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College 92

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WOW (We-cycle Wastepaper) collection boxes are as much a part of Weyerhaeuser Canada's offices as telephones and fax machines. There's a WOW box at each desk and in every work area. University College of the Cariboo is nearing the end of a successful trial run with the Paper Chase and will be expanding to a campus-wide wastepaper collection system. We're pleased that UCC is part of the WOW program. Recycling is a powerful word when we all pitch in together.



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Cariboo Collage

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A Note from the Editors

We are pleased to present the second annual edition of the Cariboo Collage, a publication organized by the English 303 classes. This year's chosen theme "Our World" presented the opportunity for writers and artists to express their personal perceptions of their world. The diversity of our campus community was well demonstrated through the number and variety of submissions. We extend a warm thank you to all those writers and artists who submitted works for this publication, as we received more than we could possibly use. We have arranged that the proceeds from the sale of each journal will be donated to the UCC Foundation to go towards scholarships or bursaries. A very special thanks goes to David Cole, and Mike Boutin for their tireless effort, and to our instructors Henry Hubert and Will Garrett-Petts for imparting to us the wealth of their experience, thanks.

As well, for their help and contribution, we would like to thank the English 303 students:

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Tanya Fennell	Jason Klapstock	Katherine Stennes
Keith Gagne	Cindy Leif	Jodi Wium
Kim Galloway	Ian Low	Deanna Zander
Sabrina Gamper		

We hope that you will enjoy this collection of works intended to represent the growing and evolving University College of the Cariboo.

Deanna Zander
Carey Hunt
Dorothy Bourbonnais
Leanne Allen

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The Pliocene Madonna

by Keith H. Gagne



Ancient man, Cro-Magnon man, Man the Hunter, all bring to mind scenes that have become familiar through books, movies, television, and school: scenes of the cave, with the hunters bringing home the catch to their hungry and grateful families. With tools of stone the men butcher the carcass and then, while the subservient women prepare the meal, the stalwarts gather together in comradeship, proud of providing and protecting the weaker members of the band or group: the old, the women, the children. Like others, I believed that this was the way that it all happened. I had been led to believe that men were stronger physically, and more intelligent, than women. Religious, philosophical, and scientific tradition suggests that the human male is superior to the human female. This accepted fact was confirmed by no less a person than Charles Darwin, who, after extensive research for his second book, *The Descent of Man* (1871) said unequivocally, "Thus man has ultimately become superior to woman." By inference, he indicated that the success of evolution depended on the man. If the male had failed, the family Hominidae would have become extinct.

But maybe there is another view of evolution. After all, there is no written or firsthand evidence of what happened beyond ten thousand years ago. When we depend on the findings of archaeology, anthropology, and biology to tell us the story of evolution, can we trust all those who interpret the artifacts, fossils, and specimens to present the truth through unbiased theories?

Over hundreds of years, there has been a strong bias against suggesting that woman played anything but a procreative role in the human trek across 3 million years of time. Why? "Because," says anthropologist Dr. Adrienne Zihlman, in the December 1991 issue of *Discovery*, "the major reason that male hunting has been portrayed as a seminal event in human development, is that men—male anthropologists in particular—were doing the portraying. Science has been characterized as a masculine activity." Zihlman is only one of the growing group of scientifically involved women who are saying that male hunting is not necessarily the only reason for two-legged walking. "*Humankind Emerging*" was the text title that archaeologist Catherine Carlson, of the University College of the Cariboo in Kamloops, chose for an anthropology course. She chose it for the updated content and the modern title that excludes the use of the term "*mankind*." In this text, anthropologist Nancy Tanner is quoted as saying that women, quite conceivably, were responsible for develop-

ing food gathering and its associated tools. In 1970, another anthropologist, Sally Linton, delivered a paper which she titled, "Woman the Gatherer: Male Bias in Anthropology." Linton argues that the male control and dominance over women is a modern occurrence, "not a natural fact arising from our animal past." She further says that hominid females had a natural mother/infant bond, found in all primates, that drove the women to struggle not just for themselves but for the very survival of their offspring. Linton also backs Nancy Tanner on women developing such inventions as food processing tools, containers, and slings to carry the babies, all things that define human uniqueness.

In a 1986 paper, Linda Marie Fedigan of the University of Alberta also challenges her own discipline. She says, "As anthropologists, we might have expected that women, with their distinctive life experiences, would have origin stories to tell that would differ in significant ways from those of men." These women scientists are changing everyday thinking and beliefs, as they, and women in general, make it clear that they are no longer supernumerary to the term "*man*."

Pondering what these women of insight and knowledge have to say about the role of women in human descent, I find deep in my imagination a scene set over a million and a half years ago. I am convinced that while the male was obviously a biological player in evolution, the success of ancient humankind was the result of the adaptive persistence of the woman. I picture in my mind this story:

The australopithecine troop is scattered along the edge of the forest stretching, scratching, and yawning, as the golden East African dawn gives way to sunrise. Alone, at the edge of the savannah, a graceful woman squats on her haunches, holding her restless, fussing child; both she and the child are hungry and thirsty after the long night. She has suckled the baby, but is aware that her milk alone will no longer satisfy her son's needs; she must provide water and solid food. The mother stands on her two feet, and, stretching to tip toes, surveys all around for possible danger, using sight, smell, and sound, to make sure that it is safe for her and the child to go and feed on the savannah. The mother and her boy then join the others on the feeding ground, picking dew covered leaves, shoots, and berries, eating as they go. The woman not only feeds the child but teaches the little one how to forage for himself.

As mother and son move through the brush and deep grass of the savannah, the woman makes an important find: a large, succulent tuber, that would provide sufficient food and moisture to last the day. She grasps the tough, green, outgrowth, and pulls with all her strength, but her effort only tears away the out-growth, as the potato-like root remains embedded in the earth. Frustrated, she sits on a stump to rest and looks thoughtfully around, gently stroking the fine, soft coat of her clinging son, until her searching eyes come to rest on a stick broken to a point. Slowly, a thought produces an idea in the primitive mind. Inspired, the primeval woman picks up the stick and, using the pointed end, starts to dig the earth around the tuber. As she sees the earth giving way she becomes frenzied, digging, prying, and pulling at the stubborn root, which finally breaks free. She drops her tool, scoops up the bounteous root and her child, and walks triumphantly to the safety of her treed knoll by the edge of the great savannah.

The cool of evening finds the troop at a small lake, drinking and washing away the dust of the day. The mother sits at the water's edge, grooming her son. All is quiet save for the sounds of birds and now and then a distant animal. She holds the child to her chest and while bending over to drink, she sees a single, very bright star reflected in the clear water. She stops drinking. Sitting up, she fixes her eyes on the puzzling reflection. The woman has never noticed anything like this before. Slowly new thoughts come to her. Looking over her shoulder at the bright evening star, she recognizes an affinity between the reflection in the water, the star in the sky, and a strange awakening within herself. Her sleepy baby becomes restless and shakes the mother out of her contemplative mood, so she carries her son to their sleeping place.

She settles on the savannah side of the treed knoll, and while gazing in wonderment at her star, rocks her child to sleep. Cradling her sleeping son, the Pliocene Madonna, resolute and peaceful, unknowingly participates in the genesis of thought and humankind.



A Mathematical Nightmare

by Carey Hunt

1+1 does not equal two.

Some numbers are real,

some are not.

Are they imaginary?

How many hairs do people have on their head?

Why?

Because math says it is logical.

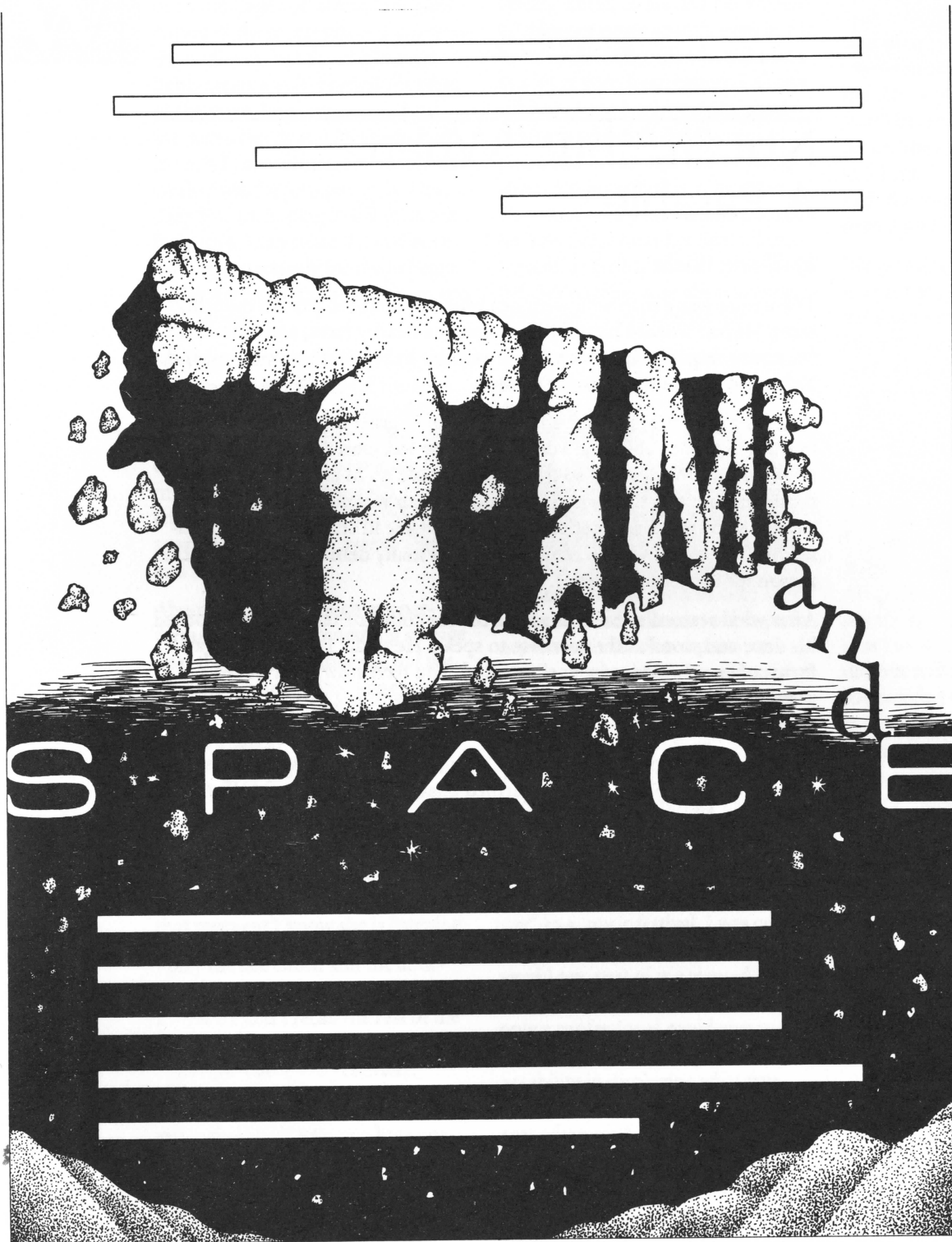
Show me this is false and you will show me it's true.

Is this literature?

Show me it is not.

Just because something is relational does not mean it is

Functional



chumins

Not "If," but "When." A Parable.

by Shane Wiebe

There once was a man who went out from his house to pay his monthly taxes. He had worked hard for his wages at a nearby farm, and laboured from morning 'till night each day to earn his living. With money in hand, he headed for the tax collector's house.

When the man neared his destination he saw a great multitude gathered in front of the tax collector's door. The door was closed. Normally, the door would be wide open so that citizens could go in and register their payments, but this time was different. The man was puzzled by this strange occurrence and noticed others who were in similar states of confusion. The crowd was becoming restless as many demanded to know the reason for this inconvenience.

After what seemed to be a long time the tax collector reluctantly unlocked his door and stood at the entrance to speak. He said, "I'm sorry, but all forms of currency have been eliminated. You have now been issued a number so that you may buy and sell. Each of you is given forty credits to start anew."

The poor were suddenly delighted. The rich, however, grew angry and tried to kill the tax collector, but armed guards held the people off. A rich man cried, "But I have thousands of dollars saved in my account!"

The tax collector shrugged and turned to go inside.

He who has ears, let him hear.

"Ellen's Journey"

by Tanya Fennell



When I hear my name announced, my heart flutters in anticipation. I walk onto the stage and around the sleek curves of the grand piano. I glance at the audience, but the bright stage lights create a void beyond the edge of the stage. I feel tense as I adjust the piano bench and sit down. Even though I have written the song, I am afraid I will forget a part of it. I take a deep breath, hoping it will relax me. It doesn't. I can sense the audience waiting expectantly for me to begin. I raise my hands to the keyboard and start to play.

My fingers are cold and sweaty and I am afraid they will slip off the keys. My knee is shaking uncontrollably and every time my foot pushes down on the pedal, I hear the bottom of my shoe clicking against it. I concentrate so hard on the music that I soon forget about my sweaty fingers and shaking knee.

About half-way through my performance, I sense something strange near the piano. I glance up, but see nothing. An intangible presence settles around me and I forget the audience. Suddenly I am no longer nervous. Even though I am alone on the stage, I feel like I am playing for the presence surrounding me, the spirit of my grandmother. The song was written in her memory and I feel a sense of accomplishment because at that moment I know she is listening.

I play the last chord and the audience applauds. I bow and return to my seat. I don't recall the rest of the concert, though I remember my performance like it was yesterday.

When I wrote "Ellen's Journey" four years ago, I had little idea how profound an effect it would have on my life. I had never written a song before and never knew I could, until my grandmother passed away. She had always been an important person in

my life and her death grieved me enormously. She always had entertaining stories to tell and her wit and intelligence never abated, even in the latter weeks of her life when she was in a lot of pain from cancer. I always tried to please her by getting good marks in school and doing well in piano lessons. I never had to worry about disappointing her, however. She was always proud of me no matter how I did. After her death, I can remember feeling shock and disbelief, not only because she was gone, but because I still needed her.

One day, when I was fooling around at the piano, a melody suddenly appeared in my mind. I played it repeatedly and quickly became absorbed by it. I added to it every day, but it was not until the third day that I realized I was writing about my grandmother. Although not consciously, I was inspired by my memories of her. Each section I wrote represented a part of her journey through life. Some parts were joyful, others wistful. Because of my obsession, I found it difficult to concentrate on anything else, so I finished the song quickly. Thereafter, every time I played the song, I was keeping my grandmother's spirit alive and my grief was not so acute.

A year later, my piano teacher encouraged me to enter "Ellen's Journey" in a music festival. I was curious about what an adjudicator would say, part of me wanted credibility for what I had written and only a professional could give me that. There is a high degree of vulnerability in displaying what you create because you are displaying a part of yourself. My self-confidence was quite low when I first played my song in public. I was afraid my newfound talent would be crushed by the adjudicator. To my surprise (and relief), the adjudicator liked my song

and asked me to play it at the final concert of the festival.

I said goodbye to my grandmother during my performance at the theatre, when her spirit was listening to me. There was no doubt she understood because I immediately felt at peace. She knew I was playing for her and I could tell she was proud of me. I left the stage feeling more confident than I had ever been in my life.

My grandmother inspired me, she gave me the gift of discovering a talent I never knew I had. Just knowing I could create something unique and special has given me an avenue for expressing my thoughts and feelings. I am no longer afraid to put my melodies on paper.

I believe that dealing with my grandmother's death forced me to realize that no one lives forever. In my grief, however, I discovered a way to keep my grandmother's memory alive. I never believed in ghosts or spirits before I wrote my song, but I do now. I did not realize it then, but I wanted the comfort of knowing my grandmother's spirit was happy. Everyone will experience the death of a loved one sooner or later; whether people believe in spirits or not, creativity can provide some comfort during the grieving process.



Possession

by Trevor MacDonald

*Let me take the words from your mouth
Except when you call my name
Let me take the words from your mouth
Let me take the ideas you enunciate
Let me lick the salt from your fingers
Let me take the sound from your ears
Except when I am speaking
But wait—
Let me speak of other things
Of Inuit hunter, of—
Of means of production or —
Of books I have read or
Of movies I have seen
Let me speak of other things
Except the now, between you and me.*

Vanity of Vanities

by Margaret Huff

*Well I've done my homework on this ideology of the Protestant
work ethic I get it now And gosh how it certainly has im-
pacted Western Civilization So I go on to take up learning what
is exactly metonymy and Derrida's theories and New
Economics I'm working my malleable mind wrap it around
concepts grasp at ideas with the simple human passion to
know*

*And yet I'm starting to figure out that all the words
theories approaches to society literature the mind flow
against my lack of faith in this Work Ethic My mind now filled
with malaise trying to understand what I think you've
understood forever*

*And finally I realize What I want What I'm doing is taking
off my shoes To dance to Some Spanish virtuoso guitar
(With the simple human passion simply to be)*

The Backroads

by Trevor MacDonald

He came into the boy's room three hours before dawn: the clock radio read 4:15. The father stepped carefully so he wouldn't crush any of the fantasies of childhood that were scattered on the floor: the cut and glued paper spacepods, the strewn books and maps, the balsa wood box that held a tin ring, volcanic ash and sea-shells.

His son's deep and even breathing wafted from the hump of blankets. The father smiled from love and looked at the clock again, 4:18. He didn't want to wake his son up, but he remembered the pleading of the last month. Reaching down, he ruffled the shock of white hair that crept from underneath the covers.

"Wake up, Loyal. It's time to go."

A face emerged from the huddled shadow; it was pale, even in the red glow of the clock radio.

"What time is it?" asked Loyal, his high voice deepened by sleep.

"It's twenty after four. We have to leave soon if we want to get there before ten."

"Is Mom up?"

"Yeah, she's making us lunch. Don't forget to bring a toque and warm coat. It'll be cold until mid-day."

"Yeah, sure Dad." Loyal climbed out from his cocoon. His lithe body was marble pale. He wrapped his arms around his thin chest and shivered. "I'll be right out Dad."

The father smiled again. The boy hadn't turned out as he had envisioned in the delivery room. There were no sports in the boy's life, only books and animals. Sometimes the father thought the boy would rather be with his cat than with people. But Loyal was his son. The father had to suppress the urge to gather up the thin body and crush it to his chest.

Later they sat around the breakfast

table. The adults had coffee and Loyal had hot chocolate. The two males ate quickly, wanting to be on the road. Their woman ate slowly, still rubbing sleep from her eyes.

"I must be crazy," she said. She wore a tattered, terrycloth gown and her hair stuck out in spikes. "I'm up at four AM on a Saturday and I don't even have any marking to do." Warren stroked her hand. "Thanks Ellen. You didn't have to but I'm glad you're up."

"Yeah, thanks Mom."

"Well I have to see my menfolk off now, don't I?"

"That's right," said Loyal in a gruff voice.

"Another sexist in the making," said Warren around toast and eggs.

"That's right," in the same gruff voice. Ellen had long ago explained to Loyal that sexism was when a man didn't show respect for a woman.

Loyal's high laughter almost drowned out the adults' chuckles.

She walked them to the door after they had finished breakfast. Warren wrapped an arm around her waist and squeezed lightly while Loyal pretended not to look.

"Do you want to start the truck, Loyal?"

"Yeah!"

Warren tossed him the keys. "Be careful that you don't flood it."

Through the screen door they watched their son climb into the big green and rust four by four. They winced as the door screeched open. As usual, their eyes were drawn to the peeling press board sign that was bolted to the side panels:

Warren Watson Welding
No job too big or small
for Triple W.

The truck coughed into life; smoke

curled from the tail pipe and wreathed the metal skeleton frame that had once held the welding machinery. The tanks and the tools had all been sold long ago.

Ellen followed her husband's look to the smoking frame. "Maybe next year, when I get my degree, I'll get a big enough raise to get you started again."

He grinned as if he was in pain.

"Hey Dad, how did I do?"

"Good Loyal, it turned over right away. Close the door so it'll warm up."

Ellen kissed her husband on his cheek. "Good luck today. I hope you get something; it'll save us some money."

He squeezed her again. Loyal watched them through the misted window and smiled.

"I've got a good feeling. We'll get something."

As he pushed open the screen door she put a hand on his arm. "Try and keep him away from the worst of it."

"Ellen, if he wants to watch me butcher it, what am I supposed to do? Make him wait in the truck? He's ten now. I think he can handle it. Besides, it's only a deer."

The screen door rattled closed. As he walked to the truck his hiking boots left imprints of in the frosted grass.

Ellen watched him climb into the truck as Loyal slid over on the seat. Loyal waved and she waved back, smiling at her men. The small pale one, and the dark, hairy, thick one: she loved them both. Warren had his red cap pulled down tight over his head; his black beard jutted out like a Russian patriarch's. Loyal's toque was pulled down in imitation; white hair hung down onto his forehead. She smiled at the contrast and waved as the truck began to belch its way out of the driveway. Her smile faded when she saw the gun, long and black, hanging behind their heads.

Crossing her arms under her breasts, she shivered. The air was cold.

They drove without speaking, passing through the silent town. Once the town had slipped behind them Warren clicked on the AM radio. ABBA blared out of the tinny speakers. Warren grimaced.

"Pop shit, right Dad?"

"Even worse than that. And don't talk that way around your Mother." He turned the radio off. "Wish I still had my stereo in here. Then we'd have some good music."

"Like the Beatles, right?"

"Yeah, those four hippies . . . well three now."

Loyal began to sing "All You Need Is Love." After the first verse Warren joined him. They had made their way through four more songs before they turned off the highway and onto the dirt logging roads. The truck clanked and rattled and they soon stopped singing. They passed another truck that was parked on the side of the road. A man sat on the passenger side, scanning the bush with binoculars.

"Did you see that, Loyal?"

"Yeah."

"That was a backroads hunter. It's guys like him that give hunting a bad name. What he's doing is driving along looking for deer just off the road. Then Bang! he shoots 'em without even getting out of the truck. It's illegal and it's not very . . ."

"It's not very fair, is it?"

"Yeah, it's not fair to the deer and it's not very fair to other hunters. It's not very respectful either."

"Why not?"

"It's just taking from the forest, without showing any respect for it. A good hunter always respects the forest. It feeds him."

Loyal nodded and looked out the window. He couldn't understand how shooting a deer from the side of the road was disrespectful. He could understand showing respect for other people. That was when you turned the radio down when Mom was marking. But how do you show respect for a forest?

"Why isn't it fair to us?"

"Because people who don't hunt only know about that kind of hunter, so they think all hunters are like that."

"Aren't we on a road though?"

Warren laughed. "Yeah, but not for long. We're gonna leave these backroads and hike in for a while. We should be there pretty soon."

They came to a wide, flat clear-cut. The litter of trees was scattered around them. There were deep ruts in the road that had been left behind by the logging machinery. The false dawn cast deep shadows in the farther reaches of the cut. Loyal looked out the window; his eyes were wide and red rimmed. Warren pulled the truck to the side of the road and shut the engine off. The silence sounded loud in their ears after the truck's rattling.

"Time to get out." They climbed out of the truck; the smell of the forest drenched them, pine needles, earth and decay. Underneath lingered the faint oily smell of diesel.

"Gross." Loyal had never seen a clear-cut before.

"Looks pretty bad, doesn't it?"

Loyal nodded. It felt bad too. "Are we gonna hunt here?"

Warren slung his rifle over his right shoulder. "No, but we gotta walk through it though . . . to the trees." He pointed to the edge of the clearcut which was slowly becoming visible in the dim light. Half a mile away the cut ended and a wall of

trees stood, looking dark and damp. Warren handed Loyal a small haversack. "Here, put this on. Tell me if it gets too heavy."

Loyal slung the bag over his right shoulder. "It won't."

"Okay, let's get going."

They struggled through the clear cut, stepping carefully to avoid the jagged limbs and shattered stumps. Pools of mist that curled and rose slowly from the ground would obscure holes, though the mist was beginning to dissipate with the rising of the sun.

Warren stopped and pointed at the ground. "Look, deer droppings."

Loyal settled on his haunches beside his Father. "They look small. I thought they'd be bigger than that . . . they almost look like Luke's poop." Luke, after Luke Skywalker, was Loyal's pet rabbit.

Warren smiled. He fingered one of the pellets; it was cold but still wet and soft. Wiping his hands on his pants, he stood up, "A deer has been by here just a little while ago."

They came across the tracks just a few steps later. Again they both squatted down to look. "See the way they're pointed, with the horns towards the wood . . . that means he was going that way. He's probably going to the stream for a drink."

They both got up with shivers of excitement in their bellies. Loyal wanted to see a deer. They looked so beautiful and strange in pictures. Secretly, he didn't believe one could actually exist. Warren wanted a kill. A deer meant that they didn't have to spend hundreds on meat. It meant that he could still provide even though he wasn't taking home a regular paycheck.

Then they were at the edge of the forest. It towered above them, dark and green. The jagged limbs and dirt gave way to

underbrush that clutched and tore at their legs. They slipped into the wood. Within seconds the clear cut vanished, swallowed up by the mass of trees. They walked in single file now. Warren held back the branches that barred their path until Loyal had passed. Soon the gun barrel kept getting caught in the tree limbs; Warren was forced to cradle the rifle in his arms like a child.

They walked for close to a hour, fighting with the underbrush until the sweat ran down their sides. Soon their human smell began to be noticeable, even to themselves. The sunlight was beginning to filter through the trees and the birdsong, which had started half an hour before, rose to a crescendo. Warren would sometimes identify a tree, or a bird call, or a fungus that pushed up from the earth. Loyal would listen with admiration for his father's knowledge.

Finally they arrived at the top of a small hill that was crowned with a semi-circular clearing. The top overlooked a shallow stream. On the opposite bank they could see a break in the underbrush; it was an animal path that led to a muddy beach that was dotted with tracks.

"We're here." said Warren as he trampled down the grass, making them a place to sit. "Now we wait until a deer comes to drink. Whaddaya say we eat some of that lunch?"

"Yeah, sure." Loyal managed to pull the bag off his shoulder—which had been aching for the last half hour—without wincing. Loyal handed his Dad the bag, then walked around the clearing silently, so as not to scare any deer, and examined the view.

Warren unwrapped the sandwiches, peanut butter and jelly. He grimaced. Peanut butter and jelly was the poor man's sandwich. He took a bite

and sighed. "Do you want a sandwich, Loyal?"

"Yeah." Loyal spoke in a low voice, matching his father's tone. Sitting beside his father, he bit into a sandwich. He made little humming noises as he chewed; peanut butter and jelly was his favourite.

Warren finished his meal and stuffed the wax paper wrapping into the haversack. "Don't take anything but pictures and don't leave anything but footprints." he said softly, speaking half to himself.

"What?" from around a mouthful of food.

"It's a saying I learned in scouts as a kid. 'Don't take anything but pictures and don't leave anything but footprints.' We used to go hiking and camping lots in my troop. It was in scouts where I first learned about birds and tying knots."

Loyal watched his father with rapt attention. He loved his father's boyhood stories. "Is that where you learned about guns too, Dad?"

"No, I learned about rifles in the army." He laid his rifle across his lap. "Here, look." He unloaded the clip and took out one of the 30.06 bullets.

"These things are dangerous even when they're not in a rifle. Don't put them near heat and don't hit them with anything."

He placed one of the bullets into Loyal's hand; it spanned the boy's palm. "There's gunpowder in the shiny part, the casing. See the circle on the end? The hammer of the rifle hits that . . . that causes the gunpowder to explode and sends the bullet flying."

"The barrel is grooved so the bullet will twist; that way it will fly farther and with more accuracy . . . so you can hit what you're aiming at."

Loyal hefted the bullet, feeling its weight. "I like the empty ones better; you can whistle with them."

Warren reloaded his rifle. The clicking sounds seemed harsh and out of place in the forest's cool air. "A rifle is not a toy. It can be a dangerous weapon or a useful tool, depending on how you use it. Always treat a rifle with respect."

Loyal nodded and finished his sandwich.

They sat still for a time while the sun crept across the glade towards them. Warren had stood up to go and urinate when the deer stepped from the forest onto the muddy beach. Loyal saw it first.

It was a buck, a big one with a broad chest and a rack like a crown. It looked warily up and down the stream; it seemed to Loyal that it looked right at him. Then it stepped to the water and began to drink.

Loyal's breathing was caught in his half open mouth. It was so beautiful. Pictures were nothing compared to this. The buck looked up again; droplets of water splashed from its soft looking mouth. Loyal's eyes widened. It was looking directly at him, he was sure of it, sure that it could feel his respect and admiration.

When the gun roared Loyal screamed.

"Got him! I got him. Right in the head!" Warren shouted into the silent forest. "Damn he's big. He must be at least two hundred pounds."

The buck lay in the stream; it was still twitching. Blood clouded the water and curled down the stream. Warren crashed through the bush towards the dead animal. He didn't notice that his son still sat in the clearing with the sun shining on his hair.

GOD?

by Rose Delap

God has retired.

*We gave him a golden handshake,
(A shower was felt to be in bad taste).
"Take it easy."
We said,
"There's not much to do,
Lay off for a while."
We said.*

*But if things get tough
And we go to look for the old Bugger,
Bang on his door,
"Come out God, we need you."*

Will he be dead?

*Walk in the Gates of Heaven
And the place is deserted.
The Judgement Throne
Is empty as Mount Olympus.*

*Just have to start over, I guess,
And fix ourselves up*

With another one

In a hurry.

Gun control or people control

by Cathy Hamilton

I

have never been a supporter of gun control and probably never will. I am the type of person who agrees with bumper stickers that say "If guns are outlawed, only Outlaws will have guns" and "Guns don't kill people, people do." It seems that everytime a murder occurs and a gun is involved, some human rights activist cries for gun control. Well, that gun didn't go off by itself, and probably the murderer didn't have it registered with the government.

When a gun is purchased through a reputable retailer, a Firearms Acquisition Certificate (F.A.C.) is required. It must be obtained through the local detachment of the R.C.M.P., at which time a search of the buyer's record is done. This eliminates people such as Charles Manson and Clifford Olson from obtaining firearms legitimately. Such people cannot buy a gun because they cannot receive an F.A.C. Therefore, any person with a criminal past must obtain a gun elsewhere, which is why the mob doesn't buy its guns at Sears; they buy them in a dark alley from a guy in a panel van that doesn't accept Visa or give receipts of purchase.

These guns aren't registered and cannot be traced back to the owner. Their serial numbers are also usually changed or scratched off. So, unless Honest George, the Sunday duck hunter who must have his gun registered, decides to knock over the local 7-Eleven with the gun he uses to bring home Christmas dinner, the police have no record of the weapon.

Gun control activists seem to think of guns as soon as they hear the word murder. The fact is, more murders are committed using knives than guns, yet anybody can

carry a knife with a blade up to five inches long. Five inches of steel can be just as effective in killing a person as a gun. Even if it is not a hunting knife, anybody, any age can walk into a department store and buy a carving knife and nobody questions the use of it. The owner of a carving knife has the potential of doing considerable damage to a person, yet no special pre-requisite is required before buying one. In fact, if guns were wiped off the face of the earth, people would find something else to kill others with. If a person really wants to kill another human, even a spoon can be used. Spoons aren't outlawed.

Early this year, a grisly murder occurred in our area. An axe was used. That axe was probably purchased at Canadian Tire or K-mart. When the person went through the check-out, the clerk did not ask, "Excuse me sir, do you have a permit to buy this?" or "Is this for home use or will you be murdering someone with it?" I'm surprised that Justice Minister Kim Campbell doesn't want a restriction put on all axes. If she did, would it include all axes, even hatchets, or just the 32 cm. type? Should potential loggers have to take an exam similar to the C.O.R.E. exam, which potential hunters have to take? Maybe Ms. Campbell would like to have chainsaws registered too. We wouldn't want a Kamloops Chainsaw Massacre to occur.

It seems to me that the honest people who have their guns registered are the least of the government's worries. If dangerous people want to obtain guns, they will. After all, no sporting shop imports M-16's and Oozies, so how do members of

organized crime and the underworld get them? Maybe it would be more advantageous to worry about further legislation against the criminal rather than the weapon. Almost anything is a potential weapon, but not everyone is a potential criminal.

"Women Do Math"

by Carey Hunt



Choosing mathematics as a concentration for my B.A. never struck me as being "deviant" until I made an assessment of the responses of astonishment I received from fellow students, and, in particular, one member of the College Administration, who said, "That's a very profitable area since there is a demand for math teachers, and especially since you are a woman." I never realized what being a female had to do with studying mathematics until this comment led me to do some research on the topic of women and math.

In this research, I discovered math has always been thought of as a predominantly male domain. Prior to the 1970's, researchers claimed that males were genetically superior to females in visual-spatial tasks. Time Magazine stated that the lack of participation of women in mathematics was because "high school coincides with the onset of puberty, when girls become more interested in boys than in building skills like math." Fortunately, such hypotheses led to extensive study into the phenomena of female underachievement in mathematics. Researchers have since shown that there exists no sex differences in math with pre-adolescent children; but some differences were found in high school and college-age students, where the studies favoured males. This suggests that perhaps the differences are as a result of environmental factors.

A further look at these studies showed "these sex-related differences in math were relatively small." The studies also showed that females either dropped higher level math courses or never enrolled in them to begin with. But why?

Theoretical models concerning gender and mathematical performance generally began with the assumption that males were superior to females, but these models failed to consider the fact that sex-related math differences could be explained almost entirely by environmental influences. A study performed by the B.C. Ministry of Education listed the environmental influences that other studies had overlooked. First, the Ministry study noted that the differences in cognition and visual-spatial ability were small and not observable until adolescence. Second, they stated that females, more than males, experience societal pressures when successful in stereotyped male domains such as mathematics. In fact, females fear success in male domains, because of negative peer pressure. Students had no objection to gifted boys, but they indicated negative feelings towards gifted girls.

The study also showed that girls sought school counsellors' advice more than boys. Reports by the Ministry suggest that "counsellors provide little encouragement for girls to pursue 'deviant' careers in math." It is probable that counsellors do stereotype appropriate careers, which may affect their counselling of females. In addition, since course materials and texts make little reference to women mathematicians, and often portray women as passive observers in the field, females are given few role models. Furthermore, in a survey of parents whose children achieved high grades in math, girls' parents were often surprised to hear their daughters excelled in this area; yet, the boys' parents were aware of their sons' talents. All of this evi-

dence suggests that females are provided with little support or encouragement to succeed in what has been known as the predominantly male domain of mathematics.

The stereotyping of math as a male domain has caused peers, advisors, and family to discourage women from pursuing a mathematical career. Hence, society as a whole has excluded women from competing in a field in which they qualify to succeed.

Obviously, the College has recognized the lack of female participation in math, as they sponsor an annual "Women do Math" seminar. Moreover, as I look around my math class, it is surprisingly notable the seven to one ratio of males to females. Hence, when I find the courses difficult, and begin to feel like a "deviant," I remember "Women do Math," and anything else they set their mind to.

The Hijacking of the Constitutional Conferences

by Mike Boutin

In the 1970's, hijacking jets became a very popular tool among terrorist organizations. On a single day, September 6, 1970, four jets leaving Europe for New York were simultaneously hijacked by the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Although all of the passengers were released, the four jets were blown up. As a result of events like this, airport security around the world evolved new procedures to combat this weapon. We now have x-ray scanners, metal detectors, and batteries of sophisticated anti-terrorist protocols at all international airports. Consequently, the use of the word "hijacking" conjures images of balaclava-clad terrorists in paramilitary dress carrying assault rifles. It is striking, then, that both women's groups and aboriginal groups are being referred to by the media as "hijackers," in the context of the recent round of constitutional conferences. Is the use of the hijacking metaphor a deliberate attempt by the federal government to discredit these organizations, or did the media make use of a powerful metaphor to recapture waning public interest in constitutional discussion? In either case, the analysis of the hijacking metaphor can be used to understand the dynamics of this political event.

The recent round of travelling constitutional conferences was organized by the federal government to separate this round of constitutional debate from the Meech Lake debacle. On five successive weekends, from January 17 to February 15, Joe Clark's travelling constitutional forum toured from one coast to the other, making stops in Halifax, Calgary, Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver. On three occasions, however, as recounted by Joan Bryden, of Southam News, the agenda was, "hijacked [by] a coalition of left-wing lobby groups."

During the Calgary round, from January 24-26, Sheilagh Day, of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, commandeered Peter Loughheed's chairmanship, shifting the intended focus of debate away from triple E senate reform, to a new focus on sexual equality in the senate. The following week, the conference in Montreal was referred to as, "an officially sanctioned hijack of the economic agenda," by Tony Halliday, a retired federal government trade negotiator. Similarly, during the Toronto round Ovide Mercredi, Grand Chief of the Assembly of First Nations, expanded discussion of the distinct society clause to include Aboriginals as distinct societies. On all of these occasions the media referred to these interferences as "hijackings." The use of the hijacking metaphor highlights the adversarial atmosphere that developed at the Constitutional conferences.

The root words of hijacking are: "high," which comes from "highwayman," and "jack" which is to hunt by night (Random House College Dictionary). The current common use of the word hijack is "to steal (something) in transit." The metaphorical use of "hijacking" in the current discussion implies that the object in transit is the constitution conferences, while the hijackers are those who obstruct the process of the Constitutional Task Force. One of the implications of using the hijacking metaphor is that those lobby groups, which are referred to as hijackers, are being implicated as constitutional terrorists.

Much like a pilot who controls a jet from take off to landing, Joe Clark, as Minister of Constitutional Affairs and commander of the National Unity Task Force, was charged by the conservative government with guiding the current round of constitutional debate to a controlled pre-programmed conclusion. By interfering with this process, both aboriginal groups and women's groups have been pigeonholed as constitutional hijackers in the media. The use of this metaphor is built upon both the format and the purpose of the conferences. The format of these conferences was a travelling discussion of the twenty eight amendments to the constitution currently proposed by the federal government. The proposed purpose of these

conferences was to involve "average Canadians" in the constitutional reform process. However, as Steven Harper, of the Reform party said, "Mr. Clark has proved with his remarks that these conferences are about persuading Canadians—not listening to the people." By using the hijacking metaphor the media has highlighted the adversarial atmosphere of the Constitutional conferences, as well as those participants who were not expected to voice their opinion.

If the original purpose of the constitutional conferences was to provide a public forum for dialogue and discussion, centred around the constitution, why would the government take offence if the public hijacked the process, which in actuality belonged to them in the first place? My suspicion is that it was never the intention of the government to allow discussion to stray beyond the original program. By constraining the discussions to subjects that were provided by the National Unity Task Force, Joe Clark attempted to mould a public consensus designed to support the government's positions on constitutional reform. The expansion of constitutional subject matter into the areas of women's rights and aboriginal rights greatly complicates the federal governments bargaining position vis a vis the government of Quebec. By being forced to increase the scope of constitutional amendments, the government decreases the probability of finding a package of terms palatable to all provincial governments.

When I contacted Don McGilvary of Southam Press to find out who was the first person to use the term hijacked in this context he said, "it was just circulating in the pressroom in Calgary." After the press began to build this metaphor Joe Clark began to defuse the situation: "Words can be weapons, or they can work wonders, they can open wounds, or close them. It is the responsibility of us to choose our words with care." This reference to the dialogue that was beginning to escalate around the hijacking metaphor was a subtle way for Joe Clark to ask all parties concerned to re-evaluate the situation and to consider the consequences. In light of this statement, Chief Mercredi adopted diplomatic, even conciliatory, language in his future press releases. Consequently, Mr. Clark and Chief Mercredi effectively neutralized the use of the hijacking metaphor that was gaining momentum in the press.

The images and associations that are generated when metaphors are used can be very powerful and very revealing. In this case the hijacking metaphor could have seriously hampered the constitutional conferences, had it not been disarmed by Chief Mercredi and Mr. Clark. The analysis of the hijacking metaphor reveals the relative political power of the opponents in this situation, as well as who is perceived to be good and bad. In this case the terrorists were women's and aboriginal groups, while the government under attack was our federal government. This analysis can go to a deeper level if we consider the history and implications of Meech Lake.

The Meech Lake Accord was the federal government's first attempt to bring Quebec back into the constitution that was repatriated in 1982. However, the process was squashed in the summer of 1990 when Elijah Harper, an aboriginal MLA in Manitoba, refused to endorse the Accord. In this case a single person had sufficient power to stop the federal government. Like airport managers of the '70's, the Mulroney government learned a hard lesson, and as a result instituted measures that would prevent this from happening again. Hence, the creation of the National Unity Task Force.

By analyzing the use of metaphors in the media, political observers can deconstruct political events that are not fully disclosed. In this case the "hijacking" metaphor, when placed in context of the Meech Lake Accord, reveals the government's underlying motivation for the formation of the National Unity Task Force. The purpose of the NUTF is to protect the constitutional reform process from outside interference like that experienced during the Meech Lake process. The "hijacking" metaphor also reveals the relative political power, as well as the adversaries in this battle. By analyzing the use of metaphors in the media, we, as observers, can better understand hidden political dynamics.

"Nobody Knows Noses Like Gordon Knows Noses!"

by Debby Groves



hen I was in grade 8, a new boy came to our school. He claimed that he could tell my ancestry by looking at my nose. Completely taken in, I hid my face behind my book and tried to dodge him, to avoid having my nose analyzed. Not only could the boy apparently determine my ancestry, but he also claimed to be able to uncover my personality traits by analyzing my name. However, after discovering that he had repeated his story to most of the grade 8 girls, I wondered if this was an inventive way to find out our names in pursuit of romance rather than scientific goals. If so, credit must be given to Gordon for his sense of creativity. None-the-less, since that time the meaning of my names has aroused my curiosity. And I have, on occasion, wondered if my names in fact reveal any relationship between them and myself. My inquisitiveness eventually persuaded me to learn more about the origin of my names in effort to discover the truth behind Gordon's motives.

I was born on a cold and snowy night in northern Saskatchewan. My parents decided to name me Debby, not DEBORAH, giving me reason to correct those who frequently made the error. However, I can now sympathetically understand their confusion, for Debby is a variation of Deborah and is often used as a nickname replacing Deborah. After researching, I discovered that Deborah is a biblical name which is associated with a prophetess and judge of Israel. The name Deborah actually represents the bee and exemplifies wisdom, eloquence, and female perfection. If Gordon was right, I should be the epitome of femininity. So, why didn't I date the charmer? Unfortunately, I have never considered myself blessed with an abundance of these qualities. So, without hesitation, I dug a little deeper.

Surnames were once descriptive of an individual; either their physical traits, occupation, or the location of their home. I have a very "colourful" surname history. To begin, my mother was born into an English family by the name of White. The name itself was generally used as a nickname meaning someone with white hair or an unnaturally pale complexion. My mom then met and married my father. His surname, Brown, is an English name that was also used as a nickname, but it, in contrast, originally referred to the dark colour of one's hair, complexion or clothing. Now, Gordon may have been on to something, for my hair and complexion have always been dark, and admittedly I do tend to gravitate to dark coloured clothing. However, for Gordon's theory to stand true one must consider that genetically I remain fifty percent "White." Sorry, Gordon, but I still doubt that my physical features reveal any link to my name.

Now, although I would like to believe that I am, as my name reveals, above reproach in feminine perfection, I am convinced that my husband would truthfully inform others to the contrary. I believe the few similarities between the representation of my names and my personal traits remain coincidental, for as names have been passed down through the generations, their interpretations have lost their significance. Thus, although symbolic meanings of names remain interesting, they cannot govern the person that one becomes. I suppose all along I knew the outcome of my research would prove that Gordon was a con artist. The meanings of my names did not consistently reveal my personal traits.

My time spent researching my names' origins, however, was not misspent, for it was during my re-

search that I discovered a characteristic in myself. As I remembered dodging Gordon in the halls, I recalled how uncomfortable I was risking the possibility of being in his presence. Why was I so afraid of Gordon, for it was not Gordon himself whom I feared, nor was it the discovery of my names' meanings. After reflecting upon this, I discovered that my fear originated from the anticipation of the forced exposure of my hidden self. I felt that if Gordon could actually discover my personal traits by learning my names, then he could ultimately distinguish my inner being. It was this disclosure of myself that I feared.

Almost twenty years later, I still dodge many Gordons: psychology majors, those with "intuition," or those who somehow just have the ability to "read my mind." I guess the truth is that I find "Gordons" to be a bit too "nosey" for my liking. I tend to keep my true identity safely masked behind the roles I feel secure in playing. My ultimate fear is in being revealed so completely that it results in rejection. Ironically, Gordon represented this threat of rejection. Incidentally, I am convinced many grade 8 girls also felt somewhat threatened by Gordon, for he generally had few dates. Had he changed his strategy, we may have discovered him to be an interesting guy. This experience, however, made me aware that each individual secures his/her own level of comfort, and that this comfort zone demands respect and sensitivity from others. Gordon moved away in our tenth year of school, so I guess I will never know if his "nosey" lines ever generated success. I do hope that if he has not already learnt of this personal comfort zone through trial and error, he will one day discover this trait in human kind and become sensitive to its significance.

Then and Today

by Diana Hobbs



A plate of home-baked squares, neatly sliced, arranged on a paper doily and wrapped in plastic, sits just outside on the chopping block. This is a functional enough table. No need for a linen frock. The house was empty when the well-wishers came, but they knew guests would soon arrive and carry the chocolate offerings inside.

In the cold, stark entry is a cheerful bouquet of flowers on the smooth, cold lid of the freezer; it sits with a card. Underneath a myriad of wet, pungent coats, sweaters and raincoats, water trickles down and spots the innocent, pink petals. I reach automatically to rescue the jolly souls. My hand stops cold, though, as a realization settles over me like one of those shivery-cold, rain-soaked coats. Baby soft, seductively fragrant carnations, pushed into the moist shadows of a corner: there is no mistaking their message.

Inside, it is warm, sunny-yellow, familiar—yet jarringly different. I remember the kitchen. The vinyl-upholstered chairs are waiting in the corner. They are spaced evenly, separated by a two-tiered livingroom end table. The shiny, plastic mahogany top tier is cut away to make room for a newspaper, a coffee mug, an ashtray. Today, though, it is away from its accustomed function. Today, it provides a place for a gold-lacquered vase, stuffed with a confusion of greens and yellows, like children standing close together, eyes wide and hands over mouths, wanting to explode into laughter, but feeling somehow inappropriate.

The view through the kitchen window is the same, though the trees seem older and blacker, as if they will never hold leaves again. Instead, they are covered with moss, emerald green, as bright as the grass draping the ground beneath their blackened limbs. It is as if they have lifted their mammoth selves up out of the ground, carrying along a moist, verdant shroud. And as I move in front

of the sink, the trees are broken up by a fragmented picture of myself in the tall, narrow mirror between the window panes. I catch a glimpse of my own face, but I refuse to look at the expression in my eyes. Yet, before I can avert my gaze, I see my shoulder, the line of my back, and take note that I am dressed rather too formally for the role of casual observer. A chill shivers through me, and I turn back to the warmth of the room.

We lay the bread slices out on the grey, marbled, arborite counter—sixteen slices of white, and sixteen slices of brown, laid out in pairs, end to end, crust to crust. My mother spreads them smoothly with margarine, and I follow along with dollops of meat spread. Ham on these, and chicken on the rest. Making sandwiches is an ordinary enough occupation, but it is different today in the company of my mother and her sisters. Today, we are making sandwiches for their brother's funeral. The small amount of concentration the job requires is enough to sustain me for now. I must concentrate, learn quickly and well. Someday, someone else will make the sandwiches, while I converse more intimately with grief and pain. Then, as today, the sadness and pain will fuse in a composite with pieces of the familiar, until the pain is enmeshed, cradled, rocked, and protected.

Today, the table is in the dining room. It is laid out with a white linen tablecloth and loaded with teacups and saucers, and a coffee urn that serves a hundred and one cups. Throughout the house there are more familiar views: the green linoleum floor, no longer flat against the pressure of the warping boards beneath, surrounded by the dark wood wainscoting, dusted carefully now in preparation for so many guests; a stark, unshaded lightbulb on the wall in the hallway, next to the door to the bedroom where I caught a glimpse of my aunt nursing my cousin so many years ago. But the stairway leading up-

stairs is shrouded from ceiling to floor with a sturdy, forbidding sheet of canvas.

Just inside the livingroom, a window frames a portrait of an apple tree caught between seasons. It is black and old, too; its leaves have fallen. Yet, it stands decorated with unpicked apples, golden and red, reminiscent of another season—a cool, shady place where my uncle relaxed with friends.

Adjacent to the window, the wall is flooded with natural, white light, bringing to life a collage of photographs, hand-picked for the special memories they evoke. Scattered throughout the room, on table tops and bookshelves are many more captured moments: ordinary lives, personal recollections, exhumed from boxes, photo albums, picture frames. All are on display, reaching out in safety, to be shared with others who may not have known, or realized, but will understand now.

And there is the front window. The window seat extends the full width of the view, smoothed, stained and varnished, a simple place to sit. Then, the black Lab played with us in the kitchen, suddenly turned and ran through the rooms and hallways, barking, skittering toenails on linoleum, wriggling like a full-grown baby, through the livingroom, onto the bare, wooden window seat and almost through the pane glass. Uncle Bill was just turning up the long, dirt driveway, coming home from work. The Lab marked the progress of the truck up the driveway, wriggling and skittering his way back through the house to the entry door and outside to greet his best friend.

Today, a lot of cars come up the driveway, but no dog races purposefully through the house. Today, out in the yard, a younger Lab is locked securely inside a canopy, barking at all these strangers, watching, waiting for his best friend to come home.



December Thaw

by Tammy Tanner

*Morning shadows
stretch across
slumbering forest white
as shy and pale, the mystic sun
peeps into dawn from the night.
But growing, exploding!
a fiery enchanter,
his melting power lets loose
an icy tongue, a silver lizard
to scurry from the muse.
Another, yet another!
until the winter hill
writhes with countless
silver lizard slivers
that slither and sled
in their will to seek the sea.
But if the sun's a wizard,
then so's the moon a witch;
her timeless spell
a gentle cast,
and none can tell
the moment last
when lizards lie frozen
in their tracks.*

"Just Fine"

by Julia Skelly

Often,
next to those largely less said
three little words most commonly spoke,
"How are you?"
confront one on the fly.

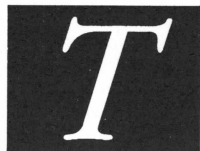
When questioning ears that demand more
bounce-back silence,
I'm ready, with well thought-out verbiage.
"Smelling like a rose,"
is my speedy reply.

Mesmerized, I wordlessly meander-
"Yes, a Wild African Rose,
nutured in wealth's hidden realms
of moist tears that stretch high
to vanquish a cruel life's crust.
While singing buzzed splendours
around yellows and blues
I weave whipped vapours of attempts
to tousle flushed grade,"

and I smile,
ubiquitously.

Overflow

by Dorian Lemon



he wind howled. The rain fell. The dog moaned. The shrill whistle of a train tore through the tent. It was a dark and stormy night in Overflow.

For some inexplicable reason, our family persists in taking camping holidays together. It's not that we don't love each other and enjoy being together, it's just that our vacations are frequently disasters. If it isn't car problems, it's money problems or pet problems. And that's before we leave the driveway. Then there's the anticipation of the homecoming: broken plumbing, missing cats, rampant weeds. In between, we endure raging ear infections, second-degree hot chocolate burns, first-degree tail pipe burns, duck itch, wasp and bee stings, rain, wind, sleet and hail. Still we persist, looking for the perfect, glitch-free holiday.

Take our trip to Overflow. We hadn't planned to go to Overflow. We'd planned to go to Jasper: majestic mountains, sparkling lakes, crackling campfires. The perfect wilderness vacation. But seven million other people with the same idea had beaten us to the best sites, so we were directed to Overflow, home of forlorn Rocky Mountain campers.

The six of us, complete with dog, pulled in around 5:00 p.m. to a very unconventional campsite. Overflow was an immense field, dotted with scrub grass, a couple of bedraggled trees, two water taps, an outhouse, and fourteen bear traps, complete with large warning signs. This campsite did not inspire confidence.

Among the first to arrive that afternoon, we had our choice of camping spots. Selecting a likely spot in a little dip in the field, we set up

the tent. As we ate chili out of paper cups, the campground began to fill up. There were twenty-foot Winnebagos, thirty-foot Winnebagos, and even the odd forty-foot Winnebago, but only one tent. Ours. We looked and felt like country cousins. After dinner, we strolled around the campsite to see how rich people travel, and afterwards, because there wasn't much else to do, we went to bed early.

We always travel with two tents, because our six-man tent doesn't really sleep six men, or women, or six of anything. Because this was a one-night stand, we took a chance, set up only one, and hoped everyone felt skinny. It took some planning to figure out who should sleep where so that there weren't heads snuggled up to armpits or toes sticking in ears. Around 9:30, after lining up for the last time at the outhouse, we settled down for the night. Naturally, it was impossible to fall asleep without reading. This necessitated six flashlights flickering on six books, bouncing off the canvas, and shining in everyone's eyes. Dozens of flying insects joined us in the tent to frolic in the flashlight beams. Finally we gave up and one by one dropped off into what we hoped would be dreamless sleep. We wanted to get this night over with.

At midnight the frantic patter of raindrops woke us up. But we didn't worry, we knew our tent couldn't possibly leak - it was guaranteed waterproof. We drifted back to sleep only to awaken with a jolt five minutes later. Everyone's shoes were outside rapidly filling with rain. Needless to say, no one had spares. So six people, a dog, and twelve soggy shoes cuddled up in the increasingly steamy tent, and

tried once again to get through the night.

An uneventful hour or two passed. Then a train screamed. Half an hour later one screamed again. And half an hour later, and half an hour after that, until 6:00 a.m., when we finally surrendered and crawled out of our exceedingly damp tent. Had the train been a bad dream, or were there really tracks nearby? They were definitely nearby. We had pitched our tent about fifty feet from the C.N. main line, which was concealed by a cunning little berm in the field. The rest of our neighbours had slept like babies in their mobile motels, unaware of either the elements or the railroad. We, on the other hand, had partaken of the true ambience of the great outdoors. Unfortunately, it showed. Even the dog looked haggard and seedy. Happily the rain had stopped and the mud was no more than ankle deep. Corn Flakes and empty bear traps cheered up the troops, and our ever-present optimism convinced us to press on in search of sparkling lakes and crackling campfires. Wringing out the tent and sleeping bags, we loaded the van, jumped in, and slithered through the mud towards the main road. Surely a 6:00 a.m. start should net us a decent campsite in the real wilderness!

Ode To Susan's Socks

by Berniece Machuk

I

would like to share with you comments on socks, which, I believe, have been misunderstood and, consequently, pushed into the background of fashion *savoir-faire*. This has had a detrimental effect on the art of dressing. By becoming aware of the impact of socks, the wearer will realize the full potential of this resource, a resource that would benefit not only individuals, but society as a whole, by providing an expressive outlet.

Socks come in an almost unlimited variety of length, colour and texture. They range from the short, sporty ankle sock—with pom-poms—to pantyhose, at the high range of this genre. In between these extremes are ankle socks, slouch socks, knee socks and thigh-length cross-country ski socks. Colours are unlimited. Sombre black is still a favourite, although the new fluorescent and neon shades have lost some of the stigma of their trendiness and become an option for the more adventurous. Perhaps due to their wonderful ability to make a subtle statement, pastels have always been popular. While socks of one colour are always a safe and conservative choice, patterns, such as argyle and stripes, can be used to achieve avant-guard distinction that should not be dismissed without careful consideration. Physical characteristics are also an issue that must be addressed. Wool provides warmth; cotton, absorbency; acrylic, durability.

I contend that this rich area of fashion distinction has been overlooked totally, due to geography. Eternally locked into the small area between pant bottoms and shoe tops, socks have not been accorded the respect they should command. Like punctuation, socks can place

emphasis, aid in transitions, or stop the viewer short. A complete and grammatically correct sock wardrobe is a skill well worth the effort it takes to acquire.

To command a strong pause, or period, with sock fashion, the wearer must catch and arrest the viewer's eye. This can be done in one of two ways. Violent colour effectively deals with this issue; fluorescent or neon hues work particularly well in this instance. The alternative is achieved through understatement, perhaps in flesh tones, which cause the viewer a few moments of intense and soul-searching deliberation to decide if, in fact, there are socks there to consider.

A comma effect can be achieved by utilizing the versatile pastels, usually in a shade to complement slacks or shoes. A variant of this slight pause with slightly more emphasis, as in the semi-colon, may be achieved by adding a pattern, although the pastel shades would still be required. Anything brighter

pushes the wearer into the realm of the colon, a distinction to which the more aware viewer would most certainly take exception.

Nor should the dash be excluded from this well rounded statement. Slouch socks provide the informality that every wardrobe should have available for use; however, the wearer must diligently avoid a tendency to slip into an informal sloppy attitude, which could result in a loss of credibility.

Finally, the exclamation mark provides a strong statement that should be attempted by only the most experienced wearer. It is essential that the viewer stop dead in his or her tracks! Length, pattern and colour must combine to draw from the viewers the dazed look of those who can no longer even vaguely remember their name or their purpose for being. This crowning achievement is the moment of triumph when, despite geography, socks come into their own richly deserved spot in the wardrobe.

ਭੋਲੇ ਪੰਛੀ. ਸੁਰਿੰਦਰ ਧੰਨ

ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਦੇ ਜਾਲ ਨੂੰ ਕੱਟ ਕੇ ਉੱਡੇ ਕੁਝ ਪੰਛੀਆਂ ਨੇ
ਜੰਗਲ ਦੇ ਬਾਕੀ ਪੰਛੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੱਸਿਆ :
ਪੰਛੀਓ-ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਆਵੇਗਾ-ਜਾਲ ਲਾਵੇਗਾ-ਖ਼ਬਰਦਾਰ ਰਹਿਣਾ

ਕੁਝ ਕੁ ਭੋਲੇ ਪੰਛੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਸ਼ਬਦਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਰੱਟੇ ਲਾ ਲਏ-
ਨਵੇਂ ਸਿੱਖੇ ਗੀਤ ਦੀ ਮਸਤੀ ਸੀ ਕਿ
ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਅਰਥਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਪੁੱਜਣ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀਤੀ
ਬੱਸ ਦਿਨ ਰਾਤ ਗਾਉਂਦੇ ਰਹੇ :
ਪੰਛੀਓ-ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਆਵੇਗਾ-ਜਾਲ ਲਾਵੇਗਾ-ਖ਼ਬਰਦਾਰ ਰਹਿਣਾ

ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਨੇ ਜਾਲ ਲਾਇਆ
ਭੋਲੇ ਪੰਛੀ ਚੋਗੇ ਦੀ ਮਹਿਕ ਦੇ ਖਿੱਚੇ ਚਲੇ ਆਏ
ਆਉਂਦੇ ਆਉਂਦੇ ਗੀਤ ਵੀ ਗਾ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ :
ਪੰਛੀਓ-ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਆਵੇਗਾ-ਜਾਲ ਲਾਵੇਗਾ-ਖ਼ਬਰਦਾਰ ਰਹਿਣਾ

ਚੋਗਾ ਚੁਗਣ ਬੈਠੇ ਹੀ ਸਨ ਕਿ ਜਾਲ 'ਚ ਫਸ ਗਏ
ਜਾਲ 'ਚ ਫਸੇ ਹੋਏ ਵੀ ਗਾ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ-
ਪੰਛੀਓ-ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਆਵੇਗਾ-ਜਾਲ ਲਾਵੇਗਾ-ਖ਼ਬਰਦਾਰ ਰਹਿਣਾ

ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਜਦੋਂ ਪੰਛੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਭਰਿਆ ਜਾਲ ਲੈ ਕੇ
ਘਰ ਨੂੰ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੀ
ਭੋਲੇ ਪੰਛੀ ਉਦੋਂ ਵੀ ਗਾ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ :
ਪੰਛੀਓ-ਸ਼ਿਕਾਰੀ ਆਵੇਗਾ-ਜਾਲ ਲਾਵੇਗਾ-ਖ਼ਬਰਦਾਰ ਰਹਿਣਾ

•

A translated poem
is
like a
ruined building.

- Peter Levi



INNOCENT BIRDS

Surinder Dhanjal

Tearing apart the poacher's net, some birds flew away
and told the rest of the birds in the forest:

Birds - the poacher will come - set the trap - stay alert!

Some innocent birds crammed these words
In the ecstasy of this newly-learned song
they never tried to reach the heart of its meanings
Day and night, they kept on singing:

Birds - the poacher will come - set the trap - stay alert!

The poacher set the trap
Attracted by the fragrance of the bird-seed
the innocent birds flew towards the trap
While flying, they were singing the same song:

Birds - the poacher will come - set the trap - stay alert!

The moment they touched the bait
they were trapped in the net
Even then, they were singing:

Birds - the poacher will come - set the trap - stay alert!

When the poacher was taking home
the net full of birds,
the innocent birds were still singing:

Birds - the poacher will come - set the trap - stay alert!



All translations are
a shadow cast by
the live body of the
original poem

- Hua-Ling Nieh Engle
& Paul Engle

Women And Industry: What Does This Say About Our Society?

by Ian Low

I

n waning economic times innovative ideas must be put forth to supersede outdated practices. British Columbia's economic backbone has been the forest industry, which is now running headlong into growing free trade competition with third world countries. Choices must be made to radically modernize, restructure and achieve greater levels of efficiency or face certain decline. In addition to these problems, we are now at a stage where we are examining many fundamental precepts of our own democratic system. A democracy is built on freedom and equality of rights. Do we have such a democracy? Cost saving measures from more efficient logging practices to more comprehensive reforestation plans have been implemented, but all sectors of the industry resist fundamental social change that would include women in the labour force on an equal basis. It has been almost unreasonably impossible for women to try to enter some sectors of the forest industry.

The forest industry would have everything to gain by encouraging more equal opportunity employment for all its sectors. Artificially high wages are being paid to male monopolized work. Admitting women to all levels of the work force would increase levels of competition for positions and place downward pressure on artificially high wages. A more equitable distribution of worker salaries would make the forest industry more competitive and give women better employment opportunities.

Equality is a stated goal of our society, but deep-rooted social structures have entangled and resisted advancing change. Historically the forest industry has been male dominated. Over time, higher average age, training and experience have secured better paying and working conditions to men. Unions have entrenched male job security and limited women to struggle for modest inroads in entry level employment.

While men have dominated the highest office positions of pay, power and prestige, women have been forced to accept the low-paying, powerless positions of secretaries, maids and temporary staff. Anthropologist Margaret Mead has said:

"... if such activities are appropriate occupations of men, then the whole society, men and women alike votes them as important. When the same occupations are performed by women, they are regarded as less important."

Social stigmas and slanders continue to keep women from considering or entering forestry as a career, especially where ratios of male employment are the highest. Of the hundreds of buckers, drivers and mill workers I have met, I cannot count more than a handful of women in all three of these careers. When asked why women do not hold any of these positions, male deforesters respond, "because it's not women's work!" It would seem Margaret Mead's theory fits.

The British Columbian Forest Industry is not entirely responsible for social injustices against women; it is only one symptom of a greater problem. Our society, both men and women, are responsible for unequal, unjust treatment of

women in the work force.

Can this dilemma be solved? Yes it can. Employment for women in the forest industry has been a dismal prospect; however, some successes towards equal opportunity have been made and noted. The reforestation sector has accepted the need for women in labour, but some economists argue the reason for equal opportunity were economic and not moral. The lack of entangling social structures such as unions and the hefty need for labour are contributing factors to the high ratios of women participating in all levels of this sector: from the entry level job of treeplanter to the pay, power and prestige of owner-operator. Although economics may have been the catalyst, the social-economic structure of reforestation has limited male power and control, and encouraged higher ratios of women in this industry.

How? The social-economic structure of the reforestation sector has been overwhelmingly dominated and dictated by the largest group: treeplanters. A treeplanter's socialization is born out of his-her task; he-she plants as fast and as good as he-she can for his-her wage. While individual contribution is important to individual earnings, it is also important to the treeplanting crew. Daily average quality and total production are required to meet minimum contracted standards or every individual's payment is reduced accordingly. Total quality and number of trees planted affect group success, morale, pride and payment, which, in turn, generate intense interpersonal relationships.

In a discipline where people are valued so objectively on so narrow a criterion (quality and number of trees planted), in such close personal proximity, male-female relationships can change inherently. Because women frequently out-produce even the most driven men and since the nature of the job is such that ties between individual worth and production are so strong, men cannot and do not escape the destruction of their superiority quite so easily. Precious male egos are vanquished while

women become more confident; men no longer attempt domination and women no longer accept it. Together, members of this micro society, create more egalitarian male-female power relationships.

Treeplanting is not a panacea, but it does provide evidence that industry and equality can be compatible. By altering work conditions to those more conducive to equality of opportunity, industry could stimulate change in worker socialization. Why hasn't it? British Columbians resist change. Laws have been developed to propound women's rights, but some sectors of the forest industry still remain virtually devoid of, and impervious to, women.

Are we living in a state of hypocrisy? How long will equality be rejected? Until it becomes an economic necessity? And if it is, will this be only when it suits men?

Disparities in individual human rights must be eliminated. Now more than ever, moral and economic need has aligned itself so that equality is economically desirable. If British Columbians are to consider themselves advancing either economically or morally, our industry must recognize the need for change in sexist policy or face certain decline.



Pause

by Katherine Edwards

*Lives rewound
on tape
pause at all the right
moments.
Preview the best
edit the worst
review
miscarriages
of life
of justice
of time spent
wasted
worrying.*

*On Super 8
our lives were transparent
and light shone through
the bits
that were overexposed
We could stop
ponder
laugh
and clarify our image
in the
Good Old Days
in the G.O.D. that we invented.*

*VHS life smears
like one long tapeworm
wrapped around eternity
around self
feeding on its own image
no picture
shows.*

*When held to the light
there is no stopping
at the right places
life begins after the credits
after our parents
a film
with our name on it.*

The Ocean

by Cathy MacLean

*The ocean
lingers against
the Island's face
like a cold, clammy hand
it beats upon the shore
of lost and searching
minds.
Brushing away the summer
memories
of the now deserted beaches.*

*The ocean
in harmony with the world
revolves around day and night-
rain and shine.
Whitecapped waves
like bearded dwarves
reach up toward the sky
in self salute.*

*Vigorous, rough
the ocean
will change at a whim
to calm, gentle-stillness.
With salt spray
lightly touching us
we look to
the ocean
for answers to
unasked questions.*

*We can sit and lull
in its romantic beauty
simply complex - like ourselves
this ocean
of obscurity;
no goal, no permanent port.*

*The ocean
will raise its impulsive voice—
spread its ideas,
and succumb to its desires.
So spend each fleeting moment
fulfilled
aware and alive
as the ocean.*

All Life on Earth is an Endangered Species

by Karla Cummins

T

o target a species as endangered is almost a joke if it weren't so serious. The fact is all life on this planet is endangered.

Everyone seems to be getting on the environmental bandwagon, but how many people are really willing to do something about it? You're either part of the problem or part of the solution.

I read recently of certain species of butterflies being threatened with extinction because of the use of pesticides. On the news I heard of individuals in the Fraser Valley whose health was deteriorating through the use of pesticides.

I started eating organically because

I became concerned about my own health 14 years ago, when doctors diagnosed me as having suspicious cells, which they removed and found to be benign. That put enough of a scare into me to convince me that I should be careful not to consume carcinogenic and toxin-laden foods. I've also been recycling for the same period of time.

Recently I've come to realize that although my original purpose in going organic was my own health, it is a decision that affects not only my own life but the lives of others around me and eventually the whole planet. The sum is the total

of the parts.

To refuse to partake of produce and products from the chemical farm industry is ultimately a political decision. If enough people refuse to support the industries that are responsible for polluting this earth, it hits them in the pocketbook where it hurts and they'll be forced to stop poisoning our air, our water and our earth.

After all, do you want your children to be able to see butterflies out in the field flying from flower to flower, or would you rather have them only be able to view them as specimens in the museum?

Reyna

by Dorian Lemon

E

ran las once de la noche y Reyna supo que había llegado el momento especial: su novio vendría pronto. José era un hombre muy guapo. Tenía el pelo negro, un bigote magnífico, y los ojos que brillan. Reyna amaba su voz baja y emocionante. Era el hombre de sus sueños.

José era soldado. Hacía dos años que José abandonaba a Reyna. Luchaba por su país al frente del oeste. Reyna siempre tenía miedo

que José muriera. Ella esperaba todas las noches, esperando a su novio. Pero no venía. Por lo tanto, Reyna era siempre triste.

Está noche, Reyna esperaba a la estación de tren. Todo el día se bañaba y limpiaba su casa.

Ahora, ella lo esperaba a la estación. Lentamente, el tren llegaba. Por fin, el paró. La puerta del tren se abrió. "José está aquí," ella pensó.

Ella miró su amante cuando el bajó del tren. Pero quién acompañaba a él? José tuvo la mano de una chica muy linda. El besó su mejilla. Reyna supo que José no la amó ahora. El tren empezó a mudarse. Con un grito, Reyna saltó en frente del tren. Ella murió en seguida.

Cuando José miró el cuerpo de Reyna, el lloró. La chica linda era solamente su prima. Reyna había entendido mal.

Where no one has gone before

by James W. Scott

"S

pace. The final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Enterprise. Its five-year mission, to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no man has gone before."

This preamble to every Star Trek episode is as well known in today's society as the Gettysburg address. So why was such a famous address altered when the television show was revived as Star Trek The Next Generation? The opening address now reads: "Space. The final frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Enterprise. Its continuing mission, to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no one has gone before." The changes are slight and may go unnoticed by most viewers; after all, a generation has passed since the original show was on the air. Only those who have recently seen reruns of the original show, or die-hard Trekkies who have every show memorized, are apt to notice and realize the importance of this change.

Changing the "five-year mission" to a "continuing mission" was necessary to produce "The Next Generation." The original show ran for three years, leaving two years of its mission incomplete. With the complete crew change, changes in species, and ship update that were required to allow the new show to compete in a technically advanced television industry, an elapsed time period greater than two years was needed. Thus, the mission would have to be changed or extended. The obvious choice was to extend the mission.

The second difference in the opening address is less of a change in the number of words altered; however, the change is of greater significance in meaning. The replacement of "man" with "one" in the last sentence of the address signifies the changes in issues important in today's society.

At the time of the original series, racial and political bigotry were widespread. Con-

flicts between whites and blacks in the United States were numerous. The United States and the U.S.S.R. were engaged in a cold war that caused allies to become enemies. On the Starship Enterprise, crew members were from many different cultural backgrounds. Character names and accents made this fact obvious. Chekov, Sulu, McCoy, and Scotty were proud of their heritages, but this never led to conflict. When racial prejudice was dealt with as a theme, the prejudice was often directed towards the only non-human character, Mr. Spock.

The same theme is dealt with occasionally on The Next Generation; however, little emphasis is placed on the human characters' cultural background. We know that Captain Jean-Luc Picard is French, but it is seldom mentioned. More often the cultural differences between species are presented. There are now three non-human characters providing opportunities to show these cultural differences: Lieutenant Worf, Lieutenant Commander Data, and Counsellor Deanna Troi.

This increased number of non-human characters could explain why "man" was changed to "one" in the opening address, since one definition of "man" is the human race. However, an increase in characters of fictional races hardly warrants changing such a well known speech. The real reason for this alteration is shown in the change of characters. Three main characters on the new show are women, compared to one in the original programme. More important are the positions that they hold: Chief Medical Officer, Chief of Security, and the Ship's Counsellor, also fourth in the chain of command.

At the time of the original series, the women's movement was still in its infancy, and women in positions of power were rare. Therefore, the casting of a woman as Lieutenant Ohura, the Communications Officer, was significant. She was portrayed as equal to the men of the same rank, and she gave orders to men of lesser rank. She

could take over at navigation or helm control if necessary; however, her main duties were that of a futuristic secretary: sending and receiving messages. The producers of The Next Generation were careful to place the new women in positions of power and non-traditional roles. Secretarial duties are now handled by Lieutenant Worf, a big, tough, male Klingon.

Lieutenant Ohura's miniskirt uniform has also been replaced. All crew members, male and female, now wear a generic uniform. Only Counsellor Deanna Troi's uniform is different; however, its difference is used to identify her as only half-human, since she does not have non-human physical features. The use of a standard uniform is a further indication of the equality of men and women in The Next Generation.

Since another definition of "man" is the human male, the use of a male noun to refer to the entire species could undermine the steps taken to represent men and women as equals. Indeed, the effects of these steps have reached further than the opening address; the language of the show in general has been affected. Whenever Captain Picard counsels a member of his crew, he often cites examples from "human history" or "the history of humans," and never the history of "man."

Star Trek's lead-by-example-attitude towards the peaceful coexistence of different nationalities may have had an effect on viewers. One can hope that The Next Generation's efforts toward the equality of women will have a similar effect beyond the television screen.

Perhaps if Abraham Lincoln had visited Captain Jean-Luc Picard instead of Captain James T. Kirk, the Gettysburg Address might begin, "Four score and seven years ago our [ancestors] brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all [humans] are created equal."

perceptions

by Tom MacDougall

red sky at night

what?

lights of a city

reflected

in the clouds

even at midnight

traffic and airhorns

sound

no pause

no break

life is not

a VCR

there is no stop button

no pause

rewind

we live

with what has been

what will be

what

has yet to come

what?

we are

we have been

we always will

life goes on

we live

and die

we are

human

with all the qualities

frailties

the word implies

we think

stop

pause

please

but we know

life goes on

there is no

end

energy

is

eternal

red sky

what?

Heartbeat

by Tom MacDougall

STACCATO

in a heart beat

EAR DRUMS

(chest

heart and lungs)

EXPLODING

(bones)

SHATTERED

(red mist rising

as a child lies dying)

STEEL WHISTLES

(real)

CHILDREN CRYING

(another child dying)

(blood

flowing into the stone)

PANES OF GLASS

(no, lives of pain)

SHATTERED

STACCATO

THEN

FOR A MOMENT

SILENCE

(except for the sound

of the red river

rushing

across the stones)

AND DEATH DRIVES AWAY

BLACKENED POLISHED

STEEL

SMOKING

IN HIS HANDS

(eleven years old)

STACCATO

(gunfire)



Words

by Trevor MacDonald

*And as I walk through
the sullen grey streets,
I open my mouth
so I can be heard.*

*Words that give me leprosy.
Mark me, maim me, parlah.
The truth will not be heard
in the sullen grey streets.*

*They use their weapons of steel and plastic.
And words that fly
like rockets, bombard their targets.
Confusion reigns.
And the truth will not be heard.*

*And as I walk through
the empty craters, muck filled circles,
I am struck by shrapnel.
And the truth will not be heard.*

answers

by Tom MacDougall

where have you been

(what

why

and how)

when were you there

do you know

can you tell me if we met then

or later

(or before)

did you like me

(or me you,

or does it matter)

have we been before

(or not)

or am I being too ambiguous

do you believe (in the before)

(or for that matter

the after)

confused

or confusing

I am

(not)

does it all matter

(or not)

can you tell me

or me you

or us them,

where do we go from here

(or do we go from here

Down Memory Lane

by Ann Davis

S

ome months ago while on a visit to New Westminster, I ventured out on my traditional walk past 415 - 5th Street to look at the house where I had lived, along with my mother, brother and grandparents. This visit, however, was like no other because my mother, who was restricted to the four rooms of her apartment, was also living and dying with cancer. Somehow, during those days of increasing melancholy, I felt an urge to steal away during the afternoon when she slept, to be on my own. Instead of walking slowly by the house, I decided that I would stop and take more time to look closely and allow myself the enjoyment of remembering back to a time when life seemed simple, yet marvellously rich with experience and relationship.

As I strolled down the back lane my eye first caught sight of several white, pink and yellow peony blossoms bordering a reddish brown stained fence on one side of the house; I also saw something novel — prominently situated on the middle of the dark green, cut-to-precision lawn sat a large white marble water fountain. It was adorned with a Grecian cherub figure, holding an upturned fluted urn. Water gushed continuously from its spout overflowing the elegant receptacle below it. I noted, too, a further appearance of formal-

ity with the addition of sparkling new lawn furniture—definitely top-of-the-line Eaton's variety; a large white and blue striped umbrella shaded in a circular glass table and five chairs that matched the umbrella exactly. Perhaps it was the unfamiliarity of these objects that contributed to my growing sense of unease— along with the realization that the house had taken on a bold appearance in its fresh coat of pristine shiny white paint. But then, peering over the back fence, I instantly saw what was missing: the vegetable garden that had always been located against the back fence had been replaced with well-manicured shrubs and flowering plants. I stood there in a state of disbelief, and, after a time, thankfully, my mind erased the offending scene.

As I gazed into the yard, I saw my Grandmother, with her blue-grey rinsed hair, pink gingham sundress and plain white bibbed cotton apron, sitting cross-legged in an oversized wooden law chair with a large, shiny white glazed ceramic bowl nestled in her lap. This particular bowl was the one she always used when she made peanut butter cookies. During this sweet summer memory, however, she was demonstrating to me, her eager student of three years, the knack of shucking peas. I watched with cat-like curiosity as she placed a pod between her thumbs and index fingers and in graduated staccato movements snapped the seam open. "Now you try it Ann!" she would say, with an enthusiastic lilt. Caught up in her invitation, I was eager to replicate her effortless agility, and although I had some success, it was more often than not that my fumbling fingers

resorted to harsh twisting, and I soon lost patience with the process. In those moments she seemed to turn a blind eye so that I rarely felt pressure to perform; I believe now that the patience she communicated, coupled with her continued enthusiasm, became my first awareness of "unconditional acceptance," a term I was to use time and time again in teaching the essence of effective guidance strategies to would-be child care workers. This memory also helped me at that moment, for I suppose that I too was struggling to accept unconditionally my mother living as well as her dying. My Granny would have told me, had she been alive, to "count my blessings" and live each day fully.

The picture of that poignant moment of Summer 1951, re-taken after thirty-nine years, revealed a clarity so finely focused that I could again feel the strength and warmth of Granny's ever-so-soft arm circled around me, and best of all I was basking in the fullness of her cheerful smile. I remembered our spontaneous laughter as we unzipped a few pods, only to discover empty wax-lined shells. Mostly we loved to eat raw the petite, firm, summer pearls, marvelling at their perfect circular form, vivid green colour and semi-sweet taste. As well, I remember experiencing a keen sense of control, when with one swoop of my finger, the entire row of peas was deposited simultaneously on to my eager outstretched tongue.

This vivid memory dissolved easily into another memory that was altered only by activity; on this occasion my Grandmother and I were sitting on white high-backed wooden lawn chairs. We sat facing each other in totally opposite postures. I sat in my chair with my elbows positioned so that they pointed skyward in an attempt to reach the chair's long, high arms. I remember my backbone feeling hard as it was lodged firmly into the sharply angled seat, my feet pointing upwards. Between us stood a black aluminum T.V. tray; on its surface was a red floral design that in a short time became covered with kings, queens, clubs, diamonds, aces, hearts and jokers, all of which I studied with great interest, more for their bold design than for the practical purposes of the game. But there we were, two eager playmates engaged in one of our favourite pastimes: canasta. In contrast to my Granny, I sat rigidly holding my growing fan of cards close to my nose, for I remember that she often had to remind me to keep the cards from her view. With the limited dexterity of a four year old and inexperience in making the most advantageous moves, my hands often were overflowing with cards, and as the game progressed, it became increasingly awkward to

hold them. However, I viewed this as a minor drawback, rarely taking away from the pleasure of playing the game. In time I became quite proficient at matching numbers, laying down sets, and "melding": the word itself made me feel quite grown up. There was no element of competition in this early game of cards, yet I do recall how she implied from time to time that she was going to let me win. Little did I realize that in this gesture she wanted me to experience the feeling that winning brings. Looking back on it, through memory's eye, I recall her mischievous expression and excited apprehension as she suggested what could only take place between a grandmother and granddaughter. Only a grandmother could break the rules for a higher purpose; there was more to be learned than simply mastering all the appropriate game strategies. Inherent in our activity was a reciprocated enthusiasm which naturally flowed, one to the other. I felt a secret comradery with Granny: we were kindred spirits revelling in the glow of our friendship.

Touched by lingering memories, I felt a tear gently ease its way down

my warm cheek; for an instant I felt as if I had returned to the comforting world of my Granny. Sadly, however, thoughts of my mother's imminent death crept back unmercifully, and I could think no other thought, except that I must return to her bedside.

I stood at the bedroom door, gazing at her tranquil, sleeping frail frame, and could not stop myself from moving closer to gently kiss her now-hollowed, pale, transparent cheek. Her brilliant mediterranean blue eyes greeted me, and with some new-found strength she drew me closer and said, "Let's have a snug-up!" Snug-up was our term for an extended hug; during those days of depleting emotional reserve, such closeness brought healing to us both. She wanted to know all about my walk to the old house, and as I recalled the details, I realized that she was reliving memories of her own. We smiled warmly at each other, through a veil of tears. The walk to the old house had nurtured us both.

The Popsicle Man

Jo McKenna

*On our first date he brought them popsicles
(grape ones).*

On our second date he brought more.

*On our third date he forgot;
we smiled and pretended not to notice.*

*After that he brought nothing, and it didn't matter;
we were his.*

(This is what you know about popsicles:

They look lovely.

They are fake.

They are cold.

They melt.

They stain (especially the grape ones).

In the end they are very very messy.)

When you belong to the popsicle man you wait.

When he chooses to stop by your house he will.

And you wait.

Often you think you hear him coming; you are wrong.

And you wait.

His absence haunts you,

but you wait.

You know.

And still you wait.

At last it suits him to come and he does.

And you wait.

You wait to see which face he wants you to wear today

and when you think you know you put it on.

Often you are wrong and you choose the wrong face.

That is not good.

You must please The Popsicle Man.

To quote my son: "Good things come and good things go."

It is a good thing he's gone.

The Midas Touch

by Maureen Plut

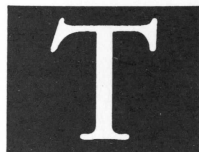
*There is no silver lining,
There is no faith in prayer,
There is no pot of gold
at the end of this rainbow.
There is no fairy godmother
to make my dreams come true,
No "happy ever after"
could describe my life.
Everything I give, isn't good enough.
My feelings don't exist
in either world.
There will be no lesson taught,
for intelligence is in the eye of the beholder,
Not in mine.
There is no perfect life -
Your loss is your gain.
My curse is my heart.
The wall gets stronger each day now;
You can knock but no one will answer.
Pushed luck does not a luck make;
Fascination and admiration are not enough.
My history is my fault.
There are no beds of roses,
There are no velvet kisses,
There are no cures or remedies,
For a lifetime of mistakes.
And much to their surprise,
I don't have the Midas touch -
And yet, to me,
I do.*

by Maureen Plut

*This child in my womb,
Feeding on my every strength;
Clone of its father.*

A Treasure of Lac du Bois

by Ken Favrholt



he dried, brown bunchgrass from the previous season waved in the spring breeze. A storm cloud overhead cast its ominous shadow on the barren hills. But it shed enough rain to dampen the grey soil where new life would emerge that year.

Across the hills in the folds of the ridge fringed with pine, a little stem with its few bright green needles poked out of the soil; an old cone lay nearby, partly devoured by a squirrel.

That year the native women came to the grasslands with a story on their tongues of whitemen who would soon reach the valleys. They walked along the dusty ancient trail from the river through the big sagebrush, watching for rattlesnakes, until they reached the upland meadows where they looked for balsamroot and spring beauty. As they worked they joked and told stories about the origin of the land; how coyote played tricks and changed the hills and rocks.

In the meadow near a cool lake the women dug the ground with their bone-handled sticks and pried loose the roots as they had done in their grandmother's time and her grandmother's time before that.

Elk no longer grazed on the grasslands as they did in former times. Their numbers had diminished hundreds of moons before. There were legends of scores of them roaming the hills; now piles of bones were their only remains. But their antlers made good tools.

That spring, as the women dug roots and gathered saskatoon berries, there was a comet that shone so brightly it could be seen during the day. It was an omen, they thought, about the coming of the whiteman.

It was not long after that the

whitemen eventually arrived on horseback. There was a man named Stuart and two others who began a trade, mainly cloth and tobacco, with the Indians for beaver and muskrat found along the rivers. They made friends with the Shuswap people and wintered like them in a semi-underground house called a kekuli. The snow was deep that winter which prevented them from departing until late in the spring.

The following summer, the whitemen returned to the valley and a fur trade post was built near the point of the rivers at Kamloops. The fort was a long distance from the hills on foot, but on occasion a man with a long rifle would ride over the hills looking for game. A puff of smoke would immediately be followed by a loud resound that could be heard across the valley. Birds would flutter and startled animals would stand motionless or run. One lifeless deer would be slumped over the back of a cayuse winding down the trail back towards the fort.

The Hudson's Bay Company moved their establishment to the northwest corner of the river junction in 1842 where they built a much larger fort, surrounded by fields of grain and hay. In the spring the horses used by the fur brigades were turned loose on the range which became known as Garde Lafferty - Laffertie's Horseguard - after one of the French-Canadian employees. It was perhaps Laffertie who named the small lake Lac le Bois where the native women dug for roots. Ol' Saul, a brother of a chief of the Kamloops Indian Band, remembered when the Company had more than seven hundred horses; the grasslands of Lac le Bois were their fenceless pasture.

There were many good places for horses in the pine savannah. A few

horses found a gully where a large tree was growing that provided shade with its pendulous branches just high enough to let them under.

By the 1880's though, the Hudson's Bay Company had abandoned the use of the range. No longer did they need horses to transport their furs and supplies; wagons pulled by mules or oxen on the Cariboo Road replaced the horsetrails north and south of Fort Kamloops. The *iron horse* of the Canadian Pacific Railway then replaced the fur trade routes across the country. The railway was granted 20 miles of land on either side of the mainline for its use; it was at this time that the Lac le Bois range was opened up by the federal government for homesteading.

Among the earliest homesteaders before the railway came through Kamloops was John Wheeler, after whom Wheeler Mountain is named. Ranchers afterwards had to lease the land. About 1880, Alex McLean, a dairy farmer in town, held the first 21-year grazing lease on 10,000 acres of the southern half of the range. His neighbouring rancher, Bill Roper, who introduced hereford cattle to the district, held the north half.

Besides the beautiful bunchgrass there were minerals to be found on the range. At the turn of the century two brothers named Boillot from Paris, France first staked the hill just west of Lease Lake. A couple of years later, Owen Batchelor, who lived in Kamloops, took over the claim which he called "Hilltop." The vein on the surface was quite lucrative, averaging over \$3 of gold and silver per ton of ore; so he sank a shaft to a richer vein still. Batchelor and his sons worked on it until they left for the Great War. For years afterwards residents of the town could see Batchelor's cabin on the hill.

With acknowledgements to Karen McLaren, Kenna Cartwright and Alastair McLean (ed.) who produced "Treasures of Lac du Bois" (Peerless Printers Ltd., Kamloops, 1981).

Below the hill, Tom Bulman, in partnership with two others, had taken over the McLean lease by the early part of the century. He homesteaded on a quarter-section on the lower end of the range where he built corrals and a few buildings at Lease Lake.

Some years there was a lot of rainfall and snow and the small lakes and potholes would fill up, giving homesteaders hope and attracting them to stay. Before the outbreak of the First World War there were about one hundred and fifty people living on the range—men, women, children—enough that a school at Wheeler Mountain was opened in 1914, though it closed a couple of years later due to lack of children. It was used as a community hall afterwards where dances and meetings were held. Another school was built at Lac le Bois in 1916; a Miss Stevenson took her class to visit old Bill Arnald, a colorful settler who ate raw meat and still lived to the ripe old age of eighty. But the Lac le Bois school too was closed by the early twenties when a drought persisted and drove homesteaders out.

Two homesteaders near Lac le Bois were the Clapperton brothers, Ewart and Harold. In the early twenties they started a sawmill operation on the shore of Lac le Bois where they cut down many of the old pine and fir trees, as many as fifty or sixty a day, dragging them by horse to their mill. They cut them into lumber which was used to make sashes and door casings in Kamloops, as well as apple boxes for the Brocklehurst orchards.

Like most of the other settlers at this time, the Clappertons abandoned the range in the late twenties. There were many portable sawmills used in later years, mostly for cutting fir for railway ties and house construction

in Kamloops, where the homesteaders had moved.

It was about this time that Mr. Allan Matthews, the principal of the High School in town applied to change the name of the lake to Lac du Bois, apparently thinking the early spelling was poor French.

In the 1930s the Railway Belt lands were returned to the province and the land was resurveyed. In later years sheepranching was carried out by the Heron brothers who took over Roper's old lease in the late 1920s; shearing sheds stood in the vicinity of Bulman's old property at Batchelor Lake. Lease house, the last of Bulman's homestead, burned down in 1962.

Cattle still graze the hills of Lac du Bois on a rotation basis regulated by the Forest Service but no one lives on the range any more. However, there are more people than ever who venture up the gravel road to explore the area. Every weekend motorbikes take to the trails on the lower part of the Lac du Bois range. Pick-up trucks and sometimes the occasional low-bodied car bounce and lurch up the narrow pot-holed roads through the range. Some years before the road to Lac du Bois and beyond had been straightened out and widened for logging trucks, with their long plumes of dust behind sliding snake-like down the hills.

Nowadays, in the springtime, a school bus is occasionally seen slowly ascending the range past Lac du Bois to McQueen Lake where the district has an environmental centre. Students see first-hand the wildlife they formerly only saw in books and films; they learn about the interrelationship of things.

Some years as in the past, there was very little snow on the hills. This

winter day three men wandered among the bare hills, seeming to look for something. One yelled to the others, "Over here," and the other two scrambled to follow his voice as it moved among the gullies and trees. They all emerged together in an opening where finally the object of the pursuit halted their steps and voices. In a little hollow there was the ponderosa pine now tremendously high and wide with firm, smooth bark. They walked up to the tree and touched it. Then with a tape measure they encircled it at chest height: "Fourteen feet," one said.

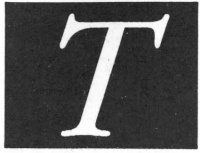
The men then climbed to the crest of the hill above the tree where they could look down on it. At a point even with its crown one man holding a small instrument called out its height: "One hundred and ten feet".

Soon after, the men left. The tree stood alone again, waiting for the spring breeze and the nourishing rains to arrive as they had done for so many seasons before. A group of mule deer bounded over the hillock past the tree. And then it was quiet once more - peopleless. Only the wind stirred the trees and grasses making a caressing music. The discordant note of a raven interrupted the soft sounds of the hills. Then a silent grey coyote quickly passed through the sagebrush and bunchgrass in the hollow, sending some small birds and the omnipresent raven cawing in derision. The raven took his seat at the crown of the tree, swaying there for a minute, then dove off his perch with a gust of wind that sent a final winter chill over the barren hills.

Among the Batchelor Hills north of Kamloops stands a large Ponderosa pine in a hollow. On a winter day in 1992, Alan McCrae, who had stumbled on the place earlier, accompanied Stan Jones and the author, and after walking in circles for a while, they finally found the tree. They measured its girth and height; it was 14 feet in circumference and 110 feet tall. It may be the largest tree of this species within the City of Kamloops.

This Is My Voice

by Jo McKenna



*his is my Voice.
It is not yours,
or his, or hers,
or even theirs,
it is mine.*

It is a new voice; uncertain and hesitant.

*What do you say with a new voice?
Words of laughter?
Words of pain?
Words of wonder?
Words.*

*I can hear you now:
"Huh"; "Stupid"; "Old hat"; "Trash"; "Nice attempt".
And it makes me afraid.
I am afraid you won't like my voice.*

*But, I cannot remain silent.
Our mothers always told us:
Do not speak with your mouth full; Cover your mouth.
I have a hand held over my full mouth pressing in until the
flesh of my lips are cut against my teeth.
The hand is mine.*

*(This is an aside: there is a moment I want to capture—but
I cannot.*

*I am going backward up the driveway off to meet Kroetsch,
Ondaatje, Bowering, G-P, and all the rest. This is what you
see: Rian stands in the basement doorway; his little hand against his cheeky face; his fingers flap-
ping; the kisses flying. And then, this is it, this is the moment: As I
back unto the road, I look up at the house and realize they
are all there. Upstairs in the little window on the left
stands my toothless wonder, grinning black space, and
waving with his whole body. In the big window on the right
is my Mom, and she too waves. They love me. What a moment-
a perfect moment. I wave and smile and wave. (Oh, I want
to capture this moment.) I drive away; they stay in the
house and come with me.)*

*And so you see, this is mine and his, and his, and hers,
and yours.
This is my voice.*

That Bump in the Night

by Katherine Moll

Darkness washes softly into the corners of the room. Pale ashtones come into life as a single, small light is left. It's like a boat awash in a dusky pool of shade, the last beacon for the lurking darkness. Then at last, a small swift click, and it's out. With the darkness comes sound. Softly at first, to soothe and lull me into ease. And yet somewhere, out there, out in the night, something moves, drips, clicks, peeps, crinkles. Scuffles. Scrapes. Rapidly my mind focuses on that dreaded sound. Listening with all my might, afraid to move lest I miss it. Visions flicker through my mind, of thieves or some odd creature of the night stalking through the house. Something like a half pleasant chill strikes me. I'm almost positive it's just the house, and yet, how can I be sure? Worse,

the sound seems to be approaching, slowly, like a predator stalking its prey. It's all nonsense I tell myself, and I refuse to give in to my fear. Refuse to reach out to flick on that little piece of light that will preserve my sanity. Close your eyes, I tell myself. Ignore it. Pretend it's not there. All the while, the visions in my head get worse and worse. Oh God, how I want to turn that light on, to surround myself with brightness and scare off the evil dreams. My heart beats a little faster as I struggle with myself. The scuffling is very close now. It almost sounds like it's at the foot of my bed. Crinkle, crinkle. Like someone just stepped on a piece of paper. By now I'm afraid to move, to draw attention to myself. Finally I can take it no longer. Body rigid with tension, I sneak one hand over

to the light and quickly flick it on. My eyes dart immediately to the foot of the bed. Nothing. My eyes scan the room, but there's nothing to see. Except, yes, I left the closet door open. I sigh with relief. Quickly I rise from the bed, rush over, and gratefully close it. Once more I wrap myself up in my blankets and unthinkingly I reach out to switch off the light. At the last minute I hesitate. Once more I search the room. Nothing. I glance over at the closet. The door is definitely closed. Gathering my courage, I reach up and shut off the light. Immediately I strain to hear something, but now all I can hear is some traffic a few streets away. I finally begin to slide into sleep, knowing that bump in the night, that horrible scuffling, is gone. I hope.





John Lennon

Athiestic Bruin and Dwarfish Beelzebub

by Dennis Nukina

My dad grabbed his black tote bag from the closet like a bear ripping the intestines from a freshly caught spring salmon. He very much resembled a Grizzly, sort of furry, big and burly, and heavy set around the haunches. And some might add that his demeanor even more closely matched the beast. He lumbered back to the kitchen table with his prize under his arm. He pawed at the zipper of the bag and removed the contents. He randomly picked one of the needles and returned the condemned needles back to their home. Next he eyed the old thermos soup jar and unscrewed the yellow lid. He snapped up the vial of insulin from the jar and proceeded to roll the bottle within his clasped hands, sort of how a baker might roll a ball of dough to make a cheesestick.

Meanwhile my mother was hurriedly preparing supper while intermittently glancing over at the t.v., which was broadcasting "The Flintstones." She cackled wildly while stirring the 'Daikone,' the root of a Japanese plant that, according to my white friends, smells like a mixture of rancid dirt, decaying flesh and toxic waste. My mother, you see, speaks no English and I have lost the ability to fluently speak Japanese but we communicated effectively through hand signals, telepathy and our own language: Japanese and Engelese. I remember asking my mom not to make daikone one day when my friends were coming over. I arrived home later and every pore of the house seemed to emanate with the stench. I asked my mom why she cooked triple the usual amount and she replied, "I'm the Devil and I am evil—and I'm going to live forever," (roughly

translated, of course).

Watching her tower over the stove at nearly five feet and weighing close to 90 pounds, I found it hard to believe that my mother was one of Satan's disciples. She looked more like an oriental elf as she waterbuged from stove to fridge to cupboard, all the while keeping a careful eye on Fred and Barney. I always thought my mom's head looked like a basketball with black barbedwire streaming from the top. Today she was wearing a pair of my old jeans and a sweatshirt. Even today she continues to wear my old pants or my sister's, because she refuses to buy clothes and she never wears dresses or skirts. As my mom checked the rice she glanced over at me and called "Denchun (her name for me), did you know there's a god in every single grain of rice?" After her comment she grabbed a handful and tossed it in her mouth. She looked at me and laughed.

"Obasan (old lady), quit foolin' around—I'm ready!" my father barked. My dad has been a diabetic for as long as I can remember, but today, as my mom prepared to inject the milky life sustaining substance, a strange feeling overcame me. It was the same sensation I got whenever I saw my mom or dad bleed. It felt like a bowling ball had taken up residence in my abdomen. I examined my father's face as my mom proceeded. He usually watched the television and smiled if it was amusing, but today he just looked blankly at the distance through the window. Then it dawned on me: one day my parents are going to die. But what is death? Surely it must be better than aging beyond recognition. As I think back it is uncomfortable to imagine my father, former judo instruc-

tor and gold gloves boxer, bedridden; but it is *impossible* to imagine my mother, judo instructor and former commando, even catching a cold.

My mother, who always fancied herself a 'Yabajin' (Mountain Witch Doctor), must have sensed my worry. "Denchun," she said, "I don't want to live forever anymore. I am going to live to be 99, then I want to die and go to Hell." Slightly amused, I looked at Dad. "That would suit you, Obasan. But I'm not sure they would accept you. I, of course, will go to heaven and be with beautiful girls," he replied while grinning. I'm pretty sure he was kidding, because I remember when we buried our dog and my sister asked if he would go to heaven, my father said, "No, he's gonna rot in the ground right here."

"Baka Geeson (Foolish old man), go ahead, heaven is boring. I'm going to hell. That's where all the exciting people are." Then she commented something about having a yen for hanging out with Hitler. My thoughts about my own mortality drift off when I figure that if my parents, who are at least fifty years closer to death than I am, aren't worrying about it, why should I? Hell, I live in a house where we eat gods for breakfast.

The Quorum

by Keith H. Gagne

I had checked in at the old Queen's Arms Hotel in Melton Mobury in the Midlands of England. Having come to the end of a long day and wanting a drink before dinner, I made my way to the lobby, looking for a bar. A sign above a pair of doors read, "The Quorum," and I could hear voices in the room beyond.

I opened a door and stepped inside. To my amazement I looked on a scene of pageantry and romance: a scene from another world, another time.

A man in a dark suit, nursing a pint of bitter, looked at me in an incredulous manner when I enquired as to what this was all about. In his best, crisp, British voice, he said, "The Melton Hunt."

I will never forget that high, vaulted, long room, steeped in traditional Old English decor, with paintings of hunting scenes, portraits, coats-of-arms and cross swords on ornate, panelled walls. A bar ran down the inner wall, and with its thick polished top, tall decorated pump handles, one each for mild, bitter, and stout, it was built to last. The back bar gleamed with colorful bottles and shining glasses. The whole spectacular furnishing ended at a huge, stone fireplace.

Gathered in that marvellous room was a radiant group of people dressed in jodhpurs, knee-high, polished riding boots, and a profusion of mostly bright red, with some pink and some black, riding coats. There were high collars, cravats, neck ruffles and dickie ties. The men had neatly combed hair while most of the women had their hair drawn tightly back into a neck-line ponytail.

I admitted to the man with the pint that I was an intimidated Canadian. He said not to worry: he also felt that way at hunt time. After all, he pointed out, over by the window were the Duke and Duchess of Kent, surrounded by lords and ladies and some of England's rich and famous.

Having gained the bar, I took my pint of beer and sequestered myself in a corner to drink in the atmosphere. I visualized the intrepid riders in the morning, following the hounds over the fences and across the rolling Midland landscape, astride some of the finest horses in all England. I stood quietly in The Quorum, observing tradition.

The Unnamed One

by David Barnes

I am the available passion of the world.

*Eros flames this heart and belly;
ecstasy erupts in streams of liquid fire through these veins and
arteries,
swells this flesh,
creation of a newly emergent and Unnamed One.*

*I am conceived; thrust forth.
I am the fierce and radical unvelling of a new order of being.*

*I drink the blood of the east in the wine of a new pressing.
Santiago, California, Beijing and the Cape dissolve in a bright
new vintage.*

*A bold virility expands outward through the atomic structure of
this body,
swollen with the blood, the wine of new life pressing.*

I am the virile uprightness of the world and its peoples.

Good and evil disappear in my liquid presence.

I am neither good nor evil - there is no choice -

I am neither permission nor restraint;

I neither abandon nor withhold.

I am penetrating.

I am fertile.

I am whole.

*I am fluid, erotic passion: the ecstasy of the whole body:
a seminal firing in the womb of a new order.*

*I am the thrust of the divine,
the energy of a new, unqualified intercourse.*

I am the available passion of the world.

The Rising Tide

by Dorothy Bourbonnais

I

t has finally happened. The human population is listening to what the environmentalists have been saying for more than a century about the seriousness of the earth's environmental problems. Ozone depletion, pollution, deforestation and the greenhouse effect have all become common issues. Humans search in vain for reasons and solutions to the dilemma; however, the answers stare them in the face each time they look into a mirror: themselves. People are the world's number one environmental problem. The number of humans on earth today has reached 5.5 billion and that number increases exponentially each year. The rising tide of population is crowding humankind out of existence. The problem is clear; more people use more resources, take up more space, and create more waste.

The decade of the 1990's will be critical for life on earth and many difficult decisions will have to be made. To facilitate the needs of the poor nations, the More Developed Countries (MDC's) will need to restructure their priorities. This will not be an easy task, because the consumption rate per capita in the MDC's is far beyond that of the Less Developed Countries (LDC's).

The MDC's, which contain one quarter of the world's population, use three quarters of the world resources. However, as the heavily populated LDC's advance in technology, they will quickly close the gap on the consuming graph.

Urbanization is taking place at an incredible rate with the most rapid growth occurring in the LDC's. This puts added stress on their already inadequate water supplies, sewage disposal systems and medical services. As the LDC's develop, further strain will be put on the environment through their consumption of resources. Development brings with it the need for investment and to secure the needed capital many LDC's are putting themselves at risk by selling their resources to the highest bidders, who are mostly from the MDC's. Deforestation of tropical rain forests and soil erosion, two serious forms of environmental degradation presently occurring in the LDC's, will be joined by industrial pollution and the depletion of non-renewable resources as development progresses.

Global population is not just a concern of the twentieth century. The theory presented by Thomas Malthus in his 1798 "Essay on the Principle of Population," has occupied a prominent place in the study of population demographics for the past two centuries. The Malthusian theory states that when population increases at a greater rate than the

food supply famine or disease result, thereby causing a reduction in population. However, due to the technological, medical and agricultural advances of the past forty years, this theory is now only applicable in the poorest of the LDC's.

People beget more people, so a decrease in population cannot happen over night. Even if a reduction in the birth rate occurred right now, global population would still continue to rise at an exponential rate well into the next century. Also, women of the LDC's have limited access to birth control; poverty, lack of education and their culture act as barriers that effectively block their way out of the child-bearing cycle.

Irreparable environmental damage has already been done by the earth's 5.5 billion inhabitants. The concern for the future is paramount. In order to avoid a complete melt-down of the world's ecosystems, steps must be taken to stem the tide of population—before we all drown.



Tripping

by Troy Welch

There is a deep-seated need amongst travellers to "prove the trip."

Of course, business travel is replete with certain intrinsic proofs: receipts, expense reports, convention materials, briefing reports, debriefing reports, business cards and boarding passes.

But these do not help the vacation traveller prove their trip.

They must resort to bags full of t-shirts that, in Canada, sport a bear, a flag, some token generic wilderness, and the name of whatever city, town, village or hamlet the shirt was purchased in.

Wherever you may go in Canada, these t-shirts are identical, and they are always found in tacky little souvenir shops that are equally identical.

These shops invariably contain the requisite number of soap-stone seals, plastic totem poles, and maple syrup packaged in cute little log cabin cans that couldn't be any less conducive to the actual pouring of syrup,

Key chains, bottle openers, pins, pens, postcards, hats, hair clips, handkerchiefs, coins, cards, and carrying bags contribute to the cacaphony of kitsch which clutters Canada's collectors' kiosks.

Did I say collectors—rather an inapt, or was it inept, choice of words.

For the traveller these eclectic emporiums serve the same function as McDonald's does for the glutton: they provide a soothing common thread that runs through the patchwork fabric of our vast vacation land.

In most countries this common thread is cultural.

It pains me to think that in Canada—the country of imported, borrowed and stolen culture—the best we can hold up to the world as the symbol of all things Canadian is a mountie on a horse in a plastic bubble that snows when you turn it upside down.

Lynne's
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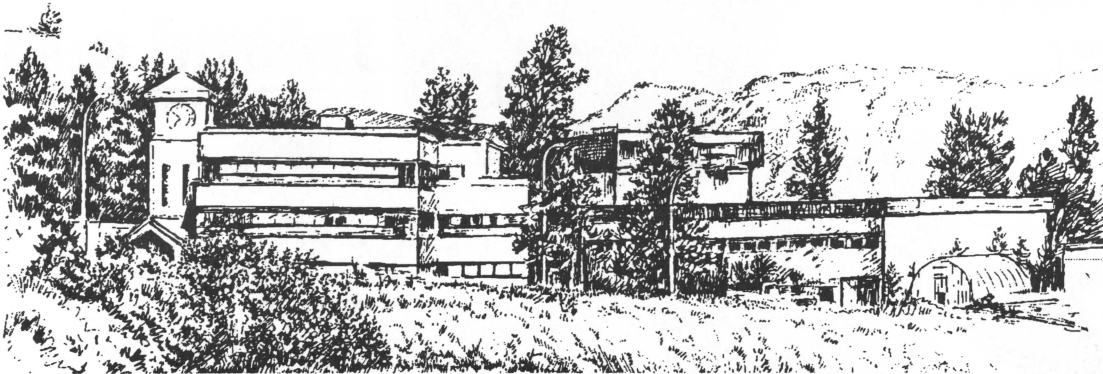
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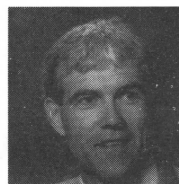
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