**3 Shrum**
T-Birds take on Clansmen in annual grudge match

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*The Ubyssey* goes back in time

**8 Fringe**
More plays than you can shake a stick at



ubyssey

# pagefriday

*Congratulating ourselves since 1918*

VOL 78 ISS 2 FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1996


# Total eclipse of the Seoul

**The student protests in South Korea have attracted worldwide attention, but the government's continuing efforts to quash the reunification movement have gone largely unnoticed.**

by Charlie Cho

**YONSEI UNIVERSITY, SOUTH KOREA, AUGUST 20, 1996.**

At dawn, riot police, firing tear gas, aided by helicopters and armoured vehicles, smash through university barricades. In a violent campus siege, 18,000 police storm the campus and arrest 6000 students. While the crackdown ends days of pro-unification protests by Hanchongnyon—the Korean Federation of Student Unions—action by the National Police Agency (NPA) will continue.

From August 28 to 30, 10,000 NPA officers search 62 universities and colleges, arresting 500 more students. Tons of banned North Korean literature are seized along with molotov cocktails, steel pipes, gasoline bombs and a police radio. In response to the NPA's unprecedented shutdown of their computer communications site, Hanchongnyon sets up a temporary online Bulletin Board System the next day.

**"This is a murderous gangster-like act unprecedented in the world history of education."**
**PRESIDENT OF KIM CHAEK UNIVERSITY**

While most of those arrested are released within two weeks, about 450 still face charges of violating the strict, anti-communist National Security Law, which stipulates that anyone that "praises, encourages, advertises or supports the activities of an anti-state organisation" may face up to seven years in jail.

On September 2, a North Korean news agency reports that Kim Young-sam's South Korean government has formed a "joint headquarters of investigation into leftist crimes of Hanchongnyon," setting up "joint investigation teams" throughout South Korea. The NPA offers rewards of $3700 and $6100 for information leading to the arrests of 16 student leaders, including Chong Myung-ki, president of Hanchongnyon, and Park Pyung-yon, president of Yonsei University's student council.

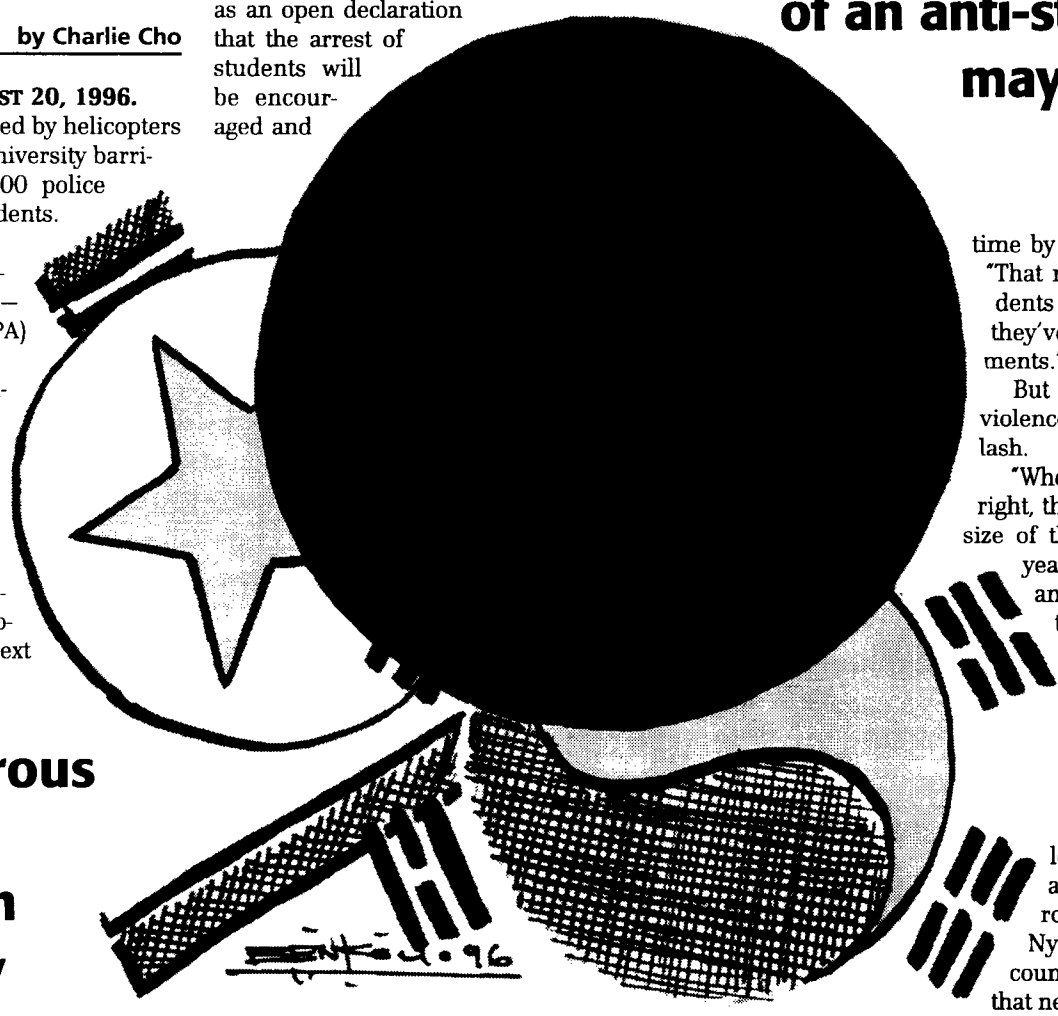
The following day, the Kim Chaek University of Technology president openly condemns the government.

"This is a murderous gangster-like act unprecedented in the world history of education," he says. "[It] is as good as an open declaration that the arrest of students will be encouraged and legalized. The Kim Young-sam group must know that the money set on the heads of the innocent patriotic students will turn out to be the rope of gallows that strangles their necks. They must suspend the arrest of students and set free the arrested students at once."

President Kim, a former political dissident, outlaws Hangchongnyon, accusing its members of being infiltrated by North Korean 'elements.'

"This is an anti-establishment student movement that engages in urban guerrilla-style warfare," he tells university deans after the Yonsei siege. Government officials cite a recent poll showing that 80 percent of South Koreans support stern measures against radicals.

**Anyone that "praises, encourages, advertises or supports the activities of an anti-state organisation" may face up to seven years in jail.**



Things haven't always been like this, explains UBC Sociology Professor Yunshik Chang. He points to a time when South Korean students were popular supporters of democracy.

"It began way back in the '60s when Syngman Rhee decided to extend his term of presidency for the second time by amending the constitution," he explains. "That made a lot of people very angry and students more or less took the lead. Ever since, they've been carrying out democracy movements."

But Chang points out thatthe recent student violence is a reaction to brutal government backlash.

"When people thought that the students were right, they simply joined them in the streets. The size of the demonstrations grew and grew each year. It became a threat to the government and they quickly reacted. Government reaction was so strong that it made them angrier. As they became angrier, their reaction against the government became more radicalised and more violent."

❖ ❖ ❖

According to some South Korean student leaders, the police provoked the violence and the students responded by throwing rocks out of fear and self defence. Bang Nyong-hyun, Yonsei University's student councilor and demonstration organiser, says that news organisations are misrepresenting the student activists, spreading resentment toward them.

Bang calls for the withdrawal of the 37,000 US troops stationed in South Korea, the abolition of the National Security Law, and the reunification of Korea on terms demanded by the North.

Chung Dong-yong, spokesman for the main opposition National Congress for New Politics charges: "President Kim used the students for his own benefit. There's no difference between this government and a military regime."

❖ ❖ ❖

***continued on page 2***

# features

## Student movement struggles

*continued from page 1*

Amnesty International reports the arrests of several hundred political prisoners each year in South Korea, held under the National Security Law "which restricts freedom of expression and association."

Torture and ill-treatment of detainees continue to be reported. Last year, 200 people were arrested, including students, political activists, writers, publishers and academics. Several people were arrested for making unauthorized visits to North Korea.

By way of comparison, Amnesty International reports it has received unconfirmed information that North Korea had imprisoned hundreds of political prisoners in 1995. Its 1996 Report notes amendments to North Korea's criminal law have been introduced "to bring legislative provisions into line with international human rights standards."

❖ ❖ ❖

While few support rising student violence, activists are not alone in seriously considering Korean reunification. South Korean opposition leader Dr. Kim Dae-jung, says most Koreans support reunification but not one dictated by North Korea. RWE Australian Business News reports that Kim would support reunification in stages commencing with a peaceful co-operation over perhaps a 10-year period and eventually a federal system.

Former Canadian diplomat Harry Sterling shares Kim's cautious approach to reunification, pointing to recent socioeconomic problems experienced by Germany. Sterling identifies how governments in both the North and the South manipulate mistrust to maintain their authoritarian rule. The North points to the US military presence to instill "a siege mentality that facilitates its control," while the South points to the North "to justify its own authoritarian policies while in power from 1960 to 1993."

"While reunification might be a double-edged sword for those controlling the levers of power," Sterling says, "compelling factors could push them to a thaw in their own Cold War simply to avoid the North's horrendous problems from deteriorating to the point they have a negative impact on both sides of the border." In a Financial Post column, Sterling produces figures that show North Korea's per capita income, GDP and annual trade is vastly inferior to South Korea's.

While the financial outlook for Korean reunification appears bleak, the cries for reunification and an end of US military presence by student activists at South Korea's Yonsei University are beginning to be heard. Meanwhile, Kim Young-sam's "democratic," government continues to imprison students that oppose it in order to kill the student movement that led to his presidency. *jf*

**1960 PROTEST** marks the beginning of the current anti-government movement.

## Classifieds

### Employment Opportunities

**Help Wanted**

Energetic 3rd Year Student by import beverage co. for part time on and off campus activities. Hospitality/ Promotions background required, should be familiar with residences/ frats/AMS/student organizations. Please fax cover letter and resume to 739-9993.

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### Tutoring

Free Japanese Tutoring
Exchange students (UBC undergraduates) from Japan are looking for Japanese-English language exchange partners. "We help you with Japanese, you help us with English." It's free, fun, non-fattening and even educational! We're friendly and eager to meet you. Call Cheri at 822-8190 to be matched up. Aimashoo, ne!!
PS This is not at dating service. We offer an international friendship and language exchange. We're all living on campus so meeting somewhere convrenient will be easy.

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ESL students welcome.
Call Greg: 736-7992.

### Word Processing

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## 'tween classes

**UBC DANCE CLUB**
**Tuesday, Sept. 17**
Free introductory dance lesson.
SUB Ballroom,
12:30-1:30pm.

**GAYS, LESBIANS AND BISEXUALS OF UBC**
**Wednesday, Sept. 18**
General Meeting:
come **out** this year.
SUB 211, 12:30pm.

**TAKE BACK THE NIGHT**
**Women only March Rally**

**7:00pm**
**Sept. 20th**
**Trout Lake,**
Victoria and East 15 Av.
**Vancouver**

**More info call 872-8212**

## The Ubyssey wants to let you know...

### Staff Meetings
Wednesdays @ 12:30pm.
We talk about everything from bzzr gardens to seminars.

### News/Features Meetings
Tuesdays @ 12:30pm.
We discuss story ideas and assign them too.

### Culture Meetings
Tuesdays @ 1:30pm.
We hash out what arty stuff is goin' on around us and decide who's gonna cover what.

### Sports Meetings
Tuesdays @ 2:30pm.
We spit tobacco and scratch our crotches.

### Caucus Meetings
LGBQ Caucus
Friday, Sept. 20 @ 11:30am.

Women's Caucus
Friday, Sept. 20 @ 3:30pm.

Colours Caucus
Friday, Sept. 20 @ 1:30pm.

Men's Caucus
Friday, Sept 20 @ 12:30pm.

Caucus meetings are designed to address issues some staff members may feel more comfortable discussing outside regular staff meetings.
Caucus meetings are open to caucus members only. The office will be closed to non-caucus members during the meetings.

### Seminars
They're a comin'... we promise. Keep your eyes peeled!

### WORK STUDY

Anyone interested in working (for money) at the Ubyssey should submit a résumé to SUB 241K (attention Scott Hayward) by **Wednesday, Sept. 18.**

You must have applied for a student loan and have registered with the Work Study office.

**Job description**

Two jobs are available doing administrative work. Some computer skills would be helpful. Salary is $13.89 per hour, 10 hours per week.

## SHRUM BOWL XIX

# T-Birds aim to de-kilt Clansmen again

by Wolf Depner

Shrum Bowl XIX, the cross-town football feud between the UBC Thunderbirds and the SFU Clansmen, is just an exhibition game. But don't tell that to the players and coaches.

"We're going into it all guns blazing," said UBC Assistant Coach Jerry Mullins.

"Yeah, it's going to be fun," UBC Running Back Mark Nohra said. He was named CIAU player of the week after rushing for 252 yards in a game against the Alberta Golden Bears last week.

And amusing doesn't even start to describe the off-field antics involving rowdy UBC and SFU fans.

In 1995, the sideshow almost proved to be more interesting than the main event as the Birds unkilted the SFU Clansmen 29-7 in front of nearly 5000 fans at Thunderbird Stadium.

The win gave the Birds a 9-8-1 series lead and was UBC's third consectutive win. But to predict the 1996 outcome on last year's result is to say that Don Cherry is soft-spoken.

With six offensive starters from last year gone, the Birds are still looking for offensive consistency to complement a stalwart defence. Two games into the Canada West season, the 1-1 Birds have been able to move the ball, but have had trouble scoring.

The Clansmen played far better in 1995 than the final score would seem to indicate and will use the game as a tune-up for their regular season. Don't expect them hold back. "Anytime, we play UBC we're looking to win, to play hard," said SFU head coach Chris Beaton.

### Quarterbacks

Veteran UBC pivot Jason Day has made mistakes in the first two games, but has proven in the past that he can get the job done. With regular Adrian Rainbow injured, Day lead the Birds to a 20-17 victory over SFU in Shrum Bowl XVII.

SFU has a huge question mark at the pivot position. 1995 back-up Cam Weber will start, backed up by the talented, if completely unproven, Terry Kleinsmith.

### Wide-receivers

SFU's Steve Hammer-Jackson is a solid possession receiver who likes to go up the middle. He is complemented by Kairns Graham and speedster rookie Sean Forrest. UBC will count on Simon Beckow, Brad Coutts and John Little to stretch SFU's porous secondary.

### Running backs

The Birds' running game got off to a slow start, but has hit its stride and more. Veteran Mark Nohra had a monster game against the Alberta Golden Bears while rookie Akbal Singh has played more like a veteran.

SFU's backfield is very potent too. Veterans Shawn Lee and David Mattiazzo are not bruising backs, but have the quickness to exploit the smallest openings. Expect SFU to rely on the two backs early on in the game so as to give pivot Weber a chance to settle down.

### Offensive Line

Once considered a concern heading into the season, UBC's O-Line has yet to give up a sack in two games and has opened up holes Rush Limbaugh could penetrate. SFU will start a veteran offensive line that gave up two sacks per game last year.

### Defensive Line

UBC's offensive line will have to contain SFU's Doug Brown who collected twelve sacks last year. Otherwise, Bird QB Jason Day will be under more pressure than Saddam Hussein. UBC's Dave McLaughlin, currently sidelined with an ankle injury, should be available for Friday's contest. And if he plays the way he has in the past, watch out.

### Linebackers

UBC's linebacker corps has been nothing short of brilliant in the first two games. If SFU doesn't get good yardage on first down, look for Alex Charles and Co. to tee-off on Cam Weber. With Justin Ring playing for CFL's Hamilton Ti-Cats, SFU's small but speedy linebacker corps will rely on Robert Kozikowski and Jason Clemett who finished last season with three sacks and 83 tackles in 10 games to slow down the Birds' running game.

**O-LINE MEETS D-LINE**—the offensive and defensive lines will set the stage for this weeks's Shrum Bowl. Here they face off against each other at practice. SCOTT HAYWARD PHOTO

### Secondary

UBC's secondary has been solid so far. Watch for Dan Rootes to continue his impressive play. SFU heads into the Shrum Bowl looking for consistency in the defensive backfield.

### Special Teams

UBC's kicking game has struggled so far, going 2-8 in the first two games. That is unacceptable. With Jamie Boreham injured, Ryan McWhinney will step in. He struggled against Saskatchewan, going 0-3, but has looked good this week in practice. The reliable Bret Anderson (10 for 12 in 1995) will handle kicking duties for the Clansmen.

### Intangibles

UBC has already played two games while the Shrum Bowl will be SFU's first game of the season. The fact that this year's game will be played under Canadian rules should also benefit UBC, at least offensively, but don't count on it. The past three games, all won by UBC, were played under American rules.

SFU head coach Chris Beaton puts his own twist on the rules debate: "I just hope like hell we know what we're doing."

***The Ubyssey's* Pick:**
**UBC 30 SFU 16**

***The Peak's* Pick:**
**SFU 17 UBC 16**

# Cheerleaders to debut at Friday football classic

**UBC ALL-STARS** jumping to new heights in practice for their debut performance at the Shrum Bowl. RICHARD LAM PHOTO

by Jo-Ann Chiu

For the first time in six years, UBC has a cheerleading squad and coach Rochelle Graf hopes it will do more than whip-up fan support at this season's T-Bird games.

The new UBC All-Stars, formerly known as the Steveston All-Stars, will be debuting at Friday night's Shrum Bowl.

"I have three days to put this squad together," Graf said at the team's Tuesday practice.

"The team learned a dance routine and six chants on Monday night, and they will learn six more cheers [tonight]. One more rehearsal on Thursday, and then we have to be on the field Friday."

Graf said she hoped the All-Stars' premiere will attract other UBC students so the team can become a university program.

Currently, the squad is a mixed batch of top cheer athletes from across the Lower Mainland that includes three men and 14 women from various high schools, colleges and UBC.

Graf's only stipulation is that potential candidates for the All-Stars have some previous cheerleading experience. "Otherwise at university level, I would have to take an 18 year-old back to the grassroots of cheerleading, and at this time, it would be too difficult," she told The Ubyssey.

The coach said all students—regardless of gender—are welcome, especially since male cheer athletes are something of a novelty here in Canada, where the public perception of cheer squads is years out of date.

South of the boarder, things are very different. Graf said her male cheer athletes have been snatched by American universities waving enticing scholarships at high school graduation.

All-Stars stunter Peter Parrotta will soon join that number. A former linebacker/tailback with the Richmond Colts, Parrotta's football career was cut short by a back injury. But the 5'10" athlete found he couldn't stay away from the field.

"I had to be on the field," explained the 19 year-old Parrotta. "So I became a mascot and ended up working with the cheerleaders. Ms. Graf spotted me tossing some of the girls up in the air and she thought I had potential. So I joined the squad. I've really developed in my stunting skills since then."

Although Parrotta's strength and agility was appreciated by the girls he worked with, being accepted by as a member of the cheerleading squad by other men was another matter.

"I've always thought of myself as a stunter and not really a cheerleader anyway," says Parrotta. "But the guys did make fun of me at first, saying I was gay and calling me other names. But I knew that the best-looking girls in school were spending more time with me than their boyfriends. It's also so much fun. I loved football. I used to get such a rush from running into someone full-out on the field. Now I get the same feeling from throwing the girls around or tossing them up in the air."

Parrotta is laughing all the way to the bank. The University of Hawaii has granted the athlete a cheerleading scholarship estimated to be worth about $15,000. It will cover tuition, books, and room and board. Although student visa complexities mean Parrotta won't be leaving until January, he'll be able to help with the UBC All-Stars in the meantime.

The move to UBC signals a metamorphosis for the formerly independent cheer squad. The All-Stars formed after the cancellation of Steveston high school's award-winning cheer team which Graf coached for 10 years. The All-Stars have regularly competed in national competitions across Canada, Hong Kong, Japan and all over the United States.

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To apply, just drop this coupon off at your nearest PhoneMart™ store, mail it to BC TEL, #100 – 555 Sixth Street, New Westminster, B.C., V3M 5H1 or fax it to 1-800-749-6606 before September 30. And keep Mom happy without breaking the budget.

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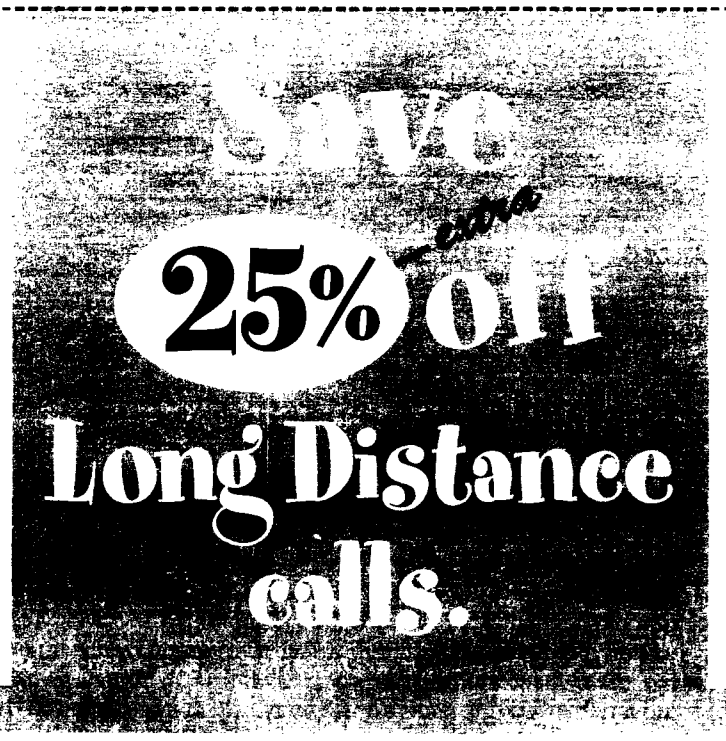


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# Retrograde: A look back in *The Ubyssey*...

## 40 years ago

### The editorial
## Welcome Back

*Tuesday, September 18, 1956*

Tomorrow the Social Credit Party will be returned to power as the government of British Columbia. Perhaps they will lose as many as three seats—more probably, they will gain several. The voters will have spoken.

The people of BC will have re-elected the most misbegotten assortment of cranks, political tricksters and would-be reactionaries ever to be assembled under one legislature roof; they will have expressed their approval of a government whose colossal smugness is surpassed only by its incredible hypocrisy; they will have endorsed a regime of pseudo-religious egomaniacs that "gets things done"—but has somehow managed to convince the voter that he's not paying through the nose for it.

But that's the way the political ball bounces in BC in AD. 1956, and what with galloping prosperity and a senile opposition, there's little that can be done about it for the present.

So welcome back to power for at least another four years fellows; but please: Try to remember there's a growing number of us who aren't interested in collecting "Social Credit dividends." *jf*

**FASHION TRENDS for** frosh in 1956 included the above, which was the graphic from an ad for Eaton's.

### Life before Telereg...
## Dawn Lineups Gone Record 7,200 Enroll

*Tuesday, September 18, 1956*

The "stupid practice" of lining up for half the night in order to register early will end this year, according to John A. Parnell, UBC's associate registrar.

"Camping" in front of the Armories in the wee small hours of the morning has been the procedure in previous years by freshmen to get favoured timetables.

The chief aim has been to avoid Saturday classes, necessitated by the size of the enrollment.

Now class sections will be filled up in order; students who register late in the week will have the same opportunity of getting Monday, Wednesday, Friday lectures, as those who arrive early the first day. First day arrivals should also be prepared to be assigned to Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday lectures.

Registration this year is expected to break a nine year record. The peak enrollment was 9374 in 1947, at the height of the veterans' return to college.

Officials predict that over 2000 new students will be registering this week. 1600 of this number will be freshmen, the rest will be entering UBC at different levels.

Total registration is expected to exceed 7200.

The new registration policy is aimed at reducing the advantage of coming early and will assure equal opportunity to students.

In addition to the bumper crop of freshmen, the largest since the war, the ranks will be swelled by students registering in the new School of Education.

> The peak enrollment was 9374 in 1947, at the height of the veterans' return to college.

Priority numbers will still be issued according to Mr. Parnell but only in the event of large numbers waiting to get into the Armories. This will allow those with low priority to return later on and not lose a time advantage.

Students who are confronted with the necessity of taking Saturday classes may apply for a change if classes would interfere with a Saturday job taken to aid financing of education.

According to a spokesman from the office of the registrar changes in timetable to accommodate students with a Saturday job will be made if class-work hours actually conflict and upon written or verbal application. *jf*

## 20 years ago

### Remember Vietnam?
## UBC draft dodger detained by US

*Thursday, September 16, 1976*
by Heather Walker

A UBC student is being held in New Jersey on charges of evading the United States Vietnam draft.

Sam Israel, a first year creative writing student, was arrested in New York City on August 15 while returning to Canada from Europe.

Israel left New Jersey in 1969 after he was denied conscientious objector status. He became a Canadian citizen last May.

He is being held in the US on $20,000 bail, but has been released on his own recognizance to his parents' home in Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Israel cannot return to BC to await his trial unless the bail is paid. He is planning to appeal for a reduction in his bail.

Israel could not be reached for comment Wednesday because he was consulting with his lawyer in New York.

An appeal was originally scheduled for Wednesday, but was postponed until Friday, Israel's wife Brenda Webster said Wednesday.

"The standard bail in these cases is $5000," Webster said.

"It's absurd for them to ask so much."

Webster said Israel's lawyer told her the bail was high because Israel had come to Canada before, "and they expect him to run off again."

But, she said, other people in Israel's position have only paid $5,000.

I don't see why we should be charged such a high bail," Webster said. Israel and Webster earlier turned down an offer from a Vancouver school board electrician to pay the full $20,000 bail.

Hugh Burton heard of the case through a story in the Vancouver Sun and phoned the paper with his offer.

Webster said she was "overwhelmed" by the offer.

"I was over on the island (Vancouver Island) at the time, and I wasn't aware that the arrest was even in the papers," she said.

She said she and Israel both felt they could not accept the offer. "If the bail was reduced to $5,000, I don't know if we would accept or not, but I don't think so.

"The issue is the morality of the whole thing," she said. "Sam's family was prepared to make arrangements to pay the bail, but we didn't agree with that, either."

No date has been set for Israel's trial, but Webster said it would probably take place just before the US presidential election.

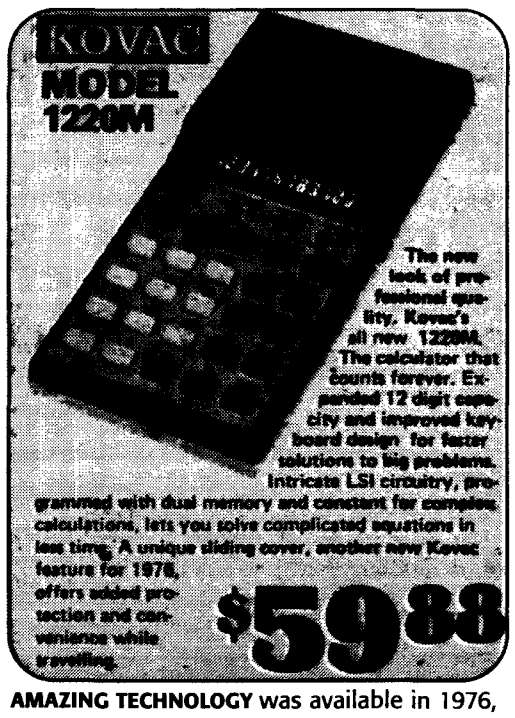
If Israel is convicted of draft evasion, she said, his penalty would depend on the judge.

"There is a small possibility of imprisonment, but we don't want to think about that," she said.

"Otherwise, he could be told to pay a fine, or might be put on probation for two years.

"As far as I can see, that would only mean if he doesn't resist any more drafts for two years, he'll be all right." Webster said the arrest took place when the couple had to change planes in New York.

She said they had to pass through US customs in order to change planes, and the officer looked up information on people with non-American passports. When the customs officer saw Israel had evaded the draft, he was arrested. *jf*




**AMAZING TECHNOLOGY** was available in 1976, as seen in this ad from Kelly's Stereo Marts.

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Your next coin wash
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So you get to know our...
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- service with a smile
- cappucino & bagels
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Professional Dry Clean
Drop Off • Coin Wash • Café

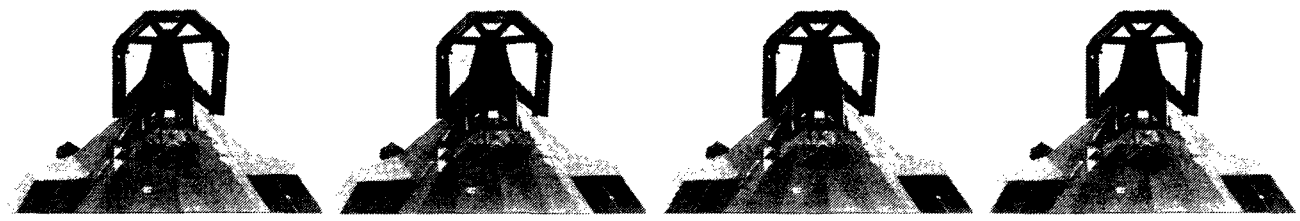
coupon valid to 07/10/96. One Free Wash (one machine) per customer

Gold Coin
Laundry Café
3496 West Broadway
2 blocks E.of Alma St. on S. side
UBC's Nearest Launderette

# Top guns, iron eagles, and firefoxes

## The Abbotsford International Airshow's miltaristic sidekick, Airshow Canada, remains one of the most under-reported news stories in the country

by David Thiessen



EVERY AUGUST THE FRASER VALLEY LANDSCAPE UNDERGOES A brief but fundamental change when the City of Abbotsford hosts its internationally acclaimed International Air Show; every second year it is accompanied by an aerospace tradeshow, Airshow Canada.

So for one weekend Abbotsford becomes a mecca for various pilgrimages, many of them military in nature.

The summer of 1995 was no exception.

Hundreds of thousands flocked to the airport gates, eagerly anticipating the display of some of our most modern technologies of cultural homogenization and death.

Despite some difficulty, organisers—particularly those in charge of the tradeshow—have managed to sanitise all this.

* * * *

ALTHOUGH AIRSHOW CANADA LIKES TO PRESENT THE IMAGE OF a commercial function, its own publication *Aerogram* said "it was impossible to avoid the echoes of the Persian Gulf in 1991... the F-117 was a star of the flightline and, inside, Hughes Aircraft Co's largest exhibit was dominated by an enormous screen that projected videos of smart bombs devastating Iraqi targets."

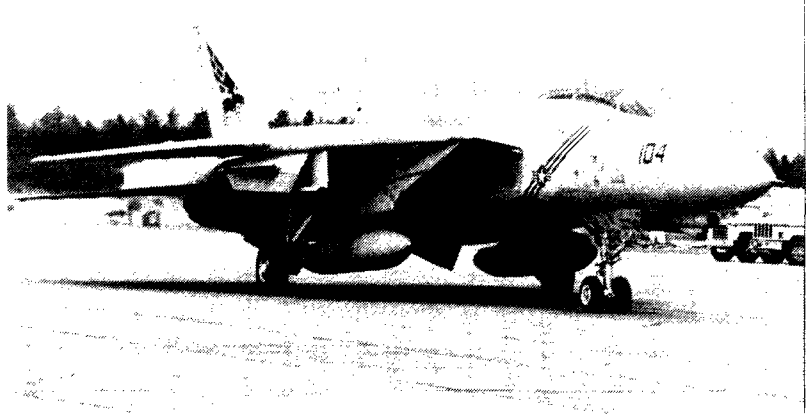
Even so, Airshow Canada has always managed to completely avoid the kind of sustained publicity that eventually closed the ARMX tradeshow in Ottawa.

In April 19 1996, Project Censored Canada ranked the military activities surrounding Airshow Canada 1995's eighth most under-reported news story.

Indeed, few residents of British Columbia, let alone the rest of Canada, realise Airshow Canada is North America's premier aerospace showcase for both military and civil technology, serving all customers—democratic or dictatorial, benign or utterly evil.

THE TRADESHOW HAS GROWN RAPIDLY IN ITS SEVEN SHORT years of existance. Two hundred firms exhibited at the first show in 1989, 37 of which represented military firms. Two shows later, 15,000 delegates from 70 different countries discussed trade at 509 exhibtions—at least 104 of which represented an arms producer.

International military firms such as Britain's leading arms exporter British Airspace, American weapons manufacturer Hughes Aircraft, France's largest military firm Aerospatiale and Mitsubishi Heavy Industries were just among the 104 arms producers represented.



**AN F-14 TOMCAT** gets ready to fly home after a weekend at this year's Abbotsford International Airshow. You could buy one next year. RICHARD LAM PHOTO.

In 1995 military giants Sikorsky, Rockwell International, and Loral Aeroneutronic joined the show; government involvement also rose dramatically.

* * * *

THE PUSH TO PARTICIPATE IN AIRSHOW CANADA REFLECTS the nature of the post-Cold War arms trade. Canada is helping move away from the "hard-core" arms bazaars and toward venues that better promote the dual interests of aerospace corporations, where civil and military hardware have always comfortably co-existed.

As Airshow Canada concluded in a brief to the BC government, "the world market for civil and military aircraft, including parts, engines, and supports, is well in excess of 100 billion US, not including missiles, and has led to large increases in exhibitor space requirements as industry and government vie for a share of this multi-billion dollar pie."

But as governments scramble for a larger piece of the pie, they are increasingly willing to embrace the general duplicity surrounding the exporting of military goods.

President of the Canadian Aerospace Association Peter Smith commented, that "it is not for those who manufacture or assemble weapons to grapple with the moral issue of who the arms should or should not be sold to."

The rightfulness is determined, Smith continued "by the rules of the game in government policy."

* * *

LAST OCTOBER *THE OTTAWA LETTER* REPORTED that Trade Minister Roy MacLaren and Industry Minister John Manley were concerned that an altruistic stand on arms export regulations would hurt Canada economically.

MacLaren questioned "whether we've actually lost a lot of business because of the rules on defense exports."

Manley and MacLaren have little to fear, however.

The 1995 tradeshow, for example, attracted 51 of the same military firms that attended ARMX '89 in Ottawa—a tradeshow member of parliament Andre Ouellet called "a profitable and scandalous effort to sell weapons to Third World countries."

But Prime Minister Jean Chretien disagrees.

In his Airshow Canada '95 address Chretien said, "from Airshow Canada's beginnings in 1989, the government of Canada has supported this event."

Many feel Chretien's comments reflect a willingness to distort the principles inherent in Canada's military export regulations, which disallow the sale of arms to areas in conflict or with a history of serious human rights abuses.

The trend that Ouellet lamented —that is to see "third" or lesser industrialized world as the primary "aerospace" market of the future—has been the most central impulse behind Airshow Canada's mushrooming prominence.

"We have been pushing the Pacific Rim connection very hard," said Airshow Canada President Ron Price, "and we have been very pleased with the response we have received."

**"The region of South East Asia is one of the last in the world where defense budgets continue to expand in the post-Cold War era," said Derek da Cunha of Singapore's Institute of South East Asian Studies**

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"THE REGION OF South East Asia is one of the last in the world where defense budgets continue to expand in the post-Cold War era," said Derek da Cunha of Singapore's Institute of South East Asian Studies to a group of defense officials at the Defense Asia '95 exhibition.

"As report after report have indicated for many years now, the traditional arms markets of North America and Europe are in decline; the Middle East, Latin America, and in particular the Asia-Pacific region have since come to be seen as the most important arms markets of the future," da Cunha said.

Da Cunha is not far off the mark.

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In *Aerospace After the Cold War: A Blueprint for Success*, the US Aerospace Association revealed that "major increases in foreign sales" were primarily responsible for its 26 billion dollar trade surplus last year.

Airshow Canada '95 was a good example.

Because of new initiatives like the presence of SICCOFFA (the military wing of the Organisation of American States), Airshow Canada personnel said our "five-day conference will be attained by Senior Air Force Officials from all North, Central, and South American nations, many with procurement responsibilities.

"The interdependent nature of the defense and civil aspects of the aerospace industry make this [addition] to Airshow Canada relevant."

Not only did the Canadian Ministry of Defense Export Services and the Canadian Defense Production Office ComDef—a Washington DC based arms symposium/bazaar—to permanently relocate to Vancouver "in order to tap into the natural synergy between participants at both events."

**Despite all this, the city of Abbotsford , as well as local and national media, continue to promote and defend the tradeshow on the basis that it is a civil tradeshow with little military activity involved.**

For the past five years, ComDef sought ways to revitalize the industry.

"Since 1991," said ComDef's CEO David Whiteree, "we have held discussions with members of various delegations, including Egypt and Turkey, about the possibility of finding a new home for ComDef.

"ComDef," announced Airshow Canada, "will now be able to visit the tradeshow as guests of Airshow Canada" which "will allow it to explore opportunities between North American nations and Asian and Pacific nations in the areas of defense, defense technology, and logistics." "We are building," says Price, "an important bridge between the aerospace markets of North America, Europe, and Asia."

While a large proportion of the show's exhibitions are civil, and many of those with dual interests highlight their civilian projects as well as their military, the claim is growing increasingly impossible to substantiate.

Ottawa's release last spring of its *Export Strategy Report 96/97* not only reflects the same attitude expressed by Maclaren and Manley, but also lists Airshow Canada as a venue through which the government will "assist industry... in establishing key contacts in the foreign country defense community."

Nations tagged as particularly important military export regions include Korea, Taiwan, Saudi Arabia, Malaysia, Indonesia, Turkey, and China."

The governments of China, Turkey, and Indonesia have been involved in genocidal activities for decades; hence, the reports carefully worded, if not also ambiguious, conclusion:

"Although considerable time, effort, and commitment are required to finalize any sale in [these regions]... a more focused effort is required to promote Canadian technology and expertise in defense products."

**THE DECISION TO BUY JUST GOT EASIER!** Forget about Pepsi points, this is the real thing, baby. Airshow Canada '95 real picture. DAVID THIESSEN PHOTO.

attend the show—as did the Defense Export Service of the United Kingdom, the Italian Department of Defense, the Austrian Military Group, the Netherland'a Defense Mission, among many others—but Canada's Department of Defense also joined hands with Bristol Aerospace (one of Canada's leading defense firms) in a concentrated effort to sell the modernized C-F5's it recently tried selling to Turkey.

Perhaps more revealing, a few months before the 1995 show, Airshow Canada proudly announced the decision by

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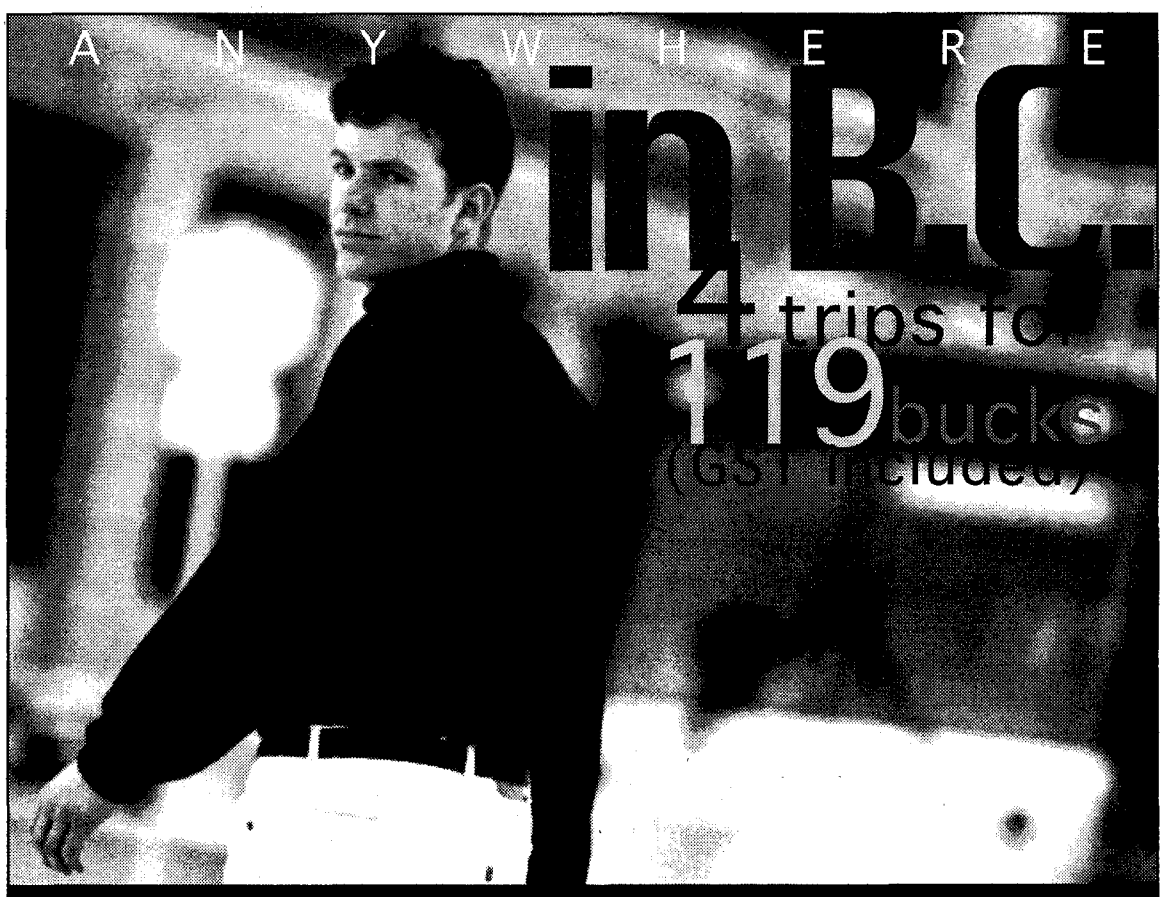

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# Poets, prophets , policemen, princes of darkness ... the Fringe has it all!

**COPS AT PLAY:** Allan Franz and Michael Sunczyk gaze *noir*ishly as they contemplate their future acting careers beyond *The Cop Play*. At least they're not doing any police sketch art ...

## Essence of jazz

by P. Santos Javier

KEROUAC, THE ESSENCE OF JACK: A JAZZ PLAY
**Fr Sep 13 5:00pm**
**Su Sep 15 12:30pm**
**at the Havana restaurant**

The sell-out crowds at Vincent Balestri's *Kerouac, the Essence of Jack* is testament to the public's enduring fixation with one of the Beat Generation's best-known figures. Since the publication of *On the Road* in the '50s, Kerouac's writings continue to provoke debate and to sell, sell, sell more in each passing year. His books today are worth gold nuggets in stores downtown and are stolen as frequently as they are bought.

The earmark of a great writer, then, this obsessive adulation? Certainly not according to most contemporary academics, critics and writers who generally regard the Beat movement as a period of literary mediocrity.

Balestri's play cares less about validating Kerouac's place on everyone's bookshelf than it does determining his stature as a human being. *The Essence of Jack* has the structure of a jazz session, with Charlie Ryga's tenor sax making clear the inseparable nature of the music and Kerouac's writing.

The "movements" are the stages of Kerouac's life, though Balestri takes on other roles too, ranging from Kerouac's little brother to an old college coach to fellow beat writers Allan Ginsberg, Gary Snyder and William Burroughs. His turn as a hypertalkative Neal Cassady is a bewildering sight – Cassady apparently spoke in continuous sentences, and Balestri hardly pauses to breathe. His Yoda-speaking Burroughs also left the audience in stitches.

But Balestri shines brightest as Kerouac. His Jack is sympathetic, funny, gentle and, maudlin as this may sound, loving. The deaths of his younger brother and mother tormented him to the end; Balestri pitches Kerouac's conversations with their imaginary voices with vulnerability and restraint.

Kerouac's life was equally heroic on an artistic level: Balestri continually returns to the writer's pursuit of, and arrival at, a new language in poetics, one which he eventually called "bebop writing." Balestri also impressively weaves in generally glossed-over facts such as the physical beatings and public condemnation Kerouac suffered for his art. One won't find a more inspiring performance at this year's Fringe.

## Sophomoric soapbox

by Peter T. Chattaway

IN THE BEGINNING AND THEREAFTER
**at the Britannia High School Auditorium**

It would be hard to imagine a more sophomoric treatment of the Bible than Bessie Luteyn's *In the Beginning and Thereafter*, but I've seen too many church skits to bother trying.

Luteyn's script is supposedly more satirical, or more irreverent, or something to that effect, but apart from some slight traces of queer content, it's really no different from your average Isaac Air Freight sketch: boring, predictable, shallow, redundant to anyone who's already heard the Bible's greatest hits, obscure and irrelevant to anyone who hasn't, and nowhere near as important as it thinks it is.

The, ahem, fun begins when Creator (Ian Alexander Martin, who looks so goshdarn happy to be on a stage) pops into existence and creates the universe while playing on an Apple computer. Yeah, an Apple, as in the fruit that Adam and Eve supposedly ate. The trite wordplay and ersatz technospeak just get worse from there.

Moses (Allen Roskam, faking an inexplicably stout British accent) shows up with some tablets and, when it appears that Creator is not *the* Creator Moses was looking for, puts the stupid, if affable, Brent Spiner clone on trial. Moses leaves, only to be followed by a prancing, strutting Jesus (Roskam again, *sans* the beard) who's out to settle his paternity with the "hermaphrodyke" Holy Ghost (Margaret D'Andrea) that conceived him.

The point, if there is one, is a long time coming. In the meantime, Luteyn demonstrates that, yes, a little knowledge *can* be a dangerous thing. Luteyn knows just enough Bible verses to make the link to the text apparent, but she evidently doesn't know much *about* the Bible. Jesus brags about a few of his pithier sayings, but a few are actually quotes from the Hebrew Bible.

Most significantly–given Luteyn's claim that her play is meant to rank on Christians for being a mean, nasty, oppressive bunch, though it's a point the play makes rather weakly–she shows a complete lack of understanding for those points where the historical Jesus might have agreed with her. Remember the incident when Jesus turned over the moneychangers' tables in the Temple and accused them all of being thieves? Luteyn writes this episode off as an instance of religious fanaticism caused by an itch in Jesus' nose, and she completely misses the fact that, with that act of social protest, Jesus was criticizing the religious, political and economic oppressions of his own day.

If Luteyn stopped ranting long enough to listen to those Christians who share her concerns, she might discover some common ideological ground, but it seems she'd rather look to the soapbox set for her inspiration.

## *Copping* a winner

by Ben Sharab

THE COP PLAY
**Sa Sep 14 5:45pm**
**Su Sep 15 2:45pm**
**at the Firehall Arts Centre**

*The Cop Play* is not an introspective look at one cop's career. Instead, it is an attempt to depict the utter stupidity with which Hollywood films depict police and their actions. In short, it is a farce. Raul Sanchez Inglis playfully shows us the extreme comedy of law enforcement with shootouts, villains, sexy starlets, a gay cop and an invisible partner named Johnson.

Throughout the play Detectives Doug (Allan Franz) and Rick (Keith Provost) follow leads in hopes of catching the evil drug lord Dr. Chin (Michael Sunczyk). In the course of their search Franz and Provost create a wonderfully uncomfortable chemistry as partners. This is clear in an off duty bar scene–the best scene in the play–that humorously creates a base for their relationship. In following the farcical theme our detectives run into the regular cast of allies and villains: Eric Breker with his Igor-like Bruno, and Lori Triolo as the sexy Donna Barracuda, Michael Sunczyk as the busty Loretta, and others. These characters help the audience to understand just how silly it is to believe that real criminals behave in such a manner.

Unfortunately, there are points in the play where characters feel out of place and utterly incomprehensible. The scenes involving Jane Spence as the professor, Sunczyk as the Salami Guy, and the consultation of the theatre sports group serve no purpose but to reach for cheap laughs. The play would be much stronger and funnier without them. In addition, some actors spoke inaudibly and incomprehensibly during high-energy moments. This seriously impeded the clarity of the piece.

On the whole, *The Cop Play* is a lighthearted evening at the theatre. The humor ranges from witty and insightful to childlike and downright silly. Expect high energy, high villainy, high heroism, and a generally silly and fun time.

## Earl of darkness

by Andy Barham

EVIL AT EARLS
**Sa Sep 14 1:45pm**
**Su Sep 15 12:45pm**
**at the Firehall Arts Centre**

If Christian mythology has given us nothing else, it has provided writers of horror and suspense with the inspiration and motivation for many of their plots. *Evil at Earls* is no exception, as three friends, Matt, Doc, and Bob, discover during dinner at Earls Restaurant.

For the most part, the repartee between the friends is witty and well written with enough good lines and gags to keep the audience shaking mirthfully in their seats, although there are moments when the actors camp it up a little too far a la your average Hollywood shitcom.

The first indication that things ain't quite what they seem occurs when the group confuses Holly the Hostess with Sally the Server (both played by Tanya MacPherson), since these two staff persons differ only in their hairstyles. This is enough to provoke Matt (Aaron Nelken) to wonder about the weirdness of Earl's serving staff resembling clones of each other.

Things come to a head when James Lann (Robert Saunders), a mysterious stranger, joins the trio at their table. From this point onwards, the friendship between Matt, Doc and Bob begins to unravel as the dialogue becomes more personal and vindictive, while the service at Earls, already cloyingly ingratiating, begins to deteriorate.

I won't spoil the show for those who haven't seen it yet, but the ending comes as no surprise; the play *is* called *Evil at Earls*, after all. There is some violence; let's face it, the play is about evil, so one should expect a grisly death or two.

Although all the actors performed admirably, kudos must go to Aaron Nelken for his performance as the urbane and suave Prince of Darkness. Definitely go see this one; it's a real hoot!

## A day in the *Life*

by Sarah Galashan

A PLACE IN THE TIMESPINE
**Su Sep 15 12:30pm**
**at the Gastown Theatre**

As any drama buff knows,the theatre attracts a strange mix of individuals. Often drawn to the stage by the fame and fortune achieved by few, these people are more often than not like kids that never got over their hunger for attention.

Classified as a "dramedy," *A Life in the Theatre* combines humour and a very honest look into the personalities of two such characters.

John and Robert, the two main characters, embody every imaginable personality flaw one might expect from an actor (though we must try not to generalize).

UBC alumnus Ed Astley is a credit to the show as a neurotic and insecure Robert. Hiding his weaknesses under a pretense of sincerity, Robert is someone that every thespian has doubtless met at one time.

Robert spends much of his time advising the much younger and equally insecure John (Kevin McCrae) on an actor's responsibilities and career choices. The two are a credit to the often pretentious art we call "the theatre."

The show is a must-see for any aspiring actor who dreams of overnight Hollywood success, as it will confirm their worst nightmares of what might be thirty years down the road. This play will easily turn any Tom Cruise wanna be into a successful accountant overnight.

David Mamet has a very well-written, comical script here, but a note: adding an intermission would do much for the enjoyment of those who've had a few too many cups of coffee before the show.

## Poetic look at abuse

by James Rowley

ONLY NINE
**Fr Sep 13 - Sa Sep 14 7:45pm**
**at the Vancouver Performing Arts Centre**

Playwright/Director Tina Overbury wants you to know her play is "not an 'angry woman play.'" By bringing the inner voices and memories to life of a woman seeking to overcome the legacy of childhood abuse, *Only Nine* is, indeed, in danger of being shunned by entertainment seekers. More fool them if they do.

This is an elegant, mature and gentle work suffused with the stuff of truth. Judi Closkey, Dolly Scarr, and UBC BFA graduate Nicole Eby play a woman and two of her past selves, struggling to re-unite and reclaim a numbed sexuality. The simple poetry of the script, though it is at times potentially clumsy, is here, by virtue of the love and talent of her actors, a beautiful and touching expression of personal experience. Closkey, as the central figure, is breathtaking. She flows easily from high to low with such honesty, clarity and immediacy ... well, you have to see it.

For Overbury, now in her early twenties, this is a playwriting debut. With luck it won't be the last we see of her.

As we continue to discover the pervasiveness of childhood abuse in this country, it's easy to see such crimes simply as legal or moral issues and forget their profound and lasting effects on the victims. These effects are difficult to write about, and painful to contemplate. *Only Nine* allows its audience insight without accusing us of complicity. The company expects, and receives, our empathy and our love. In return, we are well entertained.

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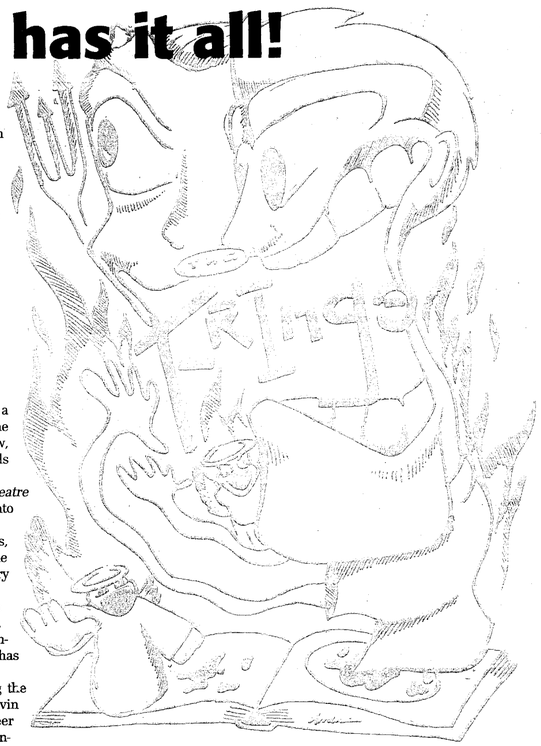

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# Even *more* Fringe Festival stuff ...

## Babies and kitchens are for the birds

by Robin Yeatman

**THE TURKEY BASTING METHOD**
**Su Sep 15 12:15pm**
**at the Green Thumb Theatre**

For the culinary types in the audience, this play is definitely not set in a kitchen, and the only bird remotely involved would be the stork. Amazingly and humorously enough, this play is about conception involving a woman and her turkey baster. Pretty romantic.

Single, middle-aged Mary wants a baby, and her neighbour Joseph is willing to donate his half of the chromosomes to the cause. Definitely puts a twist on the Christmas story, doesn't it? You know it has to be the '90s when Mary is bowing down to a giant phallic sculpture, praying to conceive.

This play explores the fears, doubts and desires of Mary as she waits for Joseph to bring her what may grow into her very own baby. The script lightly touches on the inadequacy Mary feels because she is childless. Although they support her, Mary's friends question whether these feelings may be the reason for Mary's sudden maternal instincts. They also question what will happen when the baby is born. Will Mary and Joseph live together, will they remain friends, or will they go their separate ways? Or, worse still, will Mary's dead mother intervene from heaven and stop the conception altogether? The possibilities are endless.

The cast (Nancy Robertson, Michael P. Northey, Sera Rhyane and Diana Swayze), as directed by Pam Johnson, work well on the whole, with some especially convincing moments. Written by UBC's very own Theresa O'Leary, *The Turkey Basting Method* provides another charming, comical evening of entertainment at the Fringe.

## A wild, skinny night at the Fringe

by Richelle Rae

**Adventures in the Skin Trade**
**at the W.I.S.E. Hall**

*Adventures in the Skin Trade* is a story about Samuel Bennet, a young man leaving home for the first time. His destination is London and he has the phone number of a woman named Lucel in his pocket. Thus begins the adventure for Sam, a fledgling poet keen to see and experience all that life has to offer in the 1930s. In one wild night Sam goes from the train station to a pub, to a house with furniture literally stacked to the ceiling, to a sketchy establishment owned by Susan Dacey where he is poisoned with perfume by Polly Dacey. And all of this is amazingly accomplished with his finger stuck in a beer bottle.

If the story sounds ridiculous, you're half right. But what is more important is that the script *isn't*. Adapted from the works of Welsh poet Dylan Thomas, Trevor Found's script is not only clever, but also well thought out and carefully planned. Unfortunately, the press package says nothing about Found's background in theatre, so I can not say whether this is his first production or even which of Thomas' poems he adapted the script from.

What I *can* tell you is that Found has taken a tremendous risk in taking on a huge literary giant like Thomas. Found is a brave man, though admittedly the risk was a calculated one, considering that the very nature of poetry is theatrical and the textured language is a natural candidate for the stage, as Vancouver's own Studio 58 proved in 1991 with *Under Milkwood*.

**ONE OF THE BASTE PLAYS SHOWING:** UBC grads conceived *The Turkey Basting Method*.

It isn't just the script that makes this show one of this Fringe's best bets, but the talented cast that adds life to the words. The entire crew gives an energetic and committed performance from start to finish. The characterization of all the actors is excellent, especially that of Nicole Le Vasseur as the mentally unstable tragedian Polly Dacey. Summed up in a word: hilarious. Enjoy!

## *The Jones Boy* sees problem from inside

by Andy Barham

**THE JONES BOY**
**Sa Sep 14 12:15pm**
**at the Vancouver Performing Arts Centre**

Tom Walmsey was a heroin addict during the '70s, publishing several volumes of poetry about his experiences, including *Lexington Hero*. *The Jones Boy* also concerns itself with heroin addiction, taking place in a crummy Granville Street hotel room.

"Jones" was '70s vernacular for junk sick, likely deriving from "yen", a term common in 19th century opium dens, and Lee (Ryan Taylor) has a serious "jones on his bones." As the play opens, we see him lying in bed with a blanket around him in a filthy hotel room littered with junk food debris.

Although the play was well acted for the most part, I personally thought the "junk sick morning" routine was a tad overdone. The script describes a runny-nosed Lee shivering while reading a comic book. Taylor portrays Lee in a more advanced state of withdrawal; it's the sort of overblown depiction one would expect from some Hollywood bozo hamming it up, rather than that of someone who's actually been there.

Nonetheless, the play was otherwise very well performed – the needle marks on Lee's sister Sally (Kathleen Corbett) were extremely convincing, for example – and the acting was first rate. It's a disturbing play about an even more disturbing subject – there is some graphic violence – and erstwhile theatre goers should bear this in mind. Don't be put off by the play's gritty subject matter, however, since drug addiction is very much a part of our urban reality. While our understanding of it is minimal, limited by ill-founded prejudices which view drug addiction as a criminal problem, it *is* a medical and social issue.

In this context, it should be emphasized that *The Jones Boy* takes place in the '70s, a time when the quality of street heroin was particularly low and its price particularly high. Since then, thanks to cheap imports from the Golden Triangle and Pakistan, the price has dropped considerably, while the quality, though fluctuating, has improved dramatically. It should also be noted that cocaine currently represents a far more serious problem than heroin on the streets of Vancouver; hence, Walmsey's play may seem a bit dated. Nonetheless, *The Jones Boy* gives us an insider's view of a social problem most of us would prefer to ignore, and should be seen as much for this reason as for the entertainment value of the play itself. I cannot recommend it too highly.

## Two, two, two plays for the price of one!

by James Rowley

**OVERTONES AND THURMAN WENT**
**Sa Sep 14 1:30pm**
**Su Sep 15 8:00pm**
**at the W.I.S.E Hall**

It's two, two, *two* plays in one.

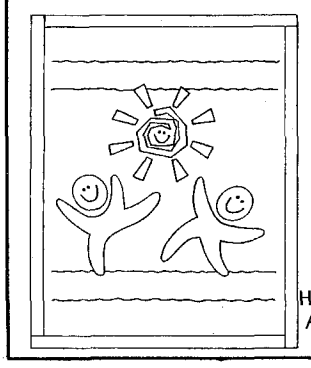
Rock, Paper Scissors is a new company made up mostly of Studio 58 grads. In its Fringe debut, the young cast shows off the strength of their alma mater's physical training.

*Thurman Went* is a one-man, multi-character story of a man's struggle to return to the flesh and blood world after a period of withdrawal (characterized by an uncanny likeness to a pair of glasses and a jacket on a wheeled mike stand).

David C. Jones' infinitely creative use of mime and puppetry is a treat in itself, but there is something missing—something like...fun? As is the case with much of the piece, Thurman's exploration of the healing arts (the practitioners of which are represented by their eye-glasses alone) could be hilarious, but Jones seems to be trying a bit too hard.

*Overtones*, written by Alice Gerstenburg and directed by Jones, works up to a feverish and side-splitting pace after a slow start. Two reserved Victorian(?) women's subtle conversational sparring is echoed and contradicted by their uninhibited selves, represented by portraits come to life. The women (Kirsten Williamson of *Mom, Dad, I'm Living With a White Girl* and Rachelle Elie) fight to conceal their true feelings and manipulate each other to achieve their desperate goals. Ironically, they both want the same thing, but we only know that through the "overtones" of unspoken dialogue between their alter egos (Cyndi Mason and Diana Clent). When the verbal dogfighting starts, the choreography will floor you, and Clent's hungry subliminal maniac, in particular, will crack you up.

*Overtones* makes this dual Fringe show well worth seeing, but *Thurman Went* will be enjoyed by some more than others.

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# Texan tunesmith wants other people's interpretations

by Peter T. Chattaway

**Craig Ross – *Dead Spy Report* [MCA]**

There are those songwriters who compose a verse, a chorus, a verse, a chorus, a bridge, and then another chorus or two. And then there are those tunesmiths who don't work in such a linear fashion, those who paint with words and instruments in the hope of touching on some elusive quality of the soul, those who write and perform just to see what will happen.

In 31-year-old Craig Ross's case, that approach got him a record deal. "I was just making a bunch of recordings at home, and somebody started passing tapes around without my knowledge," he says between drags on his cigarette. "And that basically is how I got signed. I didn't get out and shop or anything, it was sort of accidental."

Some garage-based bards may bristle at the thought of letting their works proliferate in a musical underworld without copyright protection, but Ross says he wasn't worried about people stealing his works-in-progress. "I'd be flattered, I guess," he says. "I'm not that territorial. I've never heard of anybody stealing a song, honestly. I've heard of people taking *ideas*. But all the time I've been doing this, I've never seen it happen to anybody I know, ever."

Not that it would be easy to pinch an idea from Ross's catalogue. The songs on *Dead Spy Report*, his first solo album, have no obvious hooks, nor do they have the sort of lyrics that wow you with their wit and cleverness. Instead, Ross writes for a primarily atmospheric effect, with the clockwork percussion of 'Kill the Morning', the plaintive steel guitars of 'World and Wonder' and the high-gliding background vocals of 'Cry' complementing his moody, evocative lyrics.

Ross says the music comes to him fairly quickly – a basic melody will take 15 minutes to write down – but the real work comes in trying to find lyrics that will fit the moods he's captured on tape. "I kind of go for lyrics with a rhythmic approach, but it's not even the rhythm – it's the sound of the vowels. The song is already written, but what are these words? What's it supposed to be? It's not a random approach, but I feel like the song's already written, so I'm just trying to extract it."

The process doesn't stop with Ross, though. Ross may build the room, but he leaves the furnishings to the listener. "I believe in people's imaginations and their ability to create images for themselves," he says, "and that's all I want anybody to do. What are the images? What's the vibe? What do you feel like doing afterwards? Does it make you happy? Does it make you wanna go get stoned? Does it make you wanna sit around and cry? Does it make you wanna go out and punch somebody in the face? It could mean anything to anybody, and in that respect, I'd kind of like to leave it there."

The realities of the modern music scene, however, may force him to invest in a more blatant kind of imagery by producing – egad! – a music video. (The first to come from *Dead Spy Report* will probably be 'Kill the Morning.') Ross hasn't given the issue much thought yet, though he hopes even the visual media might leave room for interpretation. "It'll be a challenge to try to pull that off," he says. "It's going to have to be something *very* non-narrative. Something slightly random."

For now, Ross is collaborating with a whole different kind of interpreter: the band members that tour with him as the opening act for the Throwing Muses.

Ross has worked with bands before – first with the Stick People, then with Texas blues-rockers Storyville – but he left them behind when he felt his control over his material slipping. "I'm kind of a control freak when it comes to writing. In a sense, I have to be able to do things my way, and I can be a little difficult in a band situation. I'm not an *ass*hole, but I am, like, pushy. When I hear a song, it has to sound a certain way, cuz that's the way I hear it.

"But this situation [on the road] is different, cuz these guys who are playing with me, I haven't sat down and actually said play this or play that. I try to encourage them to bring more things into the music, but it's still my thing. It's my deal.

"And they're happy doing it, too. I wouldn't want to have anybody who wasn't enjoying it, cuz it's a lot of work. I mean, outside of the 45 minutes you get to play, you're driving, driving, driving and moving equipment, and it's a lot to ask for people to come out and play in support of a record that isn't really theirs. So you've got to be gracious to people when they're working with you. They're definitely giving something to it, and you have to be willing to listen to ideas."

Touring as a solo artist has also forced Ross to come to terms with another of his insecurities: his voice. In past bands, he left the singing to others, and the lead vocals on several cuts from *Dead Spy Report* are obscured by an eclectic array of effects in the final sound mix. But singing in front of live audiences at small venues like the Starfish Room has forced him to rely on the basics.

"It's a trip!" he confesses. "It's weird, because I'm probably going to go through the same stage of growth with singing that I went with guitar playing. When I first started playing it started off very simple, then I started getting into a bunch of effects, and I started covering everything I did with effects, and then I got it back into being simple again."

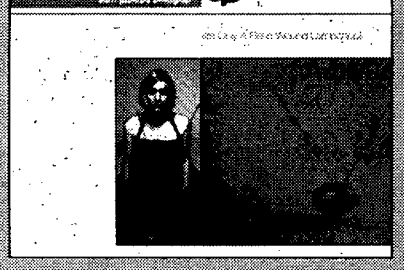
This laissez-faire, take-it-as-it-comes approach has served Ross quite well so far, and it enables him to keep some sort of historical perspective even as he lives in the moment.

"I'm successful right now; I'm doing exactly what I want to do," he says. "I'm playing with musicians that I really like, I've got a record out that I really like. What more could I ask for? That's as successful as I could have hoped to have ever been. What happens after this? If it's good, then great. If it's bad, then nobody can take anything away from me, cuz it's already been done, it's already out. You can't turn the hands back and say that record was never done." *jf*

**NO RICHARD LEWIS / AL PACINO / MARTY FELDMAN COMPARISONS, PLEASE.** Craig Ross *is* a tad neurotic, but he translates his neuroses into atmospheric, evocative pop songs.

# Experiments in *pop* music leave the listener *sullied*

**Sam Phillips – *Omnipop (It's Only a Flesh Wound Lambchop)* [Virgin]**



Sam Phillips is one of pop music's best kept secrets. With three albums of increasingly textured art-pop under her belt, she's built up a small but loyal following, but few outside that circle have heard of her. And those *within* the circle aren't sure they want to share her with the world – they'd like to see her music recognised, surely, but they're also afraid she'll go mainstream. (The fact that she's a "critics' favorite" doesn't help, since it means she's a hit with people who don't pay for their music anyway. A fat lot of good *that's* done her career.)

Indeed, one of the endlessly fascinating things about Sam's music has always been the way it teeters between commercial viability and don't-give-a-damn experimentation. But with *Omnipop (It's Only a Flesh Wound Lambchop)*, her fourth album for Virgin, Sam may have crossed the line and abandoned polished pop forever: this is an album that, like an adolescent's first patch of pubic hair, feels a little odd and at first isn't all that comfortable, but after a while it may begin to grow on the listener like some proud symbol of maturity or something.

The genital metaphor is deliberate, as Sam is by far more provocative sexually on *Omnipop* than she's ever been before. There's nothing *sexy* about this album, per se, but it does revel in matters of the flesh, usually to highlight the potentially degrading, consumptive nature of personal relationships. Consider 'Help Yourself': "I laid down on the table / You pulled up a chair / You're going to help yourself / To me." Feel free to make up your own "eating" pun.

At times Sam gets a little *too* carried away with her own cleverness. 'Compulsive Gambler' lasts a mere 48 seconds, but she sings the punchline – "he would rather lay a bet" – *three* times with increasing abrasiveness, as if we didn't get it the first time. Neither this song nor the endlessly droning 'Where Are You Taking Me,' stand up to repeat listening, and they could be enough to turn first-time listeners off forever.

There are diamonds in the rough, though, and most of the songs on *Omnipop* are as good as anything else she's ever done. 'Entertainmen' and 'Power World' (an upbeat-sounding piece that could be this disc's 'Shiny Happy People') are exceptionally melodic, even radio-friendly; 'Slapstick Heart' deftly fits Sam's simile-twisting wordplay to a musical frame built by R.E.M.; and 'Zero Zero Zero' sends a bubbly brass section to Hawaii for some goofy, lighten-up, feel-good frivolity. It's Sam's party, and everyone who wants to is free to join.

*– Peter T. Chattaway*

**Sully – *Sully* [Random Media Core]**

This rather unprepossessing-looking CD (it's about as "garage" as they come – the cover looks very much like a xeroxed sheet of folded paper) delivers far more than many a slicker product. From the opening track 'fifteen' to the penultimate 'anotherd' the listener is treated to a curious blend of psychedelic raunch and reflectively lyrical, ethereal tone poems reminiscent of Sinéad O'Connor's finest work.

That O'Connor is a significant influence on Sully's sound is manifestly evident both in Sully's vocals and in the variety and type of music featured on the CD. Imagine a harder, raunchier, more psychedelic Sinéad – an experimental punk rock Sinéad backed by the singular guitar of U2's Edge, if you will – and you might begin to approach the sound of Sully.

My only complaint with the CD is the final song 'blues drone.' It is too long, and far too uninteresting musically, to long hold the listener's attention in this age of vastly shortened attention spans. 'Twas indeed a wise decision to put it at the end of the CD. *– Andy Barham*

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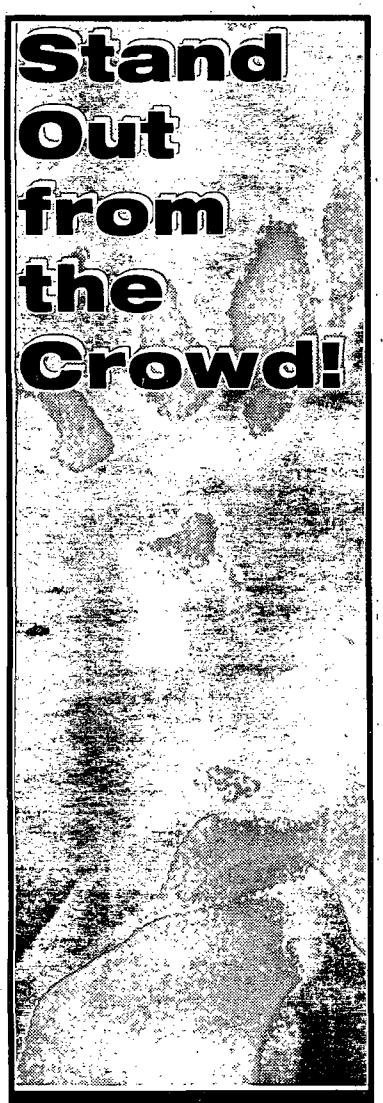


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## Rage crowd more evil than empire

by Mauran Kim

**Rage Against the Machine**
**September 7,1996**
**The Plaza of Nations**

**RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE** was a surreal experience for those who chose to imbibe with the right vices.
FEDERICO ARAYA BARAHONA PHOTO

Rage Against the Machine is a band with a social consciousness. As lead vocalist and lyricist Zack de la Rocha says in one song, he's a "brother with a furious mind" not a rock star. RATM's music tackles subjects ranging from the Eurocentric basis of North American education to racism in the US military to the brainwashing effects of television to the plight of illegal immigrants.

But you wouldn't have known that from the crowd at the Plaza of Nations Saturday night. It didn't make a difference who RATM was or what they were singing about. People were there to mosh mosh mosh and release middle-class teenage angst. The crowd cheered when an American flag was turned upside down, without understanding the context of the action, or the reasoning behind it. This could have been Hockey Night in Canada. Just switch the "Fight Fight" chants with "Fucken Rage" and you've got yourself a rock 'n roll type of deal.

RATM raged through the music with speed and, at times, little conviction. It seemed—surprise, surprise—like they were only going through the motions, wanting to be someplace else. Zack de la Rocha's voice, however, was in tip-top screaming form; and seeing how the guitarist made the synthesizer-like sounds using only his guitar was interesting.

In reality, I wasn't there just for the music. I wanted more from Rage.. Instead, sweaty teenage muscle boys kept pushing me aside as they rushed to mosh to the faster songs. My eyes and my mind wandered to the audience and beyond. I saw an old Asian man cleaning the ground of crushed pop cans, cigarette butts, and old pot roaches. How ironic that the band on stage was doing numbers about oppressed peoples and the need for them to rise against the white, Eurocentric power structure, and here was an Asian janitor cleaning up after the young, white, privileged moshing audience.

"Look at'em," yelled a friend of mine. "Used to slaves!"

Just like that, the show turned into a contemplation of North American society and the role that I, as a person of colour, play in it.

There was a blonde hair-flipping, blue-eyed, leather pants-clad, midriff-baring, tattoos on the butt-showing woman who must have thought she was at Motley Crue—she could have been, it really didn't make a difference—hoisting herself onto the shoulders of her skin-headed, muscle-bound boyfriend and waving to the band. A high point in the evening came when she had to come down because the moshers were bumping into her so hard that she almost fell; a crowd surfer accidentally hit her with his foot. (Oh, no.)

Rage played one encore—giving in to chants of "Fuck you, I won't do what you tell me"—and then left. Just like that. Without a thank you. Without a goodbye. Without a word. In the end, I had to be happy—at least nobody called me a chink at RATM. To trivialise things even further, I guess. *jf*

## Less miserable than...Les Misérables

by Peter T. Chattaway

**The Umbrellas of Cherbourg**
**opens today at the 5th Avenue Cinemas**

**BOY AND GIRL** make beautiful music together in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.

Watching Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, the latest French New Wave classic to be blessed with a painstaking restoration and widespread distribution, is like visiting another world. This 1964 gem's wildly expressive colour scheme and jazzy big-band score, courtesy of Michel Legrand, are a gleeful up-yours to "serious" film critics everywhere, but there's also enough street-level realism here to keep the film from being completely fluffy.

Most famously, every single word of dialogue is sung, not spoken: that means Demy had to direct every single moment around a prerecorded soundtrack while ensuring that everything *looked* spontaneous, and damned if he didn't pull it off. It's such an amazingly audacious experiment, you almost forget how trite the actual story is.

How trite *is* it? Well, there's this girl named Genevieve (Catherine Denueve) who works in her mother's umbrella shop. She likes this guy—named Guy (Nino Castelnuovo), of course—who works at a local garage and dreams of owning a gas station, but her mom (Anne Vernon) would rather she marry Roland Cassard (Marc Michel), the diamond merchant with the petite, neatly trimmed moustache. (You keep waiting for his upper lip to twitch.) Guy gets called away to fight in Algeria, and Genevieve gives him one night of sin before his departure, to prove her undying love. Guy stops writing; Genevieve, pregnant with his child, begins to think he's forgotten all about her; Cassard's offer of marriage begins to look rather tempting. Meanwhile, Guy's dying aunt (Mireille Perrey) has a caretaker, Madeleine (Ellen Farner), who pines for him quietly ...

None of this really *means* anything—in fact, one gets the distinct impression Demy deliberately avoided anything resembling a grand theme. Indeed, so reliant is this film on its look and its sound that Demy, who died in 1990, spent his last years despairing that *Umbrellas*, languishing in faded, worn-out prints, might never be reissued. Fortunately, the colours have been restored, thanks to a three-strip colour separation Demy commissioned way back when.

A blemish or two do mar Demy's fabric: the colour strips aren't perfectly registered, and background details like the umbrella shop's pin-striped neon mauve wallpaper tend to flicker distractingly. Every now and then, a train whistle or similar sound effect threatens to pierce the carefully orchestrated bubble of sound. And the subtitles, while adequate, lose the poetic quality of the original French. (Is it just me, or would the subtitles benefit from a bouncing dot like in all those Meow Mix commercials?)

Demy's attention to style pays off, however. *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* is not as dark and textured as, say, *Les Miserables*—that other all-singing French export—but by bathing every last moment in colour and music, Demy does prove that even the most everyday experiences, from delivering the mail to pumping a tank full of gas, can have a poetry and a life of its own that is worthy of celebration. *jf*

# Well-drawn Gon is the anti-Barney

by Charlie Cho

**Gon – by Masashi Tanaka [Paradox Press]**

Cute and cuddly critters aren't going to take it any more. They're fighting back, and Gon, a distinctly un-Barney dinosaur, is going to help them do it.

Each issue contains three vignettes prominently featuring the vicious little runt.

With drool occasionally spilling through his serrated teeth, Gon is a CRASS monster. Generally unrecognised as a comic-book genre, Cute (Reluctantly), Aggressive, Short, Stout animals include America's cat Garfield and Canada's aardvark Cerebus, who made his first appearance in 1977, out-fighting and outwitting mere human barbarians.

Almost fifteen years later Gon, Japan's CRASS prehistoric beast, became "an instant sensation" in *Weekly Morning* magazine. Gon is as ruthless and deadly as Cerebus, and he shares his large eyes and rounded snout. However, he has something the earth pig lacks: a compassion for the aforementioned cute, cuddly critters.

Gon has simple priorities: eat, sleep and protect his animal buddies from bears, bobcats and dingos. Don't expect any thought bubbles from *Gon*; there's absolutely no text to get in the way of the action. Tanaka's fine, dynamic brushstrokes vividly capture the textures of fur, feathers, scales and water splashes. It is as if Michael Zulli's (*The Sandman*) animal kingdom had been reduced to fit Tanaka's manga-sized pages.

Placed in their indigenous habitats, the creatures generally behave in a convincingly natural, albeit violent, manner. The "action-packed" conflict will easily appeal to you if you like those wildlife shows in which wolves or lions duke it out.

Gon is simply about a tough little dinosaur fearlessly exerting his supremacy over his enemies, who foolishly think that *they* are the predators. The formulaic plot and inconsequential series leaves only the stunning artwork to fend for itself. *Gon* is like a roller coaster ride: it's an exhilarating rush while you're on it, but then the ride slows down and you end up right back where you started. *jf*

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There was tension in the air—so much tension that Charlie Cho and Kaj Paget tried to cut it with a knife. Jo-Ann Chiu and Afshin Mehin had to get the package to David Thiessen's print shop. Chris Nuttall-Smith was chuckling that they'd never make it. But Sarah Galashan and Ben Sarab were determined. They started typing up a storm as Wolf Depner cleaned the wax out of Andy Barham's ears; Nick (who had been to the placement meeting) had told him to. Joe Clark kept glancing nervously at the seven clocks in the office. "Don't worry," said Nick Bouton, "we've still got eight hours until we have to deliver the package." At that, Mimi Yiu nearly burst a vessel. "You fool," cried Ben Koh, "don't you realise you're looking at the clock that says Santiago time." Suddenly, a yell came from the production room. Federico Barahona had managed to get his finger stuck in the imagesetter. "It's better than whenI got caught in the print dryer," said Richard Lam. All Sarah O'Donnell and Ian Gunn were concerned about was if this was going to affect the news copy in any way. At this point, Scott Hayward started in on his military routine, making Peter Chattaway cry in the process. Christine Price and Mauran Kim gave him kleenex and helped him fix his mascara. Then, all of a sudden, they were done. Robin Yeatman and P. Santos Javier grabbed the 16 page package and handed it to James Rowley who whizzed off into the night with Richelle Rae and Marilee Breitkreutz. And they all lived happily ever after.

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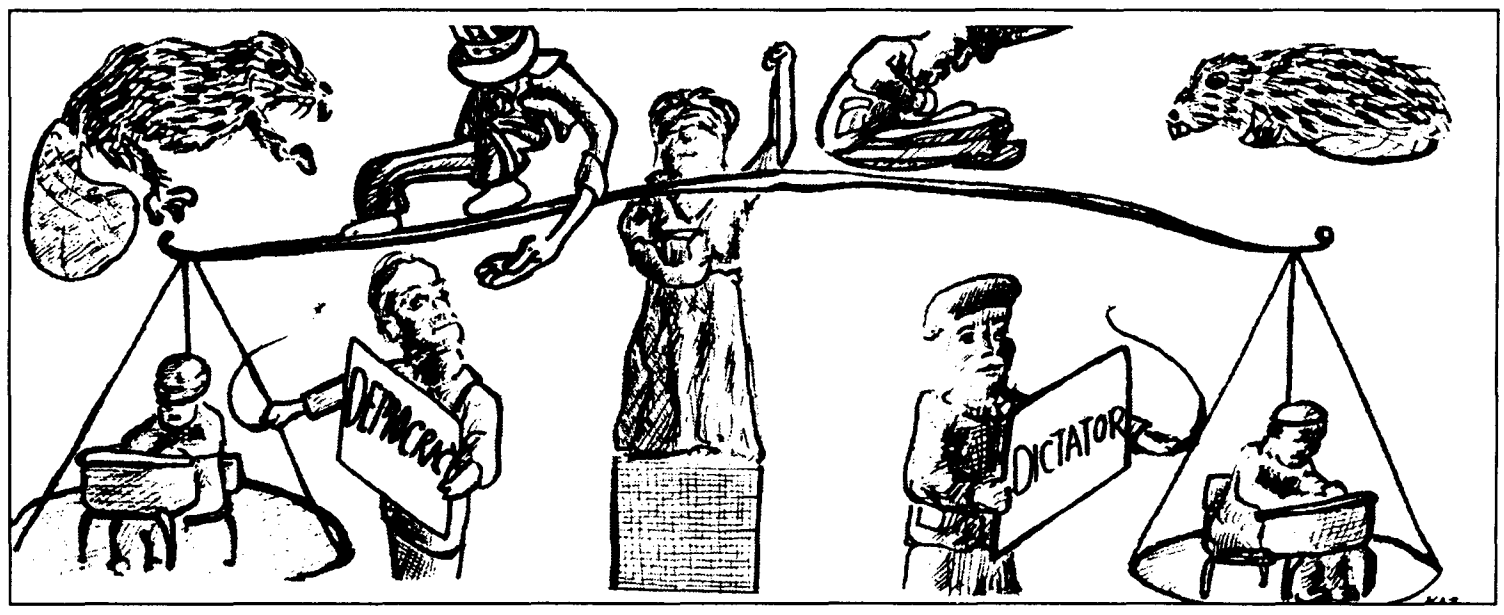
# op/ed




## Mass perceptions, political wrongs

Beware of words.

The dictionary is filled with words like "democracy," "freedom," "counter-revolutionary," "dictatorship," "communist," and "fascist"—all of them rendered meaningless by rhetoric and propaganda.

George Orwell, Malcolm X, Noam Chomsky and John Ralston Saul have made similar arguments.

Modern news organisations sacrifice content for image to maintain the short attention-spans of their mass audiences. "Information bites" are cliches based on commonly-held beliefs.

International conflicts are thus simplified to "us against them." Once a country is labelled as the enemy, spin doctors construct the image to match the policy.

Countries that foreign policy makers have deemed to be "enemies of the state" are described as "terrorist," "repressive," "dictatorships," "drug kingpins," "Hitler" and "butchers."

Friendly countries are "democracies," "trading partners," "western," "modern," "civilised," and "industrialised."

Our choice of "friends" and "unfriends" clearly has nothing to do with human rights. If Iraq may be subjected to what Saul called "the most extensive equipment trial since World War II" for invading Kuwait, why has Indochina's invasion and occupation of East Timor been ignored? Because for the West, human rights is not the issue—economics is.

So strong is the economic motive, that even when both countries involved in a bloody war are ruled by equally harsh military governments, the West chooses sides. South Korea and Croatia got the thumbs up; North Korea and Serbia thumbs down.

None of which is really news. In this cynical age we all know that the TV news lies to us, that the State Department *always* has another agenda, and that no one cares.

But still it goes on.

For all the changes in the world in the past 30-odd years, the polarized view of Korea is as entrenched in the western mindset as it was the day the war ended.

South Korea is democratic, friendly—and the highest accolade of all—a burgeoning economy. The North continues to languish in its own Communist backwater, offering us little but grainy TV pictures of tens of thousands of weeping citizens whipping themselves into a frenzy over the death of what we all know to have been a maniacal dictator. We shake our collective heads and invite the analysts to give us odds on the likelihood of war.

But when the televison picture cuts to footage of South Korean security forces teargassing students, our response is considerably more muted. Growing pains in a promising economy, say the analysts.

The reality, is—of course—somewhat different. Which somewhere in the backs of our minds we all suspect. It is easier to accept the sound-bites and rhetoric.

The Cold War may be over, but very little has changed. Our century of mechanised war grinds on.

## Concerns about Coke deal are unfounded

Over the past year there has been some debate, and a number of issues raised on a number of levels concerning the UBC-AMS-Coke deal in particular and the commercialization of Universities in general.

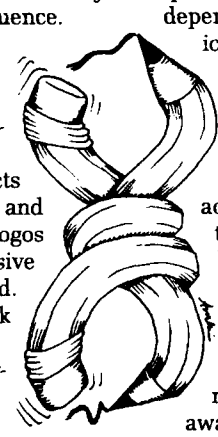
The first is the loss of consumer choice. Although this agreement does not ban the consumption of other brands on campus it will mean that they will be unavailable at AMS and university food outlets.

It is not the mission, neither of the University nor of the AMS, to ensure the availability on campus of a wide assortment of cold beverages from different manufacturers. In the case of the former it is teaching and research, and in the case of the latter it is student advocacy and student services. It is true that the AMS and the University should provide good food and beverage operations on campus, and variety is a component of quality. However, there will remain a wide selection of juice and pop at AMS and University outlets. It is just that they will all be from one supplier.

The AMS does not provide brand variety in its food items, (I have never been asked what brand of wiener I'd like in my hot-dog) so I fail to see why it should reasonably be expected to do so for soft drinks).

It is reasonable, however, to expect the AMS, as well as the University to streamline all its operations, including its business operations and to seek alternate legitimate sources of funding as long as the obtaining of these funds do not compromise its goals, objectives and overall mission.

Traditionally, universities were seen to be one of the few institutions that were relatively free from commercial corporate influence. The third main concern is whether this agreement will weaken and/or appear to weaken this state of independence.



This agreement restricts advertising to current levels and standards. Fears of Coke logos on our diplomas and massive billboards are unfounded. The University will not look more commercialized.

There is probably a growing threat to the independence of Universities in the current economic and political climate. However, the independence of universities is threatened when earmarked contributions are accepted from private firms to establish centres and programs for research and teaching in fields, sub-fields, and topics of the firms designations. It is threatened when faculty, graduate, and undergraduate research projects begin to rely heavily on industrial research contracts. It is also threatened when public granting agencies emphasize marketability in their grant selection criteria.

It is not threatened by a contract about soda pop.

The University does not operate in a vacuum. It must deal with corporations, public and private if only to buy soda pop, electricity, and toilet paper. It is precisely by having long term contractual agreements, enforceable by rule of law that it can assure that next year's quote on macaroni doesn't depend on this year's medical study on the benefits of a high carbohydrate diet.

It was possible for the University and the AMS to obtain acceptable terms for this agreement because they were not critically dependent on the revenues derived therefrom and thus had the economic power to walk away. If we depend increasingly on such revenues for core functions we may undermine this position and be unable in the future to walk away from unacceptable propositions.

There are ways to avoid this, for example, by only spending the revenues on non-recurring projects.

This Coke agreement was about buying soda pop. It was not about teaching and research. It is not about giving Coke a say in the academic curriculum. It was not about giving Coke a say, directly or indirectly, in what research does or does not get done at this University.

I suspect that what many who oppose the Coke deal are most concerned about is not this deal but what the next deal might be, say an exclusive supplier agreement for textbooks for all courses at UBC. That, of course would be a fundamentally different proposition because it would interfere with the mission of the University. However, approving one kind of agreement should not and does not imply, make inevitable or even more probable acceptance of a different, objectionable agreement.

There is no doubt that a certain amount of unease was created within the University community by the fact that the actual legal text of the Coke agreement remained confidential. To some, confidentiality may simply be incompatible with a public institution with a mission to seek and disseminate new knowledge, while others perhaps suspect secret clauses that explicitly and directly undermine just this mission.

These latter concerns, especially, as well as others mentioned above could be allayed by the adoption and promulgation by the University of a policy outlining principles to be followed and general conditions to be met by any such future agreements in order to ensure that they do not compromise the integrity of the University or hinder it in the fulfilment of its mission as an institution of higher learning.

**Vighen Pacradouni**

# A new spin on summer employment

**HELLO, SPIN!** Marilee Breitkreutz spent her summer on the phone at *SPIN*. GAYLORD FIELDS PHOTO

**by Marilee Breitkreutz**

Two summers ago, I worked as a receptionist for a trucking company in Langley. This year, I found myself living in the center of Manhattan and interning for the editorial department of *SPIN Magazine*. What led me to give up an enviable position inside the trucking industry?

It all started in May 1995, when I took a two-week trip to New York City. While I was there, I called *SPIN*, told them I was a Canadian student interested in the publishing and music industries, and asked if I could have a tour of their offices. It turned out that Darren Tuozzoli, the editorial assistant I spoke with, was also the intern coordinator. He gave me a tour of the office a couple of days later, and we discussed the possibility of me returning the next summer as an intern. I kept in touch with him over the next nine months, and in March he informed me that the job was mine if I still wanted it.

It is fitting that my association with *SPIN* began with a telephone call; as an editorial intern, my purpose was to assist the editors with a variety of tasks, and somehow, it almost always involved calling someone. I spent hours on the phone asking record labels why our editors hadn't received the latest release schedule or Beck CD, requesting books from publishing houses, checking with TV networks regarding their fall programming, requesting press kits from clothing companies or fact-checking for the research department. However, I can proudly say that I never called to order coffee, lunch or even in-house massage or aroma therapy for any of the editors! Okay, I did go and *get* coffee, but my superiors were always very gracious about asking me to do those more menial tasks.

All internships may not be so pleasant. My place of habitation for the summer, a New York University residence hall, was populated with other kids who interned at NBC, *Rolling Stone*, Sotheby's and some big, boring-sounding financial something-or-other where they actually pay their interns! My acquaintance at *Rolling Stone* didn't seem to be enjoying his work as much as I did—he claimed his boss was demanding and required too much photocopying of him, and he left the company after a couple of weeks. He then got an internship at MTV, where he was quite satisfied.

The first question most people ask about my internship is, "How many famous people did you meet at *SPIN*?" I wonder where they think I was working, exactly. I worked in an office with no windows. I spent a lot of time screening letters written to the editor by prison inmates. Sure, I worked with people who had interviewed famous people—maybe even hung out with them. And there were near-brushes with fame: the other editorial intern in our office got a call from MTV VJ Kennedy accidentally transferred to him, I was once given Joan Osborne's hotel phone number during a research project (she was no longer there when I called), and I once walked past Smashing Pumpkins lead singer Billy Corgan on the street one day, but no, I didn't meet any famous people while at *SPIN*.

However, despite the humble job description, I had a fantastic time. Living and working in New York City was extremely exciting, I was in an office with many interesting people, and yes, some freebies did make it down the ladder to me in the form of free CDs and concert passes.

In fact, if you are interested in a certain career or field, an internship is one of the best ways to try it out, get work experience, and make those ever-important "connections." If New York City seems too scary, don't let *that* stop you. One of my most heartening discoveries this summer was that people who live in that city are not animals—not all of them, anyway.

My advice to anyone who is interested in something like this but doesn't have the opportunity to go to New York and ask for the job in person like I did is this: decide on the area you are interested in, muster all of your confidence, write a provocative or interesting cover letter, and follow up on it. The other intern in my department was chosen out of over 150 applicants on the basis of his ingenious cover letter and a telephone interview.

You also may need to be prepared to get coffee, make photocopies and place phone calls all day, but it's worth it. There are many opportunities—especially in a place like New York City. All you need to do is ask someone to give you a chance.

# Corporate sponsorship: the Choice of a New Generation

When I was a kid I studied for the Pepsi Challenge—probably harder than I did for my first year calculus exam. I got my mom to buy a bottle of Coke, and a bottle of Pepsi, and I poured them into two rows of paper Dixie Cups, and practiced telling the two types of carbonated beverages apart.

Both brands of colored sugar-water tasted the same to me, but it wasimportant to like Pepsi better—almost as important as preferring Burger King to McDonald's. It wasn't just that Pepsi lovers got a free 'I took thePepsi Challenge' button. The ugly fact was that your entire social status depended on you choosing Pepsi. At my elementary school, you were either part of the New Generation, or you were a geek. I had an inkling that my fake *Adidas* bag guaranteed geek status, but I could still dream.

Life is now more surreal for students at my old elementary school. TheToronto board of education has signed a deal with Pepsi giving the company exclusive vending rights to sell nutritious pop to the student body. As an added bonus, Pepsi has generously donated an award to encourage academic excellence in students strung out on caffeine and sugar called the Pepsi Student of the Week.

Other companies are also targeting students. The makers of Prego have distributed lesson plans on the scientific method to schools. Students perform an experiment using the famous Slotted Spoon Test to determine which spaghetti sauce is thicker, Prego or Ragu. They have not done the experiment correctly unless they find Prego thicker.

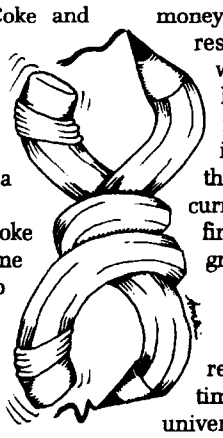
In Hunt-Wesson's lesson plan on history, students learn that Gregor Mendel, Louis Pasteur, and Orville Redenbacker where scientists "who made a difference."

Overworked teachers and underfunded school boards are easy targets for these companies whose motivation is simple: *get a customer young, and you have them for life.* It is the same reasoning behind the targeting of university students, who are probably leaving home for the first time, and who, upon graduation, will be starting their lucrative careers (entry level positions at Starbucks). Your university and student council help these companies gain access to you. You will find credit card applications in the book store, and can expect your addresses to be sold to phone companies. You will also drink nothing but Coke products while on campus, unless you are prepared to risk drinking the water.

The university has signed a ninety page, secret exclusivity contract with

the company, which, given the size of UBC is equivalent to banning Pepsi and Pepsi signs from a region larger than West Vancouver. Your University is willing to sell its name to the highest bidder, and to sell you as a consumer.

The product is you. Coke and Pepsi also wage their battles in space. Pepsi, in an attempt to be the choice of The Next Generation, recently had Russian cosmonauts space-walk with a huge Pepsi can.



As a publicity stunt, Coke bought valuable research time aboard the space shuttle to study "bubble nucleation and resulting foam formation" in zero gravity, and to test the affect of space travel on beverage choice. Meanwhile, legitimate research waits for years on the ground.

Corporations are becoming more and more influential in public research institutions. The recent Canadian study which found that salt isn't linked to high blood pressure was funded by Campbell's soup, who have been criticised for being too liberal with the salt shaker. Even if the study is accurate, its credibility is tarnished by the association.

At MIT, researchers had their funding terminated by Gatoraid after they discovered that the best beverage to drink while exercising is water.

The mechanisms of influence can also be subtle. Given the low level of government funding, departments are under pressure to shift research goals to attract corporate money. Research areas such as history, theoretical physics, or art, whose benefits are not immediate or profitable, are being pushed aside in favour of research which should be done by the companies who will profit from it. Our dependence on corporate money also creates pressure on researchers to find results which will keep the donors happy. Our faculty of forestry is funded so heavily by logging companies, that anyone who criticises current forestry practices may find it hard to renew their grant.

The current shift to private sector funding is one which should be resisted at every turn. Each time we sell off a piece of our university to private interests, we release government from their funding obligation, and increase the pressure on us to secure even more private money. Universities have always reflected the interests of those who fund them, whether they be rich alumni, the government or corporations. If Coke is paying to make our libraries wheelchair accessible, Cadbury's is bringing us up to fire code, and our washrooms are being built by McDonald's, then it is impossible to imagine that all this corporate money would not buy influence.

If universities are to avoid focusing their research on Coke bubbles, and increasing the shelf-life of Twinkies, we must distance ourselves from corporations. Universities should be probing and challenging the power structures in our society.

They should not be corporate appendages.

**by Jonathan Oppenheim**

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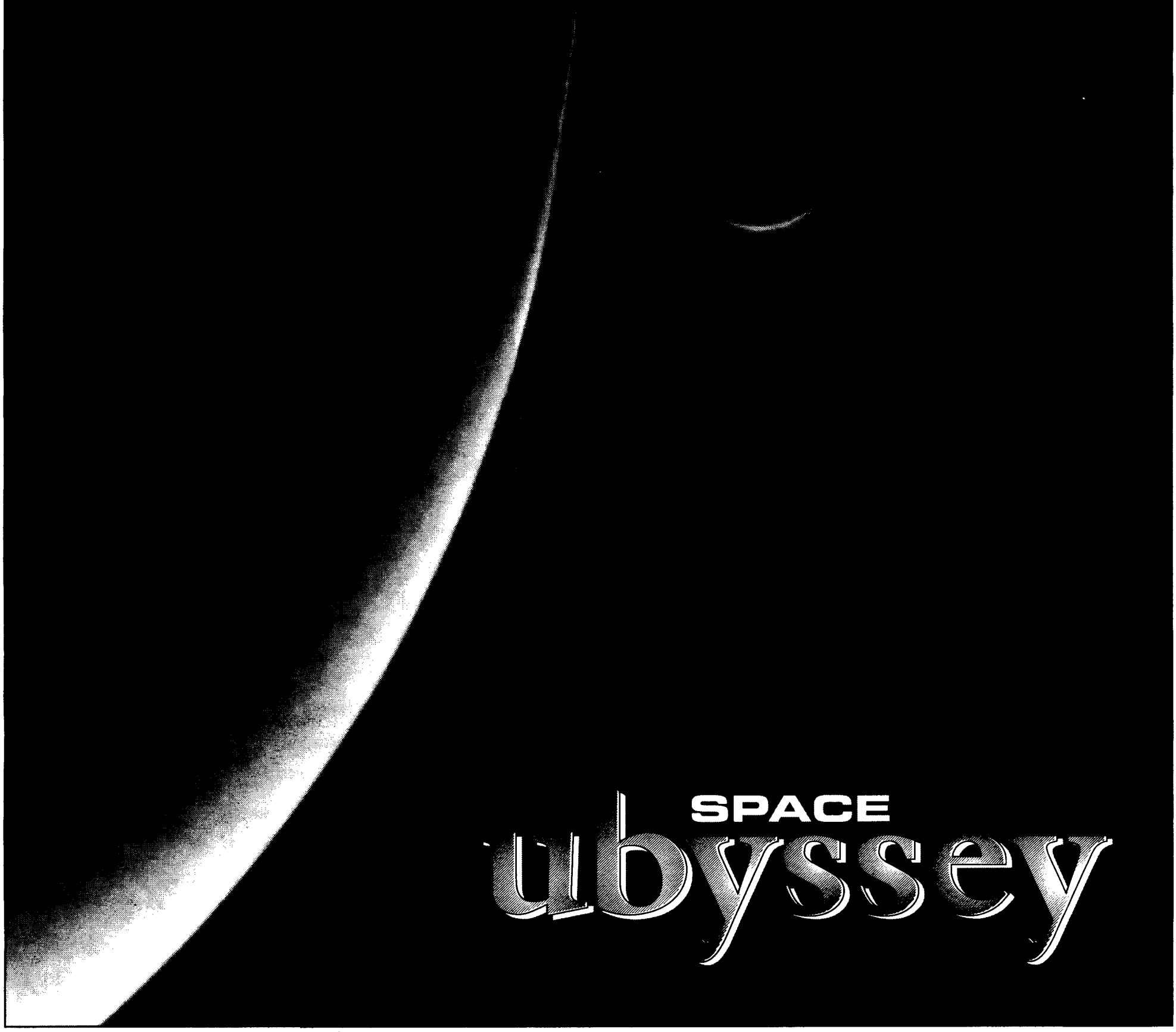

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