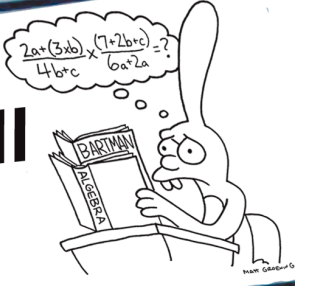


The Link

Life In Hell
Pg 15



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The Student Newspaper of the British Columbia
...te of Technology



Wednesday,
November 12th, 2003
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...LOONIES
...CHINE

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 and staff.

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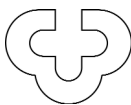
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CANADIAN
UNIVERSITY
PRESS

ROOTING FOR THE HOME TEAM

GESTAPO SECURITY FORCE TELLS FAN TO BE QUIET

By: Geoff GAUTHIER

It's fast, loud, and fun. That's right, it's hockey. Last Friday I went to see the Vancouver Giants take on the Seattle Thunderbirds at Pacific Coliseum, and to my surprise, I found out that while hockey is fast, it is neither loud nor fun, depending on who is working security that evening.

With about five minutes remaining in the third period, the score tied 3-3, a rather large, fat and bald security man came and sat beside us in our seats.

"We've had a couple of complaints about your section," he said over the din of the cheering fans. "They want you to be quiet."

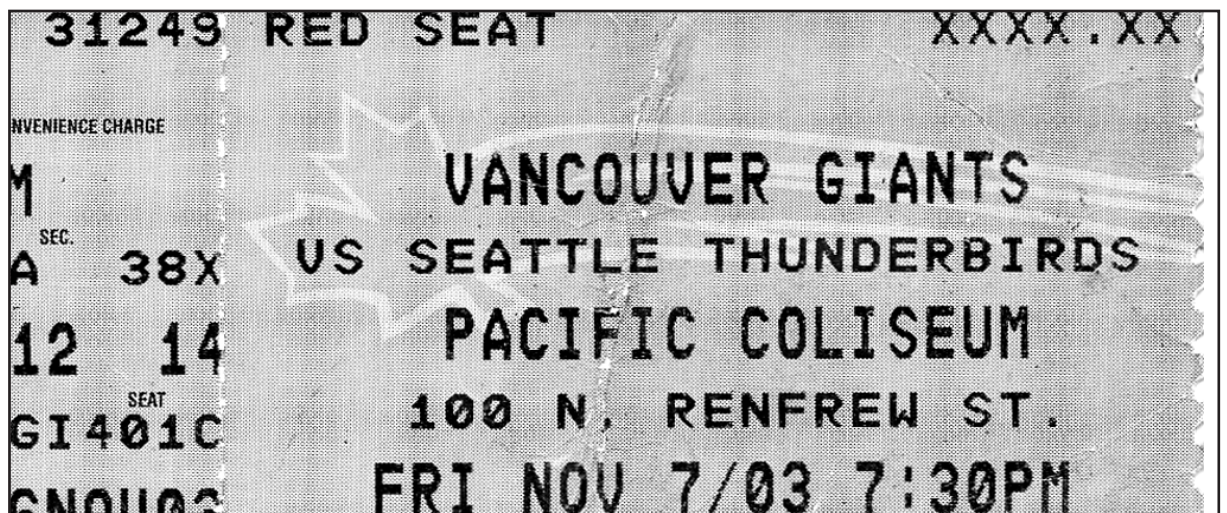
Over the din of the cheering fans, you say? I was quite taken aback that this sloth of a human being had the nerve to come over to us and tell us we couldn't cheer for the Giants. The home team. In Vancouver. At the Pacific Coliseum.

"Excuse me security guy, you're interrupting my enjoyment of the game," I said, followed by another bellow of "go Giants, go!"

There were some more words coming out of his mouth but I was so appalled that I stopped listening shortly after I told him to return to his post and stop bugging us. I was not going to be bullied by and \$8.50/hour security guard with nothing better to do than harass fans. It must have been a slow night for him.

"I'll be waiting for you after the game," he said as he walked back up the bleachers, apparently slighted by my ignorance of his baseless accusations.

The third period ended and into overtime went the game. We



This is the ticket stub from the game. I didn't have a camera on me at the time, and for legal reasons I can't use the bastard's name or picture anyway. Next time you go to a sporting event at the Pacific Coliseum, make sure you don't cheer too loudly, you might find yourself banned from the arena!

cheered, we sang our hearts out for the team. We tried to get a wave going. Then the Thunderbirds got the winning goal. We sat in our chairs, a little saddened that our boys had lost. The three stars came out, two of them from Vancouver and then the T-Bird that got the winning goal, and we headed for the nearest exit...

... "I'll be waiting for you after the game," said a voice in my mind. That's funny. As I got to the top of the stairs there was new security guard, a 6'7" dude in a blue jacket. I passed him without incident. Then I felt a pull at my right arm. It was the giant. He followed me on my way out to the exit. I was shoved unceremoniously into a corner under some stairs and a crowd started to gather a round us.

"You don't disrespect us," came a surprisingly quiet voice from the giant. Then the bald, fat security guard from earlier showed up. I tried to move away, but the giant wouldn't let me pass. There

was an old man in a tan PNE uniform holding the bald, fat guy's sleeve.

"I don't ever want to see you inside these premises again," the fat, bald guy shouted as he tried to grab me. I moved to the left. He tried again, I swept in beside the giant and walked towards the exit. They were both shouting at me, but I was amongst the crowd now, and there was nothing they could do. There was nothing they could do anyway. All I was doing was cheering for the home team.


In all of my 27 years, once as a hockey player and now as a hockey fan, I have never been asked to be quiet in a hockey game. Hockey is meant to be loud. I have the right to cheer for my team. I don't understand the logic behind PNE security's choice to hassle me.

Given the situation, it's not like the Giants are raking in huge sums of cash. There were under 5000 people in attendance at the game. If security hassles just one person - say a guy with a newspaper at his

disposal and a willingness to write his disapproval to the Giants and the PNE - that one person will no longer be attending Giants games. That is one more ticket not being sold. Word gets out that security hassles fans, all of a sudden the already meager ticket sales drop badly, leaving Vancouver without a WHL team to cheer for and once again adding to the stereotype of Vancouver being the "No Fun City."

We can't afford to have power-tripping jerks running event security at our already sparsely populated events in Vancouver. What happens next time a security guard threatens a fan? What if that fan can't stand up for himself or herself? Does security get to do whatever they want?

Like I said, if I'm not allowed to cheer loudly at a hockey game, in support of my team, then I guess I'll no longer support the team. The old saying is true: one fat, bald security guard will ruin it for the rest.



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Link Letter Policy The Link welcomes letters. Letters should be typed, double spaced, under 300 words and can be dropped off at The Link or SA offices and sent through campus or regular mail. Your name, affiliation with BCIT, and a telephone number to contact you (which will not be published) must be included. Anonymity may be granted at the discretion of staff. Letters on disk, as a .txt file, with a hard copy, would be greatly appreciated. The Link reserves the right to edit for clarity and brevity.

PARKING SOLUTION IN WORKS

NEW IMPARK MACHINES NO LONGER ACCEPTING TWO-DOLLAR COINS

By Eric SHIH

Since Oct. 23, many of the parking meter machines at BCIT that once accepted both loonies and toonies have been converted to only accepting loonies. In addition, many of the credit card readers have been taken out of service.

The reason for this, according to BCIT's Director of Safety and Security Glen Magel, is because of damage and theft.

Parking at BCIT is contracted out to Imperial Parking. Magel says that BCIT is nevertheless aware that broken meters are a great inconvenience to their users which need to be repaired on a daily basis.

While Mr. Magel would not confirm the methods involved, one theory is that people have been sticking wooden coffee stir sticks

into the machines, manipulating them to give them free passes.

The change in accepted payment makes it inconvenient for many students. Wendy Nahanee, a first year student says, "most people hand out toonies and the cafeteria... [the staff] doesn't want to give you change for the loonies so it's really inconvenient. If the change changes they should also incorporate that into their machines."

Magel adds that the credit card readers are not being taken away, but that they get broken from misuse and it takes a while to get replacement parts for the meters.

He says BCIT is trying to solve the parking issues and is actually changing the way parking will be done at their satellite campuses. At these locations, parking spots will be given a number and the parking meter will be inside



You now have to buy two Impark tickets for your dashboard. Not exactly environmentally friendly, is it? - photo by Geoff Gauthier

the buildings. The user would just select their spot and pay at the

meter without needing to return to their car to place the parking pass on the dashboard. If successful, this system could eventually be put in place on the main BCIT

campus.

Until then, keep on bringing your loonies or buy a monthly pass.



NEWS IN BRIEF: MOBILIZATION AGAINST WAR AND OCCUPATION



By Brennan LUCHSINGER

In the past weeks, the situation in Iraq has escalated rapidly, with the increase in attacks on the occupying forces of the US and their partners by the struggling people of Iraq. This includes the recent missile attack on the Hotel Rashid, that houses officials of the US-led occupation office and US military personnel. This missile attack was closely followed by a set of coordinated car bomb explosions in Baghdad, which targeted the International Committee of the Red Cross and

four police stations.

Parallel to this escalation of the situation in Iraq is an escalation in the state of Israel's war against Palestinian people, a war that is once again expanding to direct attacks on neighboring Arab states such as Syria.

There is strong potential for a return to the powerful antiwar movement that existed earlier this year which was marked by up to 100,000 people on the streets in Washington and large rallies involving tens of thousands of people in other major cities around the world on October

OCCUPATION

Iraq, before the occupation.

- photo courtesy of the BBC

25th. People who opposed the initial bombing of Iraq are beginning to see more and more that the war in Iraq is not over, and that the continued resistance of the Iraqi people provides hope for the struggle against imperialist war and occupation.

A strong international antiwar movement, standing beside the struggling people of Iraq, Palestine, and Afghanistan, provides the potential to weaken the imperialist agenda even further. It is just as crucial now as it was earlier in the year to take action in the lower mainland and mobilize poor, working and oppressed people against these brutal occupations. We must challenge this imperialist agenda everywhere it rears its head, resisting the attacks on the rights of Immigrants and refugees, and resisting the continued theft of Indigenous land and resources by the Canadian government.



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MORE B.C. STUDENTS WANT TRANSIT PASS

VANCOUVER SCHOOLS SEEK EXPANDED U-PASS; INTERIOR STUDENTS HOLD REFERENDUMS

By Stephen HUI
British Columbia Bureau

BURNABY, B.C. (CUP) — Post-secondary students in the Vancouver area are pushing for the expansion of a program that provides students at British Columbia's two largest universities with unlimited access to public transit.

But Ken Hardie, spokesperson for the Greater Vancouver Transportation Authority, warned that could take some time because the transit system isn't ready to handle the increase in riders a student transit pass brings.

"We don't have the administrative or transit facilities to deal with more business at this point," Hardie said.

Almost 60,000 students at Simon Fraser University and the University of British Columbia pay a mandatory fee for the so-called U-Pass. The program, which has a corporate sponsor, was introduced in September.

Now, students at the BC Institute of Technology, Capilano College, Douglas College, Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design, Kwantlen University College, Langara College, and Vancouver Community College hope to bring the pass to their schools. The Canadian Federation of Students has formed a committee to work toward that goal.

Lucas Schuller, the lobby group's provincial campaigns coordinator, said the Transportation Authority should

propose implementing the pass at those schools for a price close to that paid by Simon Fraser and UBC students. They pay about \$20 per month.

"It's a matter of equality," said Schuller, a student at the Community College.

According to the student union at UBC, the pass is causing many students to get out of their cars and onto the bus. In fact, the increase in transit riders has led to overcrowding on some routes.

"In general, we are satisfied with how the program's performing," said Sam Saini, a vice president of the student council. "But we would like to see some of the service issues addressed."

Sean Kim, 17, a Simon Fraser engineering science student, said that as a driver he isn't thrilled about having to pay for the pass, but that the program is working out well for his transit-riding friends.

"It's a success for them," Kim said. "But not for me."

Interest in student transit passes extends beyond the Vancouver area. Students around the province are laying the groundwork for U-Pass programs or have already acquired them for their schools.

Camosun College and the University of Victoria have had a pass since 1999, and the University College of the Cariboo in Kamloops will introduce one in January. Cariboo students approved their \$40 per semester pass in a referendum last month.



Ernie Ware, a vice president of the Cariboo Student Society, said his student union hopes to find an organization to subsidize their pass to reduce the cost to students.

According to Tamara Sweet, a Northern Undergraduate Student Society executive, students at the University of Northern BC in

Prince George will likely vote on a pass in March.

Although Karina Frisque, president of the Okanagan University College Students Association in Kelowna, would like to see a pass come to her school, she said her student union isn't working toward that goal.

"One of the problems is that

Kelowna is a very car-centered place," Frisque said. "At least 70 per cent of our school population owns a car or drives to school."

A pass would help students secure improvements to Kelowna's "completely inadequate" transit system, Frisque added.



have your say
AGM!

The British Columbia Institute of Technology Student Association is having their Annual General Meeting

Where: SA Council Chambers, SE2, 279

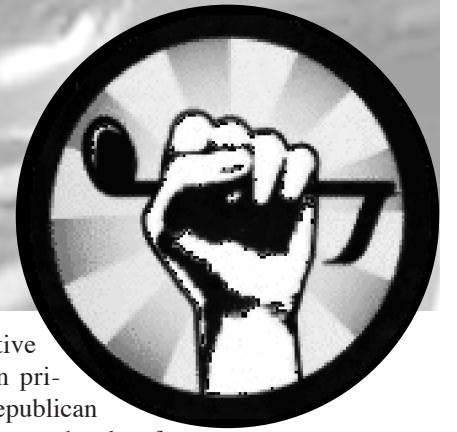
When: Monday, December 1, 2003

Time: Meeting Starts at 5:30 pm



SUING YOUR CUSTOMERS

A WINNING BUSINESS STRATEGY?



By Professor G. Richard SHELL

Wharton School Business University of Pennsylvania

The recording industry has a pricing problem. People do not want to pay \$15-20 for a compact disc when they can download the same music for free over the Internet. The industry's solution appears as novel as the technology that is giving it such headaches: launch hundreds of lawsuits against otherwise law-abiding consumers who download music.

After all, the music industry has invested billions of dollars in its product and thought it had iron-clad intellectual property protection for these investments - copyrights in recorded songs issued by the United States government. But having a strong legal claim on the merits is only one factor in legal strategy success. Indeed, this factor is often the least important one from a business point of view. Other key strategic considerations include the public legitimacy of an industry's legal attack (i.e. how the move will play in the court of public opinion), the vulnerability of an industry's strategic position in its market, the resources it has available to sustain a legal war, and the access an industry has to important legal decision makers such as regulators and legislators who can make new rules in the industry's favour.

The recording industry balanced these factors well in its initial legal strategy - suing online distribution companies such as Napster. Napster was a direct threat with no legitimacy of its own. Its only appeal was whimsy: Average citizens thought its creator, Shawn Fanning, had a neat, new technology. But they also recognized that Fanning was selling the key to somebody else's candy store. Nobody formed a "Free Fanning" committee to bail him out of legal trouble.

The recording industry, however, has gone one step too far with its latest legal move. Suing your customers is not a winning business strategy. Industries have a completely different strategic relationship with customers than they do with rivals. And this sort of strategy does not play well in the court of public opinion.

But it's hardly the first time an industry has tried to solve strategic problems using litigation against its customers. And the strategy is no more likely to work today for the recording industry than it did 100 years ago, when the leading automobile manufacturers in 1903 tried to put down the threat of cheap, mass-produced cars by suing consumers who bought Henry Ford's automobiles. Napster founder Shawn Fanning may have little else in common with Henry Ford, but both men sparked a wave of innovation that transformed their worlds. And both brought down the wrath of incumbent industry associations which tried to stop their new technologies with litigation. The story of Henry Ford's eight-year legal battle with the "Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers" is a cautionary tale for today's Recording Industry Association of America.

In 1903, when Henry Ford launched the Ford Motor

Company, his third attempt at making cars, automobiles were high-priced, custom-made playthings for the rich. What's more, the major manufacturers had figured out a way to keep it that way. They had acquired a strategic property right very much like the recording industry's copyrights on recorded songs. It was called the Selden Patent and it gave its owners the exclusive right to sell a very basic invention: self-propelled vehicles powered by internal combustion engines. Many people in the car business thought this patent was an outrage - much as some online retailers today are angry that Amazon.com received a patent on its "One-Click" checkout system. But the U.S. Patent Office had issued the Selden Patent and a group of powerful incumbents had purchased it and formed an association to enforce it. Litigation, then as now, was very expensive - especially for start-up companies with limited working capital. Nearly every car company fell into line to pay royalties to the Association for the privilege of making and selling cars.

Except Henry Ford. The association did not want another competitor in Detroit and it did not like his idea of driving prices down to where average people could afford a car. So it refused to license him. For Ford, it was either exit the industry or fight the Selden Patent in court. He decided to raise a legal war chest and fight the incumbents. The litigation lasted from 1903 until 1911 and along the way, the association launched hundreds of lawsuits against Ford's customers to scare them away from his showrooms for buying "unlicensed vehicles."

Most ordinary people of Ford's era had been content to stand by and watch the automobile makers slug it out over the Selden Patent. It was just an industry cat fight. But when the big "money men" started suing ordinary people who were just trying to buy a cheap car, public sympathy shifted against the incumbents. People rallied to Ford's side against the bullies. Editorials weighed in against the industry's heavy-handed lawsuits, and Ford helped his own case by purchasing litigation insurance for his customers. By the time the patent litigation was over - Ford won on appeal in 1911 when the court ruled that the Selden Patent covered only cars made with a special type of engine nobody was using anymore - Ford was a hero, and the largest car manufacturer in America.

What can the Recording Industry Association of America take from Henry Ford's story? First, you will never win your market by suing your customers. Quite the opposite: you will rally ordinary people to your opponents and alienate a generation of buyers. Exactly what has the industry gained by suing, among others, a 12-year-old girl in New York for downloading songs? A raft of bad publicity, a reputation for being a bully, and a new litigation insurance scheme devised by peer-to-peer software companies who can now cloak themselves in Robin-Hood green.

Worse still, the RIAA's wholesale use of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act to obtain the names of telephone company customers for its lawsuit program has

sparked a legislative reaction based on privacy concerns. Republican Senator Sam Brownback of Kansas recently introduced a new bill in the Senate to require judicial review of subpoenas such as those used by the recording industry to fuel its downloading cases. When Kansas Republicans start lining up with liberal Democrats against your industry, you've got a whole new kind of legal strategy problem.

Second, no legal rule is strong enough to overcome a radical technical innovation. Courts can delay progress but they cannot stop it. Unlike the automobile cartel that tried to stop Henry Ford, the recording industry's copyrights are perfectly valid. But so are the speed limits on the interstate highway system. The fact that cars are designed to go faster than those speed limits explains why most people do so, regardless of the law. The Internet is designed to transfer data at zero marginal cost, so people want to download all kinds of things, including songs. Ultimately, no copyrights can stop that.

Third, innovation always drives the prices of yesterday's technology into the dirt. The way to respond to the demise of the commercial CD is not to sue Internet-users. It is to figure out new ways to make money on music. Maybe concert ticket prices will have to rise. Perhaps groups should be giving more live performances on the web for premium prices. Innovative companies are beginning to sprout up all over the place with new ideas that incorporate digital music - such as selling customized CDs with mixes of a consumer's favourite songs, video clips, and messages for friends. An Indian company called Saregama India is already doing this with music from old Hindi films and classical Indian artists. The U.S. music industry should be leading the way toward such new concepts, not lashing out at its customers like the angry, injured giant that chased Jack down his bean stalk.

As Henry Ford once summed it up, lawsuits against new technologies provide "opportunities for little minds ... to usurp the gains of genuine inventors ... and under the smug protest of righteousness, work a hold-up game in the most approved fashion." What the recording industry needs now are new business models, not outdated legal strategies.

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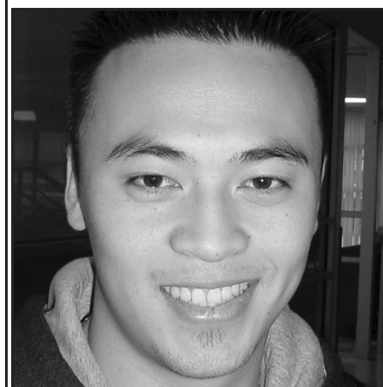
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CAMPUS QUERY



Our question to the students of BCIT this week: **What do you think about the Britney Spears and Madonna collaboration, "Me Against The Music"?**



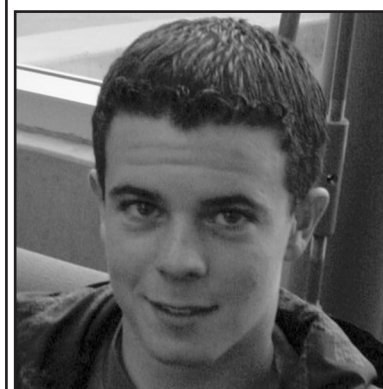
"It's sexy."

-George H
Information Technology
Management



"It's interesting. It's okay, not all that exciting. It's more hype than a song."

-Vivian W
International
Management Studies



"I think it was good! Instead of kissing, throw in some touching."

-Brandon N
International
Management Studies



"Let's see, Madonna and Britney, ya, mmm... yup, it's good."

- Joel N.
Broadcast Media



Dan Schick
The Art Institute of Vancouver - Burnaby

Somiko Harrington
The Art Institute of Art

Ashish Patel
The Art Institute of Art - Schaumburg

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ADVENTURES IN BIKRAM'S YOGA

ENLIGHTENMENT 101- NOT FOUND IN A BOTTLE OF BLEACH

By Victoria REVAY

As I opened the door to a once familiar hair salon, all the memories rushed back into my mind about a place I hadn't been to in years. The sound of thumping electronic music was still too loud. The air in the salon still smelled like coconut and green tea. It blended together to create a delicious atmosphere. I was nervous and wanted to run out of the place because years before I had been a loyal patron of the salon, particularly for my colorist JC. He was something out of the movies; he was a guy every girl wanted as a best friend. JC is gay in his early fifties, although he'll tell you his in his late forties. He is sweet and he agrees with everything you say, and he dresses exquisitely, but if you get on his bad side...

Okay so I didn't really get on his bad side. I didn't really do anything wrong, I just somehow changed colorists and stopped calling him for a number of years. I foolishly didn't realize (until I read it in Cosmo) that there was a code of ethics one had to follow when "breaking up" with a colorist. So I knew I had a lot of explaining to do and I was chicken shit. I admit it. I didn't want to face my bad manners head on and I avoided this moment until I could no longer tolerate the state of my hair color. To my surprise JC greeted me with open arms, gave me the typical air kisses on both cheeks and simply asked what I wanted to do with my hair that day. It was business as usual.

I tried not to look surprised when he said he had found salvation but insisted he tell me more just in case I needed to redeem myself one day. "Okay," he continued cautiously. "I am doing Bikram's and it has changed my life. Oh, everyone is doing it, and the best part of it is, is that you can actually lose weight from doing it. Yes, it

is true. Bikram's - you have to try it." I started to blush and acted as if I knew what he was talking about. Secretly, I imagined him in various compromising positions, sweating profusely. "You have to try it, you must" he kept insisting. "I can call Tom for you, oh, he is exquisite and so knowledgeable, he can show you everything" said JC. At this point, I was picturing some kinky, sexual exercise that I will be trying with Tom's help, and I was already coming up with excuses to tell my boyfriend about this latest weight loss secret that I just had to try.

Thankfully, JC interrupted my thoughts of promiscuity with blurbs of information about "practicing yoga, in heat and spiritual-mind-body connection." As I found out later that afternoon at my first class, Bikram's Yoga is a discipline of the body, mind and soul. Although it is catered to the Western trend-setter athletic group, this type of Yoga offers a way to disconnect from the insanity of the average workday by slowing everything down in a 90 minute, heat assisted class. It might be the 102 degree-plus conditions that are exhausting or perhaps just the energy that is put into concentrating on one's own breath for that long. Nevertheless, after completing the class my senses went through the roof and I swore to get a monthly pass.

I beamed with glee as I thought that this was the answer to my self-diagnosed ADD. I felt more disciplined, in control,

focussed. I was even shedding a few pounds of water in the process. Bonus! Not only that, but it seemed there was a tight community that I formed with others also addicted to Bikram's. Everywhere I turned I saw Bikram's folk. I somehow felt I belonged...

Fast-forward to now. Bikram's helped me start my spiritual enlightenment process. I had already decided that I wanted to live a more balanced and focussed life. And I was always a nice person treating others with respect and kindness (most of the time). So was it Bikram's or just me? Or was the feeling an illusion, after all? As most Yoga practitioners say, the answer lies within us. I think it is an experience everyone should judge for themselves. However, I do have a little word of advice for the guys out there. No matter what anyone says, wearing Speedos is NO-NO in all situations.



MATRIX: REVOLUTIONS

By Kevin GROVES
CUP Guy and Mad Matrix Fan

When I arrived at the cinema, I was quickly ushered into a dimly lit auditorium that stank of unwashed bodies, similar in scent to a dank cave in downtown Zion. Like everyone else in attendance, I was there to see if Neo (Keanu Reeves) conquers all in the Wachowski Brothers' third go at the Matrix saga. The bottom-line? The film was satisfying while not groundbreaking and not necessarily the last of the series, but more on that later.

First: Let's get the obvious out of the way. They're all back. Neo, Trinity (Carrie-Anne Moss), Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne), Niobe (Jada Pinkett Smith), and a collection of supporting actors from the previous films who make brief cameos. One of the downsides of this conclusion is its dismissal of several supporting characters introduced during *The Matrix Reloaded*. Peresphone, we hardly knew you.

Then there are the philosophy scenes between Neo and a

Reloaded oracle played by Mary Alice. While the philosophy of the first Matrix flowed through the veins, this rendition coagulates with a leaden tell-not-show. It's not as confusing as some of the dialogue in *The Matrix Reloaded*, but it's still pretty mechanical.

All this aside, there are some great scenes here. Case in point is a gravity-defying race through the sewers between Zion-bound pilot Niobe and a swarm of sentinels. There's also a truly epic fight scene between Neo and Agent Smith. But having had our minds freed after the first two films, I couldn't help feeling that I'd seen this all before.

Worse, after the success of the Matrix franchise, the Wachowskis can't seem to let their opus go. In one of the final scenes, the Architect asks the Oracle whether she thinks the newly-formed peace between humanity and the machines will last, setting the stage for future sequels. Ramming out another trilogy on the success of the first has been proven the mother of bad ideas. Just look at another franchise that has done just that, you know, the one with Jar Jar Binks.

EAT ETHNIC

RESTAURANT GUIDE



By Kaveh GHADERI
Intro By Geoff GAUTHIER

This week Kaveh writes about his experiences at Habibi's Lebanese Restaurant and La Charcuterie Delicatessen (one of my personal favourite places near campus to get a great sandwich for next to nothing). These articles were originally written on October 16th and October 10th, respectively, and the *Eat Ethnic Restaurant Guide* was supposed to appear in every edition of the Link. Unfortunately, there has not been room as of late. We're working on it, believe me.

Kaveh brings an interesting insight to the art of dining ethnically, telling it like it is while still being honest about the restaurants in question. Note that these are not advertisements for the restaurants, just honest pricing guides and opinions from the Link's finest diner.

Bon appetit, and enjoy this week's reviews!

Habibi's is a small Lebanese cafe on West Broadway & Oak. Lebanon is a tiny country on the Mediterranean coast of the Middle East. Lebanon is a unique Middle Eastern country since most of its residents are Christian, a small percentage in the Middle East.

Habibi's dishes are delicious and under eight dollars. The lighting inside is dark but I assume it's intentional, though I would prefer to actually be able to look at my food while eating; especially when it's Lebanese and known for its rich and vibrant colour. Literally everything on the menu is worth trying; I'm not going to try to say which dish is the best because all are equally interesting and enjoyable. Parsley, lemon, bulgur, beats, cucumbers, eggplant, yogurt-like cheese and garlic are all fair game at Habibi's. Speaking of garlic, one thing I strongly disagree with is people who complain about their breath or the smell of certain ingredients in food after eating at ethnic restaurants. Get over it, not all food is meant to be plain, boring and regular; some prefer to have their food spiced and flavoured as to stimulate the taste buds. It's more fun to eat and chances are it's better for you than it is worse, so stop complaining about the smell of garlic and similar foods of strong odor and just eat it. Have a mint after if it helps you, most ethnic restaurants have ethnic mints; just ask them.

Moving on, Habibi's has amazing Turkish coffee. It's coffee Middle Eastern style prepared fresh, strong, and dark. Turkish coffee is served in a traditional clay finger kettle. The coffee stains left inside the rim of your cup after drinking can be used to predict your future. When I was a child my mother and I went to a dinner party where the hostess was a fortune teller. She made Turkish coffee for my mother and predicted her future. She looked inside the empty cup and saw stain patterns resembling airplanes, flight, and the sky. My mother ended up going to Iran a few months later from Toronto. I'm not superstitious nor have I ever believed in fate and destiny but Turkish coffee is something worth trying at Habibi's. It's hard to find it at Starbucks. Zero

stars for Starbucks.

The service at Habibi's was fine. It would be nice for the staff to know more about Lebanon or Lebanese culture. I asked two of the waitresses various questions about the origins of some of the dishes and they referred me to call the owner and ask him instead. Visiting an Ethnic restaurant is about exploration of culture just as much as it is about food. The waitresses need more education and should be playing Lebanese music not the radio. One thing before I go, please don't go to Habibi's and order a falafel. The word falafel has been stereotyped with Middle Eastern food. While the falafel is good, try something that can only be found at Habibi's, after all Falafel is everywhere. Habibi's deserves four stars out of five on the *Eat Ethnic* restaurant guide.

**1128 West Broadway,
Vancouver BC.
Phone: (604) 732-7487
<http://www.habibis.com/>
Open till 10pm**

The biggest sandwich in North America. That's what I saw as I walked into La Charcuterie Delicatessen. The name sounds French but this small meat, cheese and sandwich shop offers the best all around European sandwiches, and it's the biggest and best value sandwich I have ever had in twenty-two years of eating.

The overall look of the Deli is decent; there are no fancy meats and cheeses hanging from the ceiling, though that would have impressed me. The size of the sandwich is the key to this place. You get your choice of fresh baked bread, over twenty meat options and up to ten cheese options. La Charcuterie Delicatessen spreads on some spicy mustard and pickled chili peppers on the sandwich along with your choice of cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, green peppers, and two big dark green lettuce leaves. I highly recommend saying yes to all the veggies, don't ever get a sandwich without all the veggies unless you're allergic, in which case just ask for extra meat.

Don't go and get roast beef or turkey or something plain you have already had. Try some

Danish salami with Danbo cheese on multigrain bread and make sure you ask for your meat, cheese and bread to be heated before the veggies are added.

Mr. Sub, Subway, and Quizno's don't even come close to meeting the expectations of a valuable sandwich. Their sandwiches put me to sleep; their bread is fresh baked but I wonder what's in the raw dough. The bread is almost too soft. Why don't they slice their cheese or meat in front of you? It's always in those plastic containers. La Charcuterie Delicatessen slices the meat and cheese in front of you. They put up to fifteen separate slices of meat and almost seven slices of cheese on your sandwich depending on who's working of course. The sandwiches are baguette shaped and crispy.

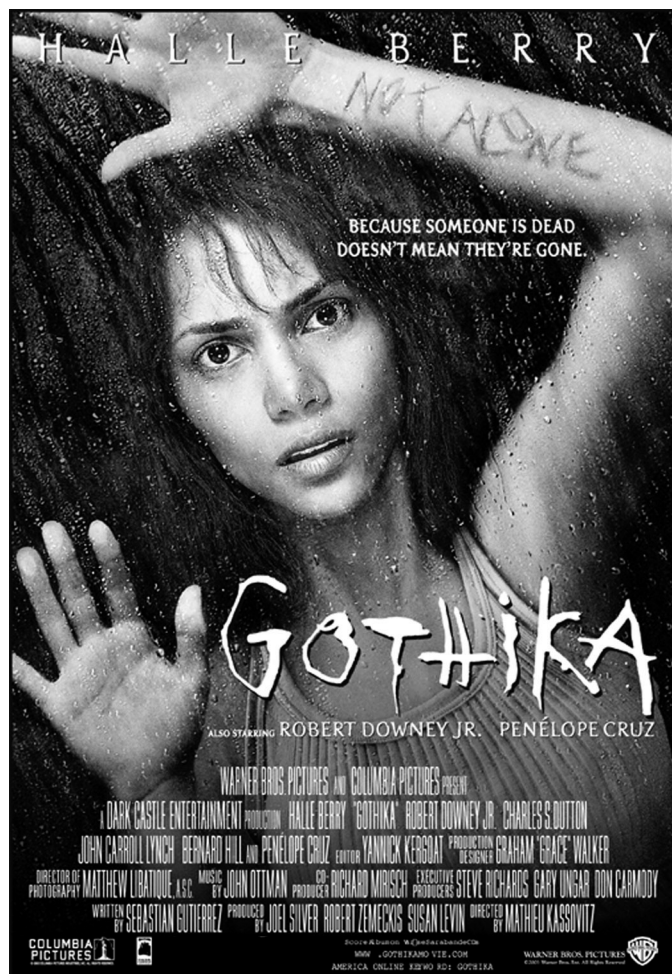
There are stools inside La Charcuterie Delicatessen for people to eat their enormous sandwiches, however I prefer to walk to neighbouring Central Park where I like to sit down on one of the secluded park benches facing the forest and spend a good twenty minutes eating my sandwich. The fresh air and oxygen the trees in the park provide helps with digestion as well as provide a nice view. It's better than eating indoors. Buy a guava juice to wash down your sandwich; it's better than coffee or pop.

The cost is the second reason why the sandwich is valuable. \$5.08. I remember Mr. Sub, Subway and especially Quizno's charging me up to ten dollars for their large sandwiches.

La Charcuterie Delicatessen is located at 3665 Kingsway at the corner of Boundary in Vancouver. It's a five minute drive from BCIT. Call them at 604-439-3354. Don't go between the hungry hours of eleven to one because you will just have to wait in line.

The sandwiches are by far the best item on the menu, but try their soups and salads as well as their meats and cheeses on sale starting at about a dollar per one hundred grams. Consider catering with La Charcuterie Delicatessen because I give them five stars out of five on the *Eat Ethnic* restaurant guide.

Contact:
ghaderi_kaveh@yahoo.ca



Win tickets to a preview screening on Wednesday November 19th at Tinseltown.

The First person into The Link office that can tell us the age of Halle Berry wins a double pass.

Opens in theatres November 21st.

A CLASSIC BRITISH SEX FARCE

THE VAGABOND PLAYERS PRESENT: NOT NOW, DARLING

By Tim AMEY

The Vagabond Players production of the classic British sex farce *Not Now, Darling* is an entertaining show but unfortunately falls short of greatness.

Before I go any further, I must make two confessions. One I don't like farces. In my mind if you've seen one, you've seen 'em all. So my judgment of farces comes down to "will I be entertained?" Second, my wife, Barbara Blom, plays Miss Tiptale. There, I said it.

The play takes place in 1965 at the Furriers of Bodley, Bodley and Crouch in London, England. Mr. Bodley (Paul Tourner), schemes to sell a 5000 pound Mink coat to a certain Harry McMichael (Nathan Strijack) for a pittance at 500 pounds. Mr. Bodley is having an affair with Janie McMichael (Alex Wilson), Mr. McMichael's wife and the coat is a gift for his mistress. In order not to arouse suspicions, Bodley insists his partner, socially awkward Mr. Crouch (Ken Fynn), handle the sale. Bodley's

plan begins to unravel immediately. Mr. McMichael, suspicious of a wild Canadian mink selling for a mere 500 pounds refuses to buy it and leaves. Mrs. McMichael wants the coat desperately and refuses to leave without it. To hammer her point home, she promptly strips down to her undies and wraps herself in the mink.

It is a wild ride from here on out. Bodley's wife, Maude, (Holly Fynn) returns two weeks early from holidays. McMichael returns to ask for the coat because he wants to buy it for his mistress, Ms. Lawson. Lawson's husband shows up looking for his wife and goes nuts when he twigs to the scheme. The whole time, the company secretary Miss Tiptale is running around acting as referee to her crazed employers. You get the picture, extra martial affairs, naked women and mayhem. The classic British Farce.

This production tantalizes but falls just short of being great. One problem is with sound. The play takes place in famously noisy London. The parlour of



Bodley, Bodley and Crouch has two double doors that open to a large balcony. They are located upstage centre and are the focal point of the entire set. One would assume that if the doors are open, the sounds of London would spill in to the parlour. The production suffers when this does not happen. When Janie McMichael, wearing nothing but the mink coat, opens the doors, flashes and screams, no street sounds greet her. The scene is supposed to raise the stakes and let the audience know the gravity of the situation. The lack of complimentary sound renders the scene powerless. To add insult to injury the

doors are left silently open for the rest of the play!

In addition to the door problem, there is a large light hanging directly over center stage. How can someone lose themselves in a production when an oppressive light is staring them in the face like an unblinking eye? Some of the slapstick stuff could also be better emphasized. Bodley and Crouch trying to conceal Janie McMichael nude beneath her fur coat whenever Ms. Tiptale enters the parlour epitomizes the problem. All they accomplish is a hasty cover up. Why not let them get caught in a compromising position to really raise the stakes?

Don't get me wrong, this is a good production. Coming from someone who doesn't like farces this says a lot. The acting is strong, the timing is precise, but with a little more imagination and attention to detail this could be a great production. *Not Now, Darling* runs from October 23 until November 15. Call 604-521-0412 for reservations.

Not Now, Darling
Written by Ray Cooney and John Chapman.
Performed by the Vagabond Players at the Bernie Legge Theatre
Directed by Miles Lavkulich

HENNA HAIR DYE

A SAFE ALTERNATIVE TO DANGEROUS CHEMICALS



By Sheilla PACHECO

L'oreal, Clarol's Herbal Essence, Nice 'n Easy - I could go on forever - are all brands of hair dyes. Almost everyone has dyed their hair or wants to nowadays, even though it's not healthy or gentle for your tresses. Don't you just wish that there was a way to colour hair without the peroxide and other dangerous chemicals that give

those lovely dry, split-ends?

Well, there is: natural henna (do not confuse natural henna with PPD 'black henna'). Natural henna can dye hair all sorts of shades like auburn, chestnut, black, red, etc. Get this - it's good for your hair. It contains tannin, a molecule that binds to the keratin in your hair making it stronger and smoother. Nefertiti and Cleopatra have been known to use henna. The end result is smoother, softer, slightly scented of spices (lasting 1-2 days) hair that shines with your chosen colour.

The whole henna hair dying experience is like getting a hair mud-mask treatment, complete with a cooling effect (henna has cooling properties). It doesn't

lighten your hair; it just adds colour. If regular hair dye was lipstick, henna hair dye would be tinted lipgloss.

The colour change is not dramatic, just very natural. It also obviously depends on your current hair colour. Henna is safer for the environment when it washes down the drain, and most often is cheaper than chemical hair dyes! Henna hair dye can be found in most 'natural' stores. I got mine at LUSH for \$8.95. I chose to buy it there because they add some other great ingredients like shea butter.

e-mail me for more info on natural henna hair dye - or about any questions/comments about this article at: spacheco3@my.bcit.ca

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ADVENTURES AT 604 HIP HOP EXPO

DE LA SOUL REVIEW AND A LOOK AT THE HIP HOP FILM FESTIVAL



De La Soul Review By Brad MACLEOD

This past week, I had a chance to check out the 604 Hip Hop Expo. The event, running from November 2nd until the 11th, showcased various hip hop artists at clubs around Vancouver. I ended up hitting the Sunday night De La Soul gig, which kicked off the Expo.

Now, I admit, I am not a 'Hip Hopper' by any stretch of the imagination (some would argue that my 6 ft 4, skinny, white-boy frame should exclude me from even using words like 'Hip Hopper'). In any case, I love all types of music and have been a casual fan of De La Soul for a couple years.

De La Soul sports an old school vibe, yet their smooth sampling, contributes to an always innovative style. Their beats are distinct and... well, easy to bob your head to. Basically, it is easy to look cool to the funky feel of De La Soul songs.

I arrived at The Cave (formerly the Rage) right on time for the 10:30 show. I was welcomed to my very first Hip Hop concert by locked doors. There was not a soul in sight. I must admit, I felt a little insecure. Was I the object of a practical joke? I was certain everyone was inside the club laughing at me for not knowing the secret password. A password any real fan would know. Or, it got out that a poser (me) was in possession of a ticket and the concert had to be cancelled for fear De La Soul would lose 'street cred'. As it turned out, the concert was moved to Atlantis on Richards. Surprisingly the move had little to do with my jiggy-ness, or lack thereof.

I made it to Atlantis just as De La Soul took stage. The dance floor bobbed and bounced as the three members (Posdnous, Trugoy, and Mase) took stage. They started with hits like 'Bionix' and 'Ohhh'. I was pretty impressed with the sound of the show. To be honest, was sort of expecting muffled nonsense. But the guys were great. They successfully rallied the crowd through their entire performance. Even I was guilty of putting my hands in the air, like I just didn't care and yelling out the occasional "Hell Yah". It was uncontrollable. There were even a few free style interludes (with generous use of the word 'Vancouver' for automatic crowd approval). The guys ended strong, despite some microphone difficulties, by filling the stage with girls from the audience. The show finished with some good ol' booty jigging to 'Saturday' and 'Baby Phat'.

Well, I was pretty impressed with the De La Soul show. Not only was I pumped by the high energy performance, I was also surprised by the mix of the crowd. There was no fan 'type', just a happy bouncing mix of De La Soul lovers (including other tall, skinny, white-boys just like me). Also disarming about De La Soul, was the refreshing absence of bling bling, and the minimal derogatory posing. Sadly, an uncommon impression one gets from De La Soul's peer group. I think it was a mid concert declaration by the group which solidified my review of the concert: You don't need to be a hardcore hip hop fan to be welcome at the concert, just as long as you appreciate the music. I am that guy. Not an aficionado, but really enjoyed the show and the music. De La Soul was accessible. I guess 'accessible' is not the most desirable descriptors for a rap group. Alright, accessible but extremely dope. Check these guys out if you ever get a chance, it's well worth it.

604 Film Fest Reviews

By Mairin COOLEY

Before I say anything, I must emphasize that it was a miracle to sit through even two of the three Hip Hop film screenings at Sonar. Not only did I have to balance myself on a shifty barstool to watch the show, but my limbs shivered in a room only a few degrees warmer than outside (where was my common sense to wear my pyjamas under my pants). Thus I must apologize since I can say nothing about the night's last film, 5 Sides of the Coin (although they say: save the best for last. What a shame). Thank you Sonar, and thank you leather coat, with its zero heat retention properties



WILD STYLE (1982) 8pm

The Setup:

For those craving the true roots of rap, Wild Style (1982) captured the hard core South Bronx scene at its birth. The stars of Wild Style form the pantheon of hip-hop's pioneers: DJ's Grand Master Flash, Grand Wizard Theodore, D.St.; rappers Grand Master Caz and The Cold Crush Bros, The Chief Rocker Busy Bee, Double Trouble, Fantastic Freaks and RAMMELLZEE and bboy champions The Rock Steady Crew. Beat Music by legendary Blondie guitarist Chris Stein and Fred Brathwaite.

Wild Style stars the legendary subway artist Lee Quinones and the queen of the graffiti scene, Sandra Pink Fabara. Graffiti Masters Dondi,

Zephyr and Daze also bombed for the movie. Fab 5 Freddy, who along with writer/producer/director Charlie Ahearn, who helped create Wild Style, shines as the smooth hip-hop impresario Phade. Wild Style follows the outlaw artists through the train yards to the rap/breakdance clubs. The movie climaxes at a massive outdoor jam...definitely the most famous hip hop party in history!

The Review:

It is a relief that the best part about this Hip-Hop film was the music. Whether from the amazing MC skills of the story characters, the stock footage of the early 80's New York underground scene or the soundtrack which carried the story along. Our hero, Zoro: graffiti artist/tagger/painter and general layabout punk finds his focus by spray-painting a mural on an outdoor amphitheatre, which becomes the backdrop for the big Hip Hop finale.

Ultimately, the movie seemed more about creating a forum to show the music, the skillz and history. Consequently the story of our graffiti artist from the Bronx is blurred among all the musical chaos. Too bad... not really. But when a story has holes, no amount of sparkle and shine can fully distract you from it.

True, the story of these characters couldn't add up to the historical value of what those times actually meant. That if nothing else, the citizens of South Bronx, or wherever, could be together to celebrate each other, music and the freedom of their expression. It was contagious. Hell, even in that meat locker, I wanted to dance my heart out. I tapped my foot to the beat instead: it helped me stay warm.

SOUNDZ OF SPIRIT 9:30 pm

The Setup:

Unlike any other Hip-hop documentary to date, Soundz of Spirit is a riveting 60 minute documentary film that explores the creative process and spiritual connection of hip hop culture. With behind the scenes footage and in-depth interviews with a diverse group

of mc's, dj's, dancers, graffiti artists, poets, writers and producers including KRS-1, Outkast's Andre 3000, Jurassic 5, Zion I, Mystic, Pharcyde's Tre, Blackalicious, Michael Franti of Spearhead, Dilated Peoples, The Last Poets, Talib Kweli, Saul Williams, Medusa, DJ Q-Bert and many others.

The Review:

This documentary covered the best face of what Hip Hop means to the artists who create it. What inspires them: god, beauty, society (love/hate/greed) and even each other. Yes, the message here was that regardless of what you may have watched "accidentally" during Much on Demand, Hip Hop is an expression of spoken word, of poetry and of the rhythms that live within us all.

Soundz of Spirit explores the creative process and spiritual connection of Hip-Hop culture. So is it such a surprise that the catchiest, most honest and touching comments came from KRS-1. Is it? "I make rap, but I feel, live Hip Hop. I could sell my rap, but I can never sell Hip Hop." Later, he describes a voice that exists inside him and every other person. This is the voice that guides his music: whether quietly within his mind or with passion on stage.

Through their ever-changing styles, this documentary demonstrated that these performers draw energy from many sources. Using their words to make us think, and to question the legitimacy of the powers that be. The truth: theirs is a voice that will not be silenced, it has, can, and will continue to change the standard of public opinion.



THE STROKES LIVE IN SEATOWN



By Nancy MATOS

Next time I buy tickets online to a concert in Seattle, I'm going to verify what the venue layout is in advance. But I didn't think that was necessary, considering an arena large enough to house the local football team would have adequate room and seating in which to enjoy a live show. Not to say that there wasn't adequate room—there was. So much room in fact that some stadium staffer whizzed by on his Segway all night. The problem was that it wasn't actually held in the area where one could relax in stadium-style seating, or had the option of standing in front of the stage. It appeared the arena had been divided in two, with a tiny stage on one side of a curtain for The Strokes, and a ski show being held on the other side. Picture your school gymnasium, only with a beer garden on one side of the wall and some over-priced hot dog and pizza stands in the corner; you get the idea. Think back to how the acoustics were in that gymnasium when you were forced to sit through the school choir and concert band performing during assemblies and you can imagine what the sound quality was like.

Crappy venue aside, I found a patch of linoleum to sit on while I waited for the opening acts to start. I didn't sit close enough to hear Regina Spektor, a singer/songwriter/pianist perform, but I wish I had as I spent most of her set listening to a Vancouver woman moan about being the oldest person there and wondering where her daughter was. She, like myself and many others, had driven from Vancouver to see The Strokes, as they skipped our city on their current "Room on Fire" tour. While I sat against the wall listening to the end of Regina Spektor's performance (the woman had finally stopped talking thanks to her Sue Grafton novel) I saw Three Dog Night walk by. Only I later found out it wasn't the famous 70's rock band which had sauntered by on their way backstage, but the other opening act, Kings Of Leon. Intrigued, I made my way to the stage, nearly being struck by that blasted man on the Segway.

There were a number of Kings Of Leon fans in the audience, including one very excited guy beside me who had clearly spent some time at the beer garden. He yelled "Isn't this the best band in the universe?!" Smiling politely, I peeled his arm from around my shoulders and laughed as a girl in the corner shouted "Give us some more cowbell!" More cowbell indeed, and old fashioned 70's guitar rock with twangy chords in the style of Creedence Clearwater Revival, Lynard Skynard and of course, Three Dog Night. After they left to undoubtedly smoke large amounts of marijuana backstage, the crowd waited for over 30 minutes for The Strokes to come out.

FINALLY they emerged from backstage and went straight into "Under Control" from their new album "Room on Fire." This song is as close to a ballad as The Strokes will get, and as a result, is one of their weakest compositions. Everything else about the band was the same compared to the last time I had seen them live, from their thrift store chic attire to the guitar playing of Albert Hammond Jr. and Nick Valensi, which has given them their trademark sound. Lead singer Julian Casablancas was in his usual Heineken-soaked form, although this time around there was more banter with the audience, albeit it incoherent at times. Mr. Casablancas echoed my feelings exactly when he mentioned at one point that it was nice to be in Seattle but "too bad about the fugly venue."

They introduced a couple of stand-out songs from the new album, including "Reptilia" and "I Can't Win" as well as favourites from the first album, "Is This It." Judging by the new songs we were exposed to, it's nice to know The Strokes haven't tried to revamp their sound, something many bands tend to do after a successful first album. If you never liked The Strokes before, their new album will do nothing to change that. If you expected something different from them in concert, you can forget about that as well. Except for more interaction with the audience from Julian, the other members still do not utter a word and barely look at the audience. Especially Wymanesque bass player Nikolai Fraiture, at times turning his back and playing for his amp. This has never been a problem for me, as mindless banter for the sake of bantering can get annoying. Just play the music, and don't tease us by saying goodnight, going backstage and then coming back for an encore.

As always, when The Strokes ended their last song, that was it. The drive from Vancouver and the US dollar ticket price were worth it in the end.



SPIN THIS:

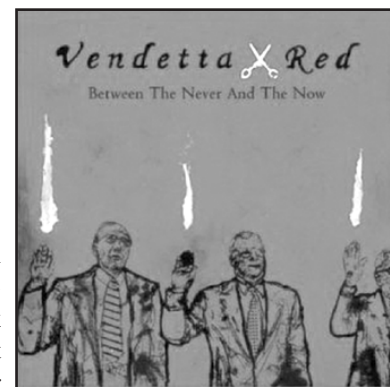
VENDETTA RED

Between the Never and the Now
Sony/Epic

By Christi WILLIS

Vendetta Red is a less popular punk band than one would expect, especially with the overload of punk music in the industry lately. But they seem to be rising with their recent release, *Between the Never and the Now*. Pleasantly surprising were the talented lyrics, which are both poetically angry and exposing. Through evidently gifted writing, Vendetta Red managed to bring new angles to cliché ideas. Being overtaken by love is not uncommon in songs but Vendetta Red approaches it in such a unique way; "You're the champion of my bleeding heart." Childhood abuse is another common topic in rock songs yet they manage to advance their style, "Story books and happy endings bite your lip in fear." They also bring fantastic imagery to their songs; "Bit from the blade tore flesh from bone," "We'll watch how the world pushes forward/Running like insects from god." Many of the songs are very mellow and intriguing. Most of the tracks have excellent instrumental introductions followed by thoughtful lyrics, and voices that can actually sing, unlike a lot of the 'punk' bands around.

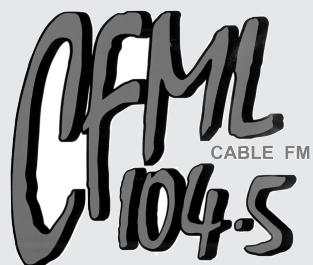
The emo ingredient is the least admirable element of the



album. The crazy screams and useless yells brought very little depth to the material. Although it worked occasionally, i.e. Stay Home, it seemed unnecessary in most of the other cases. Although emo/rock craves for something angry and rebellious, screaming is a weak and overused outlet. A definite exception is *Opiate Summer*. The darker undertones in the musical introduction shine through in a creative and subliminal way. The mood and energy in this song is intriguing and creative with complex verses and a simple chorus. The variety blends together almost perfectly.

Many would expect to be unimpressed or disappointed with *Between the Never and the Now* due to the weak 'punk' additions to radio waves by other artists such as Good Charlotte and Simple Plan. Lyrically, Vendetta Red is a rare talent in today's music industry. Their strong opinions and poetic verses hold something deeper than most recent artists'.

8 out of 10 bloody stabs!



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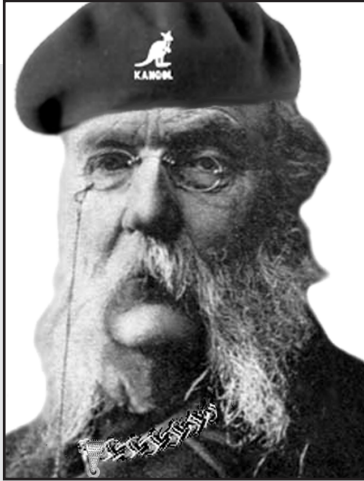
1. Finger Eleven - One Thing
2. A Perfect Circle - Weak and Powerless
3. Pilate - Into Your Hideout
4. Sam Roberts - Hard Road
5. The Dears - Lost In The Plot
6. The Roots feat. Cody Chestnut - The Seed
7. The Caesars - I'm Gonna Kick You Out
8. Tricky - Antimatter
9. Hawksley Workman - Anger as Beauty
10. REM - Bad Day

11. Ima Robot - Alive
12. Hot Hot Heat - No Not Now
13. The Strokes - Trying Your Luck
14. Chemical Brothers w/ Flaming Lips - The Golden Path
15. The Raveonettes - That Great Love Sound
16. Dandy Warhols - We Used to Be Friends
17. Suede - One Love
18. The Stills - Still In Love Song
19. Alien Ant Farm - Glow
20. Jack Johnson - Times Like These

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DOCTOR DO LOVE
 THE DOCTOR HAS JUST CHECKED IN

Like many men around the world I love to have fun in the sack and experiment with new things. Just recently me and my girlfriend were fooling around and discovered the joy of food and sex. She decided to whip out the chocolate syrup and coat my knob to satisfy her love for chocolate and my love for being sucked off. I figured to lighten the mood a little I would crack a joke. So I just commented that it kind of looked like we just had anal, in hopes that may become the next step in our sexual adventures. I really didn't mean anything by it, but at that point she stopped what we were doing and I was left to clean up after myself. What the hell went wrong?



Much like you assumed, DAC, with time many things change. From the clothes people wear to the way you pick up a girl. And like a lot of things that have changed with the passing of time, I blame the media. Why? Only because as the years progress the media portrays this image of a perfect person to such a fine detail that everyone either wants to be like that person or wants to be with that type of person. So my advice to you would be the same to any other male/female who feels the same. Just take your time with it. Play your "game" differently as the times change and learn from those who have already adjusted to this change.

Here is a little something I like to do when I am picking up the ladies out there. So grab a pen and take notes. On my free time I walk around the ATM machines and pick up receipts of people who have a huge balance on their account. I bring a few of these with me when I go to my favourite pick up place and offer to give a girl my number. I pretend to search my pockets for a scrap of paper and pull out this bank receipt as though it were my own and proceed to write down my phone number, making sure that the last digit of my phone number ends just as the very first digit of the bank balance begins. Then I hand this to the lady of choice and apologize for not having better paper to write on. Then I point out my number which just happens to end right where my "so-called" bank balance begins. If the girl is into money you got her hooked and ready to go. You will be surprised how often this works.

For any questions and or comments email Doctor Do_Love at linkdolove@hotmail.com

- Seriously Hindered in Task

With a comment like that, SHIT, you are lucky that leaving you to clean up after yourself was the only thing that she left you doing by yourself. It also means that it's going to be a little while until your next sexual food experience, if any. Any guy who is about to get sucked off and makes a comment like that doesn't deserve to get that oral attention. Implying that your dick looks like it's covered in shit is only a sexy statement to a few select people around the world. As for the rest of the norm out there, it's not only gross, but a complete mood killer. You really have no one to blame but yourself. Good luck with that one.

Like many others I've been having trouble picking up girls. I don't know what the hell it is these days, but it's next to impossible to even approach a girl without being laughed at, talked about, or turned down without a second glance. Have the times changed so much over the past few years that there is a new and different approach to picking up the ladies? I don't think that I'm an ugly person, I mean I'm no super model, much like the rest of the world, I'm just an average looking guy looking for a decent relationship. What is a guy to do about this and how can any normal average guy get his game back?

Desperate and Confused

Fifteen Dollar Workboots

By John HUGHES

The job required workboots but my cash flow was low...
 Even at Army and Navy the cheapest ones were in the 85 dollar range
 I moped from shelf to shelf nearing despair
 And was about to leave for the pawnshops when I spied a bin selling them for fifteen dollars a pair!
 My inner clown let loose with hollers and hoots
 For this pair of fifteen dollar workboots

I was instantly less morose, but I soon became inquisitive...
 Could 15 dollar workboots be as good as 85 dollar workboots?
 Suspicion and indigence clouded my heart
 But I tried on the 15 dollar pair and trod 'round the store
 I felt a slight pinch, but what the hell - it was savings galore
 It was a great deal, in fact a steal
 This pair of fifteen dollar workboots

As for the true nature of the fit, I would soon feel it...
 Y'see, the Devil's in the details but he's also at shoe sales
 And the true test of the gear would soon bring fright
 As I strode, blissfully unaware, off to the jobsite
 Full of hope and a smart horse-traders confidence
 That my caveat emptor about their dubious quality was misgiven
 And that I would absolutely love my fifteen dollar workboots

Alas, things were amiss from the start in these boots made for a dwarf...
 The skin on my heel was gone before I reached the bustop
 and I knew this day would not be fun
 If the shoe fits wear it but I must grin and bear it
 as I reconsider the wisdom of my decision...
 Is it ever wise to buy boots that are not your size?
 No, but now it's too late and I am stuck with these fifteen dollar work boots

Slut

By Amanda COLLINGE

Hello, Joker
 Heard you made her blush
 Gave 'er that Royal Flush
 While you both were in the buff
 You pok'd her

Push'd a pram
 You no longer
 Her "Man"
 What a choker, you mediocre
 Mocker
 You harshly humoured her

Stroking
 Femme's non-fatale-
 Sly guy
 Now damsels and diapers
 Haunt hatefully you.

poetry

Untitled

By Amanda COLLINGE

Your milky skin feels like a downy feather bed
 Like liquid soap
 Like whipped cream that melts in a piping bowl of mocha
 Like naked paper
 Like marble flooring, cool and smooth
 Like bark on a birch tree in the fall
 Like sand beaches in Mexico
 Like tempered chocolate
 Like the roll of a new pen
 Like summer winds
 Like a million doves released all at once
 Like a baby's bottom (sans diaper rash)
 Like the leather of a Great White Shark
 Like swans trumpeting on the lake
 Like tears of joy
 Like bristles of passionate warmth
 Like red and black silk lingerie
 Like spider webs - oh those creepy crawlers!
 Like virgin snow
 Like peanut butter I smear on jelly sandwiches
 Like superfine sawdust mixed with icing sugar
 Like a bitter family reconciling in a group hug
 Like cushy running shoes
 Like cherry blossoms in the spring blown off course by April showers
 Like a playground for my fingers and tongue - let's play.

The Climb

By John HUGHES

Still only on the outer edges of peace I indulge my passion for a scattershot reality
 Vacillation between Plato and God has only helped a little
 To strengthen tenuous roots that seek what? A songbird? The Koran?
 Images of ephemera bring me back to the opera last summer and the river ten summers before that

I suppose reality does reveal itself by degrees, in fact IS only by gradients... The cosmic ocean is indescribable but for a nanosecond here and there I know it; I know that I AM THAT.

Sometimes I can see beyond my so-called Tantric aspirations and other things that bind to the place where conjecture and philosophy are transcended
 Life is there - a reality with all its gradations and ... wait! Maybe the grades are like a ladder and I'm on the rung that looks like a city street?

WHAT'S HAPPENING AT BCIT...

UPCOMING

Wednesday, November 12, 2:30pm, Great Hall

Environmental Awareness Rocks! Alternative energies and fuels, live music, free prizes and environmentally friendly fun!

Speakers include: Dr. Zoheir Farhat - Chemical Sciences - Fuel Cell Tech; Eric Smiley - Technology Centre - Solar Power Tower; Erin Airton - Nai-Kun Wind Development - Wind Power; and Don Johnson - Ballard Power Systems - Ballard Fuel Cell.

Free Draw for Solar Powered Radio and other prizes.

End the occupations of Iraq, Palestine and Afghanistan! Stop the war at home and abroad!

1:00pm November 22nd, Vancouver Art Gallery, Rally and March

For more information, or to get involved contact mawoinfo@yahoo.ca

Wednesday, November 26, 1:30pm, SE 41

Canadian Idol Karen Lee Batten (Vancouver contestant from Abbotsford) comes to sing at BCIT International building, SE 41 (by ICBC on Wayburne).

Stay to speak with her up close and personal. Karen will be on hand to sign autographs and talk about her experiences on the Canadian Idol tour. She will be singing for half an hour.

Monday, December 1, 5:30pm, SA Council Chambers

BCIT Student Association Annual General Meeting.

Come out and see what the Student Association is doing for you!

ONGOING

Starting Wednesday Oct 29th and every Wednesday
ComedySpot @ Professor Mugs 5pm FREE Event!

FREE WORKSHOPS

FALL 2003 - Student Development Series

Nov. 19 Stop Procrastinating

Dec. 3 Write Successful Exams

Jan. 21 Post Secondary Day (Telus Theatre Foyer)

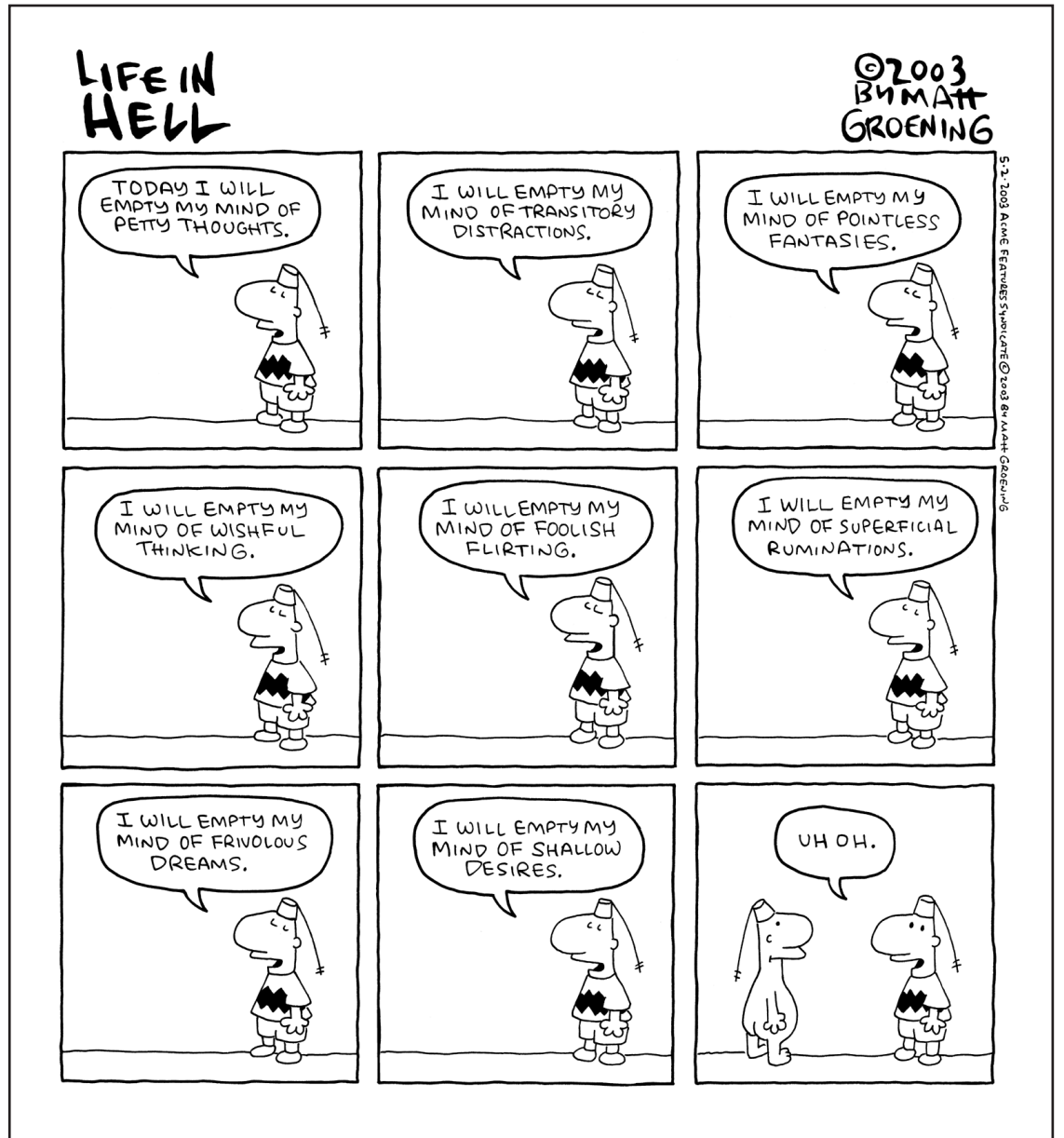
No registration necessary, just DROP IN.

For more information on these or other student

development topics contact:

Counselling Services at 432-8608, Check out www.counselling.bcit.ca

Come to the Resource Centre in SE16-127 (Student Activity Centre)



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SUPERHERO SCANDALIZERS

BRITNEY'S TOO SICK, KIDMAN AND HOPKINS "DO IT," AND RYAN MALCOLM (WHO?) RELEASES HIS FIRST ALBUM



Ok kids - Catwoman and Wonderwoman would like to apologize for not being there for you all last issue. We know you'll understand when we say that we would have written a column, but our superhero duties were just too much. (You could also say that Superf**@\$!^man and the Bat weren't pulling their weight, but we'll save that for the next Justice League meeting).

1. Britney: Too sick to perform at the MTV Europe Music Awards.

Wonderwoman: I couldn't give a rat's ass what that girl does. The fact that her not showing up at an awards show is "news" to anyone concerns me deeply.

Catwoman: Have you seen this cover of her on a magazine, forgot the name, but she's basically bottomless, and made to look as if she's just wearing a white sweater and nothing else? She's beginning to look trashier and trashier with each passing year!

Wonderwoman: Wow, the lengths that hoochy-mama will go just to get attention to try and promote her new album! So glad Justin kicked that sad, confused little girl to the curb.

Catwoman: As for her being too sick to perform, doubt it! More like she's too talentless to perform and we're sick of hearing HER! Her new CD stinks worse than a hockey player's equipment bag that hasn't been cleaned out for 2 seasons...PEE-YEW!!

2. Nicole Kidman and Anthony Hopkins having sex in "The Human Stain."

Catwoman: Yuck. The thought just makes me wanna hurl.

Wonderwoman: Yep, I agree, he is just a tad too crusty for me too. Hope Nic got some good dough to do this film. Who cares if he got the Oscar and everyone thinks he's an acting God.

Catwoman: Yah, God with a pot belly apparently who has a fetish for chianti, pthpthpthpth! (CREEPY)

3. The 1st annual "Com mies" - An award show for funniest performances in film & TV.

Wonderwoman: Ok- I hear former Conan O'Brian sidekick Andy Richter will be hosting this show. While I do get sick and tired of all the darn award shows these days, I think this is long overdue. Everyone knows it is ten times harder to make people laugh than to make them cry or feel serious.

Catwoman: God you like to rant, don't you?

Wonderwoman: Well, it pisses me off, OK? Every year at the Oscars and the Golden Globes everyone OOhhhs and AAhhhs over the winners. But do you ever see a good comedy even being nominated? No. It's bulls**t.

Catwoman: Well there are nominations for Best Actor/Actress in a TV comedy aren't there?? Sorry, to be totally honest honey, I stopped watching award shows after checking out what the stars were wearing on the red carpet.

4. Ryan Malcolm - (Canadian Idol Guy with glasses) First album release

Catwoman: Who cares!

Wonderwoman: I don't, but I must say, he should have never won in the first place. He's a lousy Bono wanna-be.

Catwoman: Sweetie, I think you're watching too much TV these days-ya gotta stop! Please, I'm begging ya!

5. Will Ferrell's new movie "Elf"

Wonderwoman: Will Ferrell can do no wrong in my eyes. He may be abnormally hairy, but he makes me laugh harder than anyone else can. Even if this movie bombs, I will still love him.

Catwoman: Yes, with all that hair and the Neanderthal forehead, he reminds me of an ape. Just a little, huh?!

Wonderwoman: Shut-up.

6. CBS Shelves Reagan Mini-series because of conservative right-wing pressure.

Wonderwoman: Not that I would have watched this boring thing anyways, but isn't this just a tad ridiculous? I mean, this is soon to be the year 2004, right? Not 1954? I think it is sad, sad, sad that they let Republican pressure stop the airing of shows that attempt to shed light about the true nature of political mishaps.

Catwoman: Well, I certainly can say that I don't need to see any more American political shows during my pleasure viewing in the evenings. Isn't it enough that there's "West Wing," sheesh!?

7. New Reality Series: (like we needed any more!)"The Tour" - follows top-ranked tennis player Andy Roddick as he tours."Project Runway" - Fashion Designers compete before a panel of judges.

Catwoman: Tennis show-nah, Designer show -yeah!

Wonderwoman: I feel the same. Who cares what the tennis guy does, but give me snotty, fighting fashion designers and I'm in heaven.

Catwoman: Well, maybe I'd tune in some time for the Roddick show just cuz he's going out with Mandy Moore, and to see if they'll pull bratty rich couple tantrums like Jessica Simpson and Nick Lachey. Plus, he is a cutey.

8. Salma Hayek and Penelope Cruz to star in a Luc Besson movie about feisty bank robbers (still hasn't been given a title).

Wonderwoman: Well, the men will definitely want to see this one, but I still hate Penelope for stealing Tom away from Nicole.

Catwoman: Yes, and those two facts are so obviously linked...NOT. Cruz is just a big bore to me—almost as if she has no dimensions to her personality whatsoever. She probably just agrees with Tom about everything and has no opinion of her own. I remember two interviews she did a couple of years back — one for Letterman and the other for Leno. Three words: BORING AS HELL! As for Hayek, she is in a completely different category than her irksome counterpart. Salma is full of life and passion that exudes even by the way she walks. And when she opens her mouth, you are so drawn in by her energy and naiveté, it's like being on a rapidly spinning Mexican carousel. I would only watch the movie because of her.

9. Nicole Kidman to 'W' magazine: "I'm stronger now since the break-up."

Wonderwoman: You go girl! What actress can say that she made it to the hot list when her stupid ex-formerly-big-star-husband is just lukewarm?

Catwoman: Yeah, but does she have to go out with Lenny Kravitz? He looks like he has hygiene issues.

Wonderwoman: He's sexy-haven't you seen his videos?

Catwoman: Yah, it seems there's always an abundance of sweat & cleavage everywhere! Your point being????

10. Brad Pitt's new mega-epic film: TROY

Catwoman: Oh for heaven's sake, is it about to be released or what?? They've been hyping it up in the tabloids for 2 years now, either play the damn thing or stop talking about Brad and his stupid warrior uniform!

Wonderwoman: Sorry, what did you say? Umm, I can't think or form words...he is so sexy in his Trojan uniform....

Catwoman: Typical!

Well, we'd better wrap before Wonderwoman goes off (literally) again on something else. See ya kids next time!

