PAGE FRIDAY

2.5 picas

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BEST MAN

2 picas

(A) DESIGNING LIFE

3 3/8"

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BASEBALL!

THE THUNDERBIRDS TAKE TO THE FIELD TONIGHT—SEE PAGE THREE

THE UBYSSEY
MARCH 23, 2001
VOLUME 82 ISSUE 44
LOST SINCE 1918

Respect the cyclists!

by Sharon Lis

Wake up, drivers! The roads are not just for vehicles. Remember us, the cyclists. We too have a place on the streets of metropolitan Vancouver. At least this was my understanding when I took driver education. So what is happening? Why must I fear for my life each time I take my bike onto public roads? Does my terror come from the fact that motorists ignore my very presence as I timidly advance along the roadside, or could my inhibitions stem from the countless near misses? Perhaps I would not be so scared if roads and traffic lights were more accommodating to cyclists.

It doesn't seem to matter that I wear reflective clothing and a helmet, or that my bicycle's brakes and tires are maintained. Nor does it matter that I use appropriate hand signals and stay to the side of the road except when turning. I am on a bike, not in a tank, and if a vehicle hit me or cut me off, I could be killed while the vehicle might sustain a mere scratch.

I have been using my bicycle for many years as an environmentally friendly mode of transportation. Unfortunately, most of the busier roads in the city are bike-savage. Aside from a couple of bike routes along side streets, bikers have no space to ride safely. This was a problem when I commuted to Simon Fraser University (SFU) along Gaglardi Way and continues to be a problem now that ride regularly to UBC.

Gaglardi Way is the main access route to SFU and the top of Burnaby mountain. Cyclists are limited to a foot-wide bike lane for most of the ascent. Cars, trucks and buses race up and down Gaglardi, often exceeding 100 km/h. Bikers are completely exposed and susceptible to being hit as they grind up the steeper sections of the road. I once experienced a close call riding up Gaglardi. A car passing another lost control next to me, slid across the lane, hit another car and stopped only metres from me. I had no avenue of escape because the narrow bike lane was and still is bordered by a high curb. Unfortunately, a few years ago millions of dollars were spent to improve the roadways around Burnaby Mountain but nothing was done to improve the bike lane up Gaglardi Way.

Now, I cycle to UBC. The fastest, most direct route for me to take to UBC is along 16th Avenue. Sixteenth Avenue is hazardous along the stretch of road between Arbutus and Cambie Street. At rush hour the cars line up, pumping out fumes and hugging the curb. To avoid asphyxiation and being squashed, I am forced to ride on the sidewalk. On the rare occasion that I can remain on the road, vehicles skim within inches of my bike, feeling like giant vacuum cleaners suctioning the road. A passing bus or truck resembles a twister sucking me into its midst. I fear what would happen if I hit a bump or lost my balance while being passed.

Each day that I ride my apprehension grows. Two weeks ago I was riding downhill on 12th Avenue near Macdonald Street when a minivan turned directly in front of me. I instantly braked, lurching my bike into the air. The van continued like it had not seem me. I proceeded, heart pounding, limbs still intact.

Last week, I was offered the opportunity to bounce off two car doors on route to downtown. Drivers generally check for other vehicles before stepping out of their car. What about cyclists? WE DO NOT have emergency braking systems or a set of armour!

Yes, I too know what it feels to be driving behind a bike weaving side to side, blocking passage. The frustration builds. The impatience grows. The foot goes to the pedal. No doubt some people should not be on a bike even on a deserted road. But then there is the timid rider attempting to get from point A to B. Are they safer hugging the curve or hogging the whole lane? I vote for hogging the lane. At least they will have somewhere to go when a car passes too close or cuts them off.

Drivers simply do not respect the rights of cyclists! They pass too close. They turn without looking. Motorists speed up when they see a cyclist signaling to turn left and pull over to the right without checking that blind spot. Frequently, vehicles back up or pull out of a driveway or onto a road having seen a bike approaching. Let's not forget the number of times people get out of their cars by throwing the door open and then looking, or motorists that cut directly in front of cyclists, in their ever-frantic rush.

Cyclists can only ride so fast. We cannot stop instantly. It takes much more energy for a cyclist to stop than for a motorist to put their foot on the brakes. We do not have the ability to manoeuvre through obstacles. And we do not wear earplugs.

I enjoy cycling. It is great exercise and is definitely an environmentally-friendly mode of travel. Unfortunately, I am forced more and more to ride defensively and aggressively. I have not been hit yet...Given the way people drive in the Lower Mainland, my luck may run out. It is time for motorists to pay attention to cyclists! We also need a spot on the streets. Slow down. Look before you act. And please, do not blast that horn! ❖

–Sharon Lis is a first-year Education student.

Head in the clouds...

by Chris Dingwall

When it came time to close the 20th century, people around the world were asked who was the most influential individual of that century. The editors of *Time* magazine chose Albert Einstein. A fine man and a decent publication, but hardly the collective voice of the human spirit. But tell that to Patrick Bruskiewich and you're liable to be called mean and nasty, or, dare I say it, goofy. I should know; I have suffered Mr. Bruskiewich's biting wit firsthand in his recent rebuttal to my rebuttal of his rebuttal of some other rebuttal in the endless battle between pretentious Science students and pretentious Arts students over whose tuition pays the better faculty.

Now, mean and nasty I can handle—the original title of my letter in question was, incidentally, "Patrick Bruskiewich is a cunt" (thankfully changed before publication). But goofy? I may not be a grad student, or have 15 years of private-sector day-dreaming under my belt, or be vaguely acquainted with dead people with impressive titles who knew somebody more famous than they, or have enough postage to send a dignified letter to our prime minister, or even be published outside this campus, but, then again, I'm 18 years old. I offer no apology for being "goofy," or "mean and nasty" or criticising a man who thinks one inferior simply because of the faculty one chose to enter.

To say that the orthodox view on this campus—that Science is the only worthwhile faculty and that Arts is a glorified Hamburger U—somehow goes against Mr. Bruskiewich's argument is baffling. Indeed, his argument goes to fanciful, shallow lengths to validate this view. In raising Einstein to the level of a messiah heralding a new age of science and peace and brotherhood he cheapens the man. Einstein the scientist is inseparable from $E=mc^2$ as Einstein the man is inseparable from pacifism. Einstein never believed that science alone could cure the ills of humanity when he himself was appalled by the uses of his science to level Japan; to say otherwise is to simplify an exceedingly complex and rare individual (and a man goofy in his own right).

Indeed, a scientist cannot live without art just as an artist cannot live without science. Imagine Sophocles without the logic and order of the Greeks, Da Vinci without the humanism of the renaissance, or modern art without the relativism of Einstein (and vice versa). Art and science throughout history have worked and conflicted in tandem to reflect their common origin: society. Science is the most artistic thing we do only in the sense that art is the most scientific thing we do.

I think this is the point Mr. Bruskiewich is trying to make—that art and science are two sides to a coin—but he severely muddles it with such bragging and posturing that any authority he has is lost; he forgets the other side of the coin. He rests his point not on any facts, but on a flimsy assumption that Science students have a manifest right to idealism over all others. He should note, however, that of my many friends in Science, most are not so much interested in using science to "carry the brunt of human knowledge" as they are in trying not to fail Math 104 and English 112.

Having your head in the clouds and hope in your heart is an admirable thing, something valued in the sciences and arts; to be sure, an essential part of being human. However, Mr. Bruskiewich, it's good to come down every now and then to remember your own place in the madding crowd, or else you risk crossing the fine line between having your head in the clouds and having your head up your ass. ❖

–Chris Dingwall is a first-year Arts student.

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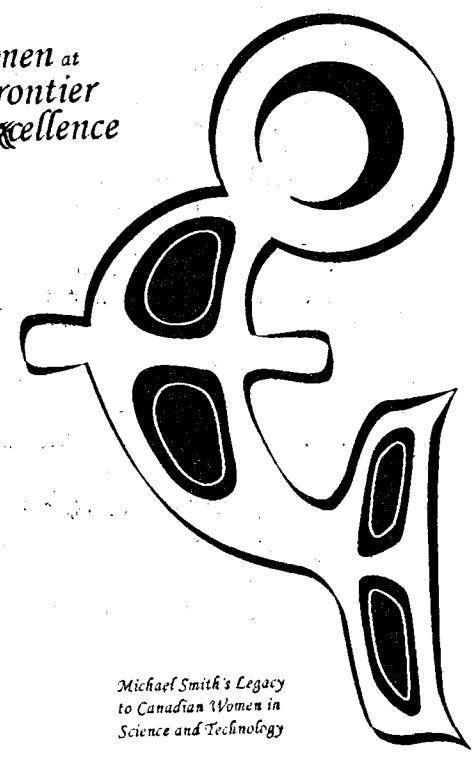

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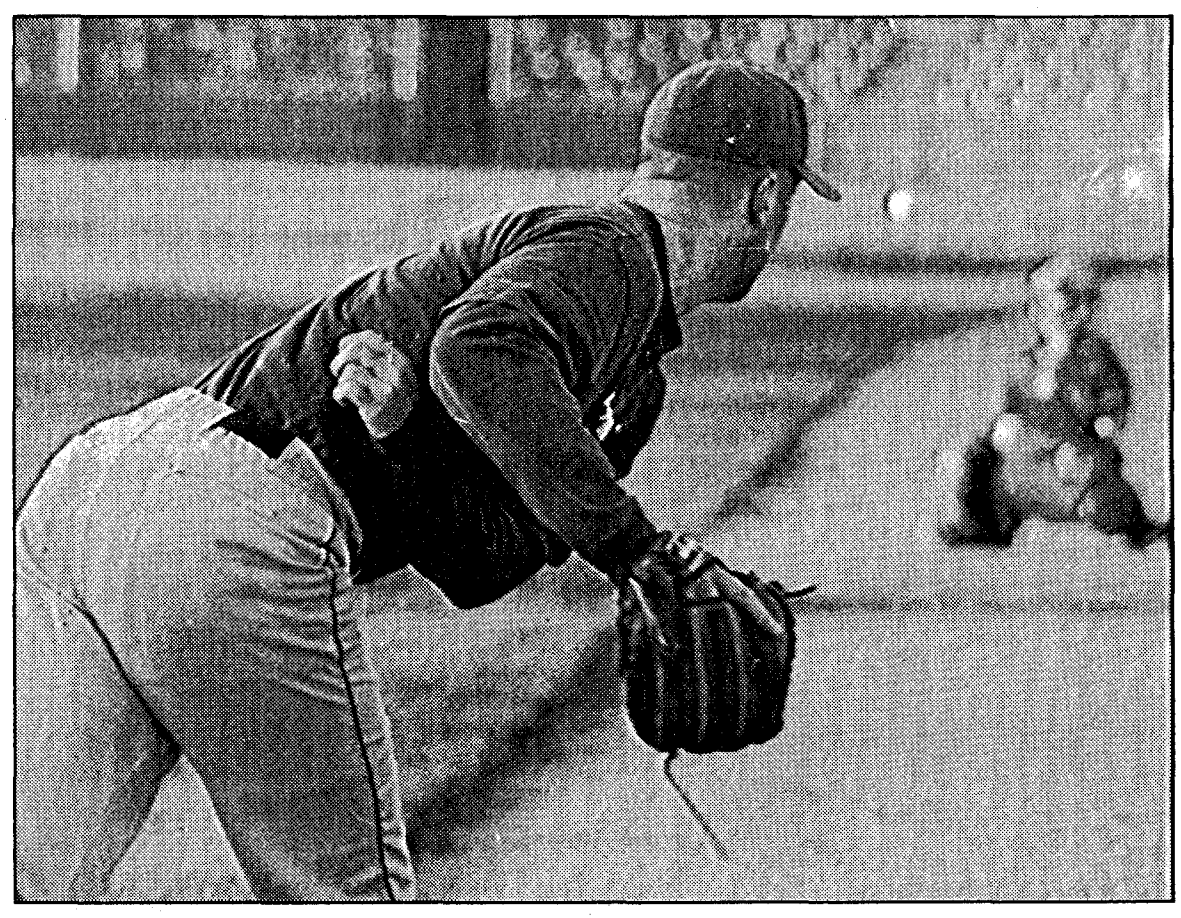
UBC SCWIST

Base-Birds getting noticed



The UBC baseball team, now in its second season in the NAIA, is starting to attract a lot of attention from players, scouts, and people with big bundles of money to throw around . . .

INCOMING: Left-hander Reid Wildeman sends one homeward during practice at Nat Bailey Stadium. TOM PEACOCK PHOTO

by Tom Peacock

Wednesday afternoon, UBC Thunderbirds baseball coach Terry McKaig and his team were at Nat Bailey Stadium doing some heavy-duty cleaning up for this weekend's homestand against the Northwest Nazarene University Crusaders from Nampa, Idaho.

At around 6pm, there was still a bunch of leaves blowing around in the entrance of the men's washroom, but otherwise everything looked ship-shape. McKaig said that he's convinced the 6000-capacity stadium is more than ready to welcome local baseball fans.

As for this weekend's games, McKaig says he isn't one to make predictions, and baseball is a funny game, but he's pretty sure the Birds will do well.

"We have a huge home advantage," McKaig asserts during a brief interview in his office deep beneath the stands at Nat Bailey. "For a lot of the visiting players it will be the first time that they've ever been to Canada. And with the large stadium, it's a completely different environment than they're used to. It should put them back on their heels a bit."

And as for the UBC players:

"Everyone knows pitching wins baseball games," McKaig says. "And we have 11 pitchers on the team. We're really deep off the bench. Last weekend [at Lewis and Clark State University in Idaho] we played four games, and we used ten pitchers."

Among the 11 pitchers on the team is 21-year-old phenom Jeff Francis from North Delta. Francis is 4-2 so far this season, with an earned run average (ERA) of 1.95. The left-hander has struck out 48 batters, while walking just eight, in 37 innings pitched. McKaig says he'll play Francis in the first game, and leave it up to the Nazarene coach to make the difficult decision about how to deal with him.

"They have to decide—do they burn out their best pitcher during the first game, or do they save him? It's a nice feeling to have such a dominant guy. It takes the pressure off our guys," the coach explains.

In June 2002, Francis will enter the major league draft, and McKaig expects him to go very high. If he does, it will be great news for the program at UBC. But how does McKaig hold onto a guy like Francis in the first place, a guy who had his pick of at least four NCAA Division I schools?

"I sold him on three things: staying at home, the academics at UBC, and the fact that he'll get exposure here, more than he would playing at Division I schools in the States where he wouldn't throw much during his first year," McKaig said.

It doesn't hurt McKaig's recruitment efforts that UBC is the only collegiate team in Canada that plays in a US national organisation. In baseball, the coach says, playing in the States is the only way for a Canadian team to get any credibility.

Another thing that's working in McKaig's favour is the symbiotic relationship between his team's talent and his fundraising efforts. While the Thunderbirds program is starting to attract more better players, it is also starting to attract lucrative support from local corporations, alumni and UBC athletics. Being able to promise the players scholarship money is a key element of McKaig's recruiting strategy.

McKaig has been involved in the UBC baseball program since its inception four years ago. Ever since taking over the coaching job in the winter of '97, he has worked non-stop at fundraising and recruiting in order to turn the team into a top-level competitor.

During the spring '97 season, when Jim Murphy was the coach, the UBC team was little more than a school club. The Birds played about four or five exhibition games, and the level of play was hardly exceptional.

Then McKaig graduated from UBC Human Kinetics, got the head coaching job, and immediately focused on strengthening the program and getting the team playing a real schedule. In the spring of '98, the team played 20 games against junior college teams in the Northwest.

Soon a windfall came McKaig's way in the form of Texas Ranger and BC native Jeff Zimmerman. Zimmerman, a former teammate of McKaig's on the Canadian national team, offered to help support the team financially.

Before embarking on his pro career, Zimmerman earned his MBA from SFU. He has been calling Vancouver his off-season home since '95. Though his motives for helping the team were certainly not entirely selfish, he knew that working with a strong UBC team would help him keep in shape during the off-season.

"Jeff is a real role model for the guys on the team," McKaig says. "Here's a guy who got his Master's—who took care of his academic goals—before pursuing his goals of a pro career."

Zimmerman might soon sign a contract with the Rangers for $1.5 million a season, in which case things will only improve for the Birds. "If he gets that, we're going to be in a good position. We talked about it, and he wants to make sure we're looked after," McKaig says with a smile.

When McKaig took over as coach, the UBC baseball program was almost entirely self-funded—McKaig knew he couldn't just rely on the money he was getting from Zimmerman. Going on the enthusiastic support he'd received from his former teammate, the coach wrote a letter to Maple Ridge native Larry Walker, Canada's most famous baseball pro. Walker, who plays with the Colorado Rockies, was also keen to help get the program on its feet, even though he'd never met McKaig before.

With the financial help of the two pros, McKaig was soon able to bring together a competitive team, and last year the Thunderbirds joined the NAIA league. UBC baseball began attracting the attention of top-level players from across Canada.

"Now, I'm getting all kinds of calls, especially from Ontario," McKaig says. "Next year, I predict less than half the guys on the team will be from BC."

This year, the Birds have five players from Ontario—traditionally the strongest province in Canada for baseball—and one hot-shot pitcher from New Brunswick by the name of Jeff Brewer.

Brewer, number two behind Francis on the Bird's pitching rotation, was ready to wind down his baseball career and enroll at UNB, until he got a call from McKaig asking him to play for the Thunderbirds. The 20-year-old right hander is now eligible, along with UBC catcher Chad Tuck and centre-fielder Darren Watts, for this year's major league draft.

"Since coming here, I've developed the dream of getting drafted, which I never had before," Brewer said during an interview with the *Vancouver Sun*. "There's a chance it might not happen, but if I didn't come out and take this opportunity I never would have had the chance."

McKaig says the attention the players on the team have received from major league scouts is no big surprise to him, since the program is fast becoming a focal point for the top talent in the country.

"There's a lot of scouts in the Northwest and in Canada. They love our program. From a scout's point of view, you can come here and see five or six players who are professional prospects," he explains.

Although last season was mediocre for the Birds—they finished with a 22-29 record—this year things are looking good. The Birds are 13-11 heading into their first conference games, and last weekend they managed to get one win in four games against the defending national champion Lewis-Clark University Warriors.

Brewer, who has a 6.00 ERA in his five exhibition and tournament starts this year, will start Saturday for the Birds, while Francis is scheduled to start for the Bird's first home game at 4pm Friday.

Nat Bailey Stadium, on 29th Ave. between Cambie and Main, might not fill up for this weekend's games—for one thing, it's a long haul from campus. Still, McKaig is expecting a good turn-out, since, as he says, "It's a lot of fun to see Canadian teams beat American schools." And at their own game too. ❖

SLUG, SLUG, SLUG: Thunderbird heavy hitters warm up for this weekend's homestand at Nat Bailey Stadium. Games start at 4pm and 7pm Friday, and 12pm and 3pm Saturday. TOM PEACOCK PHOTO

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Theatre at UBC
in photo Meghan Gardiner

Plot-driven murder

by Greg Ursic

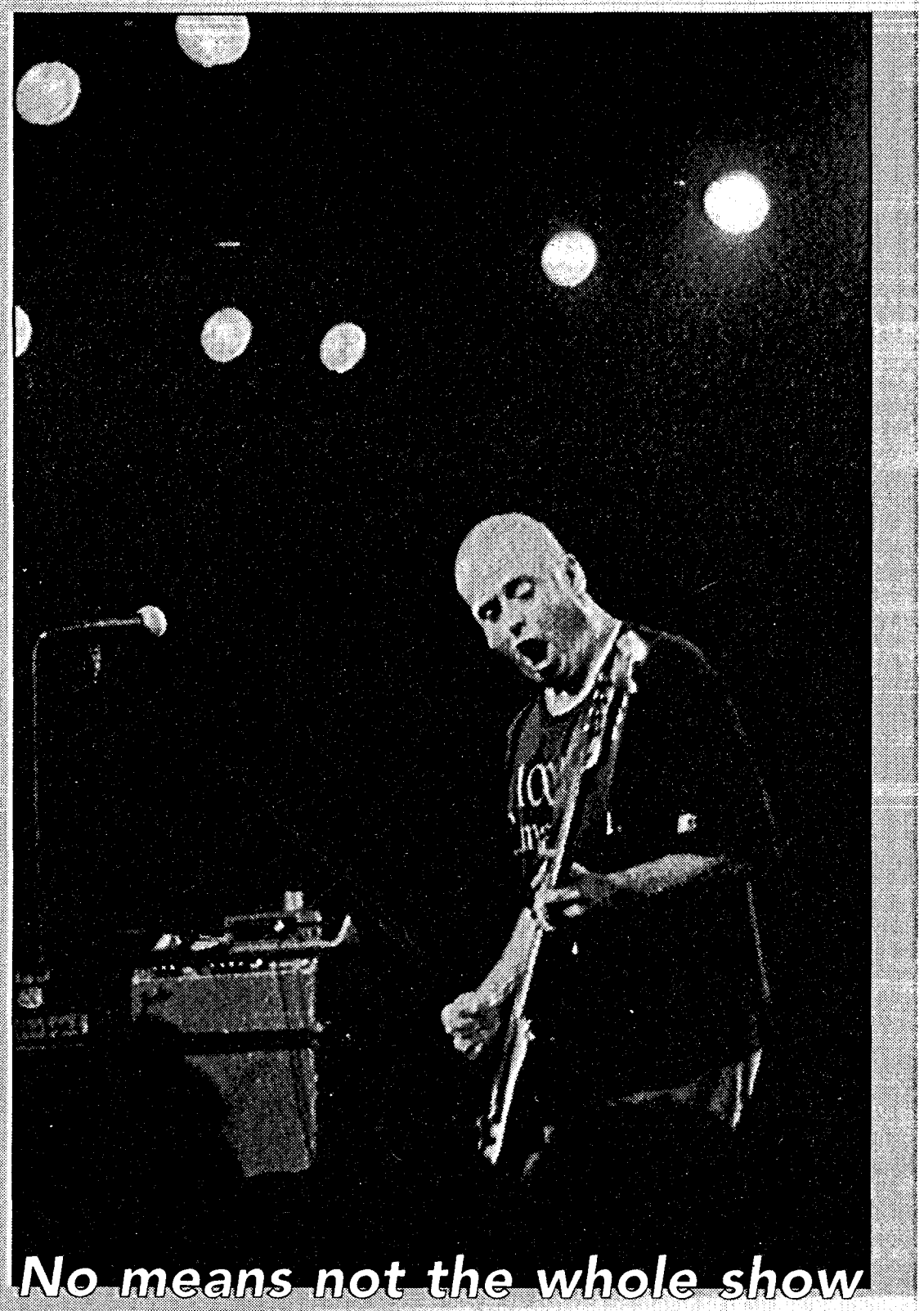
THE CRIMSON RIVERS
now playing

With *Hannibal* still making a killing at the box office, there is no denying that serial killers, who simultaneously manage to repulse and fascinate us, draw moviegoers. But for every *Silence of the Lambs* and *In Cold Blood*, we are faced with pretenders to the throne like *The Bone Collector* and *The Watcher*, which are poorly written, badly acted, and lack panache.

Unlike *Baise Moi*, the other French 'serial killer' film currently playing (and gaining notoriety for its *Natural Born Killers*-style killing and hardcore sex scenes), *The Crimson River* is actually plot-driven. The script–with its clearly European flair–is well written, the alpine scenery is breathtaking, and the characters are well developed. The small town of Guernon, in the French Alps, is home to one of the smallest and most exclusive universities in the world, one where students and faculty are from the village and the local environs. When the university librarian's mutilated body is discovered trussed up like a suckling pig, Paris dispatches Commissioner Pierre Niemans (Jean Reno) to solve the crime. Soon after his arrival, more bodies are discovered and Niemans crosses paths with Max Kerkérian (Vincent Cassel), a lieutenant from a nearby town who is investigating the desecration of a young girl's grave by neo-Nazis. The duo is soon drawn into the depths of Guernon's dark past and dirty secrets.

Reno brings the same gritty no-nonsense manner that he displayed in *Le Professional* to Commissioner Niemans, who is as much of an enigma as the mystery he is solving–we only know of his reputation in law enforcement circles as a supersleuth, and that he appears to be unbalanced. His partner, Kerkérian, doesn't bring any more stability to the pairing. Kerkérian openly flouts "minor laws" in pursuit of criminals and possesses a dry wit similar to Harry Callahan (aka Dirty Harry) with an explosive rage that culminates in a well-choreographed fight scene. The characters gel well and complement one another, ever if they choose not to admit it.

In spite of the tight script and good acting, the film ultimately comes down with a case of Hollywood it is–the ending is contrived and does not make a whole lot of sense within the context of the rest of the film. Pity. Still, a good Tuesday nighter, though. ❖



No means not the whole show

PUNK AS POPPA: Aging Canadian punk rockers NoMeansNo took to the stage Wednesday night at the Commodore looking like a bunch of your friends' dads. But they sure didn't sound like anyone's parents as they laid into tracks from their new album, *No Means No One*. Midway through the show, fans were getting rowdy and were stage diving when one fan knocked over frontman Rob Wright's microphone stand. The burly Wright (pictured above) was having none of it, and tossed the poor sod into the crowd. "Don't fuck with me," he warned the crowd, as the poor fan's friends showered the singer with beer swill. Apparently, back in 1996, when NoMeansNo played the Commodore with Pigment Vehicle, the same thing happened and Wright freaked. Anyway, the show went on and the mosh-pit got crazier and I left early because I am old. But when NoMeansNo was formed I was only five. Think about that for a minute. TOM PEACOCK PHOTO

Refusing the myths of femininity

BY MICHELLE BASTIAN

UNRULY BODIES
at the Dynamo Gallery
until Mar. 31

When I was young, I read a fairy-tale about a little orphan girl who loved red shoes. This girl loved them so much that when she was given a pair, she wore them every day. She even used to wear them to church. But as we all should know, red is an evil colour and so the little girl had done something very naughty. An old beggar saw what she had done and he cursed the shoes. They started to make the little girl dance and dance. She couldn't take them off and she danced day and night. Her feet bled and blistered and she became so exhausted that finally she begged a woodcutter to cut her feet off. When he did, they went dancing off into the woods. But every time she went to church, the red shoes would dance in front of the doorway. Only when she had truly repented did the shoes cease to haunt her.

Needless to say, I found this story horrifying. I even used to have nightmares about it. Having been brought up in the good old-fashioned Catholic way, I was very susceptible to morality tales. However, if merely liking the colour red got you in so much trouble, what hope did I have? So after reading this tale, I promised I wouldn't be bad like that—I wouldn't be vain, or disobedient, or want to dance or ask for red shoes or, or, anything!

Unfortunately, at that age, I didn't have the critical ability to realise that these morals were bullshit. Nor did I realise that this story was written in a time when there was an extraordinary fear of women and their bodies. We were thought to be connected to the untamed natural world. We were therefore unruly and dangerous and required constant vigilance.

Ilze Bebris' installation explores the issues central to this fairy tale—using text, images, drawings, and 30 ceramic red shoes. At first sight the installation seems unassuming. However, this impression belies the remarkable effect that it has on the viewer. The different perspectives, or 'voices', that the work presents are all very appropriate, from the onerous commands to be virtuous, to the frightened pleas for forgiveness, and the defiant voice that will not be controlled. Bebris gives space to all of them, but most importantly, previously silenced voices are given the opportunity to speak out. In this way, the issues of obedience, control, and socialisation are explored, along with the possibilities for freedom from them.

When viewing this installation, I was amazed that I still felt the shock, guilt and fear that I had when I first read the tale. I was saddened by the poor little girl who was punished so harshly, and I wondered how many other women had read this story at bed time and taken its message too much to heart. For even though I have rejected many other myths of femininity, I have found that stories can have a lingering effect. However, this installation, with its critical look at 'goodness,' has helped me to be more aware of society's commands to be a 'good girl,' and it has also inspired me to reclaim my right to wear red shoes. ❖

Salvation for Seagal: action, comedy, and steak

BY GREG URSIC

EXIT WOUNDS
now playing

The martial arts genre is typified by bad acting (anything with Chuck Norris), and nonexistent plots (*Black Mask*), but recently pop-up characters have made *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* and *Rush Hour* anomalies. *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* boasted an in-depth story line, strong characters (women no less), stunning cinematography, and amazing fight sequences, while *Rush Hour* was intentionally comedic and turned out to be a blockbuster. Could this trend lead to respect from the studios and the film-going public? Well, let's not get carried away.

Orin Boyd is part Dirty Harry, part Serpico—a rogue cop with a bad attitude, taking his oath to serve and protect, but thinking nothing of bending the rules, and particularly despising dirty cops. After one too many "gut reactions," Orin gets reassigned to the worst precinct in the city and soon discovers that a major drug dealer is working with several of the city's finest. The question becomes "who are the real crooks?"

Steven Seagal is acknowledged as an Aikido expert. He also happens to be arrogant, temperamental, a bad actor, and known for taking himself far too seriously. While his earlier films were not what anyone would consider 'cinematic watersheds,' they did have excellent action sequences. His most recent works have been forgettable at best. Maybe that explains the 'new' Seagal.

Exit Wounds has a bonafide plot, several of the characters think before they strike, the fight sequences are stylishly choreographed, the pulse-quickening action sequences are tightly edited, and there is an overall unique sense of humour. Seagal has even learned to poke fun at himself, and his character's bad attitude is the focus of a running gag. DMX, meanwhile, is more than adequate as an actor, but I wouldn't suggest he abandon his music career anytime soon. Both actors, however, are overshadowed by the duo of Tom Arnold and Anthony Anderson who provide constant comic relief throughout the film, especially during the credits—do not leave until the screen goes black and the credits run, trust me on this one.

While there are several particularly ridiculous moments—Seagal's pistol transforming into a machine gun comes to mind, and enough beefcake to supply Black Angus for a month—action movie fans will be able to overlook them, and get a good dose of humour in the process. ❖

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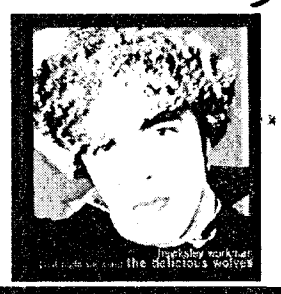

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CHAIRMAN MAU

by Michelle Mossop

Toronto designer Bruce Mau thinks that design can change life

life can change design

(Mau-isms: Selections from Bruce Mau's *Incomplete Manifesto for Growth*

Designer Bruce Mau bears an uncanny resemblance to Chairman Mao. Besides the pronunciation common to their names, both men are large, have short dark hair and wear mandarin-collared jackets.

But while the former Chinese leader certainly has fewer followers than he once did, Toronto's Mau is widely considered the guru of design. His recent visit to Vancouver, part of a tour to promote his new book, *Life Style*, drew over 500 people to a Downtown Eastside warehouse on a rainy Thursday night.

At 626 pages, the book, published in the fall, chronicles Mau's creative projects over the last decade. His studio, Bruce Mau Designs, boasts an impressive roster of clients, including the Andy Warhol Museum, the Art Gallery of Ontario, Hortensia Völchers in Vienna, Roots and, notably, Zone Books in New York, with which Mau has been affiliated for the past 16 years.

The book has been widely acclaimed and has sold out in bookstores across North America and Europe, despite its hefty price tag of $98. But when Mau stood in front of a room full of Vancouver's top designers, architects and artists, he was very unassuming indeed.

He cracked a joke about the book. "We had some book cloth left over. So I decided to make myself a book jacket."

According to Mau, *Life Style* is not about lifestyle–it's about the choices people make in their lives. "For me, the book is really about this intersection of life and the stylistic choices we make." Mau includes in his book his famous 43-point manifesto, which provides his advice for creative growth, and from which many designers have taken their guiding principles.

Principles such as

18. Stay up late.. Strange things happen when you've gone too far, been up too long, worked too hard and you're separated from the rest of the world.

and

37. Break it, stretch it, bend it, crush it, crack it, fold it.

Born in Sudbury, Ontario, Mau studied science in high school, but wanted to experiment with art as well. His guidance counsellor told him that it was too late to switch careers. But Mau decided to spend a year in an art program for students with no previous experience, and then immersed himself in various aspects of art–drawing, ceramics, photography and prints.

Mau then enrolled at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto. But he found the courses too elementary, and soon dropped out. He went to work at Fifty Fingers–a design studio in Toronto. A year later, he moved to London, where he worked at Pentagram Design, an internationally-renowned design firm, but one in which he felt constrained by bureaucracy.

By 1983, he was back in Toronto to help start a studio called Public Good. Here he was able to create a creative office environment that allowed each designer to be more independent. The studio created ad campaigns and informational materials for unions, government agencies and cultural institutions.

In 1985, Mau was asked to design a series of titles for Zone Books, and Bruce Mau Designs was born. The first book, *Zone 1/2*, was a collaboration between the studio, cultural theorists, philosophers, writers and photographers, and was intended as a discussion of urbanism in contemporary society. The book was Mau's claim to fame–its radical design was the starting point for a new design philosophy that linked content to presentation. *Zone 1/2* is not an illustration of urban contexts so much as it is is model of urban space.

Late one night in London, while watching a truck deliver its load to a McDonald's, Bruce Mau had a moment of clarity.

"I realised that the split between the tractor and the trailer was, in fact, a model of our culture. And in particular, of design culture," Mau said.

Mau believed that the separation of delivery and content made the driver unaware of what he was delivering.

"Any political or ethical implication that might derive from its contents were in no way attached to him," Mau said. "He was a driver, driving the tractor. The trailor and its substance was the responsibility of someone else." And Mau could not imagine a clearer definition of conventional design.

Over the past 16 years, Mau and his studio have tackled a number of complex, cross-disciplinary creative projects, one of which was an interpretation of the Chris Marker film *La Jetée*. The film is a 28-minute long science-fiction work made up almost exclusively of stills. "When I was asked to take the project I thought 'this is going to be the easiest job of my life,'" Mau recalled.

But what Mau found was a difference in rhythm and dramatic structure between film and the page. The entire studio watched the film over 200 times until they got the timing right.

"In the space of a book you actually have to produce dramatic effect using the time of the book which is a very different temporal construct than the time of cinema, which is always working in one direction," he explained.

Mau's studio also finished an exhibition last summer in Vienna called *Stress*, an installation that explores how stress is used for economic and cultural production.

"We would establish a boundary," he explained. "Push toward that boundary as hard as we could, collapse the boundary, reestablish equilibrium at this new condition and then from there establish a new boundary."

"We didn't expect to win," Mau laughs. "But now we gotta figure out how to build a park."

Mau's studio recently won an international competition to develop Tree City, Canada's first urban national park. The site is a 320-acre, decommissioned military base north of Highway 401 in Toronto. Mau's team submitted a six-point formula of concise phrases about how the team would attempt to create a "low density of metropolitan life."

"From the outset, we declared it impossible to be able to see the future of this for the kind of accuracy that the competition was calling for," Mau explained. "So we created a formula that would produce that kind of envelope of identity, but would also allow for any number of possible parts to evolve within that envelope with response to changing conditions."

Mau stressed the uniqueness of the park–the site is an ecological disaster. After doing some soil testing, the team discovered that the land was one gram per cubic centimetre away from concrete. "You could basically fire a gun to the ground and the bullet would bounce," Mau joked.

As a result, the park must be turned into a natural site, an ambitious task that Mau describes as exhilarating.

But Mau has his critics, too. In last week's *National Post*, media critic Robert Fulfold asked "Why does everyone think so highly of Toronto designer Bruce Mau's recent forays into philosophy and social criticism? It's not that the emperor has no clothes, he has no right to the throne."

Fulford skewered Mau for failing to put forward any truly new ideas. Fulford complained that *Life Style* was merely "an elaborate exercise in self-congratulation, a designer's promotion piece." He also condemned what he deemed the brain-numbing banality of such Mau catchphrases as "Go Deep" and "You have be willing to grow."

Fulford pointed out that Mau's manifesto paraphrases Sigmund Freud.

For example:

19. Work the metaphor.. Every object has the capacity to stand for something other than what is apparent. Work on what it stands for.

Mau acknowledges that he is not a philosopher. "I am merely reporting," he said, claiming that he is merely doing his job as a designer by taking information and breaking it down into creative forms.

Mau believes that technology allows people to define design as a horizontal practice in a world of random, vertical slices.

"We evolved from a model of resource extraction to an investment model," he said, noting that efficiency should be replaced by depth, speed by growth and professional classification by integration.

"I'm not sure that this new way of working means the end of design, or whether it means that designers have become authors, or authors become designers, or all of the above," he said.

Mau is convinced that this approach is capable of producing results not otherwise possible–though there are obstacles.

"One of the dilemmas of the coming era is that there is no erasing anymore. We've lost the ability to subtract, we can only add," he said.

As the digital replaces the analog, there is no impetus to lose things, he said. In the past, it was cumbersome to store information; now the capacity to record and store material electronically is basically unlimited. "We are only now entering the era of real acceleration in the movement to capture information."

But Mau warned that sheer quantity is overpowering. He said that in order to remain in control, designers and artists, cinematographers and architects–the authors who shape culture–must become critical players.

"As the mass of volume of information increases, people search for a clear signal," Mau explained. "More powerful than ever, the role of the navigator–one who gives pattern, shape and direction to the noise–becomes indispensable."

This is, for Mau, what the designer should strive for.

"We're suggesting the designer as a difficult, frictional figure, one who cannot afford to be stable or to acknowledge boundaries as impassible," Mau said. "To try to turn our work into a constant process of growth–a living thing that responds to its environment.

"And as the environment itself evolves, [it] propagates new opportunities." ❖

9. Begin anywhere. John Cage tells us that not knowing where to begin is a common form of paralysis. His advice: begin anywhere.

16. Collaborate. The space between people working together is filled with conflict, friction, strife, exhilaration, delight and vast creative potential.

22. Make your own tools. Hybridise your tools in order to build unique things. Even simpler tools that are your own can yield entirely new avenues of exploration. Remember, tools amplify our capacities, so even a small tool can make a big difference.

25. Don't clean your desk. You might find something in the morning that you can't see tonight.

34. Make mistake faster.. This isn't my idea—I borrowed it. I think it belongs to Andy Grove.

40. Avoid Fields. Jump Fences. Disciplinary boundaries are regulatory and regulatory regimes are attempts to control the wilding of creative life. They are often understandable efforts to order what are manifold, complex, evolutionary processes. Our job is to jump fences and cross the fields.

Dancers Storm the Norm

by Tom Peacock

Soul Expressions
at the Norm Theatre
Feb. 20

Dance Dance Revolution! Now that that's out of the way, I can get on with this article, a very serious, highly-informed critical rundown of the UBC Dance Horizons show at the Norm Theatre Tuesday night.

The show, called *Soul Expressions*, was billed as an eclectic repertoire of dance. Jazz, tap, modern, hip-hop, and ballet were all showcased during the two-hour show. At the end, there was even an impromptu break-dancing contest with guys doing backflips, windmills, headspins, and various other bodily contortions all up in each other's faces.

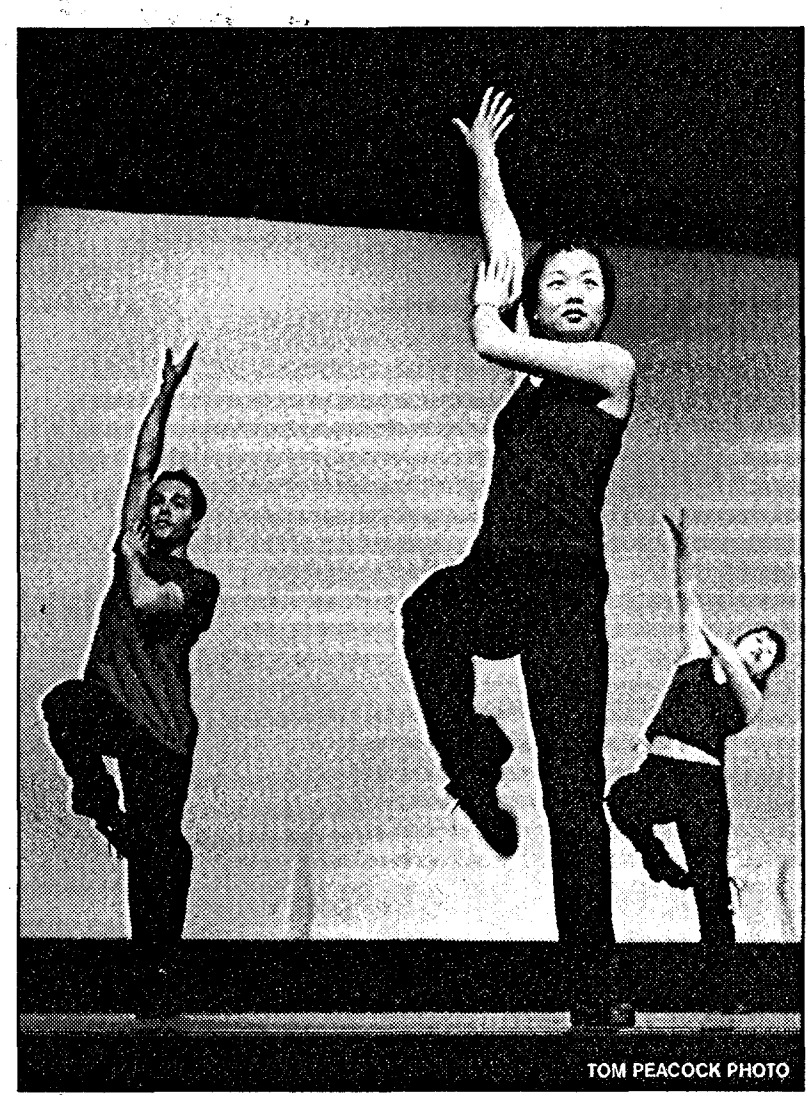
The show got off to a shaky start as the first group of hip-hop dancers found their legs and dealt with performance jitters. Stacey Grubb followed the hip-hop group with a solo traditional dance from somewhere with the Roma, and the show was just jiggy from there on in.

Of course, Dance Horizons is a student dance club, not a professional organisation. A large chunk of the members are pretty new to dancing, so there was going to be some glitches, some ill-timed steps. Having said that, the quality of the dancing and the choreography was surprisingly high. It's obvious the club doesn't skimp when it comes to finding teachers.

One of the more interesting aspects of the show was the fact that a lot of the dancers appeared in more than one different style of dance, sometimes consecutively. It was fun to look for the different dancers as you followed along on the program. Gita Harris, for one, did a little hip-hop number with her friend Sheila Lee, dressed in the necessary baggy cargoes and windbreakers. Harris then returned to the stage minutes later costumed as a ballerina. After the ballet dance, she once again took the stage in street wear for another hip-hop number. It was hilarious to watch her hop around, trying to get into the right headspace before the music started.

The solo dances added necessary pause and pace to having my senses bombarded by a stream of figures taking the stage. Trina Isackson, Krista Savage, Rona "showing the love with one sparkling glove" Kertesz, Sheana Lehigh, Elissa Clifford, Stacey Grubb, and Sarah Kennedy all added their own unique flavour to the program.

But the highlight of the show for my highly-trained eye were the ballet pieces, "Moments" and "Beyond the Bliss." It's probably because (okay, I'll admit it) I haven't seen that much ballet, but these two pieces were the most beautiful to watch. All in all, a good show, a fun time, and that's about all I have to say about that! ❖



TOM PEACOCK PHOTO

French Baroque and First Nations dance show

by Anna King

UBC First Nations Longhouse
Mar. 17

Anyone looking for a little cultural contrast should have checked out last Saturday's French baroque and First Nations dance show at UBC's First Nations Longhouse. Yup, you read that right. French baroque music and dance (powdered wigs, short pants, knee-high stockings, leaping, prancing, and vigorous orchestral music) interspersed with First Nations music and dance (stories of animal spirits, powerful drumming, chanting, and scary masks). A perfectly Canadian idea.

As Tom Durrie, president of the Pacific Baroque Orchestra, commented, there are similarities between these traditions that made for smooth transitions between pieces. Both dance styles are based on storytelling and mythology, create an elegant and simple tone, and reveal a fascination with the natural world. Still, it took a while to get over the performance's inherent bizarreness. And I'm not entirely sure that I got over it.

The music and dance itself, however, was top-quality. The 17 members of the Pacific Baroque Orchestra, led by its artistic director and acclaimed violinist, Marc Destrubé, played pieces by Jean-Baptiste Lully, Martin Marais, and Jean-Philippe Rameau with a breathtaking mix of passion and sensitivity. Destrubé, in particular, brought extraordinary energy and imagination to the performance. The baroque dancers, Thomas Baird and Paige Whitley-Bauguess, aptly demonstrated the tradition's lively, mannered style with a piece they arranged themselves, "Une Fête Marine," and a selection from Rameau's "Les Indes Galantes." Both are highly accomplished dancers who tour internationally.

"Une Fête Marine" tells the story of a tragic love triangle—one lover, however, is an evil Cyclops. "Les Indes Galantes" is also a love triangle, but presents the feather-wearing "sauvages" as a people superior to the French and Spanish colonisers in the ways of love and peaceful living. The baroque era was definitely intrigued by the myth of the noble savage, which was a bit strange to witness in the Longhouse. Still, the program's intent was simply to present two different traditions from approximately the same historical period, without passing judgment, and in this it was successful.

The Squamish First Nations S'pak'wus Slulum (Eagle Song Dancers) also kept the audience riveted with vibrant singing, traditional clothing, and masks—engaging stories and an sense of humour. "Kakul'lita" (Wild Women of the Forest) tells the story of a "Smililh" or sasquatch who paddles across the Georgia Strait and cannot return to her village. Other dances included tributes to the Eagle and Mountain Lion, an opening prayer song, and the final piece of the performance, "Celebration of Life." Bob Baker, leader of S'pak'wus Slulum, prefaced each dance with some gentle and/or hilarious statement. Before one dance he made the audience repeat a Squamish-sounding word a number of times then said, "Man, you guys'll say anything." The S'pak'wus Slulum are also accomplished performers; many of them work as part of *Híwus*, a nationally acclaimed First Nations dance and culture performance that takes place atop Grouse Mountain.

Both elements of the program were excellent, but I still can't avoid the obvious question: Did it work? I'll give you the obvious answer: sort of. Both the Native and baroque musicians looked and sounded at home in the expansive cedar Longhouse, and while the baroque dancers looked a bit out of place, it wasn't too jarring because they used the majesty of the room to their advantage. And since Destrubé, who conceived of and directed the project, didn't attempt anything silly like trying put the dancers on stage together, the performance felt like a simple presentation of differing art. Still, after the show ended, I was left wondering what to make of it all. Maybe it was the discovery (hardly a true discovery, it's just that I'd never thought of it before) that I am way more familiar and comfortable with coastal First Nations traditions than goofy French baroque ones. And this is from a white girl who actually liked French immersion. ❖

SCARY SASQUATCH: First Nations singers and members of the orchestra look on as a Smililh (a female sasquatch) entertains the audience during the French Baroque and First Nations dance show. ANNA KING PHOTO

(Dis)unity

BY ALICIA MILLER

UNITY (1918)
at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre until Mar. 24th

The promotions material for the first-ever production of *Unity (1918)* depicts a staid, pensive World War I soldier above the image of a railway snaking around a Saskatchewan wheat pool. This juxtaposition of images, combined with the title of the play, seems to foreshadow a production about life in a small Canadian prairie town during World War I. The program, however, refers to the play's topic as a "forgotten chapter of Canadian history." Forget the first World War? How could we?

But it is not the war itself that playwright Kevin Kerr proposes has been left out of our cultural memory. It's the Spanish Flu epidemic. If, like me, you indeed know nothing of this epidemic, then your next question is: "What's that?" The Spanish Flu epidemic was the most deadly infectious virus outbreak in history. From September to November of 1918, this deadly and unusual strain of influenza spread throughout the world, aided by the return of soldiers after the end of the war. It overcame mainly young, strong adults and resulted in an estimated 20 to 80 million deaths worldwide. In Canada, more people died during four weeks of the epidemic than during four years of World War I.

Kerr uses *Unity (1918)* to explore the Spanish Flu epidemic and its impact on Canada during and after the final days of the war. The play begins in Unity, Saskatchewan—a small prairie town with not much more than a railway platform to mark its existence—on October 15, 1918. This date marks just less than a month until the end of the war, as well as the 21st birthday of Beatrice, the narrator of the play.

Beatrice, a slightly awkward young woman with an insightful eye and a helpful heart, is played by Michelle Porter to intense, wide-eyed excess. Too innocent, too cutesy and too over-the-top, the character deserves a bit more grounding than is allotted in Porter's portrayal. Nevertheless, Beatrice's bursts of narrative, which she reads or recites from her personal journal, provide the backbone of the play. In addition to introducing Beatrice, the first scene of the play also introduces Beatrice's best friend Mary, who is engaged to a soldier overseas, and Beatrice's younger sister Sissy, who is interested only in boys and the imminent end of the world.

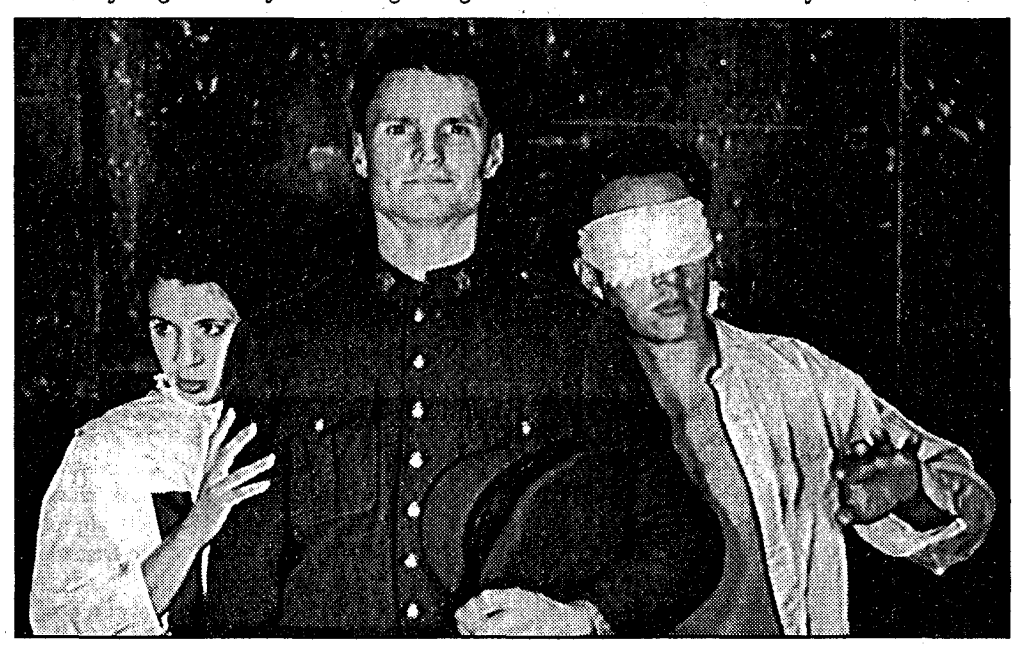
Rounding out the cast of characters are Sunna Thorson, the town's 15-year-old female undertaker, and Stan, a poor local farmer whose wife dies in childbirth. The nosy telegraph and telephone operators, who enter and exit the action by way of an innovative switchboard office/trolley, and Michael, a life-loving young man not yet old enough to fight in the war, are also introduced. The next few scenes reveal the contrasting personalities of the two sisters: while Beatrice yearns for a boy named Glen, now a soldier overseas with no inkling of her desire for him, her sister Sissy capably and eagerly seduces the young Michael.

After the two busybody operators learn that a soldier is on a train bound for Unity, word spreads quickly through town. Beatrice, excited at the prospect that it might be Glen, Mary, excited at the prospect that it might be her fiancé, and Sissy, excited at the prospect that it might be male and breathing, all hasten to the railway station to greet the soldier. But only Sissy's hope comes true. It is Hart, a soldier blinded during the war. After passing through Halifax, where everyone is dying or dead from the flu—including his own mother—he has continued onto Unity in hope of finding his father.

After Hart's arrival, news of the flu and its continued progress towards Unity infiltrates the town, causing widespread hysteria and fear. Although no one in the town has been infected by the virus, the people of Unity nevertheless don masks and close themselves off to visitors. But despite their efforts, the flu arrives all the same, and one by one, the townspeople are afflicted.

The remainder of the play deals with the impact that the flu has on its victims. Thankfully, the play's moribund subject matter is offset by many moments of hilarity. While the jokes provide an appreciated levity to the situation, they also serve to add to a growing feeling of discomfiture and unease.

The play's second act fails to live up to expectation. The characters and ideas of the first half establish a solid foundation for some interesting plot developments, but little resolution to the issues is provided. A scene during the second act which features two new characters—both old-time prairie farmers—chatting about local events, seems frivolous and unnecessary. When Glen, Beatrice's crush, returns from the war, we learn that he has gotten married, but then that plotline also falls by the wayside. A series of ridiculous lines, such as when Hart imitates Sunna's voice and responds to her questions in a conversation with himself, pervade the script, as do over-dramatic ensemble processions, songs and recitations, which do little to enhance the plot or enforce the themes.



According to the play's program, *Unity (1918)* "looks at life through the lens of death." Although this is true and as such is not, in itself, problematic, the play also attempts to look at life through many other lenses—including those of Canadian identity, immigration, heroism, war, love, media distortion, the railway, the apocalypse, poverty, family, women's sexuality and, of course, unity. While Kerr admirably tackled a number of large themes and topics, in the end the plot of *Unity (1918)* is nothing if not disunified. ❖

THE UBYSSEY

FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 2001
VOLUME 82 ISSUE 44

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There was a riot going on in *the Ubyssey* candy store. Chris Shepherd was throwing wine gums at Sarah Morrison while Jastine Chen was tying up Michelle Mossop with licorice ropes. Even Nic Fensom was getting out of hand, devouring marshmallow bananas by the handful and encouraging Alex Dimson to steal Pez dispensers. Tom Peacock was cruising around the store on his skateboard knocking chocolate bars to the floor, which Tristan Winch was picking up and stuffing in his jacket to take home to Tara Westover. With the encouragement of Hywel Tuscano, Regina Yung was trying to see how many lollipops she could stick in her mouth and had so far managed to squeeze in 13. Hiding behind the counter were Holland Gidney and Daliah Merzaban, both sucking on jawbreakers and watching Laura Blue shower Graeme Worthy with midget mix and Swedish fish. In another part of the store, Anna King, Greg Ursic, and Michelle Bastian were getting bubblegum stuck in their hair. Even Nicholas Bradley and Duncan McHugh were raising hell, having pinned Ron Nurwisah against the wall with their barrage of jelly beans. Unfortunately, because they were allergic to sugar, Helen Eady and Alicia Miller couldn't join in the fun.

Canadian University Press
Canada Post Sales Agreement Number 0732141

It's Vietnam all over again

It would appear that the US is in the midst of losing another war. But this time, not even bombing the hell out of Cambodia is going to do anything to stop the inevitable.

The battle being waged is the US government's 'War on Drugs,' and the all-out, no-holds-barred, black-and-white attack on narcotics is not going quite as planned. Drugs are still pouring in, people are still getting fucked up, the jails are bursting, and there's not a whole heck of a lot the government can do to rectify the situation.

The US' approach to the drug problem is something akin to an alcoholic blaming the bartender for his or her affliction. Never mind that the reason narcotics became such a lucrative market for 'producing' countries–as the US' Drug Enforcement Agency dubbed them–is because demand is so high. Even so, the government proceeds to lock up every pusher in sight, only to have another dozen pop up to take his place.

When American President George W. Bush went to Mexico as his first foreign visit, it appeared that Mexican President Vicente Fox was shaping up to be the new Republican leader's lapdog. Not so.

Last week, Fox showed a surprising amount of independence–and guts–when, agreeing with Mexican police officials, he advocated the legalisation of drugs as the only effective way to combat narcotics trafficking.

The philosophy of legalisation is becoming more and more accepted everywhere. Here in Vancouver, Mayor Phillip Owen announced a new drug policy last November that includes safe injection sites and the medicinal administration of heroin to recovering users. The policy changes come as part of a new 'harm-reduction' approach to the drug problem in the Downtown Eastside.

As well, there have been challenges in the Supreme Court of Canada recently over the legitimacy of laws criminalising marijuana.

Prompting changes in public sentiment are the obviously futile efforts of governments spending huge sums of money trying to crack down on the international drug trade. The money would be much more effectively used supporting social awareness and education programs designed to tackle drug dependency at a community level.

The Free Trade Agreement of the Americas' conference is happening in Québec City next month. Uruguayan President Jorge Batlle said in an interview last week that he will attempt to open the question of legalisation to debate at the conference.

The benefits of decriminalising drugs may not be enough to compel leaders auch as Fox or Batlle to actually pursue legalisation–fear of economic reprisals from the US could effectively quash these sentiments, no matter how entrenched in reason they might be.

Still, while no one should expect a global legalisation any time soon, it's encouraging to see the grasp of America's moral crusade against drugs loosening. The 'War on Drugs' has been, and continues to be, a horrible and misguided endeavour. It is time for the US and its partners to admit that they lost the war, and for them to find a new approach.

As President Batlle said recently, "Have you watched *Traffic*? Go tomorrow." ❖

letters

Lifeline sees no joke in GAP protest

It is very nice for Mr. Dimson that he found Wednesday's display "circus-like" ("GAP returns twice in seven days" [Mar. 20]). I will admit it was ridiculous.

But there was no humour in it for Lifeline members, who are aware that Students for Choice members have been violent (and unrepentant of that violence) in the past. At least one of the students who had previously attacked a Lifeline display and shown an inability to control her emotions was there on Wednesday. Far from finding the situation amusing, Lifeline members were afraid for their safety.

Students for Choice's actions constitute a blatant intimidation tactic. Their proximity was a threat to our personal security. And while Mr. Dimson reported that we hung our signs where they could not be blocked, he did not report on the religious slurs that the counter-protesters hurled in their anger at being thwarted. While I take offense at Students for Choice's assumptions of the demographics of our club, my true complaint is that any students feel they have the right to persecute others for their religious beliefs.

We may have looked "bizarre" out there on Wednesday, but there was a sinister overtone to the actions of Students for Choice that Mr. Dimson failed to reveal. Please be aware that Lifeline will not succumb to the intimidation and harassment of Students for Choice. Until, of course, there is an end to the genocide of the most vulnerable members of our society.

–Gillian Long
Lifeline member

Abortions do not constitute genocide

In "Abortion breaks Lifeliners' hearts," (Letters [Mar. 13]) J. VanderHorst uses the following definition of genocide to argue that abortions constitute genocide: "the deliberate and systematic destruction of a national, racial, religious, political, cultural, ethnic or other group defined by the exterminators as undesirable." Such a definition renders the term genocide meaningless. Any law can then be interpretated as constituting genocide against the group of people who practice (d) what the law prohibits. (Pot smokers are just one example of a group that is then threatened through genocide). In fact, this definition would mean that Lifeline members take part in a genocide of pro-choice people. Not only do Lifeline members promote hate towards women by comparing them to Nazis and the KKK and thus hamper the ability of women to freely and openly debate abortions, by aiming to illegalise abortion, they want to take away women's ability to have an abortion. Together with the people who kill abortion doctors and the people who threaten those of us who are openly pro-choice (through death threats, repeated phone calls, etc) they are taking part in the deliberate and systematic destruction of the group of pro-choice people. Some of us are killed, others silenced through intimidation and eventually we might be "assimilated" and an important women's right (practised for centuries under more or less favourable conditions) will be lost.

–Katja Cronauer
PhD student
Interdisciplinary studies

Respect the cyclists!

by Sharon Lis

Wake up, drivers! The roads are not just for vehicles. Remember us, the cyclists. We too have a place on the streets of metropolitan Vancouver. At least this was my understanding when I took driver education. So what is happening? Why must I fear for my life each time I take my bike onto public roads? Does my terror come from the fact that motorists ignore my very presence as I timidly advance along the roadside, or could my inhibitions stem from the countless near misses? Perhaps I would not be so scared if roads and traffic lights were more accommodating to cyclists.

It doesn't seem to matter that I wear reflective clothing and a helmet, or that my bicycle's brakes and tires are maintained. Nor does it matter that I use appropriate hand signals and stay to the side of the road except when turning. I am on a bike, not in a tank, and if a vehicle hit me or cut me off, I could be killed while the vehicle might sustain a mere scratch.

I have been using my bicycle for many years as an environmentally friendly mode of transportation. Unfortunately, most of the busier roads in the city are bike-savage. Aside from a couple of bike routes along side streets, bikers have no space to ride safely. This was a problem when I commuted to Simon Fraser University (SFU) along Gaglardi Way and continues to be a problem now that ride regularly to UBC.

Gaglardi Way is the main access route to SFU and the top of Burnaby mountain. Cyclists are limited to a foot-wide bike lane for most of the ascent. Cars, trucks and buses race up and down Gaglardi, often exceeding 100 km/h. Bikers are completely exposed and susceptible to being hit as they grind up the steeper sections of the road. I once experienced a close call riding up Gaglardi. A car passing another lost control next to me, slid across the lane, hit another car and stopped only metres from me. I had no avenue of escape because the narrow bike lane was and still is bordered by a high curb. Unfortunately, a few years ago millions of dollars were spent to improve the roadways around Burnaby Mountain but nothing was done to improve the bike lane up Gaglardi Way.

Now, I cycle to UBC. The fastest, most direct route for me to take to UBC is along 16th Avenue. Sixteenth Avenue is hazardous along the stretch of road between Arbutus and Cambie Street. At rush hour the cars line up, pumping out fumes and hugging the curb. To avoid asphyxiation and being squashed, I am forced to ride on the sidewalk. On the rare occasion that I can remain on the road, vehicles skim within inches of my bike, feeling like giant vacuum cleaners suctioning the road. A passing bus or truck resembles a twister sucking me into its midst. I fear what would happen if I hit a bump or lost my balance while being passed.

Each day that I ride my apprehension grows. Two weeks ago I was riding downhill on 12th Avenue near Macdonald Street when a minivan turned directly in front of me. I instantly braked, lurching my bike into the air. The van continued like it had not seem me. I proceeded, heart pounding, limbs still intact.

Last week, I was offered the opportunity to bounce off two car doors on route to downtown. Drivers generally check for other vehicles before stepping out of their car. What about cyclists? WE DO NOT have emergency braking systems or a set of armour!

Yes, I too know what it feels to be driving behind a bike weaving side to side, blocking passage. The frustration builds. The impatience grows. The foot goes to the pedal. No doubt some people should not be on a bike even on a deserted road. But then there is the timid rider attempting to get from point A to B. Are they safer hugging the curve or hogging the whole lane? I vote for hogging the lane. At least they will have somewhere to go when a car passes too close or cuts them off.

Drivers simply do not respect the rights of cyclists! They pass too close. They turn without looking. Motorists speed up when they see a cyclist signaling to turn left and pull over to the right without checking that blind spot. Frequently, vehicles back up or pull out of a driveway or onto a road having seen a bike approaching. Let's not forget the number of times people get out of their cars by throwing the door open and then looking, or motorists that cut directly in front of cyclists, in their ever-frantic rush.

Cyclists can only ride so fast. We cannot stop instantly. It takes much more energy for a cyclist to stop than for a motorist to put their foot on the brakes. We do not have the ability to manoeuvre through obstacles. And we do not wear earplugs.

I enjoy cycling. It is great exercise and is definitely an environmentally-friendly mode of travel. Unfortunately, I am forced more and more to ride defensively and aggressively. I have not been hit yet...Given the way people drive in the Lower Mainland, my luck may run out. It is time for motorists to pay attention to cyclists! We also need a spot on the streets. Slow down. Look before you act. And please, do not blast that horn! ❖

–Sharon Lis is a first-year Education student.

Head in the clouds...

by Chris Dingwall

When it came time to close the 20th century, people around the world were asked who was the most influential individual of that century. The editors of *Time* magazine chose Albert Einstein. A fine man and a decent publication, but hardly the collective voice of the human spirit. But tell that to Patrick Bruskiewich and you're liable to be called mean and nasty, or, dare I say it, goofy. I should know; I have suffered Mr. Bruskiewich's biting wit firsthand in his recent rebuttal to my rebuttal of his rebuttal of some other rebuttal in the endless battle between pretentious Science students and pretentious Arts students over whose tuition pays the better faculty.

Now, mean and nasty I can handle—the original title of my letter in question was, incidentally, "Patrick Bruskiewich is a cunt" (thankfully changed before publication). But goofy? I may not be a grad student, or have 15 years of private-sector day-dreaming under my belt, or be vaguely acquainted with dead people with impressive titles who knew somebody more famous than they, or have enough postage to send a dignified letter to our prime minister, or even be published outside this campus, but, then again, I'm 18 years old. I offer no apology for being "goofy," or "mean and nasty" or criticising a man who thinks one inferior simply because of the faculty one chose to enter.

To say that the orthodox view on this campus—that Science is the only worthwhile faculty and that Arts is a glorified Hamburger U—somehow goes against Mr. Bruskiewich's argument is baffling. Indeed, his argument goes to fanciful, shallow lengths to validate this view. In raising Einstein to the level of a messiah heralding a new age of science and peace and brotherhood he cheapens the man. Einstein the scientist is inseparable from $E=mc^2$ as Einstein the man is inseparable from pacifism. Einstein never believed that science alone could cure the ills of humanity when he himself was appalled by the uses of his science to level Japan; to say otherwise is to simplify an exceedingly complex and rare individual (and a man goofy in his own right).

Indeed, a scientist cannot live without art just as an artist cannot live without science. Imagine Sophocles without the logic and order of the Greeks, Da Vinci without the humanism of the renaissance, or modern art without the relativism of Einstein (and vice versa). Art and science throughout history have worked and conflicted in tandem to reflect their common origin: society. Science is the most artistic thing we do only in the sense that art is the most scientific thing we do.

I think this is the point Mr. Bruskiewich is trying to make—that art and science are two sides to a coin—but he severely muddles it with such bragging and posturing that any authority he has is lost; he forgets the other side of the coin. He rests his point not on any facts, but on a flimsy assumption that Science students have a manifest right to idealism over all others. He should note, however, that of my many friends in Science, most are not so much interested in using science to "carry the brunt of human knowledge" as they are in trying not to fail Math 104 and English 112.

Having your head in the clouds and hope in your heart is an admirable thing, something valued in the sciences and arts; to be sure, an essential part of being human. However, Mr. Bruskiewich, it's good to come down every now and then to remember your own place in the madding crowd, or else you risk crossing the fine line between having your head in the clouds and having your head up your ass. ❖

–Chris Dingwall is a first-year Arts student.

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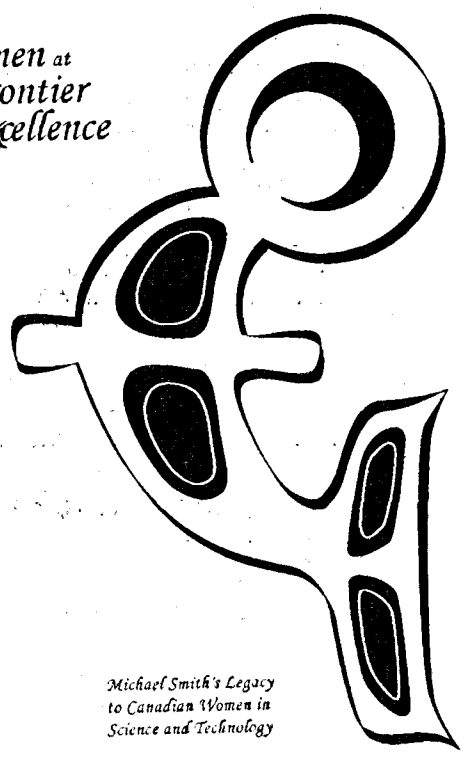
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UBC SCWIST

Health plan premiums could rise

by Alex Dimson

UBC students are likely to be paying more for the Alma Mater Society (AMS) Health and Dental Plan in September.

The AMS Council decided Wednesday night to inform the university that premiums for the plan will increase from $168 to $176.75 per student.

The current AMS Health and Dental Plan contract will expire August 31 of this year.

When the health plan was first approved by a 1999 student referendum, the question stipulated that the cost of the plan would be indexed to inflation.

The proposed $8.75 increase matches the 5.2 per cent rise in the Consumer Price Index (CPI)–a standard measurement of inflation–since the health plan was first implemented in January 2000.

AMS Vice-President of Finance Yvette Lu said that negotiations with the insurance provider for the next contract are still ongoing, but the AMS is expecting the premiums will have to rise.

"It's probably going to be increased, but we're not positive yet. If it's going to go in the calendar we have to let [UBC's] Board of Govenors know...so students don't have a surprise when the calendar says $168 and it's actually $176," she said.

According to Lu, the health plan's insurance company experienced a greater-than-expected demand since the health plan's inception, and is insisting that the AMS pay a higher rate.

While the details of negotiations have not been made public, Lu acknowledged the possibility that the insurance company may require a premium increase higher than the CPI.

In this case, Lu said that the AMS has over $200,000 saved in a reserve fund to cover the difference. If this fund is depleted, however, the AMS would be compelled to take the health plan back to a third referendum to get a fee increase approved by students.

But Lev Bukhman, the executive director of StudentCare Networks (SCN), the AMS' health plan service provider, said that he doesn't expect the insurance provider to demand more than what the AMS has set aside.

"We will definitely be able to come to an agreement with the insurance company based on the available premiums that they have," Bukhman said.

"We are doing lots of number crunching and going back and forth to come up with what is the best possible deal within the AMS' resources, which are limited." ❖

Safety audit finds flaws

by Chris Shepherd

An annual student-organised review of campus safety has found that many of UBC's relatively new blue light phones aren't functioning.

Last Thursday evening, 30 volunteers–including students, staff, and administrators–braved the chilly temperatures to perform the Alma Mater Society (AMS)'s annual safety audit, which surveys the campus to determine trouble spots and offer safety recommendations.

This year, volunteers focused on the southern end of campus, and found that many of the blue light phones, which are designed to connect people in crisis with either the RCMP or Campus Security, do not work properly.

Problems with the phones included broken strobe lights and not hearing or being heard by the person on the other end of the line.

Sue Brown, co-coordinator of Safewalk, said that the failure of the blue lights is a major concern. There have been 27 active blue light phones installed around campus since 1996.

"If they're not working it breaks down people's confidence in the system," she said.

David Grigg, associate director of UBC's Campus Planning who helped with the audit, indicated that the university will begin to repair the phones immediately.

"If the light goes wrong it'll be [fixed by] Plant Operations. If it's a telephone issue we go back to...ITServices," Grigg assured.

Auditors also noted that at many locations lights were not working on campus. Plant Operations has been working to rectify this problem with a failed light reporting program.

In previous years, the audit has been criticised for failing to focus on areas of campus which might pose significant security risks, such as peripheral areas where many students travel at night.

But AMS Safety Coordinator Tommy Gerschman said that this year's audit was an improvement over previous years' because it looked at routes rather than zones.

"Students don't travel in straight square lines, so we felt that routes that are heavily used would be something worthwhile to look at," he explained.

One such route was the path between Totem Park residence and the SUB, which was identified in a recent university study has having many "areas of fear" along it.

Brown said that she is working with Grigg to possibly install blue light phones at shortcuts that students often take along this route.

During the audit, each group of volunteers was given a section of the campus to audit, and the facilitator for each group was responsible for ensuring that different safety issues–such as traffic density, lighting quality, and functioning of the blue lights–were monitored.

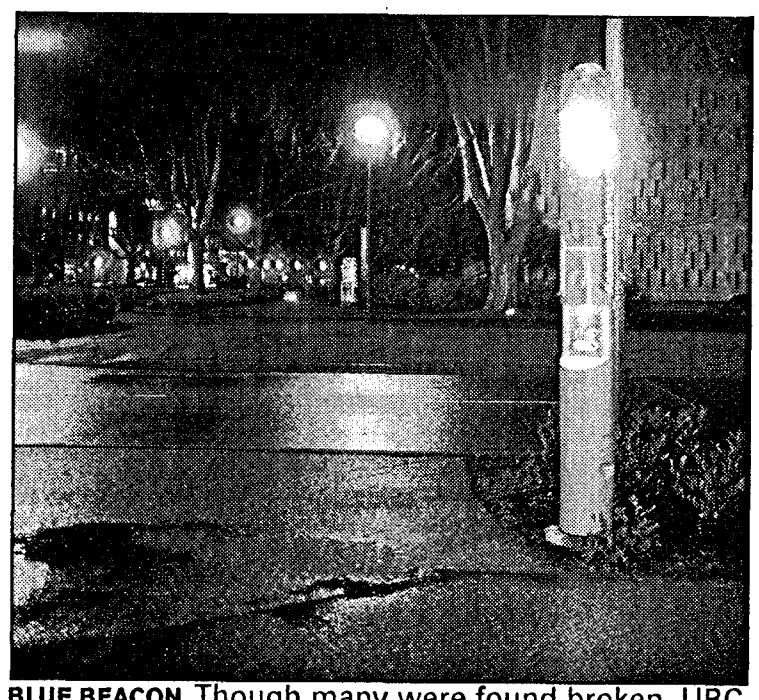
Due to a low volunteer turnout, two zones were not covered.

Gerchman said that he was surprised particularly by the low turnout of female volunteers. Even though he contacted women's groups and several residences to advertise the audit, he said that only five women came forward to assist.

"I think definitely having women coming out would make a big difference, and maybe it should focus on getting some more out, and at the same time it would be really good to get people who have problems with accessibility to come out as well," Gerchman said.

Brown agrees that the issue regarding the female attendance is an important one because it "becomes a male perspective of judging safety. And I think its important to find other ways that women can contribute."

The final report on the audit is expected to be announced soon. ❖



BLUE BEACON Though many were found broken, UBC says they should be fixed soon. CHRIS SHEPHERD PHOTO

Dude, where's my window?

KAMIKAZE PANE: Thirty-some years of routine is enough to make anyone snap and this Tuesday, rather than sliding shut as it always had, Gage east tower resident Richard Rhee's window decided it wasn't going to take it any more. Suffice to say, the 16 floor resident was rather surprised by the window's sudden change of heart, though tragically the window's exploration of the outside world was but seconds long. No one was hurt by the kamikaze pane and Gage Residence Life Manager Val Holtrom said that an investigation into the incident was underway. CHRIS SHEPHERD PHOTO

Coke ends exclusivity

by Sarah Morrison

Coca-Cola will no longer encourage the adoption of exclusivity contracts with US schools, the beverage giant announced last week.

But these same changes will not affect the company's Canadian contracts, according to a Coca-Cola spokesperson.

Coca-Cola has been criticised for encouraging exclusivity contracts at elementary and high schools, as well as at post-secondary institutions. These contracts give the company a monopoly over soft drink sales at those institutions.

Now, the beverage giant is supporting "an adoption of non-exclusive agreements with schools," according to a statement released on Coca-Cola's website last week.

Coca-Cola also promised to honour schools' wishes to limit the sale of beverages at certain places and times of the day, use non-commercial graphics on school vending machines and provide healthier drink options in the machines.

Coca-Cola's Western Canada spokesperson Scott Clark said that many of the same policies are already in place in Canada.

"Many if not all of our machines already have that variety in them, so we're very fortunate in that that's another way that our market is different than the US at this point in time," Clark said.

He added that Coca-Cola's Canadian operations do not require exclusivity in their contracts with schools. He explained that when Coca-Cola is invited to participate in a contract with an educational institution, it provides a proposal based on whether the institution prefers an exclusive or shared deal.

"Exclusivity in Canada is really set by the educational institution," Clark said.

In 1995, UBC and the Alma Mater Society (AMS) signed an exclusive agreement with Coca-Cola. Since that time, the university has faced mounting criticism over the secrecy of the deal, which is not open to the public

Members of UBC's Social Justice Centre (SJC) are concerned that this announcement is simply a ploy to deflect criticism away from the corporation.

"I think that there's definitely a higher degree of criticism about corporations and their aggressive marketing campaigns, especially in places like schools, and this is just a way of sugar-coating or diffusing those debates," said Sima Zerehi, a representative from the SJC.

SJC representative Jay McKinnon added that he doesn't see Coca-Cola's move away from exclusive contracts as a big step.

"I think that it misses the entire point, because it says that the exclusive contracts are the real evil, whereas the real evil is that you're addicting little kids to caffeinated beverages."

UBC's ten-year deal, the first signed by a Canadian university, will expire in 2005. Hubert Lai, the university's legal counsel, said that it is too early to predict whether Coca-Cola's announcement will have any effect on future negotiations.

"It's impossible to speculate about what we would or wouldn't do with Coca-Cola five years from now. It's a long time and a lot of things could change," he said.

"At that point in time, Coca-Cola might not be interested in doing any deals with the universities, this university might not be interested in doing any deals with soft drinks at that point, it's really difficult to say." ❖