

THE LINK

Awake since 1965

Shinerama called the best in last five years

by Link Staff

Totals are not in for the amount raised by this year's Shinerama campaign, but Student Association executive director Stephen Miller is calling it, "the best Shinerama in the past five years."

Miller made the comment at the SA council meeting Sept. 25.

Earlier vice-president of PR and Marketing Jim Paterson — the student exec responsible for the campaign's organization — expressed doubts that Shinerama would do so well this year — because of the poor showing at the Shinerama Dance.

But he also said, Shinerama day itself had turned out extremely well.

He said "the support of sponsors made a huge difference," as did the students who gave their time.

He also said, "When I got up and saw the sun was shining, I knew it would go

well," acknowledging that rain could have made the day a lot tougher.

Paterson said, some monies are still being collected, some t-shirts are still being sold and a number of receipts still have to be paid.

Sea Island students also will be washing a plane to raise money for Shinerama.

Totals will be ready for the next SA council meeting on October 11th.

... The prize of free tuition for the shiner raising the most in donations has been awarded to Melissa Haynes. Haynes apparently prepared before hand — arranging to shine shoes in a number of offices. She alone raised \$2,066.

Other top shiners raised totals in the \$400 range.

SA elections seen as low key

Students Running for SA Council

VP Administration & Finance:

- Kit Nichols
- Rosa Maria Sorace

Electrical/Electronics Councillor:

- Ben Blake

Health Chair:

- Rod Jacobs
- Sherry Vallint

Computer Systems Councillor:

- Amir Tayandy

Voting for four positions on the Student Association Council took place on Sept 25 and 26 after a short campaign period the previous week.

Only half the positions were contested and the campaign has had a low key appearance.

The elections are further complicated by the resignation of Elaine Rizarri, the SA's Business chair and the chief returning officer for the elections at the Sept 25 SA council meeting.

At press time the voting had not finished and ballots had not been counted but it was expected that there would be a low voter turnout.

It was also unknown where the results would be officially announced — Taps having traditionally been the location.

The Fringe Festivalpage 8

A Vancouver Arts tradition continues to make good, off-beat and hilarious productions. (OK Sometimes it's hit and miss.)

Denny Boyd.....page 12

Long time BC reporter and columnist has trouble hanging up his guns. *The Link* talks to him about his life and new book.



Student Association Notes

GREG NESTEROFF

Ping pong and chess were among the issues brought up during the Student Association's council meeting, Sept. 12.

The games were discussed in relation to the new SA Campus Centre, which had set-ups for both in the Great Hall.

The ping pong table was borrowed from the Student Activity Center

this summer, with the promise it would be returned when the SA received a new one. The Recreation and Athletics Dept. was eager to get it back as soon as possible, but SA executive director Stephen Miller told the meeting "I have since found out that the [new] table hasn't been ordered yet."

He speculated that

BCIT hadn't ordered it hoping the SA would spend their own money on one. "The ping pong table is a small issue but there's a huge [student] demand for it. This is where students want a table."

The SA decided without voting to confer with Recreation and Athletics before giving the table

continued on page 3

LINK CLASSIFIEDS

LINK CLASSIFIEDS... are \$5 for a 3 line ad and \$1 for each line after—except employment listings for which the first 3 lines are FREE. To place a classified as contact *The Link* 432-8974

EMPLOYMENT

The Student Association has workstudy positions available:

Business Research Assistant

Assists with the development and evaluations of programs, businesses and services which enhance the quality of campus life. Requires: Good management and research skills, excellent written and verbal skills.

Student Editors

Editorial staff's tasks include: writing news articles, selling ads, taking and developing pictures, putting together special features and writing enter-

tainment reviews.

Requires: Good writing and desktop skills, advertising experience, dark-room experience (not all required for each position)

Tutors

Provides academic assistance to students at BCIT in core course areas including math, physics, accounting, economics and business math.

Requires: Excellent communication skills, high academic standing. Second year students and direct entry students preferred.

Fundraising Assistant

To assist with student fundraising, promotion, campaign co-ordination

and sponsor acquisition. Major events will be Shinerama and Winterfest. Requires: Creative ability, enthusiasm, some knowledge of promotion and organizational ability.

Environmental Education Assistant

Assists with the education program, both in developing and delivering messages about reduce and reuse issues in connection with the recycling program. This position also involves research into new recycling initiatives.

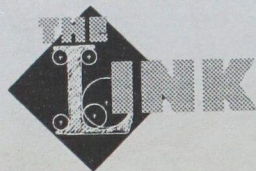
Requires: A keen interest in the environment and knowledge of issues related to recycling.

Interested students should submit a cover letter and resume to:

BCIT Student Association Work Study Program, 3700 Willingdon Ave., Burnaby, BC, V7K 1M7 or call Anna-Lisa Jones at 432-8549 for more info.

Advertise
in...

432-8974



Shinerama '95

A great success

A huge thank you to all the sponsors and volunteers for making this year's Shinerama so incredible and for taking us closer and closer to a cure.

Sponsors: BCIT SA, Elephant on Campus, Gray Beverage, Restauronics-Forster's, Unisource, BCIT and the BCIT Bookstore.

CAMPUS EVENTS

Wednesday, September 27th

Time Management Workshop by Counselling Services. SW1-1125. 12:00-1:30pm.

Take Pride. BCIT's group for lesbians, gays and friends. Meeting. 4-6pm. Call Gordon at 451-6922 or Mark at 432-8964 for the room location.

Amateur Radio Club. 1st meeting. 12-2:15pm. SW9-115A.

Friday, September 29th

"Get in Touch" Open House Dance. The Big Bam Boo (1236 W Broadway). Tickets \$7 at the SA Office.

Saturday, September 30th

4th Annual Sport Aircraft Builders Conference & Trade Show. Light aircraft industry displays, fly-market & workshops. YVR South Terminal, BCIT Hangar. 8am - 4pm For more information call 526-8367.

Monday, October 2nd

Building Self Esteem & Assertiveness Workshop by Counselling Services. SW1-1125. 4:30-6pm.

Tuesday, October 3rd

Toastmasters International Sunrise Club. Your ability to communicate with people effectively is directly related to how much success and happiness you'll get out of life. Come on out and enhance your future. 7 - 8:15pm. SA Boardroom, SA Campus Centre.

Thanksgiving Turkey Shoot. No skill required. \$1 provides you with enough arrows to hit the target 3 times. Turkey or cash prize awarded to 1 in 20 participants. Bow & arrows provided. 11:30am - 1:30pm. BCIT Gym, East side.

Wednesday, October 4th

Stress Management Strategies Workshop by Counselling Services. SW1-1125. 12:00-1:30pm.

Take Pride. BCIT's group for lesbians, gays and friends. Meeting. 4-6pm. Call Gordon at 451-6922 or Mark at 432-8964 for the room location.

Thursday, October 5th

Thanksgiving Turkey Shoot. No skill required. \$1 provides you with enough arrows to hit the target 3 times. Turkey or cash prize awarded to 1 in 20 participants. Bow & arrows provided. 11:30am - 1:30pm. BCIT Gym, East side.

Monday, October 9th

Student Association Council Meeting. 5:30pm. SA Boardroom, SA Campus Centre.

Tuesday, October 10th

Toastmasters International Sunrise Club. Your ability to communicate with people effectively is directly related to how much success and happiness you'll get out of life. Come on out and enhance your future. 7 - 8:15pm. SA Boardroom, SA Campus Centre.

Wednesday, October 11th

Take Pride. BCIT's group for lesbians, gays and friends. Meeting. 4-6pm. Call Gordon at 451-6922 or Mark at 432-8964 for the room location.

Oceans & Rivers Day at BCIT. Information of the aquatic environment. Find out how to protect and restore them. Displays, guest speakers & video presentation. Noon - 1pm. SA Campus Centre.

This calendar column is open for notices of events on all BCIT campuses. Submissions can be faxed to 431-7619, sent by campus mail or dropped off at The Link office in the SA Campus Centre.

ERRATA

The Telephone number listed for St. John Ambulance on page 55 is incorrect.

The correct phone number is 321-2651.

Res rally just a lot of silly fun

by Greg Nesteroff

It was as though you would expect Graham Chapman of Monty Python fame to interrupt at some point and declare "Stop this. You're all getting silly."

Of course, there would be no rebuttal, because that would be entirely correct.

Traditional Res Rally brouhaha brought about 150 Maquinna residents out onto the soccer field Sept. 10 as the seven houses — Carrier, Chilcotin, Haida, Kootenay, Nisga'a, Nootka and Salish — squared off in the annual competition to determine supremacy as measured in silliness.

The first event was the obstacle course, which at varying times involved people rolling down hills, potato sack races, crab walks, and bicycling while wearing diving flippers — a motley assemblage too complicated for the average individual.

But the trivia questions, asked at a wholly unsuitable point in the race, were the most intriguing part: What does TNT stand for, ("Nothing!"), name three lines from a Michael Jackson song. ("Beat it, beat it, beat it!"), bark like a dog five times. ("Woof, woof, woof, woof, woof!"), who is the current Prime Minister of Canada ("Uh, Harcourt . . . no wait. Chretien, yeah, Chretien!"), and what does BCIT stand for (which left everybody stumped).

Carrier House managed to get through the course in just 1 minute, 24 seconds, while Nisga'a set the mark for ineptitude at 2:02.

The other events, most of which had provocative names, were equally ludicrous:

- Bat Spin, which is the standard twirl-around-the-bat-ten-times-and-then-run-to-tag-the-next-person relay.
- Thrust & Bust, in which partic-



Bombs away! A hapless, unidentified Res Rally participant tries catching water balloons.

JOANNE HIDBER PHOTO

ipants have a dong attached to their pants that dangles between their legs, and is used to hit a soccer ball down the field.

- Mr. Dress-Up, a relay in which participants have to put on an assortment of garments on one end, run to the other and take them off.
- Bucket Ball (my personal favorite) in which someone stands in a hula hoop, with a bucket on their head while teammates attempt to throw water balloons into the bucket.
- Salish and Kootenay Houses tied with an astounding eight bulls-eyes apiece.
- Chain Gang, where in centipedal fashion, team members strap their feet to two wooden boards, and then try to race. If

one person falls over, the entire group goes.

- Shoe Scramble, involving the throwing of everyone's shoes into a big pile, and then a race to see who can find theirs first.
- Water Balloon Relay, in which teams line the field and toss water balloons down the line like a human chain, trying to get as many out of 50 to the bag at the end without breaking them. All the teams were meticulous about ensuring the balloons stayed intact, so at the end they could destroy their Residence Advisors with them — they lost points, but it was probably worth it.

By the end there was a two-way draw for first, between Chilcotin and Carrier House, something that hasn't happened since time immemorial, so despite calls from the respective houses on tie-breaking methods (including "Who ever eats the most hamburgers wins"), each house got one point toward the Challenge Cup, which is awarded at the end of the year. More frivolous activities are scheduled.

The events ended after two hours, shortly before 3 p.m., and were followed by a swell barbecue.

Final Res Rally scoring: (7 being high, 1 low)

| Event | Nt | Ch | Koo | Hai | Nis | Car | Sal |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Obstacle Course | 3 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 1 | 7 | 6 |
| Bat Spin | 1 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 2 | 3 |
| Thrust & Bust | 6 | 2 | 1 | 7 | 5 | 3 | 4 |
| Mr. Dress-Up | 5 | 7 | 6 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 1 |
| Bucket Ball | 6 | 6 | 8 | 2 | 6 | 6 | 8 |
| Chain Gang | 4 | 6 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 7 | 1 |
| Shoe Scramble | 4 | 6 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 7 | 1 |
| Water Balloons | 5 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 2 | 6 | 4 |
| Total | 34 | 41 | 33 | 35 | 30 | 41 | 28 |

Student Association Notes

GREG NESTEROFF

continued from front page

back, which they eventually did.

Four-foot high pieces for the floor chess board, with a cost of about \$8,000 are also on hold until furniture for the Great Hall is purchased. There are about 60 couches and chairs in the hall, not nearly enough to round out the amount of space available. In the leasing agreement, BCIT was supposed to buy furniture, but have since stated they're strapped for cash.

At a meeting of the building's operations committee last Thursday, BCIT rep David Harvey said that furniture would be on hold for the foreseeable future. He added that he felt students were content to sit on the floor.

Council also noted that the hall has a lack of garbage cans, leading to some after-lunch messes. Until more cans are located, SA proposed having hourly clean-ups done by food staff.

Other issues discussed at the meeting:

- The student building operating committee that replaced the Board of Governors in the new leasing agreement between the SA and BCIT is concentrating on festivities for the building's inauguration, tentatively set for Nov. 1. Miller said that there would probably be free food, a huge barbecue, a cake, and numerous political dignitaries, not the least of whom would be Premier Mike Harcourt.

Also, he said the committee plans a private party at the Elephant on Campus pub for SA members and their families, along with all SA executives from the last ten years who made the building a reality.

- A letter of concern dealing with the increasing loss of student parking will be drafted and sent to BCIT. Eileen Fitzpatrick, representing the Alumni Association, raised the issue, noting that a row of student parking has been given over to staff every year for the past three.

- Miller, Fitzpatrick and Peter Odynsky were each presented with a thermostat on behalf of the SA as tokens of appreciation for negotiating the new lease agreement on the student center. A bottle of champagne was also presented to Bretnier, the other person who worked on the bargaining team.

Miller noted that Bretnier's experience as a union representative during his nine years as a wholesale route manager at Pacific Press gave him plenty of experience in the bargaining process.

At the Sept. 25 meeting of council, Gerry Moss, Vice-President of Student Services was a guest, at Bretnier's invitation. "I really would like to come down here and talk to you from time to time," Moss told the group. Bretnier says other BCIT brass will be invited to sit in on meetings, to soothe the sometimes fractious relationship between the SA and administration.

Other topics discussed:

- Following a presentation by BCIT director of security Gord McLean and SA Support Programs co-ordinator Anna-Lisa Jones, the SA approved a plan for the introduction of a campus Crimestoppers program. Under the program, people will be able to anonymously report crimes by calling 669-TIPS. Tips leading to convictions bring cash rewards, to be determined by a board of directors. \$5,000 will be supplied by the Ministry of Education for expenditures, which McLean said should last at least two years.

Simon Fraser University and the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology are among other institutions that have set up campus Crimestoppers.

- SA Business Chair Elaine Rizarri resigned her post, explaining that she is pursuing a job as a dancer for the NBA Vancouver Grizzlies. Chris Koden will take her place.

- Technical Sciences Chair Thomas Tong reported that he and another computer systems student are working on a World Wide Web page for the Student Association. The page would be available to Internet users in three to five months, at no charge to BCIT or the SA. It would be separate from BCIT's web page, which has existed for about a year.

Next meeting is scheduled for Oct. 11 at 5:45 p.m. in council chambers, next door to the insurance hut.



The Trumpeter



Corporate Office: Suite 303 - 701 West Georgia Street, Vancouver, B.C. Publicly Traded Company - NASDAQ - "PUBS F"

The Story of The Elephant and Castle

Around the 14th century in far off merry old England, there lived a noble family from the Province of Castile, France. The family had a daughter whom they were trying to marry off to a rich English prince. Then, as now, the rich and famous were the subject of gossip in all the inns and taverns. The comings and goings of the family Castile was of great interest and everyone was awaiting the outcome of the situation.

Now not to many people are aware but England was bilingual at the time. It was common for the nobles to converse in French. For this reason the daughter was known as L'enfant de Castille.



Perhaps to be topical or perhaps as an endeavour to get their business or for whatever reason, an enterprising Inn Keeper decided to name his establishment after the young man.

The Cockneys of London, who, by the way, hadn't taken bilingual training, had some problem with the name and wasn't long before the pub came to be known to the locals as The Elephant and Castle.

To this day, a pub of the same name stands on the same spot, and the district in

London is named after it.

By the way, we never did find out if she married the prince.

We cordially invite you to throw a party.
We at the Elephant on Campus want to help you
raise some money for your society, sports team,
charity group, or tuition fees.
Become a host of your own bash.
We'll help you co-ordinate a whole bunch of fun.

For more info call Dave at 434-4448,
or just come down and see him.

ENTER TO WIN!

Tell us why You Deserve a FREE MEAL at the
Elephant on Campus in 50 words or less

Drop off entries in DROP OFF BOX in front of E on C. Entry deadline October 14 1995

Saturday Night Live

SEPTEMBER 30

BRICKHOUSE

OCTOBER 7

BIG TALL GARDEN

with guest WINDJAMMER

OCTOBER 14

COZY BONES

at the
**Elephant
on
Campus**

\$4.00 cover

BCIT 3700 Willingdon Avenue, Burnaby, BC



The Trumpeter



Go Ask



Ellie

Advice from an Elephant"

Dear Ellie,
Boy am I glad you're around. It's been so long that I've had a chance to express my concerns to someone who really cares and understands about what the people want. The first time I saw you walking around campus, I just couldn't believe my eyes. There you were, walking so proud and honourable, looking to give advice to anyone, anywhere, anytime. Just swaying like some kind of Heroic-Guru-like-type of figure. How do you maintain your poise? Your confidence? Your genuine higher state of consciousness? Teach us and tell us your secrets.
Signed,
In Desperate Trouble
P.S. Boy your Shepherds Pie is good!

Dear In Desperate Trouble,
You've obviously mistaken me for someone else. Sure I give advice, and may come off as a hero to some, but really, GET A LIFE! And by the way, I know the Pie is good. I created it.

Dear Ellie,
I've been back in school now for just less than a month and I'm losing it. All summer I have been addicted to O.J. Everyday with a flick of the switch, my O.J. is here.
The intensity is outrageous. This way, that way. Who did this, who did that? It was non stop. I'm back in school

and constantly thinking O.J. I need my fix.
I can't concentrate on school, and everyone around me just doesn't understand. Can you feel for me? Do you have a solution for my abnormal addiction?
Signed,
Addicted

Dear Addicted,
Can you say Apple Juice? I knew you could.

Dear Ellie,
Last weekend I was cruising the town with some companions and we went for a few beverages. We were in this establishment when the most intriguing woman walked by. She had rings on her fingers and bells on her shoes. I could tell without asking she was into the blues. She wore scarlet begonias tucked into her curls and I knew right away she was not like other girls (other girls).
Anyway, I made my move and asked her to dance. She kind of laughed and walked away. So, she probably doesn't like to dance, I thought. Right? By the end of the evening I swear I saw her dancing with every single guy in the place. I couldn't believe my eyes. Do I have a problem or what?
Signed Possible Strike Out King

Dear PSOK,
Yes, you have a problem.

If you have any Life Complications or Questions for the Elephant, write us a note:

Attention Ellie
Leave it with a manager at the Elephant on Campus

Thank Goodness it's Party Night! Yes, that's right it's finally here, Friday September 29/95, we're having our first official Student Night. It's time for everyone to let their hair down, pull their socks up and put their foot down. Celebrate the one distinguishable night from the others,

This night is for you!
Dance to your favourite party tunes with our in-house DJ who will be taking your requests all evening.

Remember this is your Night and everything goes.

STUDENTS GET IN FREE WITH STUDENT CARD!

Daily Specials

Monday

Mexi-Cali Mondays

Tuesday

Domestic Draft Beer Day

Wednesday

25¢ Wings after 4pm

Thursday

Hi-balls Specials

Friday

TGIF P-Night

Saturday

Saturday Night Live Music

Sunday

Sofa Sunday and Brunch

The Elephant on Campus:
A Stress Free ZONE

EDITORIAL

DANGER! CONSTRUCTION AREA

The Link has been in its fancy new digs since the mid-August, but there's a problem. Nobody's bothered to finish the construction that was started. The result is an office 75 per cent unfinished. And that is beginning to cost us volunteers.

Since we are the only participatory group run by the Student Association besides Council, you'd think more care and concern would be put toward making sure *The Link* can effectively produce a voice for the students. Instead, the SA has shown more concern in readying their private little offices so they have a nice place to go and do their homework.

On the surface, this may sound like we're acting like spoiled children. But consider this; the total office space of *The Link* is less than that of SA executive director Stephen Miller's office. The office of one man has been completed to specifications weeks ago, while an office housing 18 volunteers sits in chaos. If one office for one man can be readied on time, why not an office of smaller size?

For the uninitiated, this is why *The Link* is left to its own devices:

- Because we do not generate revenue.
- Because we sometimes write nasty things about people.
- Because we accuse the student execs of padding their resumes rather than addressing the issues on campus.

Because we're not the ones who can rubber-stamp approval of an \$8,000 chess set for the Great Hall (Actually, that has nothing to do with our construction problems. It just seems like such an outrageous expense for something so trivial and unimportant. Ask your student executive about that little purchase.)

We've tried logic, patience and conciliatory conversations. Failure. We've stomped our feet, held our breath, pouted and filed memos like a chaingun. Nada. Nothing works. We're patted on the heads, told everything will be all right, and then ignored for another three weeks. When there's a chess set late arriving, well you can see where one has to put one's priorities.

So unless the furniture is being assembled in Tibet, we sense a real problem here.

If you're a concerned student who would like to see *The Link* up and running do the following:

1. Proudly write down on paper:

Ich bin ein Linkster! No more SA or Institute bungling!

2. Mail it to:

Mike Bretner

President, BCIT Student Association

3700 Willingdon Ave, Burnaby, B.C.

V5G 3H2

Or call Mike at 432-8603. Or drop it by the SA offices.

The Link is the student newspaper of the British Columbia Institute of Technology. Published bi-weekly by the BCIT Student Association, *The Link* circulates 3,500 copies to over 16,000 students & staff.

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As a member of Canadian University Press (CUP), *The Link* adheres to CUP's Code of Ethics. To this end *The Link* will not publish material deemed by the editors or steering committee to be sexist, racist, homophobic or in poor taste.

The views expressed in *The Link* are not necessary those of BCIT, the Student Association, or the editorial collective.



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After a hard day's work ... relax with a rendition of 'Night on Bald Mountain'

CUP graphic/ John Hobbs/ The Marlet

OPINION

Searching for Jazz — in Utah

by Greg Nestoroff

I guess it's just basketball fever getting to me.

I have never professed to be a fan of the game or ever having anything to do with it other than spending one year of my high school life as a manager for a boys squad that I think went 4-5. (I handed out water bottles and kept statistics.)

But lately, with the impending arrival of the Grizzlies, and the monstrous hype that's come with them, I've decided to take more of an interest.

For starters, I figured I ought to better acquaint myself with the teams in the National Basketball Association.

The Chicago Bulls, the Sacramento Kings, the Charlotte Hornets, the Utah Jazz, the ... say what?

The Utah Jazz? The *Utah* Jazz? Pardon the cliché, but there's food for thought.

I can't honestly say that the first thing I think of when someone mentions Utah is John Coltrane blowing his horn or Art Blakey banging the skins. Great numbers of Mormons, perhaps, but not smoky bars where blues men congregate.

Utah and Jazz in my mind are disparate concepts. Oxy-morons. Contradictions.

And as I soon found out, I'm not the only one who feels that way.

That's our most asked question," Mark Kelly, the team's media relations officer for the told me recently. "People ask all the time 'why are you called the Jazz?' It doesn't fit with the area at all. But we've been here long enough that it doesn't matter. It's a great name for marketing purposes. When you say 'jazz' here, everyone knows it means the basketball team. It has that distinction."

The name, thankfully, wasn't chosen by anyone from the state. The Jazz of Utah were formerly the Jazz of New Orleans, where the name made some sense. New Orleans is sometimes called 'the Cradle of Jazz,' having given birth to the Dixieland style of the music that permeated the 1920s.

But after losing hundreds of games and substantially more money, the city's NBA team relocated to the plains of the American mid-west for the 1979-80 season. There was immediately discus-

sion of changing the name and the logo — the 'Pioneers' was a favorite alternate — but the league stipulated at least a year's delay to work out marketing agreements. Afterward the name issue fell by the wayside.

But regardless of perception, is there any jazz in Utah?

"Very little," confirms Otto Mileti, owner of the Zephyr club in Salt Lake City, which seats 350-400 people per concert. It offers a wide variety of music from night-to-night, but jazz is one of the most unpopular styles among patrons.

"I've had Wynton Marsalis here three times, and he didn't sell out," Mileti says. (Marsalis, among the best-known of the 'young lion' musicians, was incidentally born and raised in New Orleans.) "Al DiMeola sold out. For Scott Hamilton we had 50 people. I've had the chance to book Astrud Gismondi and Stanley Turrentine, but had to pass on them."

Mileti says that one of few fan favorites for no particular reason is Idaho guitarist Gene Harris.

But despite public apathy, you couldn't ask for a better setting for a jazz concert. "It's like being on the stage with the band," he says. "Not really a bad seat in the house."

Ticket prices for sets at the club are also excellent, in the \$15-18 range. "If it were up to me we'd have more jazz. It's my favorite genre."

There's also a one day jazz festival held nearby each summer, though Mileti says calling it that is a misleading. "People don't really support it, and it isn't all jazz."

As a season ticket holder of the basketball Jazz, he agrees that "when they moved the team here, they should have changed the name."

"They used to have jazz bands play mid-way through the game. Now that they've switched to Delta Center [the team's new home], they've canceled all the jazz, and hired 15-year old hard bodies — high school girls as cheerleaders. It's the corniest thing you've ever seen."

So my mind was eased a bit going into the 1995-96 campaign. Or at least it was, until I began to wonder what on earth penguins are doing in Pittsburgh ...

The Evening News: brought to you by the highest bidder

How do you spell BCTV?
W-H-O-R-E-S.

During their nightly, ahem, newscast and directly following Deborra (call me Deb) Hope's vacuous piece on Canuck owner Arthur Griffiths (sample Hope question: Mr. Griffiths, are you nervous?) came BCTV's answer to broadcast prostitution.

Old Wood Face himself Tony Parsons says the arena wouldn't have been possible without the generosity of General Motors. And sitting in live with Tony was the President of General Motors. Suddenly I saw this slime developing on my TV screen.

While the I.V. unit was pumping embalming fluid to preserve his broadcast sheen, Parsons asked the GM President such hard hitting questions as: "Isn't it true that not only is G-M Place opening tonight but it's also the introduction of GM's '96 models?" And: "how are car sales in our country right now?"

Embarrassing.

Pathetic.

An insult to journalism.

If Parsons didn't feel like he had a Sunbird shoved up his ass, then he truly is the very definition of the term "bingocaller." This guy is sup-

Media Watch

Ted Baxter

posed to have editorial power over the newscast, yet he lets this happen.

To hand over five minutes of newstime for some kind of corporate

GM publicity deal, is the lowest form of television news.

Actually this isn't news, it's Hard Copy.

Actually, I take that back. Hard Copy has more integrity.

Absolute power corrupts absolutely. BCTV is a ratings giant and they know it. And now they're abusing it. With no serious competition to keep them honest, they step all over the lines of ethical journalism and they allow such lightweights as Hope, D'Arcy Griffiths, Mike McCardle and Jennifer Mather to remain on the air. All because their faces test well with homebound seniors, intellectually deprived yuppies and bored housewives over 40.

If there is any justice in the world and the wheel of fortune does indeed come full circle, then perhaps one day BCTV self destructs and Parsons is left hosting a new and improved version of Definition. He just might fill Jim Perry's shoes.

To "pizza graduate": BCIT is my vacation

So, what's to say? You were admitted. Now you can woop it up at the pachyderm pub. Go in there and spend your bucks drinking whatever good ole BCIT promised you. Remember you are the smart ones who come into here. Yes, while others will slave for God knows how many years at those other institutes of higher learning, you were smart and came to here.

And, if you managed to grab one of those last editions of The Link from last May, then you probably recognize that I've borrowed the opening of my letter form Stick Heywood's article, "Happy thoughts" on graduating." This is my first year here at BCIT so in order to

get a feel for the place I made a few visits over the summer and flipped through a few bird cage liners. While I agree with the points that Stick made I can't agree with his point of view.

Now, I'm not some perky high school graduate that was in diapers when John Lennon was shot but I do think that Stick was being too pessimistic about the future of BCIT graduates. Oh, sure, he pointed out that the "90 percent placement rates are no mistake you know" but Stick couldn't see the point in paying money to get trained for a job that will give you money that you might buy a vacation. Well, Stick, I don't see the point in spending money directly on a vacation.

I know what it's like to have a job that fills your every working moment with despartate thoughts of escape. The problem with vacations is that you have to go back to your mind-crushing boring job sometime. Many of us here at BCIT are showing just by our presense that we really need a job that we can do for 40 years without worrying about when our brains will start leaking out of our ears.

Many of us are here because this is our vacation. Just like in your Love Boat fantasy, Stick, our happiness does not depend on whether or not the others around us are happy. We all know that it's a tough economy out there and some people would kill for the jobs we are passing up but people don't all find happiness in one place. It's a good that you realize that working hard does not in itself bring happiness, Stick, but that is not reason to think happiness can't be obtained at all. If you're still here at BCIT talk to me in the student centre sometime and maybe I can help.

Fred E. Swindells, Jr.
1st Yr. Biotech

The Darkside

BY JOHN SCHENK

Excitement?

Damned straight!

Who the hell wouldn't be?

The past fourteen days have provided us with nothing more than sweltering heat, lectures with about as much personality and pizzazz as a handful of grape nuts, and the first of what will become an insurmountable number of assignments.

So when last Friday rolled around I was, needless to say, pretty damned excited at the thoughts of free flowing draft filling my glass washing away the remnants of the week gone by. I had been awaiting the grand opening of the Elephant on Campus. Well, this is how my day went.

7:15am. I spring forth from my bed and race to the shower. My head was scrambled, my eyes sore and all I could think about was getting this bloody day over with.

7:16 am. Driving down the highway, tunes cranked with coffee and cigarette in hand, I feel a little gutsy and decide to step on the gas. Seem to recollect giving a little shout at the fact that my buddy was working the bar.

8:37 am. The first of several short naps throughout the day.

Then, as if in a flash, the hour fell upon me. My last class of the day. Time was my only remaining enemy. Tick along as slow as you want, I thought, but I'll beat you damned it, I will win. Ding! The round was over. A little dazed I listened as the announcer proclaimed me the winner. Fists raised high in the air I had done it. It was Friday Afternoon!

I seem to remember moving at a relatively quick pace, a light jog perhaps, to join forces with that crazy guy from Ontario. Memories of our Friday's past spent at the old 'Taps' were filtering through my head. The laughs we would share, the fries which gave us a sore stomach, and of course the abundance of cheap beer.

Sure the old place was gone, now nothing more than a hollow shell buried within the enclaves of a ghost like structure. Forget the past I thought — today begins our new memories. Then I saw it. Beer flowing, voices

echoing over loud and scratchy music, tables crammed - people everywhere. Nestling up to the bar my co-pilot and I entered the cock-pit for what was sure to be a long flight. What we didn't know, however, is that we had flown this route before. What a disappointment.

It wasn't long before a showing match ensued on the patio, two in fact, and loud macho grumbling filled the air. Shortly after we turned and watched as some shirtless, face covered in blood, how could I have had that much beer guy came running out of the bathroom screaming for the police.

Perhaps the only word that comes to mind to describe this scene is 'typical'.

Sure the old place had its drawbacks but hell everyone there seemed to share in a common objective — to have a good time.

Perhaps what really pissed me off were the mumblings of the others who watched these scenes. "It's because of those guys in trades" or "Yeh, now that trades don't have to walk so far of course this will happen". Get a Life!

Everybody bitched all year that the school has no spirit, there is no where to have a good time etc... I defended your points and even suggested that this new building, this new pub in particular, would be just the thing this campus needed to bring all schools together. Now that it's here already we're branding it as having certain characteristics conducive to 'Trades bars' (whatever the hell that means). So I want to send a little message to some of you out there.

To those guys who find it necessary to consume testosterone induced macho beer why don't you do what John Travolta did and dance. This way we can all laugh and who knows you too might one day be a popular loser instead of just a plain old one.

To those of you who point fingers and can do nothing but talk — Go home and play with your crayons!

To those of you working at the Elephant on Campus on the first Friday — good job.

To the rest of you — Lets rip it up!

Letters to The Link

The Link welcomes letters... but they should be under 300 words and submitted on disk as a text file, with an accompanying hard copy, or typed and double spaced. Your full name, affiliation with BCIT (ie: program and year) and a contact phone number (which will not be printed) should also be included.

The Link reserves the right to edit for clarity and brevity.

There have been dozens of reviews about the 80 plus shows at The Fringe, Vancouver's 11th Annual Theatre Festival, but some of the best entertainment happened out in the sunshine in Grandview Park on Commercial Drive. It was pass the hat — pay if you liked it or if you can spare the change.

First, there was The Checkerboard Guy, climbing up a ladder which balanced on thin air and a tiny little pair of checkered running shoes. Then he rode a

10 foot tall unicycle juggling three flaming torches.

Why would a man want to spend years of his life practicing this skill? Why not? He was funny too and had hundreds of people gathered about at the end of the

show, laughing and clapping and happy.

Then Tom Comet, wearing a silver helmet, ballet tutu and a purple sequined g-string, riding a 12 foot unicycle barely under the powerlines, juggling three flaming torches and cracking jokes. He also juggled two silver metal balls and a live chainsaw (he proved it was authentic by slicing the arm off his one legged Barbie doll — "don't worry, kids. She's made of plastic.") He was on the ground for that part of his act.

Commercial Drive is a good place to hangout anytime with its Italian flavour,

cappuccino, cafe, art galleries, market and hippies of the 90s. In the Cafe Romeo, an open stage drew impromptu performers up to sing. People in the cafe and walking by were treated to an hour of sweet and soulful blues sung by a young music student.

It wasn't easy trying to decide what shows to see — somewhat like betting on the horses. You read the program, talk to a few people, read reviews, overhear snippets of info, then go eenie, meenie, minie, mo. Then you find out the show's been sold out, cancelled, panned, at the wrong time for you, already started, or already finished. Back to square one.

There's nothing worse than the pain of watching bad acting, except watching bad acting in bad drama, so finally playing it safe I went for laughs.

The Fringe Festival!

Reviews by Judy Winter

Whirlwind tour: The Lorraine Bowen Experience

Carol Burnett in Cher's body with the dancing energy of Michael Jackson, the voice of Jann Arden, packaged in kooky clothes and Buddy Holly glasses.

The Fringe Festival

The Lorraine Bowen Experience

The Lorraine Bowen Experience was just that. She has performed at previous Fringes and she defies description.

When the lights come up, there's a pink bed sheet hanging from the floor. She's in front of it, her arms out, with a top sheet hanging from her wrists by little straps. She's holding a gigantic tea cup. A cup of (coop a) tea. That's her song, how lovely it is to lie in bed sipping a cup of tea you poured just for me.

It's silly but appealing, and then she floats off the "bed" draped in her sheet, dances across the floor and chucks the sheet away. She's wearing a tightly belted mini-raincoat patterned with a complete map of London. The Real London. And she's the tour guide, pointing out highlights on the map as she goes. She sits on a "bus" singing about how she hopes the man behind her won't blow his bubblegum into her hair. She sings about Bets the Launderette whose philosophy is that a passion lasts longer than fashion; she shows you how to dance your way across the streets dangerous with dog poo, plays Greensleeves on the crumplehorn, an instrument which looks like the top half of a walking cane and sounds like a fog horn.

She crackles with energy, skips across the stage like a little girl, turns sultry and sexy, then does a striptease down to a sleeveless red dress decorated with broken CDs which create a light show in the theatre while she dances.

During her heartfelt rendition



The Lorlane Bowen Experience.

of "What Goes Into a Burger" half the audience sings, "Tongues, tongues and testicles" and the other half sings "What are we chewing with our dill pickle?"

At the end of the tour, Lorraine's back on the bus in the dark softly crooning, "I'm drunk on the bus going home and so is everyone else."

It was a weird show and fun.

Falling towards her freedom

"Fall of the Pomegranate" is a version of the Greek myth about Persephone, goddess of rebirth.

The Fringe Festival

The Fall of the Pomegranate

In a nutshell, the gorgeous goddess is lured into hell by Hades, god of the underworld, who traps her by making her eat the seeds of a pomegranate — his version of a marriage vow. Persephone's mother, Demeter, is the goddess of crops. She puts the earth into a deep freeze until the other gods help her to get Persephone back. In the end the deal is that Persephone has to spend half the year in hell, then she rises again to bring back to earth.)

Mariette Sluyter is the playwright and solo actor. She begins as a squeaky-voiced teen in a stiff party dress, stuck in hell and wondering why life can't be normal without Prozac. She sings and cries her way

through the 12 steps for redemption, beginning with "No walking alone, especially in broad daylight — it's too tempting for simple men." Twelve more steps take her to "speaking in tongues in your inner tramp."

She progresses to the stunning realization that she's okay and Hades has robbed her of her place in the underworld — as a matter of fact, she Rules. She likes being on top for six months but hell's a good time now that Hades knows how to please her. She cracks a leather whip, wears black tights and calls out in a throaty come-on, "Oh, Hades. I'm home."

The stage is bare except for a love seat, some twisted drapery and a silent dancer in gold spandex harnessed to a rope, spinning slowly, who mimes Persephone's fall from grace, re-surfacing and freedom.

The music is haunting at times with ineffective voice overs but strong acting and funny lines.



Chiffon to sleeze — 60s 'burb style

They Come in Threes stars Josie (Elinor Holt), a progressive woman in 1961, flinging aside the hoover and melpac dishware while hubby's away.

The Fringe Festival

They Come in Threes

And throwing herself into the arms of a hip young beatnik (Don Wright, Holt's co-writer) and middle aged french vacuum salesman (Stanley

Argue-Sims) — with all the predictable puns included. They're both a couple of duds but talented duds.

Josie escapes her sordid and sad *menage à trois* by killing the salesman and framing the beatnik for his death. A definite solution for her problem but it doesn't do much for the play.

It was an entertaining look at life in the 'burbs in the early sixties, but seemed like more of the same chiffon to sleeze.

A Cappella — Psychedella

Forever Paisley was a big hit at The Fringe. Advertised as An A Cappella Psychedella, it is a performance by 4 Tunes, a group who have been on tour through BC for over five years.

The Fringe Festival

Forever Paisley

They sang some great golden oldies to an audience packed with golden oldies like me, with lots of humour, and clever renditions of tunes from Jimi Hendrix to Joni Mitchell. Even if you weren't even a gelam in your Daddy's eye yet, you'd enjoy their right-on harmonizing.

The 4 Tunes played in Kimberley a few years ago at a school concert in January. Headed out of town they had a tragic accident. One of their group was killed and another is still undergoing physiotherapy. Two original member, husband and wife Time Everett and Susan Ansley brought in the two new members, Katrina Bishop and David Sobolov. You have to admire their courage in carrying on and keeping their hearts light.



Fringe Picks: a last chance

I wish I could have seen dozens of other plays. That's how it is. You'd need the full ten days and nights to get to them all, but your mind would be blown.

It's over now but Fringe Picks is on until September 30th.

The Big Dick (Drama/Satire)

Cops, a chick and a dick in drag.

Burn This (Drama)

Characters driven by passion and need. (Oh oh)

Detrimental (Comedy/Drama)

Everyone talked (in a good way) about this one about people we love and those we don't and why we do what we do.

The Human Faux Pas (Artistic Theatre)

Theatre of and for the extreme. Expect anything.

The Celestine Prophecy (Action/adventure)

This is based on a big book, full of ideas about relationships, spirituality and the future of life on earth. Read the book!

Sex-Rated! (The Musical)

Sensual pleasure rediscovered through laughter and music. Sounds pleasant

Forever Paisley (Musical)

The 4 Tunes sing the 60's a cappella.

The Biz (Dramedy)

How we work to avoid the deeper responsibilities of our personal lives. Dramedy?

For info about Fringe Picks call 986-1351.

Also, *A Closer Walk with John Chretien* has been raved about as hilarious and has been sold out so often that it's being held over too, but not as part of The Fringe, until September 30th.

Jean sings and dances through his political life with the aid of videos and slide projections and an "uncanny" impersonator. Watch for ads.

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OKANAGAN SPRING BREWERY, VERNON, B.C., CANADA

Alcoholic ^{THE} TOURIST

JOHN SCHENK

...I nestled myself in for what would become one hell of an evening. It didn't take long before I found myself sitting at a table with the strangest and wildest group of characters one could imagine.

There was Claudio, perhaps best described the guy from Italy who insisted on telling jokes from his homeland — in Italian.

Then there was Bendik, the ultimate Jim Morrison wanna-be who would constantly ask me personal questions about Bruce Springsteen.

Oh and then there were the ditz sisters, stupid and how do you spell that. I couldn't quite figure out what the hell they were doing there seeing as no amount of hard core hallucinogenic could ever match what they already possessed.

There was Dee-Dee, the waitress spotted in the last issues photograph, who completely detested all tourists (unless they would offer her a toke at which point she would smile at you for the rest of the evening).

Finally, there was Charles, perhaps the largest human I had ever seen, who insisted on drinking his beer from a paper cup (figure that one out).

Clearly we were a rag tag bunch. Never the less the afternoon/late afternoon/evening went along quite well. Stories were shared, jokes were told, and yeh we smoked a little.

The next morning I was bright eyed and bushy tailed while standing in line outside the Heineken Brewery. For a couple bucks you were treated to an hour long tour of the facilities, the conclusion of which provided you with 45 minutes to consume as much free booze as possible.

Heaven you say? Indeed! By 11am I was pissed. By noon I was completely lost.

That's the thing about Amsterdam, eight beers and one lousy wrong turn and you begin to find that every bloody street looks exactly the same. Those bridges and cobblestone pathways you once found entreating now make you want to scream.

My throat was too sore for that, so I decided to have a beer and collect my bearings. Big mistake!

One beer turned into several and before I knew what happened I found myself standing in the entrance way of Club It, one of Amsterdam's most notorious and private S&M clubs. Would they let me in? This I didn't know. Would I get in somehow? I knew I must. The guys back home at *The Link* were counting on me — especially that hair-brain Jeff (he doesn't get out much, but whoo, what a looker!). There was a loud squeak as the door began to open and...(JS)



Bendik with the "ditz sisters."



Left to right: Claudio, Bendik & the Alcoholic Tourist.

Marshall creates "quirky", "unforgettable" characters

by Krista Aselford

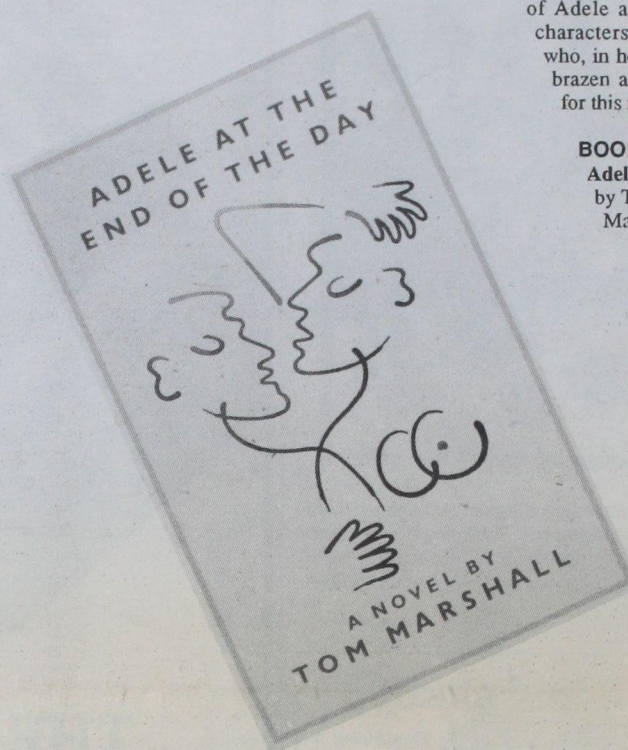
This glorious novel follows the lines of Adele and Kevin, two unforgettable characters. Adele is an elderly woman who, in her own quirky way, re-tells her brazen and lone life bringing us along for this nostalgic ride.

BOOK REVIEW

Adele at the End of the Day
by Tom Marshall
Macmillan of Canada

The novel jumps back and forth between the adventures of Adele and the troubles of Kevin joining these two troubled souls mid way through the novel. Comedy, irony, tagedy, love and loss. This is a 'dramatic story with touching moments' and should be read and adomed for all its fine qualities.

Tom Marshall is a great Canadian author and I look forward to reading him again soon.



Eleven ... hours of sleep ... thunk

by David Lal

Alain Johannes and Natasha Shneider combine their musical talents to forage through the different noise frequencies of commonly heard classic rock, with some twisted lyrics and gothic influences on Eleven's new album, which recently arrived on the shelf.

CD REVIEW

ELEVEN
Thunk
(AM/Hollywood)

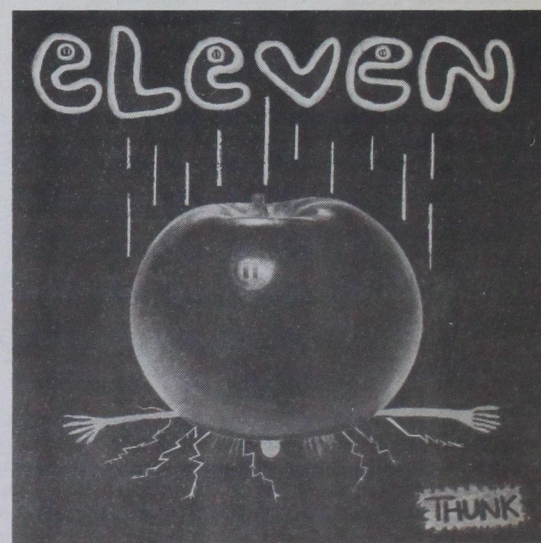
Their diverse talents are shown by the variety of instruments they play: sitar, horns, percussion, Hammond organ, a left-handed bass and guitar (of course).

Eleven's sound is due to the singing and guitar playing styles, along with their drummers. Their original drummer, who plays on seven tracks, left mid-way through making the album to join Pearl Jam, so the drummer from Soundgarden

helps out on the remaining four.

Eleven is likely to be played on 101.1 FM. I listened to it and got bored after the first few

tracks. For me, listening to 53 minutes of classic rock beats, is not making full use of my time. I might as well be sleeping.



Beer Naked

by Greg Mansellmeister

Have you ever been confronted with a selection of beer as long as a roll of toilet paper, only to choose one that you have to choke down with a smile on your face? Not a good way to impress your date.

Most people will generally

prefer one of the two beer types, ales or lagers. Both contain the same basic ingredients, such as yeast, grain, hops and water, but are brewed differently.

Ales are fermented at room temperature for a short period of time. A warm fermentation

allows yeast-metabolized by-products to appear in the beer yielding distinctive "fruity" flavours. Ales are the characteristic "dark" beers and include alts, bitters, stouts, porters and pale ales. The majority of micro-brewed beers are of this type.

Ales are best served warm, however, we're not in Britain.

Lager fermentation occurs at lower temperatures for longer periods, which allows yeast to absorb ingredients better. By-products are reduced and a clear, clean beer is the result. A cold fermentation signifies that it be served cool. Does anyone know what a warm one tastes like? Bocks and pilsners are lagers, pilsners being the forerunners of today's big commercial beers. Mass marketing, though, has caused all mega-brews to taste all the same.

With the above information, making the right choice should become a simpler matter. However, this does not apply to your date.

Next Week: more on lagers.



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AROUND THE CITY

54-40

Sept. 30

The Commodore

Cub / Pansy Division

Sept. 30

The Starfish Room

Seaweed

Sept. 30

The Town Pump

Blind Melon

Oct. 3

The Commodore

Blue Shadows

Oct. 6

The Starfish Room

Machine Head

Oct. 10

The Starfish Room

13 Engines

Oct. 14

The Town Pump

Buffalo Tom

Oct. 15

The Commodore

Green Day

Oct. 18

Coliseum

David Bowie /

Nine Inch Nails

Oct. 24

Tacoma

Ragin' Halloween Bash

Oct. 27

York Theatre

Marianne Faithfull

Nov. 6

The Commodore

The Chieftains

with the VSO

Nov. 6

The Orpheum

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Perhaps it's an understatement, but not many newspaper columnists get a day named after them.

Denny Boyd is one.

Sept. 20 was declared 'Denny Boyd Day' by the City of Vancouver, as a tribute to its best known and most beloved scribe. When an alderman served him with the proclamation, Boyd told him it was all fine and good, but he'd called the traffic department, to remind them that it was Denny Boyd Day, and instructed them to make Georgia St. a one-way. "They just laughed at me," he said.

The day was capped with a \$100-a-plate "Bye, Bye Boydie" roast, at the Terminal City Club, with all proceeds going to Literacy BC. A star-studded line-up was on hand to honor him.

"I thought Vicki Gabereau and Jackson Davies were enormously funny," he recently told *The Link*. "Tony Parsons was smooth. But the best part was that my 87-year old mother and five kids were there. I felt it was as much for them as it was for me. Particularly my mom. Terrific experience for her."

(When the Sun's best feature writer, Pete McMartin, paid tribute to him in a front page story in May, his lead paragraph, referring to Boyd, was: 'Well, he's short.')

"I liked it," Boyd said. "My mother certainly didn't. She hated it. She thought it was insulting. But I know Pete, and my relationship with him is very good.")

The roast doubled as a book launch for Boyd's autobiography served up this month, marking his semi-retirement from the pages of the Vancouver Sun. (He now writes a single column a week, appearing Mondays on page A2, scaled back from his former three times per week pace.)

As a commemorative piece, more obvious might have

DENNY BOYD:
In My Own Words
Douglas & McIntyre, \$24.95

been just a collection of columns.

"I've thought about it, but I've been told by book publishers those things do not sell," Boyd says. "Scotty McIntyre [of Douglas & McIntyre, the book's publisher] told me there was no way I was getting off that easily, just by collating a collection of columns. What he wanted from me was a thorough autobiography." The book had been discussed for five or six years. "We meet occasionally for breakfast, and we would always say 'one of these days we'll get that book done.'"

With Boyd's retirement imminent, McIntyre became particularly vigilant about getting the book written.

Once he got going, Boyd says the book wrote itself. "I found some mornings I was like a very old car, cold start. When that happened, I'd write in long hand. Somehow that seemed different than the commitment of turning on the computer." (Which was in contrast to his column writing. "By the time I write a column, I have it shaped in my head. I know what I want to say in the beginning, I know what I want to say at the end. I'll have some rough notes, maybe on the back of an envelope." However, he doesn't stock pile ideas. "I'm lucky if I have the next one," he says.)

It took two and a half months to finish. "Writing the book was difficult only because it's such a lonely thing. Day after day after day, and no one to show it to."

But the finished product is a delight. The Sun's Saturday Review section printed two large excerpts from the book, along with photos not included in it.

It's actually Boyd's third manuscript, but the first that's required reading. The other two were published simultaneously in 1973, one a cookbook for bachelors, the other a history of the Vancouver Canucks. Each sold about 5,000 copies.

Denny Boyd

(In one passage, he tells of the time he found nine copies of the cookbook in a store going for 98 cents each. Boyd, incensed that anyone would sell one of his books for a buck, bought every copy. "Man, you must really like this writer," the clerk said as he paid for them.)

Boyd makes the transition from column writing to book writing smoothly. At 200 pages, it's thin by most autobiography standards. Too often writers go on endless, self-aggrandizing tirades of little wit and less wisdom.

But he avoids those pitfalls, though certain aspects of his life are accented more than others. He talks frankly and openly about being a recovering alcoholic, but his first marriage of 16 years is mentioned only in passing. ("Those were bones I didn't want to dig up. I didn't want to hurt her.")

Nor is there any reference to a showdown between Boyd and Toronto Star columnist Rosie DiManno when the Canucks faced the Maple Leafs in the semi-finals of their 1994 run to the Stanley Cup final. ("That wasn't a terribly pleasant experience. I don't think either one of us was the least bit impressed by the other.") They squared off in print, with either's column printed in both papers on alternating days. By the end, the view from the west, at least, was that Boyd won hands down. The Sun devoted an entire page just to letters responding to the columns.

An infamous column criticizing gay New Democrat MP Svend Robinson, was called "homophobic" by CKNW talk show host David Birner, who is otherwise a fan, but ignored in the book. ("The thought never crossed

by GREG NESTEROFF

my mind. I've written about hundreds of politicians.")

A column about three Quebecois teenagers who committed suicide in a Vancouver storage garage, apparently imitating Nirvana lead singer Kirk Cobain, elicited outraged reactions from Cobain-worshipping teeny-bops. Boyd printed some in a follow-up column. He was later included in a documentary film about the suicides, displaying the columns and the responses. None of it is mentioned in the book, but Boyd explained that it wasn't meant to be definitive.

"If I was putting a collection together, of a hundred or 150 columns, those probably would be in it," he says.

Nonetheless, he's compiled an honest, funny, and highly readable account of his life.

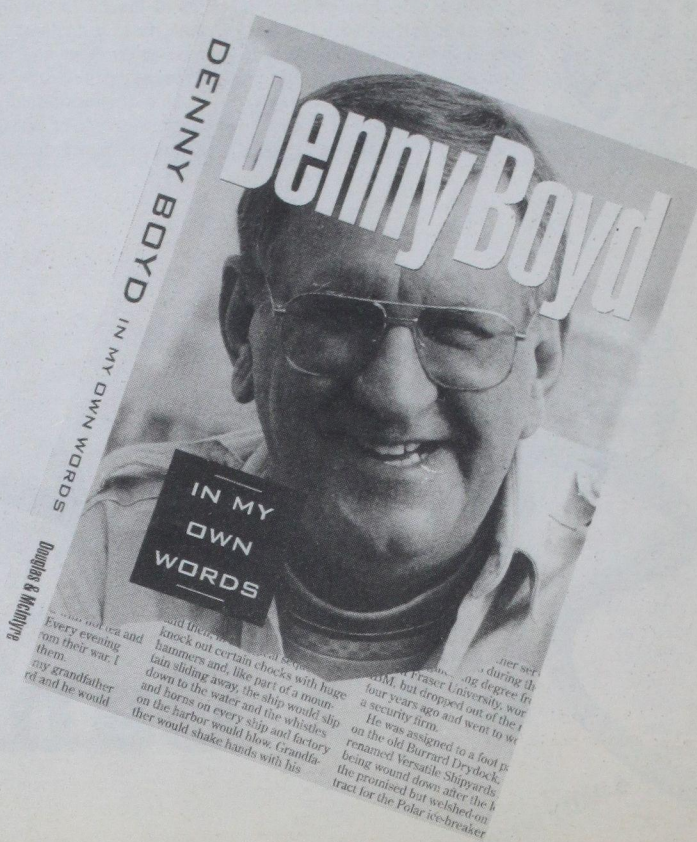
...

Dennis Boyd was born in 1930, in the northern mining town of Anyox, BC. His father worked at the roadhouse there, maintaining train cars that hauled ore. When he was five, the mine, and effectively the town, were shut down and he moved with his parents to Vancouver. Most of a chapter is dedicated to the amazing sights and sounds that awaited him when he arrived in the city.

A few years later his family moved again to Victoria. It was there in school that he learned how to write properly.

He credits his seventh grade teacher, W.G. "Pop" Garner, in his last year of teaching, with showing the class how to parse sentences.

[O]n one golden, glories day it all came to me in a rush. Suddenly, I understood. I could take apart a sentence and put it back together without dangling a modifi-



er. At that moment, I knew that I knew how to write.

He was 16 when his first news story was printed, although he admits in the book, "I wasn't answering the call of journalism. I just wanted to get my name in the paper. Maybe that's what still drives me."

It was a three paragraph report of a high school football game, phoned into the *Victoria Colonist*. He had scored the only touchdown. Later he became a regular high school sports reporter for the *Colonist*, and eventually started getting general sports assignments.

He graduated from Mount View High School (which he hated) and Victoria College (which he loved), intermittently reporting basketball and lacrosse for the paper's pauper's rates. After college he held a number of unrewarding jobs before being offered a position as sports reporter at the *Colonist* in 1951.

[I was told] there was one last hurdle: "Archie has to okay you."

That was Archie Wills, the managing editor, a tremendously respected and talented editor, writer and historian. In the last year of his distinguished career, he had a bit of a cracker-barrel look about him, given to armbands on his shirt and long, thoughtful pauses while he sucked in his teeth. "Sonny says he thinks you can handle the job. What do you think?"

I mumbled something.

"Okay, you're hired. The starting pay is 35 bucks a week."

I didn't jump in the air.

"Anything wrong with that?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I have two years of college and I can write."

Wills hooked his thumbs under his suspender and sucked his teeth. Christ, I thought, I've blown it.

"Two years of college, is it," he said with exaggerated politeness. "In that case, I guess I'll have to give you \$37.50. But you'd better be good."

I was grinning like a carp when I told [sports editor Sonny] Walker that Wills had hired me and that I [had] beaten him on salary. He let out one grunt of laughter. "I guess he gave you that \$35 bullshit. The starting guild minimum is \$37.50."

Welcome to the newspaper business, kid.

He held the job for six years, until receiving a lucrative offer from the Vancouver Sun. He accepted, and has been in Vancouver, if not at the Sun, ever since. He was in the sports department there for the next 13 years, except for two nine-month stints, first as a feature news writer when Jack Scott was editorial director, and then in 1964 as Jack Wasserman's successor. Wasserman, the paper's powerful and respected city columnist, had signed a contract with CJOR for a morning talk show during a strike. He thought it would last six months. It lasted three days. Publisher Stuart Keate told him he could work for one or the other. When Wasserman refused to make up his mind, Boyd took his place.

He had some experience with the beat, and turned in some fine columns. But along with the job came a great deal of alcohol. Usually he would file on time. But occasionally he'd "wind up in a strange bed and there would be no column." The paper would run a box instead, reading "Boyd sick."

Again after nine months, he was sent back to sports. But the drinking got worse. In 1970, he quit his job and began a three year drinking binge, along the way frittering away his bank account.

I was kicked out of a very nice apartment for setting my mattress on fire in a drunken stupor.

Hired to give a speech at a kid's sports banquet, I passed out in the men's room.

One time, perhaps seeking my behavioral level, I took a room at a seedy Granville St. hotel, me and my bottle of gin.

I was awakened by a heavy pounding on the door. I opened it carefully, expecting to see a fellow lodger who had smelled a gin spoor. But it was two uniformed policemen, grim-faced guys. They demanded my identifi-

cation. I asked why. One of them said "We were doing a routine check of the registry. You signed in as Denny Boyd. He's a journalist and he wouldn't be in a dump like this. Who the hell are you?" Instead of being humiliated, I was indignant. "I am so," I insisted and showed them proof. They went away shaking their heads.

Eventually broke, he freelanced to survive, and worked in the public relations department of the Vancouver Blazers, late of the World Hockey Association.

The end came in 1973 when he met his second wife in a bar. After seeing him bombed, she convinced him to give up drinking, which to his surprise took little effort.

Then it was on to a job at CJOR writing and reading sport editorials, that lasted five years, and writing a sports column for the Georgia Straight and freelancing to the Sun on the side. During the stint, he also hosted Vancouver's first sex call-in show. It survived six months.

They told me nothing could go wrong, that Vancouver was changing and was ready for frank talk about sex. To make sure the first show got off fast and hot, we salted it. We primed all the young women in the station to call in to brag or complain about their lovers' performances. That got us through the first 45 minutes. After that, a silence so complete I could hear traffic going by on Howe Street. And that was just the first day. On the second day, the organized hostility began. I was called a sexist pig, a filthy degenerate, a threat to women, children, and possibly to small farm animals. People who couldn't get through to me jammed the phones at ... head office, demanding that I be taken off the air. At the end of the first week I couldn't hold food down.

At about the same time, his second marriage ended. In 1978 he returned to the Sun, sure he'd gone as far as he

"You see something on Monday that really outrages you, and you think 'I'm going to write about this,' but then you realize, Christ, it won't be in the paper for another week, by which time it'll be old news. So you see all these lovely opportunities going by."

ever would with radio. ("I had the creepy feeling my mark ... would always be summed as 'the guy who did the kinky sex show.'") For a second time he replaced Jack Wasserman. This time it was because Wasserman had died, suffering a heart attack in the midst of delivering a speech at a roast.

In 1980, a day after his 50th birthday, Boyd had a heart attack himself. It struck him while he was in traffic, but he managed to drive himself to hospital. He took four months off work until he was better.

The following year, after eight years of sobriety, he took up drinking again.

I thought that my piled-up days of dryness had created a cure, that I was under control, that couple of gentlemanly drinks, taken with care and respect, couldn't hurt me. Nice theory, but applied to the wrong person. I went right back to piggish drinking. I piled up my car [when] ... pissed as a billygoat, I totally lost it, left the road and smashed into one of the very few vacant lots in the British Properties, coming to a stop just yards short of a steep drop into a gulch. [I] spent the night in jail.

When the Sun got wind, they sent him to a rehab center in Kirkland, Washington. After a five week stay there, he went public with his alcoholism, writing about it in his column, which brought a tremendous, mostly positive reaction. He's had two blemishes since then, but has now gone 12 years drink-free since, and continues membership in a 12-step program.

For one chapter of the book he switches conventions to a fascinating day-by-day account of life at the paper in 1989, including insights into office politics.

"It was a windfall thing," he says. "When I wrote that journal, it was just a project. So [when I wrote the book] there I had it, and I thought people who buy and read newspapers would be fascinated to find out what goes on in a newspaper. Anytime I speak to a writing course, I always say 'keep a daily journal,' not just because it's good writing practice, but what you write down is very good background material should you ever write any kind of book, including fiction." However, he hasn't kept one since. "Maybe that's hypocritical," he says.

The diary is interrupted in August, for a three and a half week tour of the Soviet Union that produced some classic columns. A chapter is devoted to it as well.

One chapter is also given over to his method, in which he offers as the most significant column he ever wrote, one about Jamie Bulger, the young boy killed by two others in England a few years ago.

His favorite is one written a while back, about a rugby player who died while practicing the sport. "He had the ball in his hands, and he was running down the sideline, when his heart stopped and he hit the ground. I was phoned and told about it maybe 45 minutes after it happened. I was able to track down his teammates that night and interview them by telephone. They described it as a real Viking's funeral. The guy died under the most perfect circumstances for him, with his beloved rugby sweater on, while he was playing rugby. I had it in the paper the next morning. Everything broke for me on that, and it was a fitting tribute to an interesting guy."

Columns he's regretted? "Oh, sure. There have been some where I've said to myself, 'what in the name of God prompted you to say that?' Often it's a column that's written in passion. I think when something pisses you off extraordinarily, you might be better off waiting a day to write it." (This contrasting with a box that oft-appears on Op-Ed pages, asking readers to write at the heat of the moment.)

"And there was a column I wrote many years ago that I thought was tongue-in-cheek, suggesting to [Mrs.] Skalbana that she take Nelson back. I think people thought I was dead serious. I didn't do it well enough for people to accept it as satire."

Boyd spends one day a week in the Sun office, writing his column, and does freelance work at home. "Writing one column a week is a lot harder than three," he says. "You see something on Monday that really outrages you, and you think 'I'm going to write about this,' but then you realize, Christ, it won't be in the paper for another week, by which time it'll be old news. So you see all these lovely opportunities going by."

He says the quality of the columns hasn't changed with the extra time to write them. "They may, if I ever figure out whether I should have a format — whether the column should be on the news, or just a humor column, undated. I now see it as writing for myself rather than for the paper. I see myself as an outside contributor."

Vancouver magazine recently detailed an incident between Boyd and BCTV news anchor Tony Parsons.

Parsons had run into Boyd for the first time since his retirement and asked him what he did with himself in retirement. "Well," said Boyd, "I shop."

The incident is true.

"About the week after Labor Day, I decided 'this retirement idleness really sucks, I've got to get back and get involved and have something to write every day,'" Boyd says. "I got tired of going to the mall, or picking out a different restaurant in West Van to have lunch at. I missed the enjoyment of writing. It's never been a chore for me."

He says he'll probably keep at the column the rest of his life. Asked if there's anything he'd still like to do, he puts aside modesty for a moment, and points out that in 44 years, he's never won a single journalism award. "I never won a bloody thing. Not even a crocheted doily!"

Perhaps they'll name one after him.

"Yeah, maybe," he says. "Just maybe."

Greening Our Campus

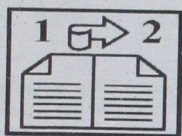
With over 10,000 people on campus every day, it's not hard to see that as a community we have a large impact on our life-support system, the environment. When it comes to reducing our impact on air, water and land resources, if we all changed some little things individually, we would end up changing a lot altogether.

Greening Our Campus is a new programme from the Student Association's Environmental Education department that aims to inform the BCIT community of the individual actions, that when adopted by all, can make a big difference. Try these for starters:



1/ Carry your own mug.

Save money with discounts in the cafeteria, eliminate 1000's of paper & styrofoam cups from the waste stream, save energy and avoid environmental pollution resulting from the manufacture of disposables. Reusable mugs are available at TNT stores and campus cafeterias.



2/ S-t-r-etch paper use.

Use BOTH sides of your note paper. DOUBLE-SIDE photocopies. RE-USE paper as scratch pads, and then RECYCLE.

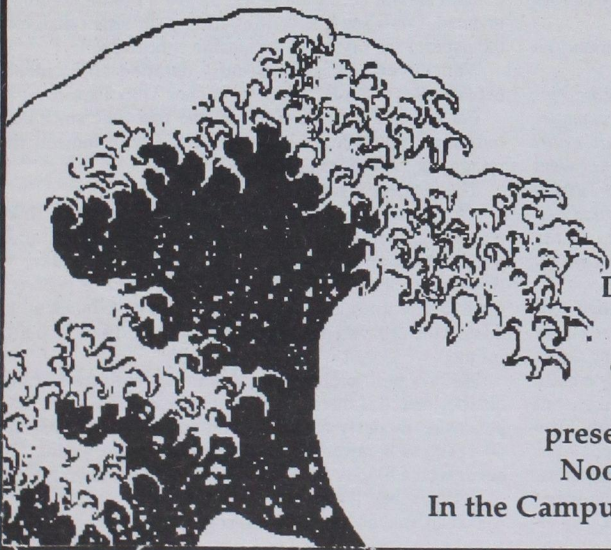


3/ Complete The Loop.

Buy unbleached, recycled paper products. Recycled paper uses 60% less energy, 50% less water, and 10 to 37 fewer trees per tonne compared to virgin paper. Plus by using unbleached paper you protect aquatic life in our rivers and oceans from pollution resulting from the paper-bleaching process. Help clean up the Fraser River and Georgia Strait.

Oceans & Rivers Day at BCIT October 11th

Get the real story on our aquatic environment; the Fraser River salmon fishery, dams, the power struggles, protection & restoration strategies, successes and failures. Find out what solid actions you can take to protect our water resources.



Displays,
guest
speakers
& video
presentations
Noon - 2 pm
In the Campus Centre

Recycling BCIT

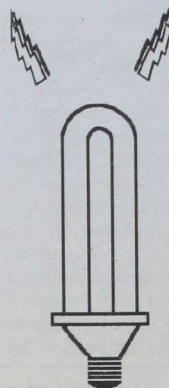


BCIT's recycling programme had its start in 1989, growing from grassroots paper recycling efforts coordinated under a programme proposed and operated by the Student Association. In June 1994 the SA handed over recycling duties to Physical Plant.

Presently, BCIT collects 17 different materials for recycling and operates a blue bag recycling program at the Maquinna Residences. BCIT recycles white & mixed office paper, phone books, cardboard, alu-

minum cans, clear & mixed glass, laser cartridges, printer ribbons, photocopy toner bottles, household batteries, automotive batteries, tires, used oil & oil filters, scrap metal, waste wood, antifreeze and gyproc.

For more information call Greg Helten, Student Association Environmental Education at 451-7060. For material pickups call the Physical Plant service desk at 8777.



Campus Zapped!

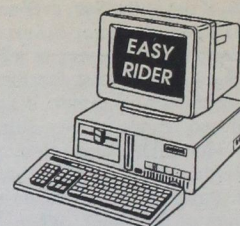
Physical Plant manager Gil Moore reports that since 1991, through BC Hydro's Power Smart initiative, BCIT has succeeded in gaining over 2.2 million kilowatt hours (kwh) in energy savings. That's enough energy to power 220 homes for a year! It amounts to almost \$270,000 in Power Smart incentives received.

Working with new energy-efficient design guidelines, the Physical

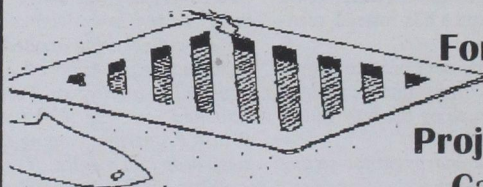
Plant coordinated the installation of new lighting controls, occupancy and daylight sensors, LED exit signs, high efficiency motors, electronic ballasts and fluorescent lights that use much less energy and yet burn brighter. You'll find the new developments in places like the main corridor of SW1, the new Campus Centre, the trade shops and at the Maquinna residence.

Help Clear The Air Sign onto BCIT's Ride-Matching Programme

Easy-Rider is a database system that matches up drivers and passengers by postal code. It's easy to do and FREE. Cut your carbon load. Walk, cycle, take transit, or share a ride with 2 or 3 other people. You'll all save money too! The Easy Rider computer is located in the main security office SW1001.



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It's your source of action tips to help you analyze the real impact of your daily activities on the environment. Discover how you can make a difference, and learn more about key environmental issues.

SPORTS

WITH REG DUNLOP

Why Trevor Linden isn't worth keeping as a Canuck:

1. Can't hit. And don't give me that shattered glass crap. It was weakened glass and I've seen harder hits in seniors lawn bowling.
2. No leadership. He's been the leader of two very mediocre regular season teams. It's his job to get Bure to stop pouting, to rally the troops and generally lead an average bunch of puckheads to some sort of consistent level of play. Pat Quinn and Rick Ley have both had identical results as coaches, so it's time to look at the players. And when you look at players, you always look at the Captain first.
3. Mark Messier. Mention that name around Linden and he breaks out in a cold sweat, starts losing hair and heads for the nearest closet.
4. He wants \$2.5 million. Add it up anyway you want, he's not worth the dough. His past and future stats give no indication he's worth those kind of numbers. Yes, yes, yes. I know Geoff Courtnall is making \$2.1 mil, but there was satanic overtones to that signing and I'm sure Mike Keenan will rot in hell for that little tribute to stupidity.
5. Linden is nice. So is my damn dog and I don't want either one of them playing on my team. He's big, he's supposed to be nasty. That's why God made him big. I don't want a gentle giant. I want someone who hasn't fully evolved. I want someone who grunts in short staccato sentences, rather than some bookish nice guy. Stu Grimson has never been signed to a team because of his thoughtful poems. This isn't Ice Capades, this is hockey!
6. Because the Vancouver media says he is worth signing. That single fact alone says Linden should be traded to Ottawa. Never has one city produced so many dim sports bulbs. Don Taylor walks around saying Radek Bonk, Neil Macrae is trying to figure out how he can sell advertising on his underwear and John McKeachie is mumbling some goddamn thing about begonias. And I haven't even mentioned Barry Houlahan! Sportschimps. And if was left up to them to decide hockey talent, Walt McKechnie would still be playing hockey.

You can blah, blah, blah all you want about what Linden does for the community and how long he's been here, but the bottom line is business. If he wants \$2.5 million, then he's just not worth it. If I'm Pat Quinn, I sign him to a three year deal and then turn around and trade Linden and Cliff Ronning to Winnipeg for Keith Tkachuk. Now there's a kid who hasn't fully evolved!

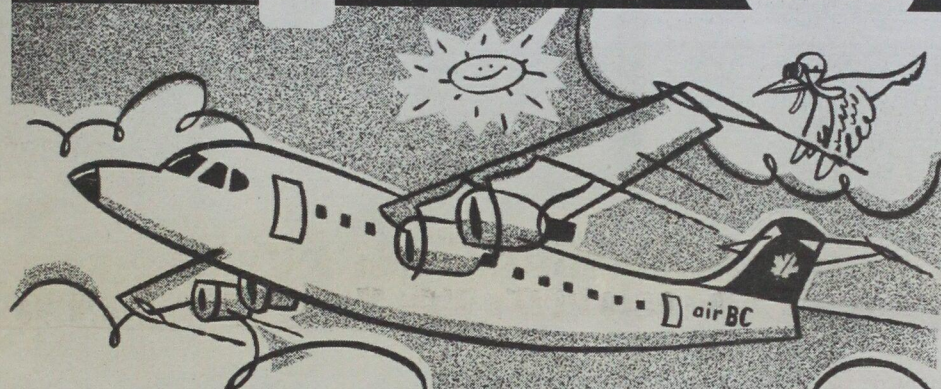
Sometimes your dreams do come true. For two torturous years I've skimmed past the incoherent ramblings of Vancouver Province, ahem, columnist Jim Taylor. But now he's left the Province and my world seems a little bit brighter.

Never has someone been so consistently boring in print for such a long period of time (you're on your way, ed.). They marvel at Cal Ripken's consistency, well they ain't seen Jimmy! Some of my cherished Taylor moments occurred around December to March. While everyone was focused on hockey and basketball, Taylor was trying to find his magic bullet theory in the CFL. It was CFL five times a week, every week. The fact there was no CFL news didn't stop Jimmy. Thus proving the lack of wit is not a barrier to a job as a columnist.

My all time favourite Taylor moment occurred before my time in Vancouver, but it's a doozy. You see Taylor knew before anyone else, that Wayne Gretzky was going to be traded to the Kings. Taylor had managed to suck up to Gretzky and Gretz had thrown some dough at Jimmy for him to write a book. Lacking journalistic ethics, Taylor wrote many. Anyway, Gretz tells Jimmy he's going to LA., What does Taylor do? Nothing. Nada. Zip. He sits on it. One of the biggest sports stories of all time and Taylor sits on it out of friendship to an athlete he was supposed to be covering! Now some of you might not be much for fancy book learning, but I'm sure you might be able to discern there just might be a small ethical problem here. Well, congratulations. You are now officially one step ahead of Taylor. He never saw the problem and to this day he brags about sitting on the story and almost getting fired.

To Jimmy, I say good riddance. To the poor readers of the Toronto Sun, you might want to consider a switch to the Star.

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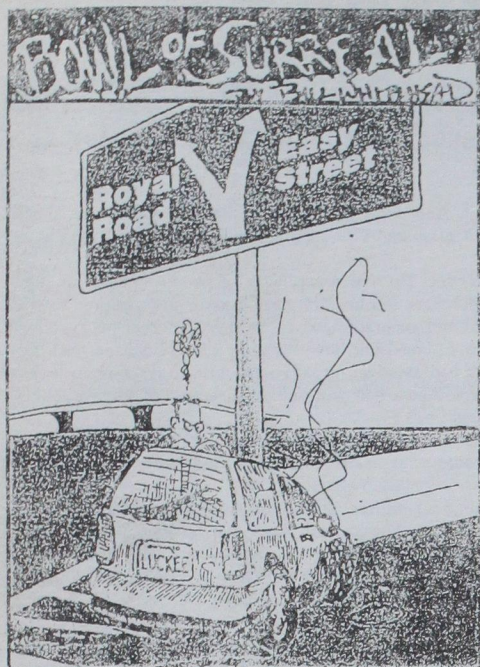
CLASS 24 YOUTH STANDBY ONE-WAY FARES

(From Vancouver)

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|-----------|-------|
| Ottawa | \$237 |
| Toronto | \$222 |
| Montreal | \$237 |
| Winnipeg | \$180 |
| Regina | \$142 |
| Saskatoon | \$134 |
| Edmonton | \$112 |
| Calgary | \$101 |
| Kelowna | \$61 |
| Victoria | \$35 |

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Fun on Sunday? ... NoMeansNo!

by Andrea Foote

As we all know and as Rob Wright, bassist/vocalist from NoMeansNo put it, you're not supposed to have any fun on Sunday.

CONCERT REVIEW

NoMeansNo with Ultra Bidé and Alice Donut

Fabulous Commodore
Sunday, September 17

If that is indeed the case, everyone at the Commodore that night was definitely going straight to heck in a hand basket (if they weren't already). The opening band was Ultra Bidé, a thrash group from Japan.

Bidé?

Isn't that sort of like those European fixtures that sit beside the toilet that make you feel "fresh, clean and alive"? But I digress.

Anyway, they sounded a lot better than their name implies. Imagine three punked-out, garage-type guys

playing with mucho gusto, despite some are-these-guys-for-real looks from the audience.

As in-between show entertainment, a documentary style film called "Power of the Word" was featured, with live performances by Jello Biafra, Attila the Stockbroker and Exene Cervenka included to dose up the audience with politics and attitude (as well as to keep people relatively well-behaved).

The next band, Alice Donut, didn't quite play with the energy of Ultra Bidé, but the crowd was into it. The highlight of their show (too bad) was a cover of Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" (see Ultra Bidé?!?), which was made even cooler with a trombone being the main instrument.

NoMeansNo. What can I say? For those who have never had the privilege to attend one of their concerts, let me tell you.

When you are at a NoMeansNo show, you are among the very best of

friends. You are never disappointed. You are treated to a mix of songs from their many albums, and when you hear one of your all-time favourite ones, your eyes kind of do a funny thing — they glaze over and time ceases to exist. Don't believe me? Well then, you'd best be going to see them at the next chance or die never knowing what I'm talking about. Can you afford that? I didn't think so.

I have one word. OK, two. CLASSY. LOUD. They played some songs from their new album, "The Worldhood of the World (As Such)" which sounded just as amazing as their old stuff. With two drummers and Rob's brutal bass, there was a definite scene happening. The crowd was filled with thick-rimmed glasses in the geeky-yet-cool style that the band has inspired over the years.

People were smiling. People were happy. What more is there to say?

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