THE UBYSSEY

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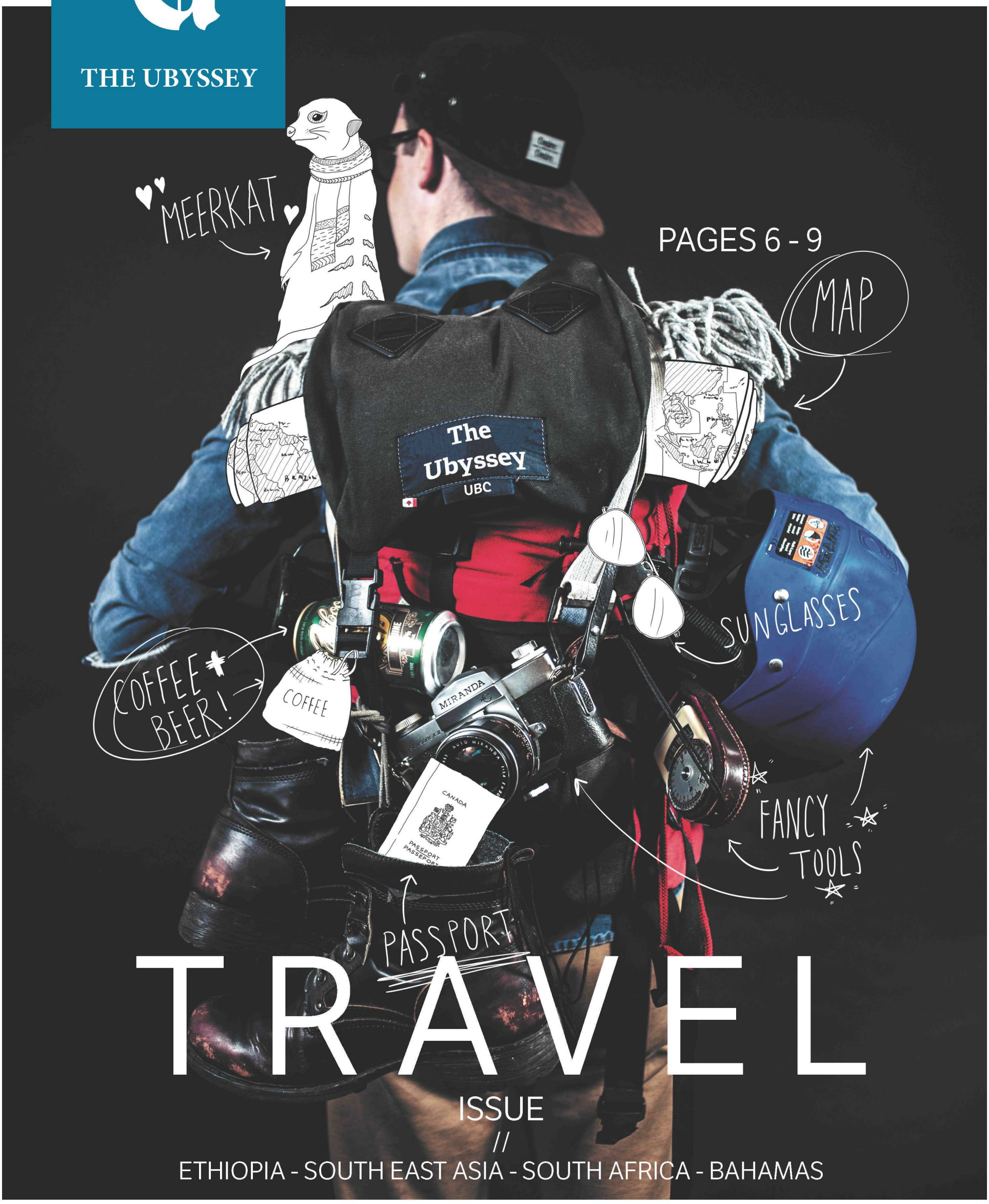

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ISSUE
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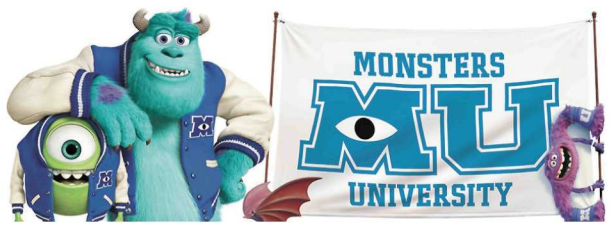

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ON THE COVER

PHOTO/ART BY
Aiken Lao and Kosta Prodanovic

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MEERKATS.

In our August 25 article "AMS accepting bids for new software" we said the university began accepting software proposals, when it was the AMS accepting proposals. *The Ubyssey* regrets the error.

THE UBYSSEY

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OUR CAMPUS

Carman Lam reflects on the eSports team she helped found

Arno Rosenfeld
Features Editor

On the heels of the UBC eSports team's big tournament win in Korea last week, club founder Carman Lam has big hopes for the team's future.

Lam hopes to see UBC begin offering scholarships to attract top gamers to the university, following in the footsteps of a handful of small universities in the United States who have started such programs in recent years.

But Lam, who was instrumental in starting the club in 2011, realizes that is a long way off. Still, the team has grown in impressive ways since four years ago when the UBC graduate helped merge a fledging League of Legends club on campus with the more established Starcraft club, which had hundreds of players already.

Lam, who was studying Japanese language and culture at the time, stepped down from a director role with the UBC Chinese Students Association to study abroad in Japan. But when the tsunami and earthquake devastated that country in 2011, she changed her plans and decided to stay in Vancouver. Looking for a new club to get involved with, she drew on a passion for gaming that had started when she was a small child.

"I was a console player before I was a gamer," Lam explained in an interview. "My dad always had consoles lying around."

She recalls playing racing and gambling games—Majong, poker and others—in Vancouver, where she was born and spent most of her school years, and Hong Kong where she lived while briefly while attending preschool, before moving on to the role-playing games more similar to those she now plays on a PC.

When she got involved with the League of Legends gaming community on campus the club started with around ten players. The merger with the Starcraft club meant the eSports team, which covers all kinds of digital gaming, grew to hundreds of players overnight. Now, Lam said, the online eSports community at UBC is around 2500 players with 500-700 official club members each year and around 50 executives.

The club has a social and competitive component, the latter of which was on full display when the team—which Lam helps manage, though she does not game for them—won the AfreecaTV International College Championships (AICC) in Korea. But the social aspect, which has included organizing visits to campus from professional gamers from the United States and Europe which drew crowds nearly 1,000 people, was one of Lam's proudest moments.

"For UBC students and anyone in Vancouver or the Lower Mainland ... [coming] to meet these guys, these pro players, it was probably a once in a lifetime opportunity," she said.

As for the struggles of managing a club, Lam said the primary issue was dealing with members' widely varying levels of commitment—something she noted all clubs face. As for being a woman in the male-dominated gaming world, Lam didn't notice any pushback against her leadership role. If anything, she said, people compliment her in ways men might not experience.

"They're like, 'Oh you can do this too, wow!," she said with a laugh.

"I think it helps that I don't really flaunt that I'm female in the gaming scene," Lam added. "My gaming handle is very neutral, maybe a bit masculine."

Lam, who graduated from UBC in 2013 with a degree in economics and is currently working in property management, is planning on scaling back her involvement with the club this year but will stay connected in an advisory role.

For the future, she only hopes that the eSports team can be supported in the same way other competitive club sports can be. If the university started recruiting and offering scholarships to top gamers at the high school level, she thinks they could jump to the top of a bourgeoning college gaming scene that has seen universities like tiny Robert Morris University in Chicago receive major publicity for starting to treat online competition like its on-the-field counterpart.

"At a school like UBC, as such a top research school, it would be an explosion!" Lam said.

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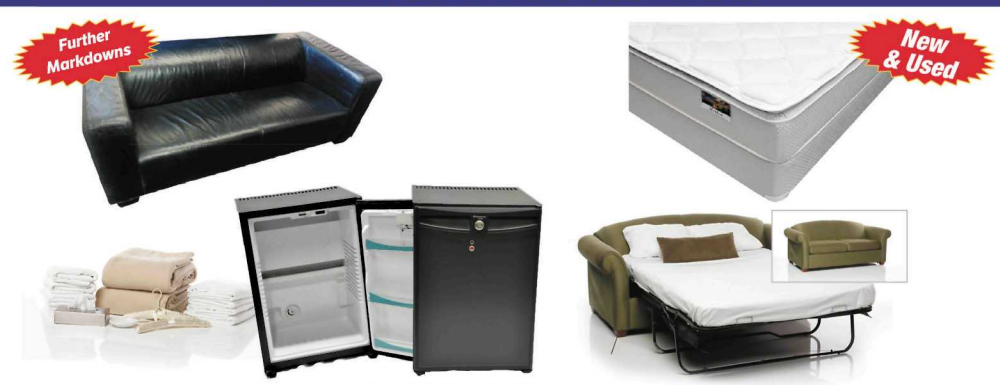

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VOTING //

AMS elections campaign to reach student voters

Emma Partridge
News Editor

Students will be able to visit a polling station on the second floor of the old SUB.

FILE PHOTO CARTER BRUNDAGE/THE UBYSSEY

It will soon be time to head to the polls. As the campaigns roll on and many wonder who to vote for, many are also wondering how exactly to vote.

The Fair Elections Act was enacted by the current Conservative federal government, and was passed last year. The act made a number of alterations to processes of voting, but a particularly famous change is requiring proof of address at the polls.

"[The act] requires that people have more than just their little voter information card," said UBC English professor Mary Chapman, who recently published a book about women getting the vote. "They need to have two pieces of ID, or one piece of ID that has both photo and address, or two pieces of ID that give you both bits of information."

The bill was controversial since certain groups, such as the Canadian Federation of Students "argued that it could be perceived as an act of voter suppression," said Chapman.

Students' addresses often change after eight months, if not more regularly, which is why the CFS was concerned that students would be suppressed from voting, as the act appears to discourage those who don't have a permanent address.

In an effort to reach the student vote, the AMS will be holding a non-partisan voter encouragement campaign. One aspect of the campaign will be a polling station on the second floor of the old SUB.

"There are about 40 or so schools across the country that are having this type of advanced all-riding polling station," said AMS VP External, Jude Crasta. "It's an effort by Elections Canada to make youth engagement a lot more tangible and accessible for students. Students fall under a very specific category ... for when it comes to residency requirements and meeting ID requirements."

According to Associate VP External Kathleen Simpson, the campaign will feature many events to augment the informational aspect of the campaign.

"Those events will be things like debate screenings and hopefully a bar talk series, things like that so that people can actually ... become engaged with the issues," said Simpson.

The campaign will cost a total of $9,323.60, with the money coming of out a "now-defunct external lobbying fund that was raised through student fees."

According to Crasta, this year's campaign is one of the larger "get-out-the-vote" campaigns put on by the AMS, and will remain non-partisan and focused on creating attention to the issues at hand.

Apathy among the youth vote is a frequent topic of discussion when elections roll around. According to Elections Canada in the 2011 federal elections, only 38.8 per cent of those between the ages of 18-24 who were eligible to vote actually did so.

The worry now is that an already apathetic portion of the populace might become more so without knowing what type of ID they need to bring to the polls. However, there are things you can bring to that polling station on the second floor of the SUB.

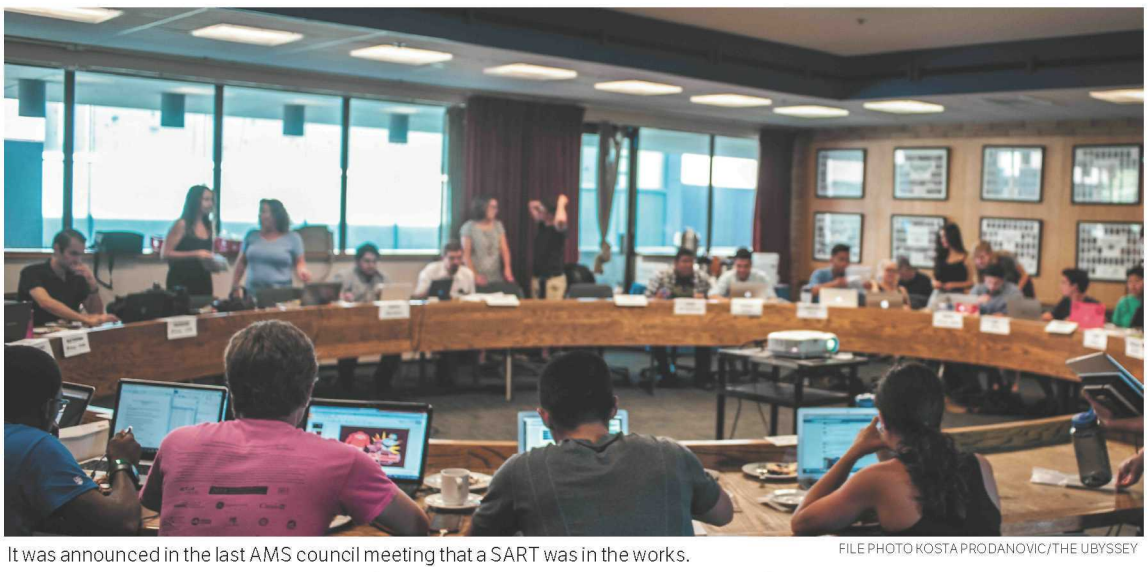
According to Crasta, UBC students can retrieve an address confirmation form from Elections Canada's website, which can be signed by the student's Residence Life Manager, and this would constitute proof of address.

Chapman also points out that a number of different documents can prove address, you just have to be organized.

"How many polls do people participate in on a daily basis, when they're going through their Facebook feed? But we ask them to walk two blocks to their community centre to chose the government ... and they don't have time, it just breaks my heart," said Chapman.

ASSAULT //

AMS developing a Sexual Assault Response Team for campus



It was announced in the last AMS council meeting that a SART was in the works.

FILE PHOTO KOSTA PRODANOVIC/THE UBYSSEY

Joshua Azizi
Contributor

UBC has announced that it will be creating a Sexual Assault Response Team, which will respond to and support victims of sexual assault.

Sexual Assault Response Teams (SARTs) are becoming a common presence in universities across the country. Schools such as the University of Alberta, Queens University, and the University of Victoria have all formed SARTs for their campus.

The upcoming development of UBC's SART was only recently announced at an AMS committee, so details are limited. Though, ultimately, SART's aim is to ensure a proper organized response to instances of sexual violence on campus.

"SARTs ensure that survivors of sexualized violence are supported to make the right decisions for them and to respond in the way that they see fit" said AMS VP Academic Jenna Omassi. "As well, [SARTs] can point survivors towards proper resources and be knowledgable about the resources that exist."

However, Omassi also stresses that the way SARTs are run can vary and differ between campuses.

To give an example of one, the University of Victoria's SART team promises "immediate emotional support and information to people of all genders who have been sexually assaulted within the past week and [are] age 13 plus." Additionally, they offer "accompaniment to hospital and medical and police involvement as requested by survivor."

According to the Sexual Assault Support Manager Ashley Bentley, the university is currently organizing what the processes of the SART team will look like as well as who will be on the team.

"It's definitely something that's been in discussion for quite some time," she said. "It's something that the SASC has been advocating for for the past while, and the hope is that we'll move forward with this response protocol soon to sort of ensure a safer campus community."

The SART team will coincide with the recently established Sexual Assault Prevention Team (SAPT), which focuses on prevention.

Formed in March, the UBC SAPT team works towards preventing sexual assault on campus by developing an educational framework that continues the conversation of sexualized violence and consent. For instance, the SAPT team will be launching their "Consent Campaign" in their second week of campus in order to make the message of consent clear to all those on campus.

Additionally, the SAPT will be doing training with residence advisors on the topics of consent, healthy relationships, and responding to disclosures.

By organizing these two teams together to create responsible prevention and response strategies, the university can have a more organized approach to the issue of sexual violence on campus.

Of the two initiatives, however, Omassi says that UBC's current focus is actually on prevention, with response as the second step which will be further developed in the future.

"The focus of the institution right now and the university is to really create that dialogue piece right now to start the conversation and to push forward education —and then step two is response," said Omassi.

"It's really in the beginning of it's development, so I think we're gonna see a lot coming up in the future, but for right now there are just preliminary conversations happening," she said.

RANKINGS //

UBC: top 40 institution

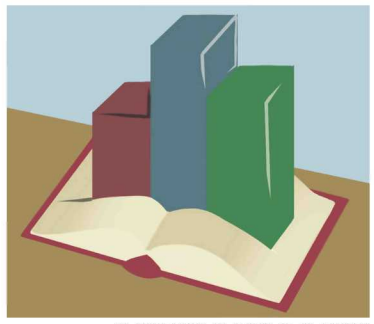


ILLUSTRATION JULIAN YU / THE UBYSSEY

UBC has remained a top 40 institution mainly due to its research capacity.

Karen Wang
Contributor

UBC is the top 40th institution worldwide according to the 2015 Academic Ranking of World Universities (ARWU), released last month.

The ARWU, also known as the Shanghai Rankings, lists the top 50 out of more than 1200 institutions. Last year, the ARWU placed UBC at 37th in the world. In 2013, UBC was ranked 40th overall but still placed 38th within specific subject areas.

"The Shanghai Rankings are mostly based on research and not so much on reputation like the Times Higher Education [World University Rankings]," said Marcela Hernandez, UBC's Director of Planning and Institutional Research. "UBC has stayed for a long time as second in Canada and between the 35th and 40th in the world."

Published annually since 2003 by the Shanghai Jiao Tong University, the ARWU measures each university's performance on six indicators. According to its website, these indicators include "the number of alumni and staff winning Nobel Prizes and Fields Medals, number of highly cited researchers selected by Thomson Reuters, number of articles published in journals of Nature and Science, number of articles indexed in Science Citation Index Expanded and Social Sciences Citation Index, and per capita performance of a university."

"I think that [the ARWU] uses indicators that give you an idea of where you are [relative to] other institutions," said Hernandez, but notes that actively working to increase an institution's rank should not be a top priority.

Although there has been some fluctuation, university rankings have not changed drastically over the past several years. "Sometimes when you make decisions about research, it takes several years for them to show in the rankings," said Hernandez.

Rankings such as the ARWU are frequently cited by the media and universities themselves and can shape the public's perception of the relative caliber of different institutions. In particular, university rankings can be viewed by prospective students and faculty as an influential factor in deciding upon an institution to join.

"If you understand how the rankings work it will not change that perception," said Hernandez. "As long as [UBC is] placed in the top 50, that will indicate that it's a pretty good quality research university."

CELEBRATE DIFFERENT
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OLIVIA LAW

Fringe festivals are the theatre-lover's mecca. An annual celebration of theatre for all featuring more than 700 performances over 11 days, this year Vancouver Fringe begins on September 10 on Granville Island.

Full of full-length plays, one acts, one-man shows, musicals, immersive theatre and more, tickets for Fringe festivals are inexpensive and can be bought in bulk to save money for all the shows you'll definitely want to see.

Self-identified as "part theatre, part party," it opens with an opening night fundraiser and concert with previews of performances to come during the festival.

A highlight for regular Fringe-goers is the Fringe-For-All, a fast and furious preview event on September 10 where artists perform two minute teasers for their upcoming shows, hosted by David C. Jones and is a little like theatre speed dating. A show in its own right, Fringe-For-All is the perfect way to choose which performances to prioritize.

Now in its 31st year, Vancouver Fringe is BC's largest arts festival and thousands of people visit multiple shows in the festival.

The (typically) smaller-scale shows you see at Fringe are uncensored, unjuried and unlike anything you'll see again. Whether you pick shows based on name, location, schedule or buzz from social media, everything is totally unique and always worth the time and money.

Due to the popularity of Fringe, tickets can get snapped up quickly, particularly for the half-priced performances, or those with strong marketing who have generated a buzz before the festival even begins.

Every visitor to Fringe is required to purchase a one-off membership to the festival, and tickets are usually $14. Most shows will offer at least one performance at half price, so it's advised to keep an eye out for these and make the most of them. Packages of four, ten or 30 shows can be purchased in advance if you're really keen to make the most of what the Fringe has to offer, but it's also important to make time for the other events in the festival.

Fringe theatre isn't all about the performances. Interaction with other theatre-goers and actors happens at the Big Rock Brewery Fringe Bar every night with free musical entertainment, drinks until late and typically quirky theatre-folk to keep you company.

Organized by Entertainment Coordinator Corbin Murdoch, the Fringe Bar is where all the music takes place. He describes it as "a festival within a festival" — and with 11 nights of free music, there's sure to be something to interest everyone.

At the heart of Granville Island and the heart of the festival, Murdoch describes the atmosphere as "European-style." Featuring an eclectic mix of performers, which in part is representative of the Fringe itself, many performers are Vancouver based — some with a very dedicated following.

"It's a great way for audiences and actors to interact — audiences go there after a show and can mix with the actors in between. You get this kind of vibrant atmosphere," he said. "It's really great."

Music happens between 8 and 10pm every night, with more entertainment until late. Some performers are part of annual traditions — for example the square dance and bluegrass Monday night groups, and karaoke and hip-hop nights.

This year, highlights from the free music program include City of Glass, Adrian Teacher and the Subs, Supermoon and Wooden Horsemen, featuring some of the city's most in-demand musical acts.

As far as performances go, always recommended are shows featuring UBC alumni. We've put together a list of our top picks of the Fringe below, with a selection of musicals, political commentaries, comedy and serious subject matter.

Executive director of Vancouver Fringe David Jordan is looking forward to seeing as many different shows as possible.

"There are different ways to pick shows, and I really think it depends on your personality," he said. "I personally would recommend our program guide because there are over 700 performances, you wouldn't ever be able to see them all."

Booking online is advised, particularly for half-price shows, however tickets are available up to 20 minutes before start time.

As well as the usual exciting mix of Fringe shows, this year Vancouver Fringe is welcoming technology-based theatre in the form of augmented reality theatre show *DAREU*. Participating artists have created short pieces to be experienced using smartphones or tablets.

Each story is discovered by exploring a specific location and are connected by the theme of "risk" — appropriate for the risks you could be taking in choosing your Fringe shows.

Every year over 600 volunteers help organise and support the event. Roles include office staff, front of house, bar staff and technical positions, and are a great way to hone your skills in these areas. Since performers collect 100% of the $14 price tag for each show, volunteers are the lifeblood of the festival. They also receive a volunteer rush pass, which means a ticket to any show that isn't sold out.

"There were 12,000 total volunteer hours last year," said Jordan. "They're a huge part of the festival — lots of them are really keen theatre goers so they can go to see shows that have just started up and can start spreading the word, making more people go see the shows."

"Part of it is viewing some great theatre, and part of it is social — that's the best part of the festival," said Jordan. "You can go see two shows, have some discussion about them, talk to the artists themselves. The direct connection with artists is what makes Fringe so special and unusual."

The O.C.: The Musical This over-the-top retelling of the popular 'teen soap opera' pokes fun at the pop culture of the 2000s and playfully mocks the trademark melodrama that made this series a cult-classic.

He Roars Crafted with sensitivity, *He Roars* is not a political propaganda. It does not conclude what is right or wrong; rather, it opens up conversations and highlights the far more complex reality of war.

Alone in the Universe If you are someone with a tendency to address the heavy questions in life with a sense of humour, then Vancouver Fringe's *Alone in the Universe* is the show for you.

CLIMB! What happens while aerial artists learn to fly? Filled with aerial stunts and slack rope walking, *CLIMB* is an engaging show, backed to a moving soundtrack composed by Vancouver's Aaron Read.

Just Watch Me: A Trudeau Musical If you like your Canadian politics with a side of jazz hands, then *Just Watch Me: A Time Travelling Trudeau Musical* might be the Fringe show for you. Writer and director Daniel McLeod sees a compelling link between the War Measures Act and the recent passing of Bill C-51.

Love is for Superbeasts Revolving around two serial killers in love with each other, the piece is a portrayal of how they interact with each other, and as a result, provide clues about their murderous psyches.

Oh the Humanity! Described as "intelligent, witty and dark comedy," the show has five settings — each is different from the others but pull on similar concepts for the audience to determine.

The Fighting Season Based on actual interviews of those who served in Afgahnistan, the performance is intentionally minimalist, mainly in the form of sit-down confessions that depend only on the power of words.

TRAVEL ISSUE

Ethiopia

photos by moira warburton

Moira Warburton
News Editor

Flying over Africa for the first time I watched as the land hardened, began to drift as a lazy compass needle from the pale yellow of faded marble into marigold, sienna, burnt orange, golden brown. Still, unutterably still – foreign, and yet familiar – For an instant I had a glimpse of what Yuri Gagarin must have felt as he looked down on the little blue orb, when he was alone and suspended in nothingness.

The air is hot but not as hot as you'd expect – it is the beginning of May, after all, and the rainy season arrives in a few short weeks. Instead it is the pollution that stifles, the thick and heavy blanket of taupe-coloured smog and dust that permeates everything. Every city's got a rhythm but Addis Ababa has none. Addis is a city totally devoid of logic. Addis, this tumbling, tumultuous tempest, was born from the vision of the Emperor Menelik II in the late 1880s, pulled as cleanly and completely from his mind as an egg is laid by a bird and you can tell, I think. You can feel the inorganic nature of this metropolis. The total chaos of its traffic, the evidence of globalization which has this developing city in its beast-like jaws: soaring piles of rubble, torn-up sidewalks, unnerving skeletal toothpick scaffolding draping every half-constructed hotel.

Limes and jalapeños, rotting mangoes, dung. This smell is indescribable.

I shake my head at how ridiculous I was to think of putting on nice sandals when solid boots are worth their weight in gold in this city. The light is dawn light but it is not pale and thin: there are too many people crushing, moving, shouting, clamouring. In the first five minutes of walking around the produce market I am nearly run over by a truck and miss by an inch a concussion from a crate full of the tomatoes carried on top of someone's head. I drink in everything around me like the eucalyptus trees – they call them sea trees in Amharic – that dot every hillside in Ethiopia. My camera slips so easily into my hands, here. I want to catch everything but there is so much left that won't fit in my frame: the delicate smokiness emanating from heaping sacks of deep red dried chilli pepper, the green truck overflowing with greener bananas, the shouts of laughter between vendors. The light, most of all, and the way it slants over their faces. The assault of smells. I can't pin it down and so I drink it in instead.

He asked us what religion we were. I don't know if Ethiopian cabbies are chatty by nature or if it was because we were teenage girls, but they always talked to us.

We told him that none of us had a religion. I was in the front seat and I watched his face when we answered to see his reaction and to his credit he only pursed his lips a little, raised his eyebrows a fraction and then shrugged uncomprehendingly. Every cabby in Addis plasters their windows with motifs of the Virgin Mary in her blue hood, hands folded and sunbeams blazing, or Jesus with his thorny crown. Around their necks they hang soapstone crosses, white linen scarves covers the heads of their mothers and sisters, and we always knew when we were passing a church because they would take a hand off the wheel to cross themselves three times. Ethiopians are proud of the way Muslims and Christians live so peacefully side by side in this country, one of the cabbies told us. "We have never had problems like you see in other countries – we are all brothers."

They were accepting of our total lack of faith but they could not comprehend that a white girl, a Chinese girl and a black girl were all from the same country. They looked at me and smiled when I said I was from Canada, then they turned to my friends and said, really? They chuckled. Really? Really, I said, a little fiercely. I am no more or less Canadian than they are. They shook their heads and chuckled again.

On the weekend we left. We piled onto the bus and this time we drove past the embassies, the toothpick scaffolding, the thick brown smog, the clots of shanty towns and we drove high, into the hills above Addis. The city ends abruptly; we turn a corner past a cement factory and suddenly the plains widen into farmland and the bus begins to swerve unnervingly around petulant cows standing in the middle of the highway. We breathe the air which is so sweet in our lungs and out the black dust that permeates everything in the city below, I swear you can taste the juniper trees on your tongue.

And I'm happy. I haven't been this happy in such a long time – I curl up in the back seat of the bus, I throw open the window, I hang my head out and the wind picks up my hair and tosses it around and I can feel my heart tugging behind me like a kite on a string, dancing in the breeze. These are the things I cannot photograph and these are the moments I can't keep in a frame! Strands of purple hair trailing across lazy hazy grey-green humps of mountains in the distance, the old woman's wrinkles as she peers out from beneath her wide white headscarf, the village we fly through which lines its streets with greenhouses and the woman's blue and orange patterned skirt pinned in a doorway against all that green.

I knew it would be like nothing I've seen so far, and I was not wrong. Ethiopia was filthy, confusing, impenetrable and intense – and yet it gets under your skin. It is a different kind of thrill to be a part of something so dynamic, something so tremblingly new, something with so much potential and lust for life burning within it. The people tell me the city has changed in leaps and bounds just in the last five years: it is unrecognizable, and I believe them. The first time we went to the UN compound we saw the barest bones of a ten-storey building being constructed across the street; when we returned two weeks later it was a few stones away from being completed.

Ethiopia – or at least the Ethiopia that I have seen – is a land of contrasts. In this place the wasteland desert changes to lush and rolling farmlands as quick as a town flashes by and the poorest of the dirt poor live in squalid tin shanties next to the opulent mansions of the nouveau riche. The flowers that tumble over gates and stone walls are some of the loveliest I've seen: striking magentas and luscious creams and fiery corals careen into disintegrating roads, clots of unemployed young men and scavenger dogs – the stray dogs are everywhere. The contrasts in this country are stark and universal – and yet such beauty, such a fierce and unrelenting kind of beauty, is created in the clamour between these contrasts.

When the joy is this swelling inside of you and it is overflowing onto your face and cracking your smile in two, and the sun and the wind are warm on your neck, you must simply shake your head and laugh, and tell yourself, remember this. You must remember this.

South East Asia

Max Tejera
Contributor

In the summer of 2014 I was assigned to Chulalongkorn University in Bangkok, Thailand for my spring 2015 Go Global exchange program. Then the country had its second military coup in eight years, which made it a less than ideal destination for my first time leaving North America. So I jumped through hoops and was reassigned to the special administrative region of Hong Kong. Within weeks of my departure the press was heavy with stories of the Yellow Umbrella movement.

When I arrived, I was dazzled by the lights of the most vertical city in the world. I had heard a great deal about the Pearl of the East from my classmates and friends around UBC and Vancouver, but none of it had prepared me for the five months of subway navigating, escalator or elevator climbing, and tropical exploration.

By the time I finished my exams I had enough savings for approximately ten weeks of hostel-hopping, street food munching, backpacking fun. I was against flying, so I wound up taking a series of trains, buses, taxis, tuk tuks, ferries, cyclos, scooters and motorcycles all the way to Singapore. I made stops in Macau, China, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, and Malaysia.

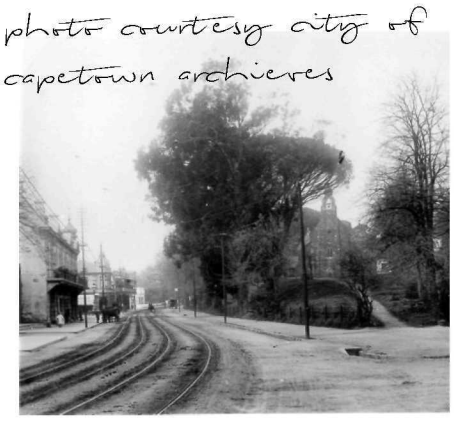
I met a great deal of people from a great many places, was exposed to three very different religions, took 19,000 pictures over seven months, all without a single case of regret, except for the two minor cases of food poisoning. I could never recommend enough the eye-opening power of travel.

photos by max tejera

South Africa

photo courtesy michelle miati

photo courtesy city of capetown archieves



Arno Rosenfeld
Features Editor

As I reached campus during my first week studying abroad in Cape Town I was surprised to find an imposing statue of one Cecil John Rhodes in the center of campus.

Rhodes, I knew, was a colonist who dreamed of stretching the British empire from "Cairo to Cape Town." Failing in that endeavor, Rhodes did win much of southern Africa for the British. (White-ruled Rhodesia, independent Zimbabwe's predecessor, was named for the colonist.) While he didn't carry the reputation of apartheid's architects for unabashed racism, he fought for a white minority and I found it odd that the University of Cape Town, South Africa's premier university, would leave such a noble tribute to the man.

The occasional student I asked muttered something about Rhodes having donated the land for the university. It was, I was told, what it was.

That is all to say that, months later, the shit came as a surprise.

Walking home from class one day in the spring, a friend and I both noticed a distinctly foul smell as we descended the steps next to the statue. It turned out earlier that afternoon a UCT student had flung feces at the statue to protest its prominent placement on campus. So launched the #RhodesMustFall movement: several weeks of boisterous protests, campus occupations and, finally, the removal of the statue from campus.

Of course, the movement was about far more than the removal of the statue.

"If we can see that the statue is a problem, we can start looking more deeply at the norms and values of institutionalized racism that don't physically manifest themselves," Kgotsi Chikane, one of the movements leaders, told NPR. "We want a complete shift in the thinking about curriculum. It can't be Eurocentric anymore. We need a curriculum that is about our continent, and not just the negatives, but the positives as well."

But while the fight against these entrenched issues —UCT, for example, has not a single black, female full professor— had clearly been brewing for sometime, it came out of nowhere for myself and many other exchange students.

When I stepped off the plane in Cape Town I was dazed and exhausted from thirty hours in transit. As the cab pulled out of the airport and sped by the townships and informal settlements lining the freeway the jarring images of poverty contributed to my wooziness. Seeing the shacks of corrugated iron, plastic tarps and even cardboard exhibited a dark cliche —"Just like the movies!"

The car wound this was and that as it looped from one expressway to another, finally dropping me in the bucolic and defiantly artificial suburb of Rondebosch.

"How's Cape Town?"

The question came often from friends and family back home. Cape Town, I would tell people, is quite nice. But I was answering a different question: "How is Cape Town treating you?"

Cape Town was an uphill walk to campus along a brick pathway in a pleasant suburb. Cape Town was beautiful weather, and when it wasn't, Cape Town was a cheap cab ride. Cape Town was hiking Table Mountain. Cape Town was volunteering with SHAWCO to help poor children in townships. Cape Town was a visit to the District Six Museum and a reminder of how bad apartheid was, emphasis on the past. Cape Town was attending festivals where you could wander high through seas of white people —Rocking the Daisies in the spring, AfrikaBurn in the fall. Cape Town was cheap booze, cheap clubs and cheap drugs. Cape Town was a series of carefree hookups and meaningful friendships. Cape Town was awesome!

My house in Cape Town was a sprawling affair, boasting two gardens, ten bedrooms, a standalone cottage and six levels. The property sits well above the sidewalk and is masked by an imposing fence and barbed wire. But for the steady rotation of exchange students lucky enough to gain entrance and the veritable army of maintenance workers in their blue coveralls cycling through to repair, plant and take their breaks on the benches scattered across the lawns, the revelation is rather impressive. The house features two-foot thick whitewashed walls and a comically steep tin roof extending over a long veranda facing the main commercial and supported by arching metal work.

Built in the 1840s, it is hard to pinpoint when or precisely how the house has changed over three centuries on Devonshire Hill, a solid rock terrace rising above the Liesbeek River valley. The interior is now interrupted by the strange quirks of converted living, with particleboard dividing walls and plastic sheeting over an extra bathroom off the kitchen, itself oddly elevated and accessible only through a doorway that stands less than five feet high. The fireplace has long been blocked but no central heating has replaced it and the glass doors looking out onto a brick patio let in the winter chill.

Yet for all the misguided renovations, or lack thereof, the house was a very comfortable place. I spent lazy summer mornings reading in the garden, braaied with friends in the afternoon and packed two hundred people in at night. The house sits a stone's throw from the traffic and bustle of Main Road but you would never know it once you step inside. It pleasantly mediated my experience of Cape Town and though I generally preferred to be out than in, the transition took place entirely on my own terms.

How, then, was Cape Town?

Cape Town, filtered through the thick walls of "Greenbank," as a ceramic plate near the entrance rather arbitrarily designated the house, was just as I wanted it to be. Any outside engagement was an affirmative choice and in many respects this made it quite impossible to answer, "How is Cape Town?"

UBC's Go Global program speaks of "introducing [students] to the culture of another region by living, studying and working abroad" and their website features testimonials from students "who went on exchange and discovered the world was a lot bigger than they'd imagined."

But the walls of Greenbank constricted my view of the world —one that I could only fleetingly notice was bigger than was let on to those of us on exchange. It was easy to see Cape Town through the lens of the prevailing narrative that South Africa is on a perpetual march forward, beyond the racism brought to the southern tip of the continent by an undefined mass of European settlers that culminated in apartheid and has been on retreat since 1994.

In reality progress in South Africa, like most everywhere, has ebbed and flowed presumably from time imperial and certainly throughout recorded history. The outlines of this rollercoaster of history is too fraught and convoluted to unpack here, but two examples should suffice to give a sense. Early twentieth-century Cape Town under British rule was seen by some as a "black utopia" —running counter to the narrative of binary colonial oppression —and the leaders of the non-white population eagerly sought membership as imperial subjects of the Crown, viewing this as a hedge against the more vitriolic racism of Afrikaner nationalism. More recently, many left-wing South Africans have begun to see Nelson Mandela, hailed internationally as the saviour of South Africa, as a sellout who caved to white demands at the expense of black liberation.

These realities and others are buried when exchange students remain, as it is so easy to do, behind the literal and intellectual houses built for us abroad.

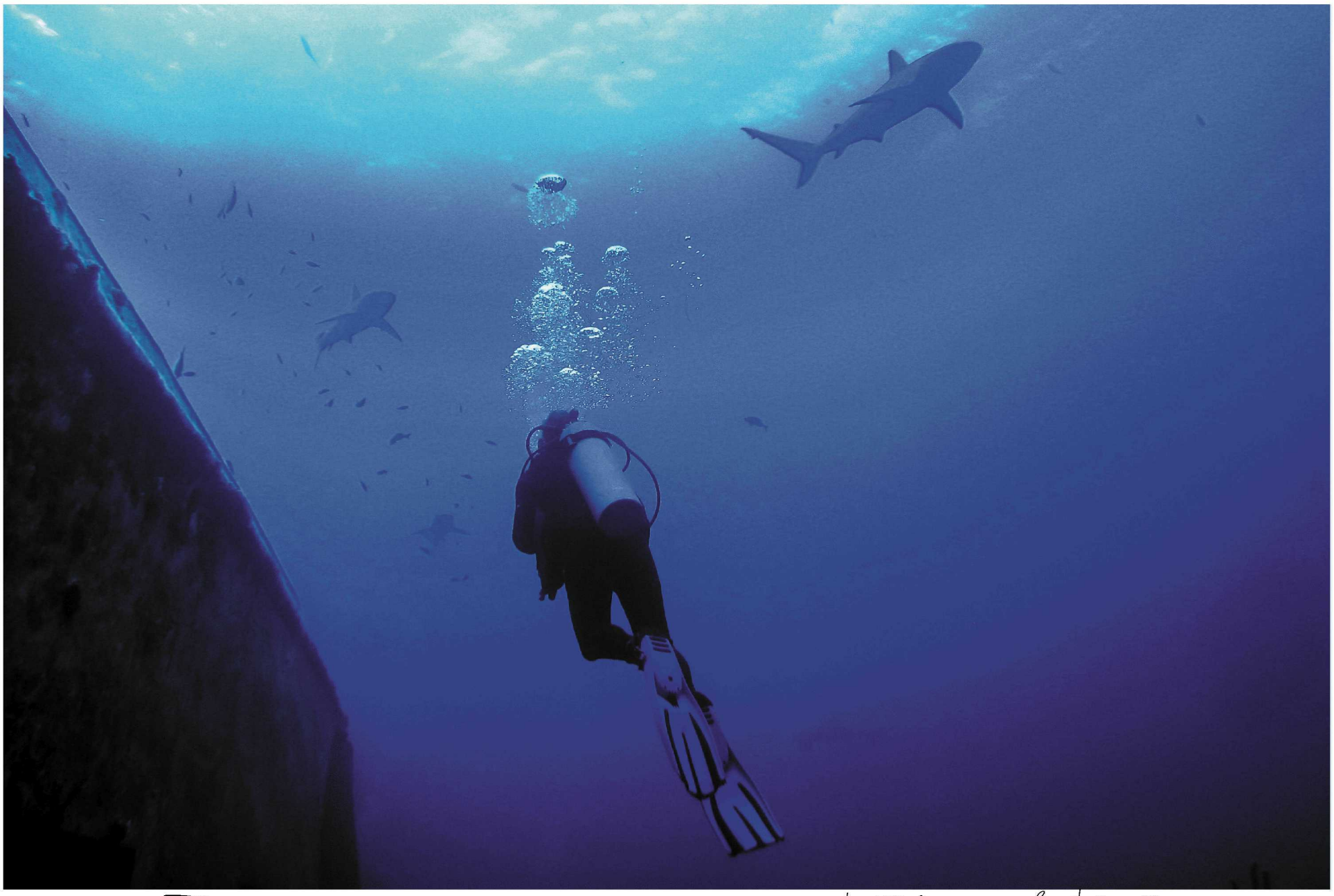
Searching the address of my Cape Town house turned up a blog by an American named Alex who, living there in 2009, recorded the following:

"I went partway up Table Mountain the other day with my housemate Devin. He and I were worn out; it's a steep climb with makeshift steps. We saw the Cecil Rhodes memorial, which was very classy (and a potential spot for a picnic date with a pretty foreign girl). The next day, the International office took all the foreign students on another trip; this time to Robben Island prison, where Nelson Mandela and many other 'political prisoners' spent years while the Apartheid government kept a stranglehold on the people." (Alex, "Finding my place on the Dark continent," 29 July 2006.)

The paragraph is a stunning testament to the collective blindness of the Cape Town exchange student. Alex fawns over the majesty of a memorial to the man who pioneered white supremacy in South Africa just before lamenting the oppression of the "Apartheid government."

My cohort of exchange students saw our eyes forced open —the psychic walls of houses breached even if the physical structures remained the province of Western minds and bodies —by the #RhodesMustFall movement. It was impossible to ignore the protests, but as Alex's account shows nothing had prepared us for it.

The experience was stunning not so much for what it showed me about South Africa and the university where I was studying as for what it suggested about the rest of my life. The awakening was especially jarring given the feeling of living and learning in a foreign country. But throughout our education, academically and outside the classroom, we are called on to assess situations far from our lived experiences. If the walls of Greenbank were causing me to miss so much in Cape Town, what else has been distorted by my place —literally and emotionally —in the world?



photos by samuel chapman

Bahamas

Samuel Chapman
Contributor

Dolphins attacked our vessel on the third day, off the coast of Eleuthera. I called below deck to warn everyone, but they rushed to coo and take pictures. Dolphins make me uneasy. They aren't afraid of people in the way well-behaved fish and aquatic mammals are, and that fear is what makes the ocean safe. But dolphins lack that fear. I have refused to swim with dolphins many times. On this trip, however, I was disappointed that they did not remain with the boat, because the purpose of my expedition was to feel the terror of the ocean.

The difference between a vacation and an expedition is that you have to manufacture a goal to make it a legitimate expedition. I am never a tourist; I am always an adventurer. Usually, I will try to accomplish something simple: take a junk boat through Ha Long Bay, watch the barong dance in Ubud.

My goal for this trip through Eleuthera and the Exuma Islands in the Bahamas was more ambitious. I wanted to understand the fear of the ocean that prevents my mother and many of my friends from diving. I am not brave. I'm afraid of spiders and sports mascots, but not the ocean. On this excursion I thought I might find that fear and then indulge in it, like some people do with horror movies or roller coasters.

The captain rang a bell and yelled a bit and the boat hands dropped the anchor. Our Captain's name was Red —red as dirt, he was made of rust. He was a trawler and a tugboat; everything heavy that floats. He was like the guy from Jaws. Not Richard Dreyfuss, the other one.

"The blue hole of Nassau," Red called.

Hope at last for my expedition. Fear of the deep would manifest, if anywhere, at the sudden drop of a Blue Hole.

Briefing, wetsuit, tank, jump, "clear!" and we landed in a field of sea-grass. I was eye to eye with a spotted ray, and she and I went off together. Two abreast, the sea grass gave lazy way until, catastrophically, the sand dropped and we shot out over an edge. The lip of the blue hole rolled out on either side, arching into haze. My companion, the ray, tossed her skirt and barrelled off into the deep blue. Alone (no, my dive buddy was close behind), I traced the radius of the hole to a point of absolute blue where cold water boiled up from below. I gave myself to vertigo. I waited. But panic didn't reach up and drag me down. The non-space of the Blue Hole was calming. The non-space of the Blue Hole was frustrating. I swam to the full conclusion of its diameter and we saw a nurse shark on the other bank, but I was fidgeting with my watch. I didn't have the patience.

The sky bled out until we were above the sharks again. "We'll drop you at the other side of the coral head," Red told us. "Crustaceans leave the rocks at dusk."

We were below again but somehow we missed the ritual. Swimming ahead of us, our lights fell on orange pinpoints. At night, the eyes of crustaceans reflect orange; fish reflect blue. These orange pinpoints belonged to glass shrimp sometimes: a blue suggestion on the coral. Other times a primordial tank would crawl into the light; armour made the sound of shifting rock. The ocean appears ancient at night. The dive ended by twos, as pairs surfaced and lights lifted and grew diffuse. My dive buddy shone his light on thumbs up: ascend. I drew a circle, okay. In poor form, however, I stayed, cupping my light in my palm.

Alone (truly, this time), I wanted a real view of the ocean at night, beyond the bright cone of a flashlight. The ghost-lights far above swung cold and made a dim chamber where I could see. I flew through a ballroom under a haunted chandelier. At the dim border of night I saw Finnegan, a one finned shark that had been named by the crew: he loomed prehistorically.

"You okay?" Red spoke and I realised I was wringing my towel. Just about broke its neck.

"Captain?"

"Yeah."

"You afraid of the ocean?"

"Nah."

"You should try it."

He spat and started the engine. We hopscotched horizons all night until the sun rose on New Providence.

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ARE ESPORTS REAL SPORTS?

YES

KOBY MICHAELS // AIKEN LAO

Auto racing. Bowling. Chess. Tug of War. Curling. eSports. What do they have in common? All are recognized by the International Olympic Committee as sports. Just because some athletes don't have to run, jump or throw a ball to play their sport doesn't mean they aren't athletes. The same is true for eSports, and it's time the university recognized UBC eSports as a team.

Sports today are about so much more than athletics. Bloomberg Business estimates North American sports industry revenue will reach almost $70 billion USD by 2017. Today sports are as much about business as they are competition, and eSports has the business. Every year, tournaments hand out hundreds of billions of dollars in prize money, and no, that is not a typo. Individual athletes can take home billions in a year.

But more importantly than what the competitors can make is how much fans spend to see teams compete. eSports is on track to generate $500 million in revenue by 2017, according to Newzoo, a marketing research company. The same report estimated that the sport will have 145 million enthusiasts and 190 million additional casual spectators by 2017. That makes eSports as, or more, popular than the NFL, NHL, NBA, MLS and the MLB. In the industry (which, for better or worse, is what professional sports are today) eSports unequivocally makes the cut.

You might think, "if there's so much money involved, then why don't I become a professional gamer? All I need to do is play the video game well, right?"

Think again. Much like a professional hockey player, a professional gamer, according to Business Insider, practices their sport for at least 50 hours per week and most players go beyond those intensive hours. League of Legends, one of the most popular multiplayer video games in the world, adds new content every few months, resulting in constant overhauls in strategies and formations. On top of that, many teams rely heavily on sponsors and spend up to 15 hours a week doing sponsorship work. As a result of this rigorous schedule, most players, despite having days off once a week, opt to spend their time practicing instead.

Due to the accessibility of games, even one day away from the computer can lead to a huge decrease in player performance as players must compete against not only other teams, but anyone who plays their respective game. Now factor in the practice hours, sponsorship work and additional physical training and you'll find yourself seeing a schedule comparable to that of an Olympic athlete who plays a "real sport."

UBC eSports won a North American tournament earlier this year, making them the best eSports team on the continent. That is more than any UBC team can claim. Yet, UBC eSports has been barred from using the university's name and the Thunderbird logo in the past because they are not recognized as a team at UBC. Officially, UBC eSports is a club, like any other.

They train as long and as hard as any athlete at UBC, they are at the same level of competition as other UBC teams, and they play a game recognized as a sport by international organizations. Why doesn't UBC treat it like one?

Koby Michaels is a second-year applied science major and Sports and Rec Editor at The Ubyssey.

Aiken Lao is a second-year commerce major and Print Editor at The Ubyssey.

NO

EMMA PARTRIDGE // OLIVIA LAW

Are players of eSports successful? Some of them, yes, very. Are they talented? Absolutely. Have they spent hours and hours practicing? Yup. But they're not athletes.

Defining eSports as sports doesn't make any sense. The only reasons we're drawing comparisons is because eSports have mass audiences, and players can receive a lot of money in competition. That doesn't make them sports.

You might think that it's an arbitrary distinction to define sports as an activity that involves physical exertion, but it isn't. It's exactly what differentiates sports from any other activity. Both athletes and gamers have talent and the potential to make bank; it's not about who's better, it's about semantics. Where does it stop if we say eSports are sports?

Let's look at the arguments:

1. eSports involves training.

So does writing an essay. So does waitressing. Doesn't mean they're sports.

2. eSports involves training AND it can make you a lot of money.

So does getting an engineering degree. Does cramming for that final make you an athlete? Nope.

3. eSports involves training AND it can make you a lot of money AND it's competitive.

So does America's Next Top Model. So does running for president. Neither are sports.

It's difficult to argue that your training for a gaming competition is the same as training for, say, a marathon or a basketball tournament. The way you train for a sport makes you healthy, fit, and gives you an endorphin rush. In 2014, Novak Djokovic spent around 20 hours on court when winning the men's singles title at Wimbledon. Spending that amount of time in front of a console sounds like a typical hangover day for many people.

Just because the top players earn big money, this doesn't make gaming a sport – and packing out stadiums also doesn't make it a sport. It costs millions to hire Jay Z for a concert, and the stadium is packed out to bursting. But is Jay Z an athlete? No, of course not. He is putting on a show, a performance. This is the same entertainment a eSport tournament gives.

Not a sport, but definitely a competition. Jamming the games into the label and showing them on traditional sporting platforms such as ESPN is simply inviting comparisons.

Emma Partridge is a fourth-year English major and News Editor at The Ubyssey.

Olivia Law is a third-year English major and Culture Editor at The Ubyssey.

The International Olympic Committee (IOC) defines eSports as a ***second-level Olympic sport.***

Its classification as a sport is contentious mainly due to the ***lack of physical activity*** required to play.

Those in favour of its recognition cite the ***skill level*** required to compete and similarity to other IOC sports, like chess.

WHITECAPS//

Recapping Whitecaps FC2 on the road

Soren Elsay
Contributor

The last time many of us saw the Whitecaps FC2 in person was July 24, as they solemnly walked off the field of Thunderbird Stadium on the heels of an embarrassing 4-0 loss to the Tulsa Roughnecks.

Following that loss, a low point during an up-and-down inaugural season in the USL, the 'Caps headed out on a month-long, four-game road trip that had all the makings of a colossal disaster. The team had won only once all season on the road and were coming off their worst outing of the year against Tulsa, a major confidence blow for such a young team.

FILE PHOTO WILL MCDONALD/THE UBYSSEY

The Whitecaps FC2 may not have won many games on their road trip, but for a young team looking to develop players, the trip was a success.

July 31 @ Tulsa Roughnecks

In a rematch of the 4-0 Roughnecks win from the week before, WFC2's performance took a drastic change for the better as the visitors emerged with a 3-1 victory, only their second road win of the year. After some crucial early saves from Marco Carducci, Marco Bustos would find the back of the net twice in the first half to stake his side a 2-0 lead. After Tulsa pulled one back halfway through the second frame, Victor Blasco restored Vancouver's lead minutes later with one of his trademark runs down the left flank. The Spaniard burned the Tulsa full backs on the counter attack before firing his fourth goal of the year into the top corner.

August 8 @ Seattle Sounders2

Coming off of their breakout road performance in Tulsa, the young 'Caps continued their strong play by producing a shocking 3-0 win against one of the top teams in the Western Conference in Seattle. With the confidence riding high after his two-goal outburst in the previous match, Bustos continued his red hot form with another brace while Andre Lewis added the third Vancouver goal. Bustos' efforts earned him back-to-back USL Team of the Week appointments. The win momentarily breathed life into the 'Caps slim playoff hopes, however the slip ups in their remaining matches would be costly.

August 16 @ Portland Timbers2

After two straight brilliant performances, Whitecaps2 came crashing back to earth with a 3-1 loss to their west coast rivals. Kharlton Belmar scored his second and third goals of the season against WFC2 with markers on either side of halftime. Gavin White made it 3-0 for the home side before Caleb Clarke put in his team leading seventh of the year in the games' final minutes. The win moved Portland ahead of Vancouver in the Western Conference standings and put the damper on what was beginning to be an excellent road trip for the 'Caps.

August 22 @ Arizona SC

Despite the set back against Portland, Vancouver headed into their final road game of the regular season with high spirits having already claimed six out of a possible nine points during their trip and showed significant growth as a team. Unfortunately for Coach Koch and his team, the end of the road trip meant weary legs and WFC2 fell for a second straight game, this time 2-0. Former Whitecap Long Tan converted a header shortly after halftime before Arizona doubled their lead through Aaron Dennis with eight minutes remaining to round out the scoring. The loss meant a disappointing end to a gruelling road trip that began with so much promise.

WFC2 stand in the same spot in the standings as they did when they left that gloomy night against Tulsa, seven points out of the playoffs with too many teams to catch. However, for a team with the mantra of player development such as Whitecaps2, the month long journey should be seen as a resounding success due to the growth of their young players. The team doubled its number of road wins and put up quality wins in tough situations in Tulsa and Seattle. All the while, players such as Marco Bustos and Victor Blasco continued to assert themselves as threats to crack the Whitecaps MLS roster sooner rather than later.

Whitecaps2 close out their season with three straight home games beginning September 6 against Sacramento Republic FC at Thunderbird Stadium.

SOCCER //

Men's soccer finish preseason with win against SFU

PHOTO WILL MCDONALD /THE UBYSSEY

UBC Thunderbirds men's soccer team beat rivals, SFU Clan, 1-0.

Matt Langmuir
Contributor

The UBC Thunderbirds men's soccer team concluded their preseason with a match against cross-town rivals SFU Clan. The 'Birds won, 1-0, in front of an impressive crowd of over 900. With the victory, UBC finishes their preseason campaign undefeated, previously picking up draws on the road against Seattle Pacific University and Evergreen State before winning against Western Washington on Tuesday.

"Every week we've developed and gotten better," said head coach Mike Mosher. "We've got a lot of new faces in the group and I think there's a lot of quality. It just takes a little bit of time to put our stamp on things and get the group to gel."

Mosher's team did not get off to the start they were hoping for. With the exception of one opportunity from UBC, SFU controlled the play for most of the first half. Forward Michael North had the better of his team's opportunities. A 43rd minute chance from North was marked for the top corner but UBC goalkeeper Chad Bush, who recently played professionally for Ottawa Fury FC, rose to the occasion, steering the chance behind for a corner.

"I thought SFU was the better team in the first half," said Mosher. "It was good to get out of it 0-0 and reassess and regroup."

Mosher's halftime pep talk proved to spark some motivation in the second half. The Thunderbirds got their breakthrough in the 61st minute when Justin Wallace, a former SFU footballer, side-footed the ball past Brandon Watson to give his team the lead.

"I think it started on the sideline," said Wallace when asked about the goal. "Gagan [Dosanjh] and Sean [Einarsson] played a good one-two, I found myself at the top of the 18, took a touch and just wanted to hit it on net."

Mosher had nothing but positives to say about the fifth-year striker.

"I thought he was awesome," said Mosher. "I thought he was one of the best players on the field without a doubt. There's a little bit of extra motivation being a former SFU player but that's the player we've seen evolve over the last few weeks."

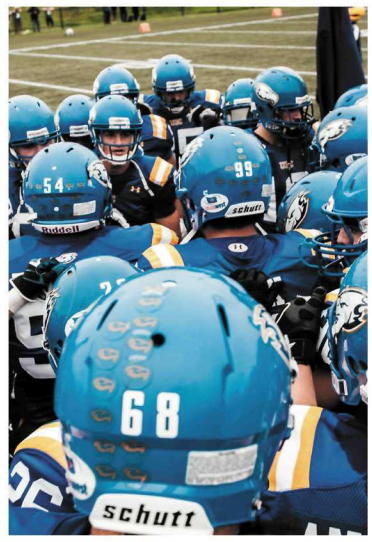
SFU thought they had the equalizer in the 83rd minute after Mamadi Camara slotted the ball into the back of the net. However, the play was called offside and UBC was able to hang on for the win.

"SFU's a good team, a good opponent and that's what you want in preseason," said Mosher. "You want to play good opponents so that you're ready for Canada West and no better opponent to play than Victoria first game off. They're gonna be one of the top teams in Canada West as they always are."

UBC's first regular season game against Victoria will take place next Saturday at Thunderbird Stadium.

FOOTBALL //

Football beats heavyweights Laval in exhibition match



FILE PHOTO GEOFF LISTER/THE UBYSSEY

Nill's Thunderbirds stun Laval 41-16.

Koby Michaels
Sports and Rec Editor

The UBC Thunderbirds football team won big against CIS powerhouse Laval in a preseason exhibition match. UBC's football program, which has struggled in recent years, is now under the command of Blake Nill and armed with the strongest recruiting class in Canada according to Canada Football Chat's recruitment rankings.

An exhibition game against Quebec City's Laval University is new to the Thunderbirds. The relationship between the two teams is a product of Nill's time at the Calgary Dinos.

The teams had two inter-squad practices before the exhibition match this morning. The game also marked the first time Nill saw his new team play.

"These are the kind of experiences we need to get better," said Nill before the game. "They're playing against bigger, faster, stronger players. They're playing against a program with a high reputation, with a formidable reputation. These are things we need to do for us to develop to the point where we can compete amongst the best in the country."

Nill hoped the experience would teach the team how a hugely success team like Laval runs their program and practices. He saw the trip as an investment and a learning experience, but came away with a big win.

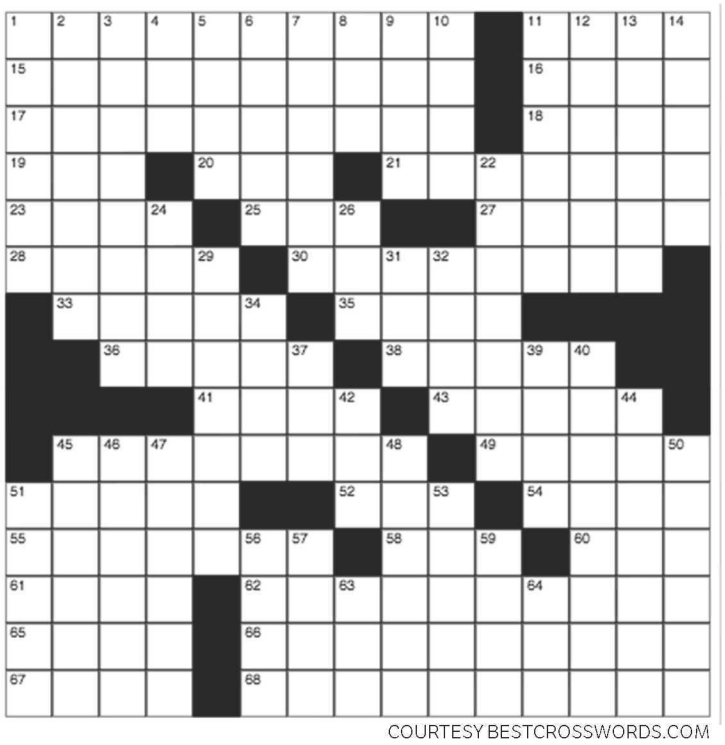
"We want to go out and compete against a quality football program and, you know, just learn from it," explained Nill. "You need to be able to stress yourself."

But UBC hardly looked stressed beating Laval 352 to 161 in passing yards and more than doubling Laval's first downs. The 'Birds' success today could be the first consequence to the changes made to the program in the last year.

The trip was not on UBC Athletic's bill, according to Nill. "It was a combination of third party [funding and funding from] Laval."

The Thunderbirds play their first league match against Nill's former team, the Dinos on September 4, before returning home to play Regina at Thunderbird Stadium in front of a homecoming crowd.

Life — on — Campus



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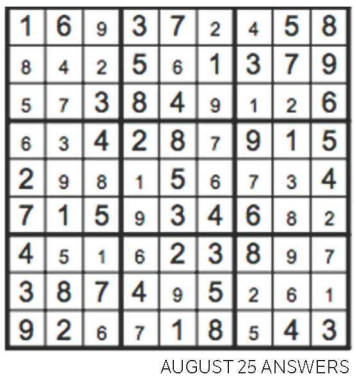

AUGUST 25 ANSWERS

	2		4					6
	5		3			4		
	7	1		5				9
	3		1			7	8	
	6	5			7		3	
5				1		6	4	
		4			3		1	
6					8		9	

COURTESY KRAZYDAD.COM

ACROSS
1-National loyalty;
11-Unit of power;
15-Initiate;
16-___ Ben Adhem;
17-Bacteria causing food poisoning;
18-No ___!;
19-Friend of Fidel;
20-Nipper's co.;
21-The tiniest bit;
23-Start of a counting rhyme;
25-Zeta follower;
27-Stable compartment;
28-Suppress;
30-Christmas season;
33-Gangster Lansky;
35-Ad word;
36-Inane;
38-Farm birds;
41-Santa Fe Trail town;
43-Edit;
45-Sapwood;
49-Satisfied;
51-Luster;
52-Japanese computer giant;
54-"M*A*S*H" soft drink;
55-Lodginghouses;
58-Letter after pi;
60-Mus. slow-up;
61-Formerly, once;
62-Having a foreign appearance;
65-Understanding words;
66-Opposition;
67-Actress Deborah;
68-Dealer in hardware;

DOWN
1-12th sign of the zodiac;
2-City SE of Los Angeles;
3-Having ability;
4-Grog ingredient;
5-Aviation pioneer Sikorsky;
6-Prevention dose;
7-Agreement;
8-Proverb ending?;
9-WWII battle site;
10-Intend;
11-North American elk;
12-In a foreign country;
13-Proceed in a leisurely way;
14-Like ziti;
22-Values highly;
24-Spoollike toy;
26-Hung. neighbor;
29-Eighth planet;
31-Fall behind;
32-Robert ___;
34-The back end of something;
37-Over there, old-style;
39-Actor Connery;
40-Ingoing;
42-Sky light;
44-Burst open;
45-Riding;
46-Minor;
47-Superior;
48-Magician in Arthurian legend;
50-Tizzy;
51-Arab chief;
53-Abyss;
56-Actress Petty;
57-Plaintiff;
59-Not tricked by;
63-General on Chinese menus;
64-Rockers Steely ___;