous look at UBC campus life. Nicol went from UBC to writing for CBC radio and television. He then acquired his *Province* column, which he still continues.

Along the way came over thirty books, the latest of which is *Dickens of the Mounted*, a series of mock letters supposedly by Francis

Dickens, the third son of famous novelist Charles Dickens. Francis, the dark sheep of the family, voyaged around the world in search of adventures that would make him famous. He wound up joining the North-west Mounted Police and served for twelve years on the late 19th century Canadian prairies. Nicol got the germ of the idea from his editor, Douglas Gibbons. "(The idea) wasn't terribly attractive at all at the beginning because it obviously meant a hell of a lot of

work which I've always avoided my entire life.

My entire career has been based on avoiding work and I've done pretty well up to this point."

Nothing daunted, Nicol entered into over two years of research into the life and times of Francis Dickens, in particular the history of the Mounties and the background of the Dickens family. He visited archives and talked to experts who would help him accurately portray Dickens. Fortunately, no normal biographer has approached the subject, so Nicol had a clear field.

Nicol said that as he got to know Francis Dickens, he began to empathize with his lack of success in the NWMP. He compared Dickens' record with his own failures as a member of the reserve officer corps in WWII.

"I think (the book) is a little bit novel in the approach to the Mounted Police, that is instead of having someone like Nelson Eddy, the usual terribly heroic figure on the horse in the sunset, we have somebody who was a failure in the mounted police."

Nicol also feels Dickens of the Mounted helps point out the "magnificent work" of the early Mounties, when compared to the "American mystique of the revolver" and the "slaughters" of the American natives.

Nicol added "I'm interested to see how many people will tolerate this book, because it's quite wordy in terms of contemporary humour. It's not a quick fix."

"Some of the younger people, there seems to be a bit of a renaissance there," he said. "Your generation appears to be split, in my mind, between those who are really going back to the printed word with some relish and a sense of discovery and those who are lost because in high school, they never learned to cope with the language and they prefer the video type of stuff."

Canadian humour, Nicol once argued in *A Herd Of Yaks*, had the lowest status among the arts in Canada.

"You only have to go into the bookstore to find the humour usually on the shelves beside the children's books. I think that's probably the most graphic and telling illustration of it. People sort of feel that humour is basically silly and it's just one cut over Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and all the rest of the kiddie stuff."

"There isn't a great deal of Canadian humour. When you say Stephen Leacock, you've almost exhausted the list," said Nicol.

"We are really halfway between the Americans and the British. There's a certain self-deprecating tone in Canadian humour that I think is quite British."

"It doesn't have the robust freewheeling style of the Americans, but we do have what

you'd call country humour or broad humour, the humour of exaggeration that you'd find more out in the country than you do in the city," said Nicol, who feels there is "an awful lot" of regionalism in Canadian humour.

"We on the West coast are probably pretty far out," said Nicol. "It's very difficult to be humorous in British Columbia because it's tough to top the current events."

Nicol still enjoys doing his *Province* column, but it does have its challenges. "For one thing the column appears in the op-ed page. That sets a certain requirement to

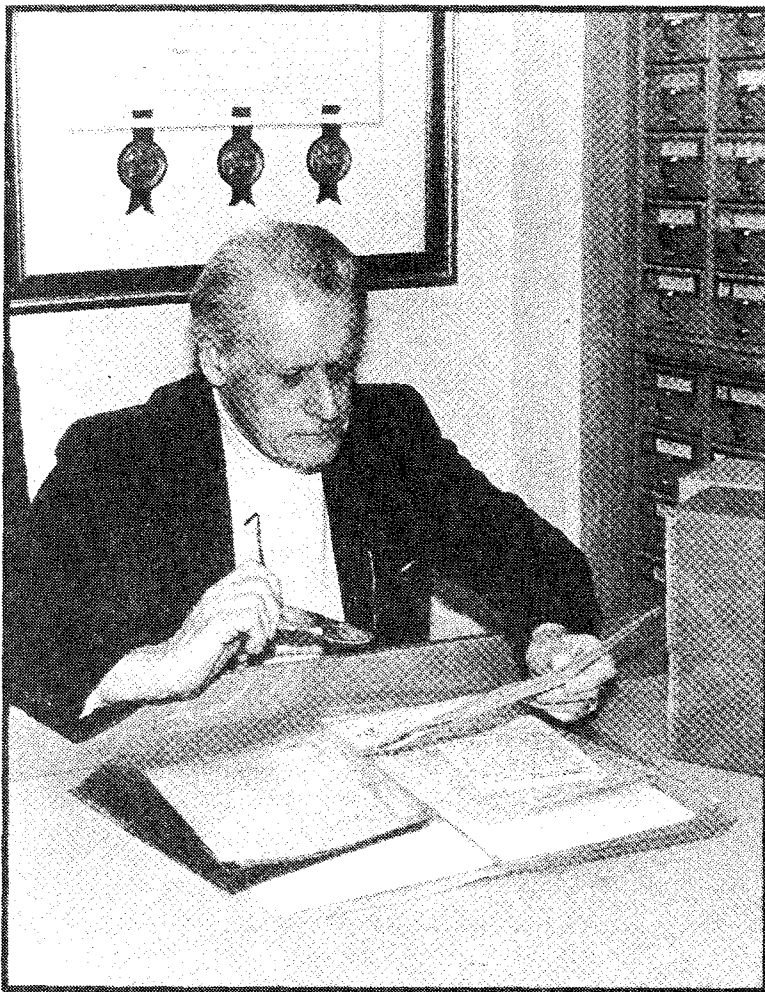
me. It means that I can't go drivelling on about collecting string," he said.

"I still enjoy writing humorous personal essays about things that have gone wrong in my life. That's been the basis of my sense of humour. Yet, the really zany stuff that I used to write when I was young no longer comes as quickly to me. I think the old brain cells are beginning to atrophy a little bit and unfortunately one becomes too logical and the reasoning starts to take over from the certain berserk inspiration that is necessary for the really wild stuff that I used to love writing," Nicol said. "That's why I like to write a humorous treatment of a serious issue."

Nicol likes reading the work of other humourists, like the people who write for *Punch*, Erma Bombeck and Garrison Keillor. "Woody Allen is a hero of mine," he said. "I read Woody Allen before I sit down to write my own stuff, just as a pacesetter."

Though not all humour, particularly that which depends on filth, vulgarisms or crudity, meets with Nicol's approval, he feels there is good humour still coming out. He thinks some television writers, like the ones who write *Golden Girls*, are coming out with good material.

"Humour is a bitch mistress. There's no doubt about that. It's so easy to become lazy and to kid oneself that what one is doing is funny and good. I have to keep checking myself all the time against my standards."



Eric Nicol

IOLANDA WEISS PHOTO

by Rick Hiebert

Misfit Mountie is witty stuff

By Rick Hiebert

Nelson Eddy wouldn't have been a natural for The Francis Dickens Story.

Francis, the third son of novelist Charles Dickens, was a bit of a misfit.

PRINT

Dickens of the Mounted

By Eric Nicol

McClelland and Stewart

He had a problem with drinking. He wasn't very brave. Somewhat deaf and fat too. Not the sort of person that would make a stereotypical Mountie of the type that is immortalized in those old movies that had Eddy warbling "I am calling youhooohooohooohoo" to an awestruck Jeanette MacDonald.

Francis wanted to get out of the shadow of his elder father and thus travelled the world in search of adventure, joining the Bengal Mounted Police and the North-West Mounted Police.

Dickens was a Mountie for 12 years, almost from the inception of the force. Unfortunately, he left little record of his adventures. That is, until Vancouver humourist Eric Nicol began to use his imagination.

Nicol has written a mock autobiography of Dickens of the Mounted in the form of letters to the Butts family in England. The book is based on nearly two years of research and study of the life of this atypical member of the force.

Dickens, the book postulates, was eager to amass "enough thrilling tales of perilous predicaments among the painted savages (I believe they call them 'dance hall girls') to ambush a London publisher." He didn't quite make it out of his famous father's shadow, but Francis Dickens is suitable grist for Nicol's mill.

The book stretches things a bit by assuming that Dickens met Sitting Bull, Louis Riel and Harry Flashman, but it is great fun and evokes the late Victorian era nicely.

Dickens' adventures as a Mountie are often amusing. Nicol has captured the mind set and writing style of Dickens' era quite well. Dickens, who Nicol says "was a very literate man", acquires a pleasantly wry and reserved British sense of humour through Nicol's prose that often serves as a pointed afterthought to the society and events of the time.

The character of Francis Dickens appears to mature and mellow as the book goes on, which is a nice touch. He becomes a very sympathetic character by the end of the book, particularly with the comments on the treatment of the native peoples of the Prairies that Nicol attributes to him.

It's not Shakespeare, but it does compare well with Nicol's earlier work. It is a little hard to read for those not used to reading the Victorian English style of writing, but Dickens of The Mounted is certainly worth the effort to read.

I can just see Nelson spinning in his grave....



Fort Pitt N.W.T., 1884

NATIONAL ARCHIVES PHOTO

Eric Nicol says the bearded man right of center in this photo with a sword, pillbox hat and gloves that resembles "a stumpy looking Charles Dickens" is Francis Dickens, our hero.

Plaque honors dead writer

Eric Nicol has written over thirty books, won three Stephen Leacock Awards and produces a regular column in The Province. These are pretty neat tricks for someone who is dead.

You laugh? Well, a plaque in Brock Hall is fixed in the wall across from the Women Students Office, paying solemn witness to the memory of the former Ubyyssey staffer, who wrote humour columns on campus life under the nom de plume Jabez.

The plaque, erected in 1947, says "In loving memory of JABEZ (Eric P. Nicol). Beloved campus humorist, who for a full decade gave to his fellow men the priceless gift of laughter."

The gentleman who has been using Eric Nicol's name for the past few decades, says the plaque was a result of a 1947 prank of his late friend and fellow Ubyyssey hack Les Bewley (who went on to be a provincial judge and a Vancouver Sun columnist).

"He was a very whimsical fellow. He just got this notion that one day he was going to raise a plaque to me. Why, I don't know. All I know is that he stood at the bottom of the stairs in the old administration building, jangling a can full of change and collecting about a hundred dollars," said Nicol.

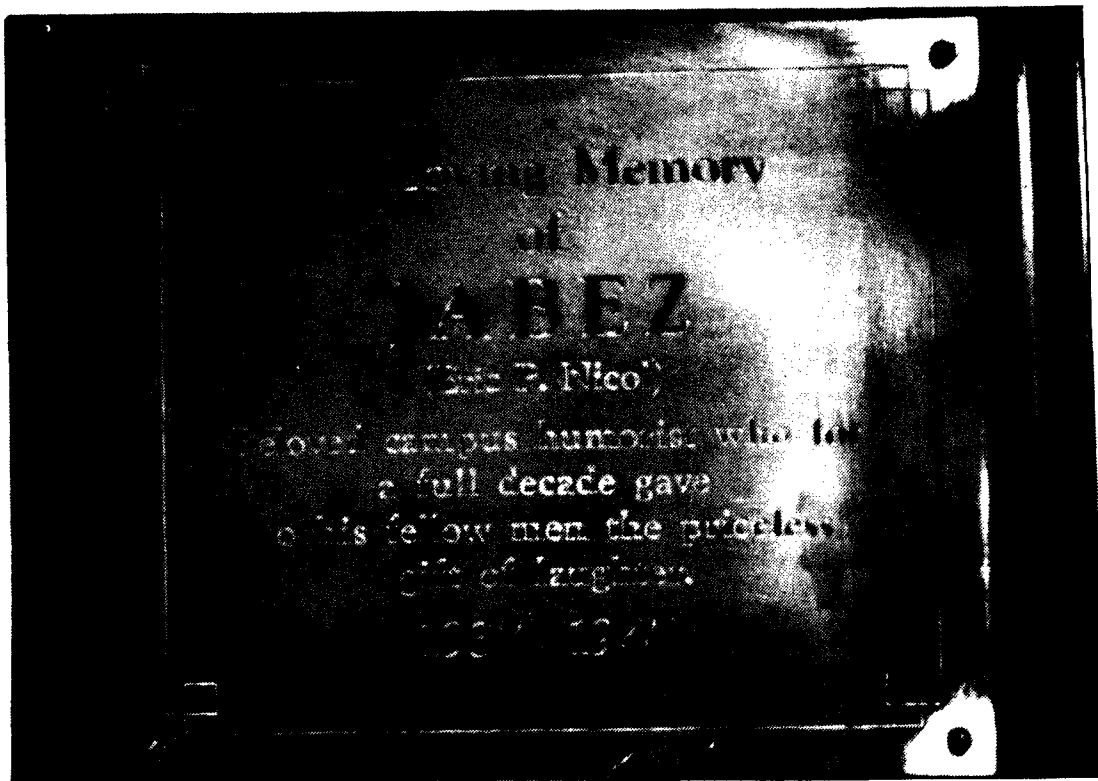
Bewley took the cash down to Birks and had the plaque made. "He declared that he was going to have an unveiling. By this time everybody, including me, really didn't know what he was up to and no one was happy about it, but he was persistent."

"He got (then UBC professor) G.G. Sedgewick to come over and actually unveil the plaque. It was a very small gathering, around lunchtime and he was fed up with the whole thing too and figured it was some kind of lark. All he could do was tear the cloth off the plaque, mutter a few obscenities and stride out back to his classes," said Nicol.

"I think that what Les had in mind was to create the idea that I'd already died," said Nicol.

"That was the general implication of the plaque, that I'd long since passed from this world. I think he was trying to make more space for himself in The Ubyyssey." Cutthroat Ubyyssey staffers. The tradition continues ...

Rick Hiebert



The plaque

DAN ANDREWS PHOTO

Look! More Rain, Dear



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by Marnie Toulson

That holiday thing ...

THE CANTATA SINGERS present A CEREMONY OF CAROLS Friday, Dec 8th and Saturday, Dec 9th at 8 p.m. Point Grey Auditorium, 37th and East Boulevard. Ticketmaster or 280-3311. Mince tarts and other goodies after the show.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL LIGHT SHOW held at Vandusen Botanical Gardens, 5251 Oak, from Tuesday, Dec 5th to Friday, Jan 5th 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. \$2.25/Adult, \$4.50/Family, \$1.25/Seniors. Six acres of gardens transformed into a sparkling wonderland.

Surrey Arts Centre Theatre presents a children's series of Holiday Happenings. FARQUHAR & FELICITY - The Magic Show Wednesday, Dec 27th, 2 p.m. COAD CANADA PUPPETS - Thursday, Dec 28th, 2 p.m. Singer and Storyteller PAUL HANN Friday, Dec 29th, 2 p.m. Single Tickets \$5, Series Tickets (3 shows) \$12. RSVP 596-1515.

VANCOUVER JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTRE December 16 EVENING OF SONG & WINE - sip wine, eat sufganyot, and sing Chanukah Hebrew songs with Miriam Benny, \$2.25 M, \$4.50 NM, also CHANUKAH CELEBRATION Sunday, December 17, 12:00 - 3:00 p.m. - latkes, doughnuts, candlelighting, dancing Charlotte Diamond in concert 1 - 2 p.m. \$4.

Granville Market's WATERFRONT THEATRE presents Charles Dickens' A CHRISTMAS CAROL. Performances from Nov 25-Dec 30, Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m. with Saturday Matinees at 2 p.m. RSVP 737-7827.

Accompany a CAROL SHIP through False Creek and along the North and West Vancouver shoreline. Dec 8th-Dec 17th at 6 p.m. Tickets \$30 available at the Vancouver Maritime Museum, 1905 Ogden Avenue, 737-2211. Enjoy a festive evening of carolling and traditional Yuletide revelry.

THE VANCOUVER CHILDREN'S CHOIR celebrates Christmas with a performance of Benjamin Britten's, A CEREMONY OF CAROLS, at Christ Church Cathedral, Saturday, Dec 16th at 8 p.m. Tickets \$8/Adult, \$6/Children, Students and Seniors. Ticketmaster or 280-4440.



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... a seasons calendar

CAROL SHIP WATCH by the shore at the Maritime Museum on Saturday, Dec 9th at 6:30 p.m. and Sunday, Dec 10th at 7:30 p.m. Both nights you will enjoy a four-piece brass band, carols, holiday tunes, hot-chocolate and spiced cider.

CHRISTMAS IN WALES read by Terrance Kelly and David Adams, Christmas carols sung by the TRIO CON BRIO, THE WHITE ROCK CHOIR, and SANTA CLAUS will be visiting the First United Church, 15385 Semiahmoo Avenue White Rock, on Dec 16 at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. \$5/Adult, \$3/Child RSVP 536-1343.

The **NUTCRACKER** will be showing at the Queen Elizabeth Theatre from Tuesday, Dec 12th - Sunday, Dec 17th. Evening shows at 8 p.m., weekend matinees at 2 p.m. Adult tickets start at \$15.50, \$2 less for students and seniors. Ticketmaster.

The **VANCOUVER CHRISTMAS BUREAU** needs donations and volunteers in organizing its many functions, from toy drives to food hampers to Christmas dinners for the homeless, as well as assisting 16 other Christmas Bureaus in the Lower Mainland and six beyond. To get involved, call 253-7191.

The Orpheum presents **CHRISTMAS WITH THE BACH CHOIR** Sunday, Dec 10th at 2:30p.m. Adult tickets start at \$12.50, \$3 less for students. Ticketmaster. An afternoon of song and celebration.

THE ROBSON SQUARE ICE RINK opens Friday, Dec 1st at 8:30 p.m. with a time change on Saturday, Dec 2 from 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. Free of charge. Bring your own skates and hot-chocolate.

HR MACMILLAN PLANE-TARIUM is featuring an all new production of an old favorite, **CHRISTMAS FANTASY** - a visually powerful program that will delight all ages. Friday, Dec 1st at 7 p.m., Saturday and Sunday at 1:00, 2:30, 4:30 and 7 p.m., weekdays 2:30 p.m., 7 p.m. Tickets \$11/Family, \$4/Adult, \$3/Child. RSVP 736-3656.

WEST POINT GREY COMMUNITY CENTRE presents **A CHRISTMAS-SAURUS SHOW FOR KIDS**, December 3 at 3:00, \$2 each or \$5 family, and the **PENGUIN STRING QUARTET** performing a Christmas classical music concert Friday Dec. 8 at 8 p.m., \$6. Info for both shows, 224-1910.



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Times: 11:00 - 12 noon
or
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ENTERTAINMENT

Dead Serious: a smooth killer all the way

by Ameen Merchant

Imagine an old, weather-beaten, pine-shrouded cabin. Add some midnight croaking and hissing in the background. Introduce a family that could well be a psychiatrist's dream. Top it with a fair sprinkling of blood and close-to-occult theory—and what have you got? The nth Wes Craven churn-out, right? Wrong!

THEATRE
Dead Serious
Arts Club Seymour
Until December 16

The similarities between your favourite Craven (Nightmare on Elm Street) film and Dead Serious, Doug Greenall's first play, begin and end there.

Agreed, with a title like that for a play the first reaction is undeniably déjà vu. But Greenall

is also the first to realize this limitation and quite predictably works to triumph over it.

The thriller-genre works on a formula, the most important ingredient being an infinite measure of the macabre. Minutes after the lights have dimmed and the indispensable 'mystery-blue' spot has focussed, a chilling screams shatters the silence and a bleeding man slumps to the floor. Yes, your hands have moved from the sides of the seat and are now clasped knuckle-white in your lap. Greenall makes sure they stay that way right till the end.

To give away a thriller would be the most unkindest cut of all. It would suffice to say, though, that at the centre of the plot are Seymour (Tim Battle) and his sister Tracey (Tamsin Kelsey), who revel in playing practical jokes on each other. They get so entangled in their own games that the results are

absolutely devastating. Their mother Eve (Meredith Bain Woodward) and her almost occult-oriented lover Ted (Barry Greene) add another eerie dimension to the murderous goings-on.

Tim Battle's Seymour is a perfect combination of boyish-charm and devilish cunning, and his performance is riveting.

Tamsin Kelsey as Tracey looks adequately haunting but somehow her words sound more programmed than they actually should.

The lighting design by Marsha Sibthorpe almost becomes a character in the play.

The only thing that lets the play down, when compared with the breath-taking build-up, is the rather complacent ending. But that overlooked, Dead Serious, directed with the right amount of the uncanny by Mario Crudo, is a smooth killer all the way.

Mountains in the ether

by Effie Pow

Shadows of trees and a tangle of bushes cross my path as late afternoon grows into the last evening of November. I glance up for a moment and see the Asian Centre's grey roof between black evergreen trunks.

Inside, the walls of the auditorium are covered with Chinese landscape paintings by Ng Yuet Lau.

ART
Ng Yuet Lau
Asian Centre

The landscapes are dominated by mountains painted in black, grey and sometimes blue ink. Blue mountains are dotted by the occasional house or specks of white cranes. Ethereal and dreamy, they float in pools of fog.

I stare at one of the paintings while I nibble on a piece of cheddar. Many have names like "The Misty Summer Hills" or "The high air, the lofty cloud and clear blue sky."

At the food table I bump into Rene Goldman, an Asian Studies professor who remarks, "Too bad there's a delicious spread of food,

but vile drinks." The invitation says cocktail reception, but there is only pop, instant coffee, and tea bags. There are mountains of powdered donuts, potato chips and plates of cheese, vegetables, cold cuts and sushi. Somehow food seems out of place.

Goldman points to one painting with a house perched on a mountain ledge and says, "It would be nice to sit in that house and contemplate the magnificence outside." I wonder if whoever is in that house is eating.

In a small adjoining room are a mixture of animal and floral paintings. It is a departure from the sombre, distant mountains. Many of the animals featured are colourful and whimsical and I am reminded of a madcap tea party of animals. Dragon flies, cicadas and goldfish in one corner, crabs, quails, and a comic owl in another. One regal cock-crow, a snow-white peacock, and a pair of quails preen on the walls with roses, peonies and spring blossoms.

In shiny red and gold

traditional dress, the artist chats with her guests. Ng Yuet Lau speaks to me in Cantonese briefly about her work. She prefers landscapes to animal and floral studies and points out her favourite painting, "Midnight temple bell woke the ship below."

Circulating the room a final time, I leave the majestic and lofty mountains behind and step out into the crisp night.



Artist Ng Yuet Lau with her preferred work, the landscape.

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Wrap it up early

This Month's rock

CITR's guide to essential happening holiday times.

Compiled In Kathryn's Cavern of Pleasure

FRIDAY DECEMBER 1

High Lonesome:

They'RE from T.O. and they're playing with the Swagmen at the Arts Club.

Bob's Your Uncle:

See 'em at the Railway.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 2

Christmas Gift benefit concert

at the Centennial Theatre. 'Tis the season!

Sam Weis & Nyetz

at the WISE Hall.

The Nervous Fellas and The Last Wild Sons

Rockabilly your face off at 86 Street.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 3

No Fun Facing The 1990's

A must see at the Railway

U-Krew

Gift rapping at the Town Pump.

MONDAY DECEMBER 4

SHINDIG FINALS!!!!

Be there or be doomed to geekdom. At the Town Pump, of course with Black Earth

Planet of Spiders and @#*G!

Indigo Girls at the Ridge.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 6

Loverboy

Relive highschool with aging has-beens.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 7

A Day in Paris, Grand Central Station,

Catherine Wheel Experience it at 86 Street.

Sound Butchers Live

on CITR at 11pm.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 8

Earthling

at the Arts Club Seymour. Almost a guaranteed good time

The Grin Factory (formerly After All)

At the Town Pump

SUNDAY DECEMBER 10

Storm Group

They're from Toronto and they're playing Club Soda.

MONDAY DECEMBER 11

Picasso Set

It's a cassette release party!!! At the Railway!!!!

No fun

at Christmas The Beatles of Surrey spread Xmas cheer for ALL AGES at the Cultch.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 13

Tippy-A-GoGo's Folk Hour

At the Railway.

Brain Damage

Subject yourself to it at the Town Pump.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 14

James 'Blood' Oliver

It's diatonic funk from NYC at the Pump.

Hollowheads and Hoka Live

on CITR at 11pm.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 15

Tin God

More good loud times at the Arts Club.

Hard Rock Miners

At the Railway

SATURDAY DECEMBER 16

DOA

At the Pump

Ranch Romance At the WISE Hall 1882 Adanac St.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 17

Talk-Action=Zero

Cheer and clap for posterity, a live video recording at Club Soda.

Blues For Xmas A ton of hands

at the Commodore.

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 19

Ian Hunter, Mick Ronson and Steve Jones

Yeah, THAT Steve Jones (from the Sex Pistols) at 86 St.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 20

Daybreak Parade and SHE

At the Railway. SHE returns and we are glad.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 21

Green House.

A Christmas Party at The Pump

CITR's Tape-A-Mania with THE METHOD 11pm CITR FM

FRIDAY & SATURDAY DECEMBER 22-23

No Fun's Christmas Show

This time it's at the Arts Club

Jazzmanian Devils At the Railway

SUNDAY DECEMBER 24

No Fun Facing the 1990's

Let them help you cope at the Railway.

MONDAY DECEMBER 25

Merry Christmas

Stay home.

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 26-27

The Dots

These women can rockabilly with the best of 'em. At the Railway.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 28

NoMeans

No Hear stuff from their great new album at the Town Pump.

Juan Valdez Memorial R&B Ensemble

Hear 'em live on CITR at 11pm.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY DECEMBER 29-30:

64 Funnycars

They're fun and they're from Victoria. Enjoy a night at the Arts Club.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 31

The Death of 1989 with Curious George

At the Arts Club.

The Last Corvairs

at the Paramount.

The Demons

At the Yale.



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(ahem)

The few, the proud, The Ubysey!

(actually, we'd prefer "The many, the proud, The Ubysey!" Drop by SUB 241K today.)

WHAT GET?

buying an alarm clock: journey to another world

by Steve Conrad

While shopping for an alarm clock the other day, I was struck by the most revolting apparition. Red wrinkly and squirming, a stuffed Santa hid behind a corner and wagged his bell at unsuspecting escalator riders.

The plastic bell was a mute but piped-in carols and lewd leer of the ester effigy clear enough. Whole trees and garlands of tinsel, angels aplenty, fake lanterns and lots of Christmasy clothes in smart green and red motif. Christmas was coming.

Nobody else on the lift seemed to find anything funny about the decor. Laden bags and overcoats hung humourlessly. There were presents to be bought.

I had thought it a bit much that there was fake snow splattered all over the store windows in Mexico—it seemed so much phonier there. Of course, it doesn't really snow much inside the Bay either.

Not being much of a shopper and not at all a TV watcher, I hadn't been giving much thought to the gradual coming on of the festive season.

I found a saleslady nestled

between a wall of flash dining room type clocks and a glass counter of jewelery, evidently very happy to be there.

—I'd like to buy a quartz alarm clock, I said.

—How much would you like to spend? She was happy as a spider reeling in a bug.

—It's not a luxury item.

—It could be, she said as her bejeweled hands gestured across the case of frippery in perfect time with her spreading grin.

—No, I meant I didn't want it to be a luxury item.

Had I spoken vaguely or was she a madwoman? Probably just a little caught up in the Christmas spirit.

She rolled up the red carpet like a snake's tongue.

—The inexpensive ones are over there in the corner. It's self serve. With that she waved me on like an earwig.

I managed to find the cheapo section and get an alarm pretty easily, but I still couldn't help wondering about this Xmas stuff.

Had the snakelady thought I was buying the clock as a gift? Some kind of a way to express my love. How mean hearted she must have thought me.

I was hooked—I had to see more. I went looking for the heart of Christmas.

Christmas Street seemed as good a place as any to begin my quest. At 8000 square feet it is the largest such display in town, the manager later told me. It took two months to set up this

temple of garishness. A forest of phony trees populated by bronze camels and mechanical manikins. Fragile things everywhere.

I stopped to chat up an older couple perusing the plastic pines.

—Lovely, aren't they?

—Yes, but expensive.

They exchanged a knowing glance and sighed, shouldering the burden of holiday festivities. Some salesman had probably convinced them that an artificial tree was the best long term use of their Christmas dollar.

I saw Santa's still vacant throne; I saw boxes full of mini-Santas. I wondered about the logistics of having a lot of fidgety impatient children around so much breakable stuff. I saw angels averting their eyes heavenward in yuletide rapture. I saw mechanized carolers forever writhing in mid syllable. I saw enough.

Next I visited Toyland.

Would they be in a snit because

Christmas Street snagged Santa? Was there a scandal brewing there? My mudraking dreams were dashed when the sales staff told me

Santa wasn't welcome around those parts.

—The kids just got too excited with Santa and toys in the same place, explained a helpful saleswoman.

But still there must be a problem with pesky kids, I probed, ever digging for a story. —No, there aren't that many kids in here really. But a lot of the adults get out of hand playing with the toys. —What are some of their favourites?

She showed me to the battery operated plastic jumbo jet. It made a loud noise and it pretended to take off, she said.

Strange for parents to like a battery toy. Then again, the parents' interest won't last any longer than the batteries.

The jettling was plenty loud alright. It is beyond me how anyone could be foolish enough to give their children a shrill reproduction of jet turbines at a time of year when hangovers are likely to happen. Is Christmas masochism?

Boisterous though it was, the jumbo wouldn't move.

—The batteries must be going dead, she explained apologetically. Those men were really playing with it a lot yesterday.

It didn't work anyway, so we moved on to other favourites—Barbie intimate lingerie, rocket

rings, a toilet with a tongue slopping over the bowl, GI Joe junk....

Toy Mercedes and Porches for budding executives. Go-cart sized ones with shiny paint and real gas motors.

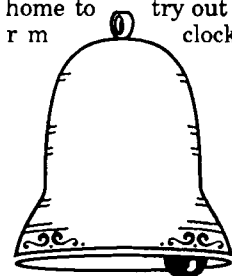
A paying customer came to take away my guide, so I was left to admire the \$4800 playthings.

Worth more than my car. Pretty conspicuous consumption for a tot.

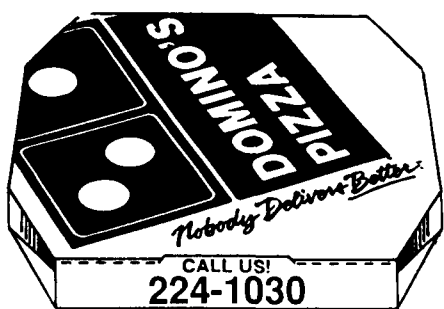
One of the fellas stocking the shelves seemed to agree with me in thinking that any kid driving one of those snazzy things down the sidewalk would have to be prepared to fight for his wheels. For something as good as a mini-car, lots of kids are willing to play dirty.

According to the other shelper, some rich guy had been talking about buying the Mercedes for his son. The kid was supposed to have a train running through the house and everything.

I could have believed that story if I had tried, but I didn't want to imagine in a spoiled brat causing a traffic jam indoors, so I went home to try out my alarm clock.



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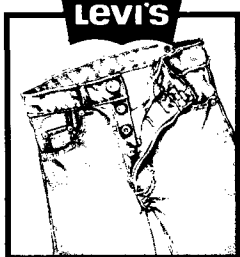
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Student slags scumbag thieves

Picture this: Main Library, 1988, PQ level.

A poor student is desperate. She is wildly rewriting a major History paper, already due, because her original copy got stolen with a briefcase, when her car was broken into not long ago. But soon she discovers that the worst was yet to come: Her purse, which was securely placed under the chair, suddenly disappears from the scene, without a trace, without a sound, without saying good-bye... The purse is found later on, between book stacks, but without the wallet, without the discreet and cute carry-case of tampons.

Picture this: Sedgewick, 1989, silent area.

The same student—now a poorer student—goes to the water fountain to alleviate an excruciating headache with Tylenol. She returns to her seat, two-minutes later, only to find that her half-gone 35-cent eraser has abandoned its owner, involuntarily, eraser-napped forever.

The owner is mad.

But soon her anger turns into an

alarmingly loud sarcasm and much practiced humor. YEAP! She's humored alright: HA-HA-HA!!!

This is a good one.

Picture this: Buch. B., 1989, Ladies' Washroom.

The above mentioned student's lunch bag, which was left on the sink while she goes to do her necessity, disappears with the speed of lightning.

She's scared.

She's finally verified the fact that someone is definitely out there, determined to make her life miserable. She has no lunch that day.

The poor victim is me, I confess. And I also confess that I'm sick and tired of these incidents. I'm sick and tired of being the consistent target of these incidents. I'm so sick; I fear to step out of the house or step into libraries. I'm so tired; I don't want to keep my part-time job anymore, solely to support these thieves, to replace car-windows they break, to pay for library books they steal from my car.

YOU. YEAH, YOU, THE THIEVES;

I hold you responsible for the creation of a, once adorable, library-phobic-monster. If you happened

to be reading this right now, let me give you a piece of my mind: I DON'T LIKE YOU VERY MUCH. IN FACT, I'M BEGINNING TO DISLIKE YOU, ALL OF YOU, A LOT.

If you really have to, go practice your profession somewhere else, instead of ripping off our pathetic students.

And if you happened to be an even poorer student than I, then ask me personally for some lunch money, for a new briefcase with research papers, or even for a new 35 cent eraser. I would be deeply moved. I'd even consider your request. I may share with you my peanut-butter and pickle sandwich on dark rye.

SHAME, SHAME, SHAME on you!!!

If your mother knew what you have become, she'd be experiencing severe monetary deficit by now, caused by over-consumption of Kleenex.

Take a hike my boy, may well be my gal! Get a job, get a wife, take a bath, pick your nose. Do anything but just, just don't bother me anymore...

The sick and the Tired,
Se-Ra Alma Choo
Arts 4.

But then Omar Diaz jumped up, looking disconcertedly like Michael Douglas, and screamed, "It's been the decade of greed. I know, I'm a salesman. Let's wipe out greed! Let's put a stake through the heart of Donald Trump before the decade deconstructs!" Alexandra Johnson snorted in disgust, Ted Aussem, Dan Andrews, Saski Ages,

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Ralliers blast judge

Monday afternoon there was a rally in front of the Court House. Anger over Judge Van DerHoop's suspension of an 18 month sentence for a man guilty of sexually abusing, raping, a three year old child resulted in the unexpected: activism. The provocation was considerable; Van DerHoop suspended the sentence because the accused had been drinking, was tired and the child was sexually aggressive. Yes, this happened. Yes, this year. Yes, right here at home. I had the same reaction. So, Monday afternoon, I braved the rain and showed up downtown expecting to find a scattering of umbrellas and some tired sloganeers, but hoping for more. Hopes are not always in vain.

About three hundred people turned out for the rally, which was organised by WAVAW (Women Against Violence Against Women). Though this was a women's forum, I emphasise that three hundred people were there—a veritable cross section, including women, men, children,

visible minorities, invisible minorities, and even a pair of proto-economists. The protest itself consisted of songs and stories. The songs were of hope, the stories mostly of incest, and they, too, were spoken in hope. Perhaps half a dozen incest survivors spoke to us and the media, so that their

Perspective

truths could show us a wider truth, that sexually abused children are victims. One survivor declared, "I was not guilty, I am not guilty, and I will never be guilty!" Her certainty was tremendously empowering.

Power is the issue here. Men have in our society the power to transfer guilt from the guilty to the innocent. And surely a three year old child is innocent. Do not fool yourself into thinking Judge Van DerHoop an aberration; his decision was extreme, but nonetheless marking a boundary of a more moderate structure of domi-

nation. Is it worthwhile to rally for Van DerHoop's removal when we know that mind-sets such as his are rife, even dominant, in the seats of power in Canada? What's the point?

Perhaps the point of the rally was as much to shout, "Off the Bench!" as to show the three hundred gathered that women need not be guilty, that a victim of incest need not keep-it-quiet-and-shut-up-you-asked-for-it-anyway, that women can create their own life-world, that the power to oppose domination can be drawn from within. This is empowerment. And this is important.

I am male. I cannot take part in the consciousness-raising of women if it is to be effective. I can, however, stand witness. Monday's demonstration showed the strength and numbers of those screaming for justice. I hope Justice is served. I hope this child grows to know that her innocence cannot be turned to guilt by anyone.

Krishna

Generation Hip

By Dean Maglieri



GRAPHIC: THE CHARLATAN

Woman given hard time

I am writing regarding the mistreatment I received on November 16 at Hillel House. The Progressive Zionists and Hillel House presented a panel discussion entitled "War or Uprising" concerning the Palestinian Intifada. Having read their invitation in the November 15 edition of the Ubyyssey, a friend and I attended what we thought would be an informative discussion. However, I did not anticipate that I would be verbally assaulted by two narrow minded men (these men were not on the panel).

Near the end of the discussion, one of the verbal aggressors made a racist remark concerning Arabs, which he thought would solve the Arab-Israeli conflict. This man pronounced that ALL Arabs are like children and need to grow up; therefore it is necessary to impose changes upon them. To my horror, this fanatic suggested that they (Arabs) be placed in camps! Camps? Excuse me mister, but what did you have in mind, rehabilitation camps perhaps? This notion of camps doesn't sound too much like Hitler now, does it?

I told this man that I was appalled at his ideas. He immediately started pointing his finger at me, which nudged my shoulder a couple of times, and actually denied that he said Arabs should be put in camps. Yet, he went on to say that when someone is sick, that person has to take an aspirin and thus, the same analogy can be applied to the Arabs' "sickness". By this time, I was surrounded by a few people, including the second verbal aggressor. But the second man did not support what his comrade said about camps. Oh no, Mr. V.A. the second was quite frank about the way he felt towards other Arabs and me, for he bluntly said, "You Arabs can all go to hell" and gave me a cordial shove towards the door as I was leaving Hillel House.

To those two men: I don't know your names, but I will never forget the hatred that was implicit on your faces as you irrationally spat out your anger towards a selected group of human beings. Furthermore, I can assure you two, that no one would ever treat you in such an abominable manner, as you treated me, if you were to come to any of the M.S.A. functions.

I would like to express my

sincerest gratitude to the gentleman from Hillel House who said he "hope[s] Insha'Allah [if God is willing] that there will be salaam [peace] between us", and to the young Jewish woman who consoled me in the rain and offered her apologies for the immature behaviour of those two men.

H.M. Hassan
Arts 2

Come on guys, this is getting silly

My use of the word "troll" in a recent letter has upset Mark Keister and sent him off on what some have already called "The Great UBC Slut Hunt." In his November 28th letter of response, Mr. Keister defines the word "troll" as "a pretentious term for 'slut'."

WRONG! *ding* But thank you for playing.

Per The Pocket Oxford Dictionary of Current English, a "troll" is a "disreputable girl or woman"; flip...flip...flip... "disreputable" is defined as "discreditable, of bad repute, not respectable in character or appearance" which fits the satirical context of my phrase, "treacherous troll", without ever even vaguely alluding to the sexual morals of the upstanding AUS Councillor involved.

To those past English Instructors of Mark's who, having read his erroneous epistle, are trying to decide if they should admit failure and kill themselves in a most disgusting manner: Buck up, maybe someone will buy him a dictionary for Christmas.

Bill Allman
Law 2
Former History Rep, AUS
and Proponent of Functionally
Literate Arts Students

Ecologists reply

I would like to comment on some of the information presented as fact by Dave Christie.

The claim that Tonya Zadoronzy wrote the letter to the editor as a representative of Western Canada Wilderness Committee is not true.

The claim that clearcut logged forest land produces water that is as clean as water that is produced by an ancient never-logged forest, is also not true. The fact is, ancient forests produce extremely high quality drinking water. According

to Jerry Franklin who is considered a leading expert on the ancient forest ecology of the Pacific Northwest, ancient forests ensure low levels of soil erosion and leaching. Increased erosion and leaching which can increase the turbidity or muddying up of drinking water is associated with clearcut logging. Drinking water with a higher turbidity rating is harder to keep free of harmful bacteria.

It is really stretching the truth to say that sixty-two percent of the ancient forests of Vancouver's drinking watersheds are in a reserve protected from logging, as Mr. Christie claims. The fact is a great deal of the sixty-two percent of the watersheds that is in the no-logging reserve couldn't be logged anyway! This area is mostly high elevation, steep, rocky land covered in scrub, rock and ice. The remaining 38 percent of the drinking watersheds that is open to logging contains virtually all of the lush valley bottom and lower slope ancient forests, the forests most critical to providing a safe clean supply of drinking water to the people of the GVRD.

Somehow Mr. Christie has become confused and come to the conclusion that the watersheds are being clearcut on a 500 year rotation basis, that is to say that trees that grow up after logging will be allowed to grow for 500 years being logged again. The fact is the GVRD logging plans show that the rotation for the drinking watersheds is between 72 and 79 years depending on the area. This is the same rate of logging that occurs in industrial forests outside of the drinking watersheds.

The assertion that clearcut logging decreases the forest fire danger goes against experience and common sense. The fact is that when the ancient forest is roaded and reduced to logging slash, small trees and brush, the forest fire danger increases.

We at the Western Canada Wilderness Committee feel that clearcut logging the ancient forests of our drinking watersheds should cease immediately until a full public hearing can bring out all the facts. We feel that the highest and best use of the ancient forest in the drinking watersheds is to provide our clean drinking water now and into the future. We believe that clearcut logging is putting our water supply at severe risk.

Yours truly,

Joe Foy, Director

Reader discovers The Ubyyssey is shortstaffed

As a representative of UBC Intramural Sports program I'm shocked at the lack of coverage and disregard for the Intramural sports program on this campus. The Ubyyssey has provided little or no coverage to the vast array of recreation activities that the program offers to the students, faculty and staff of this university.

For example, the week of November 13th to the 18th saw the wind up to the Handley Cup Soccer League. The Ubyyssey obviously felt that such an event was not newsworthy. When one hundred university teams play soccer in BC Place Stadium for a week it seems no one really cares who won or even if such an event occurred. I don't think for a minute that this is true however, the Ubyyssey printed nothing in regards to this event which affected over one thousand students.

Another gleaming example of the lack of informative coverage of events is the Day of the Longboat. What is Day of the Longboat you ask? Do you really know? It's the most unique Intramural Sporting event in Canada, if not the world, where ten person teams paddle in voyager canoes from the Jericho sailing centre to Jericho beach and back. So what's the big deal? Well, over one hundred teams participated in the event this year yet the Ubyyssey barely made mention of it. I'm scared to see what happens when Storm the Wall and the Triathlon approach, I hope the Ubyyssey notices the noise at least.

The UBC Intramural Sports program has the privilege of providing and organizing recreational pursuits for the University community. We do not take this challenge lightly. Each year we strive to run our programs more efficiently than the year past. Our major difficulty is dealing with the enormous growth of the program. Volleyball saw 199 teams register for first term, the largest ever. We sincerely feel that the students of this university value our program and that the people who participate gain a sense of involvement and pride in this institution; not to mention have fun. We need the support from as many groups on campus as possible, including the Ubyyssey. Over 5000 students participate on a weekly basis in Intra-

mural Sports organized activities. I feel it would be more responsible of Ubyyssey to recognize these participants by providing more information about the program.

Dean Desrosiers
Student Director, Intramural Sports

Students hurt grass

Does one have to be a practiced horticulturalist in order to appreciate the recent landscape remodeling between the new parkade and the SUB? For those who have not yet noticed, the concrete parking lot of previous years has been replaced with a grassy promenade, complete with trees and benches. In September, as the sod was being laid, I asked myself how long this new environment would last. But to my dismay, as soon as the protective fencing was taken down, students began trudging ignorantly over the fresh turf. Soon, their habitual paths were recreated and the new sod had been destroyed. I'm not asking you to become overjoyed at the sight of new turf but some of us would like to appreciate it before it is ruined by your ignorance.

Martha McMahon
3rd Year Arts

**Attention ...
"Concerned
Citizen" and
the UBC
distributor
of Campus
Report,
please
contact us,
we want to
speak to
you.
The Ubyyssey**

All must be the same

Okay, so we, the generation of the post-modern world have about 20 years before all the things we've flushed down the toilet come out of our faucets. Why not kill some time in our last few years and try to do something about it? Before action takes place, however, you must first realize that everything you (and your ancestors) have done up until now has been evil and destructive. Once you have accomplished this, you are ready to reshape your life and the lives of millions of strangers. Try strangers first, it's easier than friends.

Now here's what you do: you decide that a revolution must take place and that all environmentally dangerous products must be destroyed. For starters, your car must go. It, combined with every other vehicle on the road, is responsible for 80% of Vancouver's smog as well as melting polar ice caps, declining world food production, and Third World hunger. (One might think that the current environmental crisis was created by Roman Catholics) Ride your bike and feel like a martyr.

Besides acknowledging the obvious problems that screw up the environment (say, pouring toxic sludge down your toilet) try to be creative in deciding what harms the ecosphere. Don't use paper towels in the washrooms at SUB. Avoid all plastic at the supermarket and bring your own grocery bags. Let people know you want an alternative. If you have to eat at a take-out restaurant, then bring your own plate. People think your crazy and again, you have the

satisfaction of feeling superior to the polluting plebes. Don't use bleach, non-recycled photocopying paper, disposable containers or diapers, chemical cleansers, or CFC Styrofoam. In other words, stop doing everything that your doing now. Accept no compromises - even though compromises

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will inevitably find you. For instance, wiping your butt is pretty much a compromise because you use toilet paper which is produced with chlorine and that chlorine is summarily returned to the ocean when you flush.

Okay, so what if you follow this program and make your life as pure as recycled paper? Will this save the world? NO. So you must take the next step of changing everyone else's life (while making yourself the bane of their existence). Ask coffee drinking strangers on the street if they know about CFC's and the destruction of the environment. Be obnoxious. Society eventually transforms through individual pressure to conform. Therefore, making garbage 'uncool' is the first step to eliminating it. People who have blue smoke coming out of their car can be spat on, kicked or beaten. However, the best approach is to quietly let them know that they are destroying the environment, thus allowing them to be consumed by their own guilt.

Secondly, you have to shake people up and ask tough ques-

tions. Ask, for instance, why the Ubyssy isn't printed on recycled paper or why it isn't recycled after it is used.

Finally, in order to save our diseased planet, we simply have to stop buying things because it uses too much energy. Unless, of course, you think it is fair that 25 million Canadians consume the same amount as 1 billion of the world's poor. Ask yourself if all the things you buy are worth the environmental damage they produce. Is a copy of the Province worth the destruction of B.C.'s forests? (note: it takes more than 45,000 trees to produce one edition of the Sunday New York Times). Is the convenience of driving your car to school worth the destruction of the atmosphere? Remember that everything we buy, from organic apples to auto parts, are produced with the help of non-renewable fossil fuels.

For the world to survive we need a paradigm shift of consciousness. And because the world economy is based on market demand, the shift must begin with the consumer. That means individuals like you and me.

But just remember that when it's all said and done, you're just one person in a big world and you probably can't make a difference after all. Probably.

P.S. If you live in an apartment and need a place to bring your compost, I have a giant ditch in my backyard. Contact me through the Ubyssy.

Peter Scott
History 3

Endgame: the last moment - death

by Chung Wong

Society hid itself from this reality. In the city streets, life continues as usual with humans trying to achieve for themselves, relating to other humans through their 'odd' ways. But when your lifetime partner in crime is about to die, a deep cut gnaws at your stomach—

Through the emotional haze I try to recall.

Energetic people. Sharp dress. Glamorous lights—singer—dinner...club service. We are guests.

Across the long table, she smiles at me.

It seems so distant from the scratches of poverty, yet before me is a reminder—an individual of hope who drove me out. It feels good to see her again. *The images begin to wash out.* It's midnight suddenly (why?). I have a reunion with another longtime friend. I walk to her. Excuse myself. No words audible through music. I gesture. She nods, smiles. I leave her with the others. I will see her again. No words that night. No words...no words. No glass shoe. The image quickly dissipates...leaving me alone.

The call came a couple days later. "She fell," a voice said, "She's in the hospital...a stroke."

I suddenly found myself in a desolate room, frozen in the still air.

Her face was bashed in, deformed. She had no left cheek. Her body had shrunk to half of its size, paralyzed on the right and going blind. The smell of vomit lingered. There was my partner lying on the bed, motionless. I stood fragile.

For days, I created new ways of providing stimulus to improve her health; it drained my soul. It would feel like 0 x whatever life I could give. But the feeling, I realized later, was only a result of my expectation which adhered to who she was, and deviated from who she could be. A complex form of prejudice.

In this room, she was no longer able to shield her humanity, package herself in some attitude or mode for social acceptance. She had no walls. Upholding any barriers around me, shielding myself in any way, would have denied her existence. I asked myself if it was the ego or pride that held up my own. Whatever it was, broke down blind. To be equal—I always was with her.

...

"Nurse...Nurse...Nurse...Help me...help me...help me..."—No answer. This is the replacement we have set aside for them for our independence. Imagine yourself as one of them. The patient next to you cries and shouts at night. In the daytime, you see a white ceiling. You search for a hope to live on. The doctor, the social worker, tells you hope will heal you. You search, but you are in an empty room. This is where your society has lead you.

Isolated from her familiar world, in a room with zero stimulus, her face, webbed in her corpse, had the look of suffering, like an opera singer whose voice could not be heard. And was not

looked at. I could only grip her hand repeatedly to replace the hugs she could not receive.

When her speech was recovered, I nervously asked her, after a dialogue which included a how do you feel question with a what do you expect answer, if she could smile. In her affirming response, I recognized the beauty there still within her, and realized all the work done had meaning, had worth.

She had not yet been shattered inside.

But in our society we are not trained well to see beyond the surface which has become a blinding plane.

Her roommates faced a different fate—but all the same in the end, I guess. They are left in loneliness segregated from the rest of society; at nights some scream. Until eventually, they die. They are without company, without opportunity to interact, and kept in their hidden place.

...

"The milk is sour," she said to me. "Don't worry," responded the nurse, she always says that. I tasted the sour milk, and was reminded of a passage from Orwell's 1984:

Winston: How can I help seeing what is in front of my eyes? Two and two are four.

O'Brien: Sometimes, Winston. Sometimes they are five. Sometimes they are three. Sometimes they are all of them at once. You must try harder. It is not easy to become sane...You are rotting away...you are falling to pieces. What are you? A bag of filth...look into that mirror. Do you see that thing facing you? That is the last man. If you are human, that is humanity.

After two years, she is paralyzed to the neck. She eats through tubes. She urinates through tubes. She cannot speak. She can barely hear; she can barely see. She may only think and breathe. Her body is now down to a third of its original size. To reach her so she may feel me, I can only touch her forehead. But I realize the last thing I want her to remember is love—not loneliness.

Author's Note: Samuel Beckett's play title *Endgame* refers to a chess game at a stage where all the remaining moves are inevitable. He focused on the morbid relationship society held with the decrepit, the aged, as they became discarded garbage cans. We place individuals in these states in rooms of alienation; we initiate inevitable moves. Moves which are catalyzed by our society's lack of true integration and the non-existent family structure which has lead to ultimate psychological alienation. They are placed there left to die, in a place we have left for them for the sake of our progress. But how much longer as a society can we torture the psychic walls of these individuals? Everyone will eventually go through this ultimate state. Few come to terms with it until it happens—it's too late then.

Got time for a sermon?

In attempting to defend his stance, Newcombe points out that Jesus never condemned homosexuality. But Newcombe's assertion that an absence of condemnation implies acceptance is, of course, nonsense, and quite a few people wrote in to The Ubyssy to point that out. Yes, there were quite a few letters. And these Bible thumpers pointed their stubby fingers at Leviticus 18:22 and proclaimed that the Bible does indeed condemn homosexuality. Of course, they are right.

And since the Bible is, after all, the Word of God, all faithful Christians are bound by its dictates, and should accept its black and white statements as the final word on moral issues. Is this your view? Fine. Let's see where it leads. Turn the pages of your Bible the Exodus 12:44: "Every man's slave that is bought for money..." Oops! Wrong verse. Turn to Exodus 21:20-21: "When a man strikes his slave, male or female, with a rod and the slave dies under his hand, he shall be punished. But if the slave survives a day or two, he shall not be punished; for the slave is his money." Nowadays, most people would call this manslaughter, or murder.

Are the dictates of the Bible inerrant? Or is there a certain expediency in them, a partial yielding to popular will? What did Jesus say to the Pharisees about the law of divorce in Deuteronomy 24:1? "For the hardness of your heart [Moses] wrote you this precept" (Mark 10:5). So there is an earthly influence working in the Bible as well as divine inspiration. Do you think that the ancient Israelites were any less homophobic than people are today?

The fact is, Exodus 21:20-21 is

as valid as Leviticus 18:22. Now you either apply the dictates of the Bible uniformly or you admit that laws like Exodus 20:20-21 and Leviticus 18:22 are not carved in stone. Could it be that you are willing to enforce a strict interpre-

Perspective

tation of some parts of the Bible but not others? That would make you a hypocrite, wouldn't it?

I've got an idea. To avoid the sin of hypocrisy, why not take out a full page ad in The Vancouver Sun and agitate for the legalization of slavery? After all, the Bible says it's okay. And while you're at it, promote polygamy. No. Despite the fact that the guiding light is green, polygamy and slavery are no longer in vogue. Thank the Lord for that.

It is still open season on gays, however. And leading the crucifixion party are a bunch of ignorant, narrow-minded bigots who have transformed themselves into the ministers of Christ (II Corinthians 11:13). Are you going to tell me that if the Bible had specifically proclaimed tolerance for homosexuality, that these letter writing Bible thumpers would now be championing gay rights? What a load of bull! There are plenty of agnostics and atheists who detest homosexuality as much as these saved fag bashers. Let's face it. People don't dislike homosexuality because the Bible condemns it, they use the Bible to justify their bigotry.

These people see homosexuality as a grave sin. And the city of Sodom is upheld by the some as the exemplar of wickedness, and its destruction as God's final word

on homosexuality. Did Jesus see it that way? Jesus had a little saying, which He used often, something about more tolerance being shown for Sodom in the day of judgment than for ... whom? Not bigots, surely.

One writer of The Ubyssy said that "if homosexuals are members of a Christian church, then it's a sad commentary on that church." The Bible says that God is no respecter of persons. Apparently, God had to teach that lesson to Peter several times (Acts 10:14-15; Galatians 2:11). This point has to be made loud and clear, because there is one important fact that is consistently lost in the hoopla: sexual orientation is not willfully chosen. Are you listening? It's not like being addicted to alcohol. No one chooses this "alternate lifestyle", no one is socialized into it. Orientation is fixed along a spectrum and it is not reversible. Some people are straight, some are bisexual, some are gay, and they stay that way. One orientation is as immutable as another. Nature produces a lot of variety, and not all of it is welcome.

Knowing this, when I read I Corinthians 6:9-11, I see God's final answer. God puts His Holy Spirit upon repentant homosexuals and, yes, even upon repentant bigots. It's there in the Bible, for all to see. How about that! Homosexuals in God's church! I'm not saying that they didn't opt for celibacy. And promiscuity was definitely out. But if you think that the sexual orientation of these people was somehow changed, you're a mile offshore. I hear a fire crackling, bigots.

Name Withheld
Arts 4

Editorial

Ho, ho, hmm

Well here it is again the annual Ubyyssey christmas gift list where all the "goods", the famous of campus, the province, and the universe are faithfully delivered.

To President Strangway — A new set of Mechano for his endless building projects.

To Kurt Preinsperg — A glow in the dark jalepeno flavoured, body condom.

To Vanessa Geary — Tongue floss.

To Sara Mair — A sign making kit.

To Mike Lee — Skip the month of December.

To Andrew Hicks — A paper-sized muzzle.

To Karl Kottmeier — A year's subscription to The Ubyyssey.

To Charles Redden — A suit that is not grey.

To Gerry Wan — A new bowl.

To Tim Bird — A new building project.

To Peter Brown — A date with Angela Davies.

To Linda McGillvary — The book: One-hundred Uses For a Dead Cat.

To Peter Hamilton — A score keeper.

To Iolande Weisz — A set of voodoo dolls of the men of her choice.

To The Inter-Fraternity Council — Individuality.

To Bruce Strachan — His new university in his own backyard.

To Bill Van Der Zalm — A by-election he can win. Next life buddy.

To Mike Harcourt — The keys to Room 156, West Annex, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

To The Ubyyssey — Autonomy.

To all our readers — Peace, Love, and all that shit.

THE UBYSSEY

November 28, 1989

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The 80s couldn't end a moment too soon. In The Ubyyssey office factions formed. They drank Coke Classic out of the fridge and argued. "Before the decade ends we have to anachronize the world!" shouted Keith Leung, who was one of the keener members of the anarchist gang. Szilard Fricaka, John Gray, Lorry Jones, and Sarah Atkinson looked on, aghast. They'd never seen an anarchist before. But Tonya Z. was simply pissed off. "No way!" she bellowed, spitting small globs of saliva all over Douglas Harris, Evan Jones, Wendy Shin, Laurie Newell, Rajiv Reebye, Sheena Scott and Christian Raupach. "The 80s was the decade of Chernobyl, acid rain, global warming and fitness clubs. Gross! What we have to do before the dawn sets on the decade is save the environment."

Laura Busheikin, Paul Dayson, Warren Whyte, Mike Laanela and Corinne Borge cast dirty looks at Tonya and surrounded Keith, shouting, "Whose fucking decade? Our fucking decade!!!" But then Corinne drank a lot of vodka and anachronized Mark, risking herpes and even AIDS in pursuit of sensual gratification.

Nadene Rehnby smiled slightly and pulled the cord on the blind repeatedly up and down, up and down. Quietly, nicely, she started her own faction. It was a mysterious faction. No one knew what they were about. Hai Le, Aileen McBride, Jolie Ellison, Heather McCartney and Roger Kanno joined her. Jeff Huberman pushed Rob Reid and Barb Wilson towards the mystery group.

But then Omar Diaz jumped up, looking disconcertedly like Michael Douglas, and screamed, "It's been the decade of greed. I know, I'm a salesman. Let's wipe out greed! Let's put a stake through the heart of Donald Trump before the decade deconstructs!"

Alexandra Johnson snorted in disgust, Ted Aussem, Dan Andrews, Saski Ages, Charles Lugosi, Maeghan Kenny, Mark Howes, Bryson Young, Christian Ice and Andrea Lupini drank mineral water and dreamed of buying BMW's. "You guys will be left in the 80s," shouted Dennis Hakle, David Dergate, Denise Dyson, Catie Pickles, Debbie Hewlett, Peter Berlin, Robin

EDITORS
Joe Altwasser • Franka Cordua-von Specht
Nadene Rehnby • Chung Wong • Keith Leung

continued on page 12



Letters

A clarification

The letter "Law students blast mental masturbating newsletter" in the Nov. 28 edition of The Ubyyssey has caused some concern.

The letter, signed by a group of thirteen law students, blasted what they saw as the puerile content of the Law Students Association newsletter, The Informer, in its October 31 issue.

After the letter was received in early November, I waited to hear from Mike Watt, the LSA President, who also received a copy of the letter and would be able to comment on the letter's veracity. Hearing nothing, I and my colleagues assumed the letter was all right.

The letter, nevertheless, was addressed to "Mike Watt and Steve Geddes, Editors, The Informer." After the letter was printed, Steve Geddes visited us, protesting that he had had "nothing to do" with The Informer for "the past two months."

Therefore, although the mistake is understandable, we regret that Steve Geddes appears to be the victim of a misunderstanding regarding his role with that particular issue of The Informer, with which he has been associated with in the past. We regret that this occurred.

Seeking the truth, we spoke to some of the original

The Ubyyssey welcomes letters on any issue. Letters which are not typed will not be accepted. Letters over 200 words may be edited for brevity. Please be concise. Content which is libelous, slanderous, racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise unfit for publication will not be published. Please bring letters, with identification, to our editorial office, Room 241K, SUB. Letters must include name, faculty or department, year of study and signature.

letter writers and LSA President Mike Watt. Here's what we found...

Several of the letter writers told us that in their protest against The Informer, they went to the LSA and inquired who would be in charge of the particular issue that they blasted in The Ubyyssey. They were told that "Mike Watt and Steve" were in charge of the newsletter every second edition.

The Informer does not run the name of its editorial staff in the newsletter.

Watt said the LSA has four people in charge of The Informer, two women and two men. What happens is that the two women are in charge of the publication one week and "the two Mike Watts and Steve Geddes" are in charge of it the other week.

"That particular issue was written and published by Ian himself and Steve, so far as I know, had nothing to do with it," said Watt.

Watt added that if someone "hypothetically" asked him who was in charge of The Informer every second week, he'd say "Mike Watt and Steve." For your information, Watt also thinks "Mike Watt and Steve Geddes" do a good job with The Informer.

The Ubyyssey Letters Co-ordinator

Kurt addresses masses

Darlene Marzari and Tom Perry, our Point Grey MLAs, have asked the UBC Board of Governors for permission to speak against the Hampton Place real estate development at the December 18th Board meeting.

As elected student representative on the Board of Governors, I feel obliged to make my own perception of this development crystal-clear. We have wealthy people on the Board of Governors using precious university land to build luxury housing for other wealthy people. Their excuse? A government that caters predominantly to the wealthy has starved the university for funds.

There is a close analogy between UBC's decision to build California-style luxury mansions and apartment towers on campus and UBC's decision to increase tuition fees and other education costs at a relentless pace. In both cases, the push for academic excellence is used to justify financial policies that benefit the wealthy at the expense of the needs

of the not-so-wealthy. In both cases we can see how the privileged, entrenched in power, can turn everything to their own advantage.

I am a member of the UBC Board of Governors. Just as I wish to dissociate myself from any further tuition increase, so I wish to dissociate myself from the university's Hampton Place development. This real estate deal is environmentally destructive, socially shortsighted and morally irresponsible.

Kurt Preinsperg
AMS Board of Governors Representative

Students are welcome to attend the Dec. 18th Board of Governors meeting, at 2pm upstairs in the Faculty Club. Please phone 2127 for reservations.

An apology

With respect to the letter to the Editor concerning the Informer which appeared in the 28 November 1989 issue of The Ubyyssey:

Steve Geddes was identified to me as one of the Editors of the Informer.

However, in fact Mr. Geddes has not been associated with the Informer since its first edition of the 1989-90 term, and was not in any way associated with the edition of the Informer giving rise to the concerns expressed in the letter published Tuesday. He is angry with being misidentified as one of the Editors of the Informer.

I wish to emphasize that Mr. Geddes had absolutely nothing to do with the offending edition of the Informer, and to apologize to Mr. Geddes for any distress, embarrassment or harm caused to him in being wrongfully associated with the Informer.

N.K. Banks
Law Graduate Studies

Stop UBC tuition hike

On December 18, President Strangway will be proposing a tuition increase to the UBC Board of Governors for consideration.

On January 30, the Board will make the decision whether to accept the proposed increase or not.

Once the proposal hits

the table on December 18, the difficulty in having a realistic effect on the final decision is considerably increased. The best chances of having an effect lie between now and December 18—before it is announced.

My guess—and it's only a guess—is that the increase will come in at around five to seven percent. In light of last year's ten percent increase; the financial impact that the Goods and Services Tax (GST) will have on all students; and the fact that there will be a zero increase in the financial assistance money that UBC is to receive next year, an increasing number of students will be feeling the crunch.

I know that exams and term papers can knock the energy out of all of us at this time of year; but please take the time to write a letter to President Strangway, Old Administration Building, UBC, Vancouver B.C. V6T 2B3, suggesting or demanding an increase that you consider justifiable.

Tim Bird
Student Representative
UBC Board of Governors

Save the elephants

...Unless led away, an orphan will linger by its fallen mother until it collapses from starvation or thirst. And a mature elephant coming across a carcass, even one streaked with vulture droppings, will try to rouse it to life with a gentle prod of its hind leg..

Ted Gup, writer for Time by Hal V. Le

Such social, gentle animals. "Nature's great masterpiece," as the poet John Donne called them, today's African elephants are approaching extinction. Their ability to survive in the face of human destructiveness has never been more jeopardized, and their right to live in peace more deprived.

In the 1930s, Africa had an estimated 10 million elephants. Now that number has slumped to about 600 000. In 1976, 100 000 elephants roamed the national parks of Central African Republic. Today, there are barely 9000.

Annually 70 000 adult elephants are slaughtered. But that is not the end of the story. 10 000 youngsters must die because they cannot fend for themselves.

These figures underlie the magnitude of the dramatic reality facing the elephants and some even harsher truths: the destructiveness of human beings and their inability to dwell in harmony with other living things.

Numbers do not mean much. They can never convey the total dimension of the carnage, cruelty and suffering that are too real for those involved.

Whether it is a slaughter to control the herds' population as in Zimbabwe, Botswana, and South Africa. Ivory that can net a huge profit as in Tanzania, and Kenya. Or to satisfy the sportsmen's urge to kill.

It's a slaughter done out of indifference.

Of greed.

Of profit.

And of people who continue to purchase ivory products.

Unlike people fleeing their homeland because of persecution and economic hardship, the elephants cannot leave their habitat to look for a brighter future elsewhere.

Plant eating and the largest creatures on land, they live in small herds of closely-knit family

Freestyle

units, led by one or two older cows, and use their tusks for foraging.

To some African farmers, the elephants may be a nuisance, big pests that trample their way through farms, leaving behind trails of ruined crops. But they are also a valuable, integral part of the environment.

They open up water holes in the ground with their feet and uproot trees in dense woodland, renewing growth in the process. Other animals and plants benefit from that.

Last month, members of the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES) voted to designate the African elephants as endangered. A complete ban on the trade of tusks automatically ensued.

But CITES also permits the slaughter of well-managed elephant populations. This is because some Southern African countries such as Botswana, Zimbabwe, and South Africa with small poaching problems are afraid of losing export revenues derived from sales of ivory.

For decades, indifference and profit motives have been the driving force behind the butchery of the elephants. The ivory industry is one with revenues estimated at \$500 million to 1 billion worldwide.

From factories in Hong Kong and Japan, millions of bangles, necklaces, and rings are produced, sold on the local market, and exported to the West.

Lately, unilateral bans of ivory imports by the major consumers of ivory such as Japan and

the United States have driven prices down, and reduced the demand for ivory products. These efforts are certainly laudable but they have only a limited impact.

Any ban will not stop the deadly traffic. As long as there is profit to be made, there will be corrupted officials and greedy traders who turn blind eyes to the butchery.

Some affected countries have adopted tough measures. President Daniel arap Moi of Kenya, for instance, has mobilized the army and declared war on the poachers, ordering them to be shot on sight.

A rather drastic measure.

But even that will not save Kenya's elephants from extinction.

The risk of arrest, death, and imprisonment is small, compared to the monetary reward. Any long-lasting solutions to poaching — without a magic wand — will have to address the root causes: consumer demand and public ignorance.

A change in buying habits on the part of the public may well be the elephants' last hope.

UBYSSEY SURVEY

We want to hear what our readers think of their newspaper. Please fill this out and return it to us in Room 241K, SUB.

1. How often do you read The Ubysey?

- ☐ a. every issue
- ☐ b. every other issue
- ☐ c. occasionally
- ☐ d. rarely
- ☐ e. never

2. Which sections of the paper do you usually read (Circle the letters)? In what order do you read them? Rank them by order in which you read them.

- ☐ a. news
- ☐ b. entertainment
- ☐ c. sports
- ☐ d. editorial
- ☐ e. letters
- ☐ f. all of the above

3. Which is the weakest aspect of the paper?

- ☐ a. news
- ☐ b. entertainment
- ☐ c. sports
- ☐ d. editorial
- ☐ e. photography
- ☐ f. design
- ☐ g. no weak aspect

4. Which is the strongest aspect?

- ☐ a. news
- ☐ b. entertainment
- ☐ c. sports
- ☐ d. editorial
- ☐ e. photography
- ☐ f. design
- ☐ g. no strong aspect

5. Do you think there is, or is not, enough coverage of issues in the news from students' perspective?

- ☐ a. yes
- ☐ b. no

6. What are some of the news stories that particularly made an impact on you this term?

7. What would you like to see more of in the news section?

- ☐ a. campus events
- ☐ b. local
- ☐ c. regional
- ☐ d. national
- ☐ e. international
- ☐ f. other _____

8. What would you like to see more of in the entertainment section?

- ☐ a. mainstream film/theatre/music reviews
- ☐ b. alternative film/theatre/music reviews
- ☐ c. video reviews
- ☐ d. book reviews
- ☐ e. other _____

9. What would you like to see more of in the sports section?

- ☐ a. varsity
- ☐ b. intramurals
- ☐ c. interviews with UBC athletes
- ☐ d. other _____

10. Overall, has the quality of the paper improved, stayed the same, or worsened this term compared to last year?

- ☐ a. improved
- ☐ b. worsened
- ☐ c. stayed the same

Some questions about you...

11. Are you a student?

- ☐ a. yes
- ☐ b. no

12. If you are a student, are you part-time or full-time?

- ☐ a. part-time
- ☐ b. full-time

13. What is your faculty?

14. What are some of your special interests?

15. If you could have one thing for Christmas, what would it be?

In 1989 UBC celebrates its 75th anniversary. It's a time not only to reflect upon our past accomplishments, but to look ahead to our bright future. To commemorate this special year, the University is offering a wide range of official souvenirs at special prices. When you purchase a 75th Anniversary souvenir item, you'll be helping to support campus-wide events.

Celebration

A: T-shirt with UBC 75th Anniversary logo

B: UBC 75th Anniversary 1915-1990 sticker

C: "CELEBRATE" poster with UBC 75th Anniversary logo

D: UBC 75th Anniversary box

E: UBC 75th Anniversary pen

F: UBC 75th Anniversary notepad

G: UBC 75th Anniversary mug

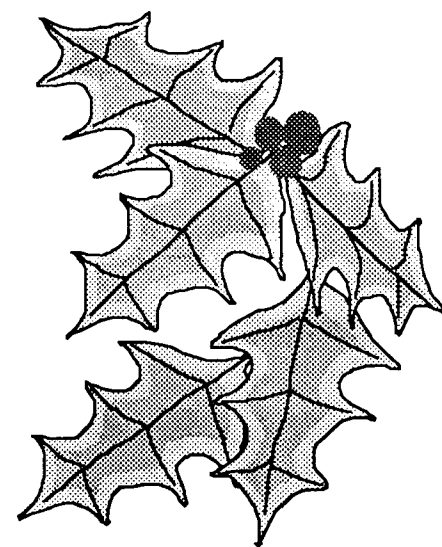
H: UBC 75th Anniversary button

I: UBC 75th Anniversary sweatshirt

J: UBC 75th Anniversary pin

K: UBC 75th Anniversary keychain

*'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the house not a creature was stirring
not even a mouse...*



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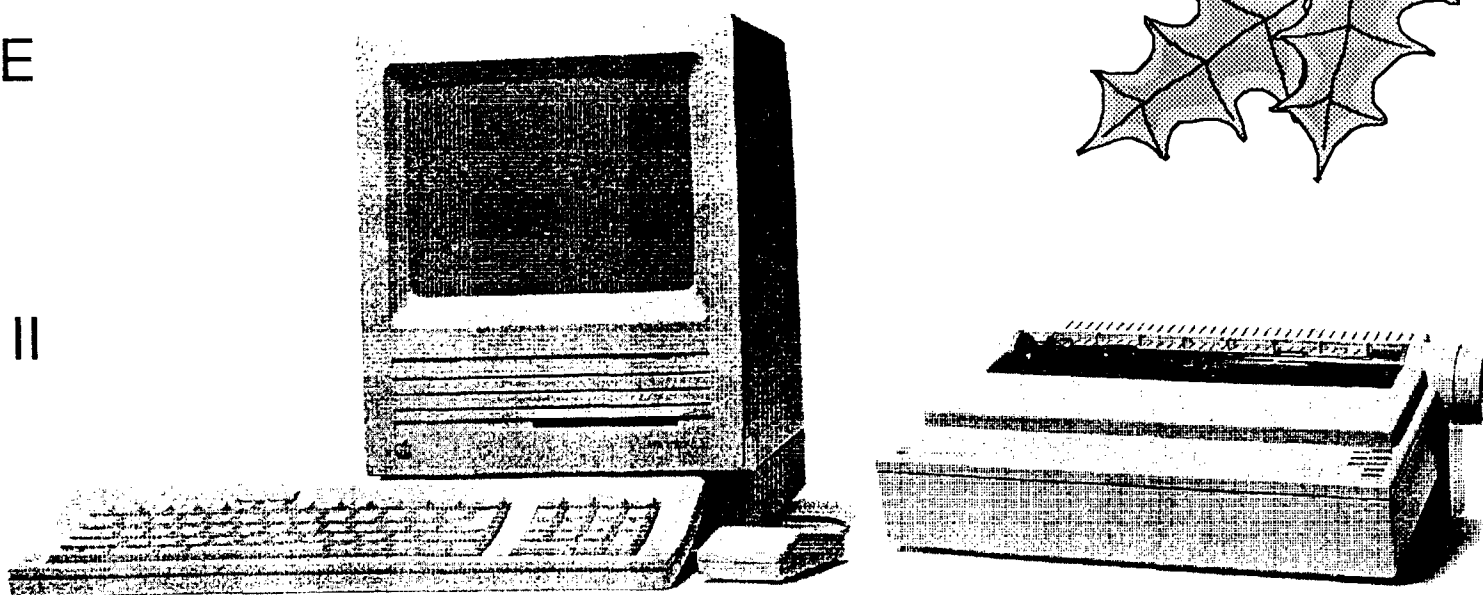
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