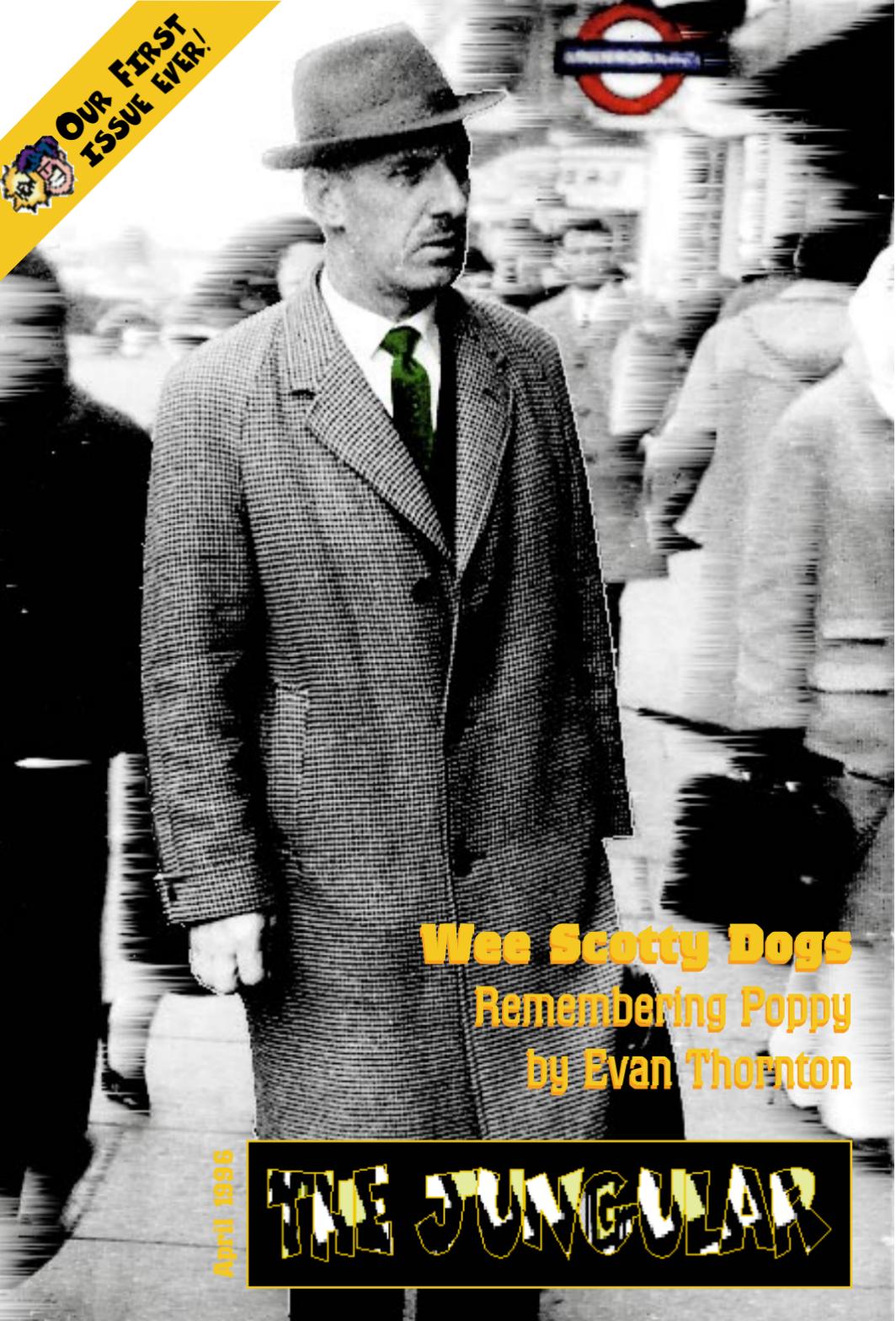


 **OUR FIRST
ISSUE EVER!**



Wee Scotty Dogs
Remembering Poppy
by Evan Thornton

April 1996

THE JUNGULAR



Oh the arrogance.

To think that the speck-like callers of a veritable information donkey trail would dare assume that their pathetic prose would be deemed worthy of a wider audience. The shirty-ness of this venture most assuredly would make even the most self-absorbed cyberscreed artist red with embarrassment.

No matter. This is the Internet.

The Jungle is a teensy weensy computer bulletin board in very snowy Ottawa Canada. It's been

The Jungle is a teensy weensy computer bulletin board in very snowy Ottawa Canada. It has long been revered as, well, an interesting place to 'be', if we can use that term.

around since 1988 and has long been revered as, well, an interesting place to be; if we can use that term. (Apparently so, since we just did.)

The board expires messages after about a month, so this is our meagre, flimsy, halting effort to make these writings

(which are actually pretty good, relatively speaking) less ephemeral.

It's also a bit of an experiment. We're trying to capture dynamism of that peculiar form of interaction known as the message thread.

I hope you choose to read on and let me know if the thing amuses you, makes you smile, growl or vomit.

Chris Lawson
clawson@jungle.achilles.net

TEDIA

■ This is an e-zine. Its content is therefore subject to no warranties of any kind on quality, veracity or legibility.

■ If it ruins your day, if the recipes taste icky, or following its political advice causes you to be incarcerated, we will not be blamed.

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Contemplating the new rudeness

Brave new shitbags infest fest

EVAN THORNTON
SENIOR CORRESPONDENT

Has cocaine suddenly gotten really cheap? Are people taking amphetamines a lot nowadays? Has acid got so watered down all it does is make you talk like an asshole all night?

I'm curious, as you can see. I've been spending a fair bit of time at the Jazz Festival this week. This has been great but the most irritating thing keeps happening.

About ten minutes or so after I get comfortably settled, the loud-mouthed arseholes start up. You may well know the type – the kind that seem addicted to the sound of their own high-speed blathering, banal “insight,” which they provide for the pleasure of all and sundry, free of charge.

It gets worse when there are women in the party, since the arseholes then feel like showing off all their amazing jazz knowledge. I was repeatedly exposed to facts like these during the week of forced eavesdropping:

- Charlie Parker was called Bird and he and John Coltrane, who was called Trane, were both great sax players who were heroin addicts.
- They are dead now.
- Miles Davis also was great but he is dead now, too. He played trum-

pet, though.

- Jazz is based on improvisation, which is why it so creative and great, like me, babe.

Last night two of them sat down behind me (on a couple of chairs they swiped from the outdoor cafe area) and started to loudly “review” Harold Land while the show was still in progress.

Arsehole #1 spoke in a wavering cockney accent when he remembered to, and arsehole #2 spoke back with a stupid German accent that also cut in and out, presumably with the ebb and flow of the narcotics washing over her cerebrum.

Now and again, they would lose

Intrepid Jungle denizen often frequent Ottawa's renowned outdoor Jazz Festival, believing foolishly that the point is to listen to music. The BBS scrambled one of its finest spin teams to reflect upon the real meaning of open air festivals.

—cmkl

the power of speech altogether, and just laugh uncontrollably, sometimes when Harold was talking to the audience.

Several people, including your correspondent, told them firmly to shut it off, which would quiet them for maybe 30 seconds before the next seemingly involuntary outburst. It was, I imagine, like trying to stop Pentecostals from speaking in tongues at Easter service in Jerusalem.

The night before last, one of these brave new shitbags even elbowed over to the stage in the NAC and actually accosted the musicians in the middle of a set.

Security had to be called... and of course, where you or I would be embarrassed or apologetic, this BNS had the nerve to be indignant. He was rapping with a “fellow artist,” and felt he had every right to make a spectacle of himself and ruin the show for everyone.

He turned up later at the jam session, still taking a mile a minute and showing off by parking his face eight inches in front of a seated Jane Bunnet, so that she would have only two options: horking a phlegm-ball at him or talking back.

Sadly she took option two, which meant he could turn around and make sure his friends saw him relating with another fellow artist, no doubt the whole point of the evening from his perspective.

In order to nip this new rudeness in the bud, we need to resolve as a society to give shitbags zero tolerance. A few suggestions:

- Shush the shitbags, immediately and often.
- If other people shush the shitbags, join in so the shitbags get it in stereo.
- Turn around to look at the shitbags, then shake your head slowly.

And don't bother holding in that huge fart you've been sitting on since 15 minutes after eating the Bombay Bhel. Let rip. Everyone else will think it's the shitbags.





The new rudeness, part two

Miss Anthropy, your tickets are ready...

MADELEINE PAGE
SENIOR CORRESPONDENT

There was a truly deelightful couple: she a menopausal bottle blonde with six too many vodka screwdrivers under her belt. All bright red nails and screeching laugh.

He hairy of chest, toupéed of head, a cowboy booted, medallion-sporting Lothario. A middle-aged overweight Saturday Night Fever wannabe. You know the type: bipped birth control. Puts you off the thought of sex for weeks. Or days, anyway.

He and she were new to one another. Each intent on impressing the other.

His strategy was to *Explain Jazz*. Hers was to *Follow Along Breathlessly*.

They stood by the metal crowd-con-

trol fence. He wore several large gold rings and demonstrated his mastery of rhythm by tapping on the metal barrier. Loudly. Off the beat.

By this I don't mean that he had mastered the art of syncopation: his endless noisy tapping always managed to more or less approximate the beat, wandering occasionally into time (about every 24 taps, by my irritated calculation), but usually fractionally off.

She in response waved her hips about in a manner I believe was supposed to be girlish and inviting.

Then she decided to demonstrate that she did, after all, know a bit about jazz. So she accompanied the singer for the next two songs. Well, more or less accompanied him. She was a quarter tone off and a quarter beat late for the entire performance.

They applauded hugely when those two songs were over. And talked and laughed for the next two numbers. Loudly.

Then they decided to get into some down'n'dirty funky stuff all their own. He began snapping his fingers and wobbling his beer belly and stamping his little curly toed foot not-in-time-to-the-music. She started clapping her hands, attempting to capture the back-beat. Defeated by that, halfway through a rather



lovely quiet ballad, they resorted to playing pattacake with their open palms.

Enraged, I moved. And sat down behind an entire blanketful of talking fools. Who drank and laughed and knelt up to talk to their friends two rows back and discussed what they should have for dinner.

Is it my ever-shortening temper, or is the audience for the Jazz Festival getting worse mannered each year? We have the grab-a-full-size-chair-and-put-it-right-in-front-of-the-stage crowd, which is growing by leaps and bounds.

We have the giggle and chat and call out to our friends crowd, which seems to contain ever more Festival volunteers.

And we have the singalong crowd,

bath time crooners every one, each of whom seems to be congenitally tone deaf and without adequate volume control.

Usedta be that the only real arse-hole one had to contend with was the geriatric dancing fool who stands at the front stage left. I suffered a couple of times from his tendency to grab women and physically force them to dance with him.

I dealt with him two years ago by kicking him very hard in the shins with my nice firm Birkenstocks, and haven't ever had to contend with him again. Either he has a tic or he really does flinch when he sees me.

Oh jeeze, here I am blathering on about the Good Old Days. Anyone know a good vet who'd kindly have me put to sleep?

Explaining the new rudeness *Scientists develop a new theory*

NEIL HUNTER, SENIOR TECHNICIAN
BEHAVIOURAL ENGINEERING, JUVENILE DIVISION

My theory is that this behaviour comes from people brought up on canned-laughter sitcoms, TV dinners and pass-the-popcorn movies.

I think it has a lot to do with videos.

People watch these movies in their homes where they can make as much noise as they want. They can stop the show to answer the phone, to repeat some dialogue, or to explain to some twist of the plot they missed while they were out having a pee.

This carries over to the movie theatre and eventually becomes, as it

seems to be now, acceptable behaviour.

They don't seem to fathom the fact that they are annoying people around them.

You tell them to kindly keep it down and they don't comprehend that there is a problem.

But worse than the talker is the fidgeter. You know the kind that constantly has some part of their body tapping all the time, usually their foot against the back of your chair or your head.

You could scream at these people but to no avail. In fact it might make them fidget more. They just can't seem to help themselves.



Hello and welcome to Match of the Week, the thread show that doesn't correct spelling or grammar. I'm your host, Skip Handley. Today we've got a real treat. Spencer Gallichan-Lowe taking on the entire Jungle.



Not a long fight but a good one. Without further ado...

SKIP

■ It all starts when Evan declared **GENESIS Interactive**, a local Mac BBS to be dead.

EVAN

...In general, BBSs seem to be on the outs, what with everyone surfen' the net and making friends in Auckland and Bognor Regis, and having their minds blown by yet another amazing web site.



Hopefully, however, we can keep enjoying the pleasures of this particular little board (the friendliest place in cyberspace) for years to come. Knock on wood.
—EKT

SKIP

■ Fast out of the corner, gloves high, Spencer comes out swinging.

SPENCE

Correction Buddy... Genesis ain't dead ...they are just having a bad month with A LOT of technical problems... but have no fear, Genesis will (better be) up next month...
—Urbanite

SKIP

■ Maurizio stumbles on the affront, but restrains himself

MAU

U> Correction Buddy....Genesis ain't dead

Buddy?

...they are just having a bad month with A LOT of technical problems...but have no fear, Genesis will (better be) up next month....

I'll sleep easier tonight —m.

SKIP

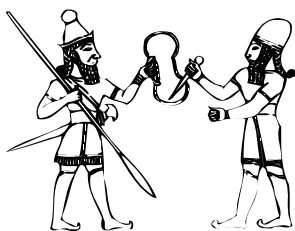
■ Evan however, responds differently

EVAN

It'll be remembered as... the time The Jungle became a boarding kennel.

Correction Buddy....Genesis ain't





deadthey are just having a bad month with A LOT of technical problems...

Well, their loss has been our gain, if only temporarily. When Genesis does get up and running, it will be a real shame to say goodbye to all the thoughtful and fascinating users who have been "just visiting" the Jungle.

Arf arf!

—EKT

SKIP

■ **A brief setback, nose slightly bloodied, Spencer staggers back a few paces and heads back in.**

SPENCE

...the time The Jungle became a boarding kennel.

It's interesting to listen to tourists when they come over here for a holiday... they often describe our fine country as "a country who's people are kind, giving and are always willing to give others a hand in a time of need". I have always found when a local BBS goes down, many of it's "competition" goes to it's aid, lending a helpful hand so it can get back up on it's feet again. Helix Online has helped out Genesis A LOT this month in it's time of need so it can get out of it's small crisis....I can get say very much for the Jungle though because I have never heard of it EVER helping out one of it's neighbours (please, please correct me if I am wrong) ...not very nice if I do say so myself... —Urbanite

SKIP

■ **Maurizio draws Spence out with a classic Ali-esque bob and weave.**

MAU

I can get say very much for the Jungle though because I have never heard of it EVER helping out one of it's neighbours (please, please correct me if I am wrong)...

Well, now that Evan has completely let the secret out, I can correct you. Earlier this year when the prestigious and secret Dalek Pustule™ FC BBS went down, Jungle

members rallied behind DK's then-sysop to get them back on their feet. Not only did we get their TCP/IP gateway back up (free of charge), we helped co-ordinate their SCSI hardware so that they could offer over 10 cds worth of computer gaming files on-line. We were also successful at installing real-time role-playing games onto their board and forwarded them over a gig's worth of other hard to find files. They are back up and running better than ever thanks to The Jungle.



There. What say you now?

—m

SKIP

■ **Thinking Mau's guard down, Spencer swings wide and wild...**

SPENCE

Please note I said in my last comment "pleas correct me if I am wrong".

Idiot.

—Urbanite

SKIP

■ **...and misses. Exposed, Evan lands a rabbit punch on Spence's malleable face.**

EVAN

Please note I said in my last comment "pleas correct me if I am wrong".

Idiot.

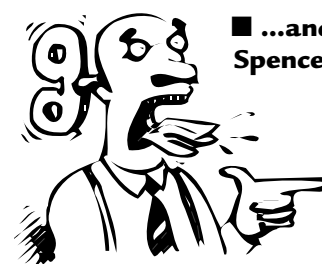
He did.

Dolt.

—EKT

SKIP

MAU



■ **...and Ortolani is in there before Spence's synapses can fire...**

Idiot.

Pimple-faced dullard. This is such fun. Boy, do I ever miss the seventh grade. —m

SKIP

■ But it's nasty Neil who breaks out the mylar baton first.

NASTY NEIL

Pimple-faced dullard

I think it should be pimply-faced dullard. It implies more than one red, swollen pustule.

—Neil



PS> Oh yes, Spence old boy. Please learn to spell then kindly fuck off.

SKIP

■ Spencer is on the mat. Mau tags off

MAU

I think it should be pimply-faced dullard. It implies more than one red, swollen pustule.

I stand corrected. Thanks everso.

—m

SKIP

■ But the first round goes to Madeleine, with her trusty 16 ton weight.

MADDERS

OK. Enough's enough.

Spencer. You call yourself 'Urbanite', thereby presumably attempting to suggest that you are (heh heh) urbane. You're wrong, dear.

Get a mirror. Get a grip. Get a life.

You are dull. You are inappropriate. You are encroaching. You are illiterate. You are intrusive. You are ill-informed. You are ill-mannered. You are unfunny. You are insensitive.

You are insanely fucking boring.

Worst of all, you are here. Believe me, we ALL hope that Acne Central is up and running again soon, because it means that the nose pickers, zit squeezers and mouth breathers like you will go home again.

In the meantime, you believe it is neighbourly to give help. I'm delighted to do so.

▲ When you want to contract 'it is', the proper form is to use an apostrophe. For example:

"It's a palpable relief to realize that Urbanite will not be around here much longer."

▲ When you want to use the possessive of 'it', the proper form is not to use an apostrophe. For example:

"The Jungle should not extend its hospitality to the terminally stupid, such as Urbanite."

▲ When you wish to contract 'who is', the proper form is to use an apostrophe. For example:

"Who's this dickweed Urbanite, and what's he doing here?"

▲ When you wish to use the genitive (possessive) of 'who', the proper form is to spell it correctly and drop the apostrophe. For example:

"Hands up all Jungle regulars whose preference is to see Urbanite fuck right off."

Do you catch my drift, dear?

Now, run along and don't interrupt the grownups any more.

—MfH



SKIP

■ Ding. End of round one. Round two. Spence rises, knees wobbly, enraged and stinging. Out of the corner, gloves high, lunges at Neil.

SPENCE

NH>Oh yes, Spence old boy. Please learn to spell then kindly fuck off.

I hate to tell you this but I will not “kindly fuck off”. You obviously don’t seem to be very toughed-skinned, and take such a tiny insult, (if you can call “idiot” an insult) very seriously. You also seem to lack the proper words in order to express yourself. Swear words often reflect the low intelligence and lack of maturity of the person saying them. You seem to fit that category. Now go run to mommy.

That’s a good boy. Here’s your doggie treat. GOOD BOY! Arf!
—Urbanite

SKIP

■ Spying Page getting a bead on him with the bazooka, Spence throws a desperate, careless, “I know you are but what am I” lob at Page. Oh the humanity. Parents cover their childrens’ eyes. There’s a run on barf bags at the concession stands.

SPENCE

MP>You are dull. You are inappropriate. You are encroaching. You are illiterate. You are intrusive. You are ill-informed. You are ill-mannered. You are unfunny. You are insensitive.

I think you really ought to stop describing yourself in such a manor. It seems this is some sort of unconscious description of yourself, Madeleine. You need help young lady.
—Urbanite

SKIP

■ Onlookers are stunned. Not since the Polish cavalry charged Nazi tanks, swords drawn, has the world seen a more suicidal tactic until Spence says...



SPENCE



I guess all of you pathetic morons will have to put up with me... I’ll be here for a lll-looonnnngggggg time!!! Oh yeah... and Madeleine why don’t you go prance around reading your pathetic poetry that instead of sounding like like... well... you... the things you say never have any meaning!

Now go play with you little cats....your only friends! He He He He.
—Urbanite

SKIP

■ But just as Madeleine lights the pilot on the flamethrower, Murray “They call him the Ref”

Angus chimes in...

MURRAY

OK - this has gone too far.

I’ll not accept such disrespect for someone so highly esteemed within our ranks. MP can obviously defend herself better than anyone else - especially when the English language is the weapon of choice. All I want to indicate is that I am steadfastly on her side – and at her disposal – in any duel.

But really, a duel, to be truly fair, must be between equals. This is therefore, not a duel. Bow out, my friend, before you lose all claim to dignity. Perchance it’s too late.

SKIP

■ Ding. End of round two. The Jungloids are cocky, arrogant. They can sense victory. Spence suspects they may get careless, like a football team ahead by two TDs at the half. A roundhouse...

SPENCE

I’m getting sick of this... what the hell is the matter with the people here anyway? I phone up this BBS expecting some nice FC conversation then all of a sudden I’m being called “pimple-faced dillard” and then told to

SKIP

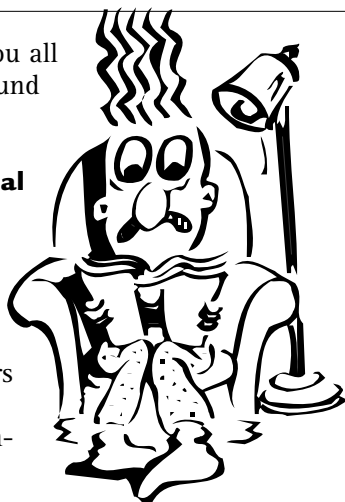
"kindly fuck off. Why are you all so hostile to new people around here?"

■ We pause for commercial interruption while Spence searches for the return key...

SPENCE

...I'd also like to make a point that NOT ALL teenagers have "pimples all over there faces". I for one have no pimples what so ever. You were all my age at one point, and judging by the fact that you all seem to be out to get me, you must of had a tramatia childhood and you wish to vent your frustrations at the nearest teenager! [deletia] This is the first time I have been so attacked on a BBS for doing absolutely nothing! jeez...

—Urbanite



SKIP

■ Ah, nice try. But alas Evan was waiting with the pneumatic drill.

EVAN

SGL : That also brings me to another point, why are you all claiming that I am "dull" and "annoying". This is the first time I have been so attacked on a BBS for doing absolutely nothing!

Absolutely nothing? You are new around here, so we'll go over your transgressions slowly:

- You called someone an idiot, when all they had done was correct you like you asked to be. That was rude. This amplified the tenor of the exchange quite markedly, you will note in hindsight.

- With no real reason but petty annoyance, you claimed the Jungle was a bad BBS neighbour in Ottawa. Not true.

- You called someone very dear to the Jungle friendless and told her to go play with her pets.

- Starting it all off, your contributions to a story thread were witless and juvenile, a tone we don't much care for around here.

SGL: I haven't gotten anything like that before from other people.

That's probably because you never logged on to The Jungle until a few weeks ago. While we eagerly welcome and encourage new users, most of agreed a long time ago that the world needs another BBS for big-talking adolescent boys like it needs the Ebola virus. We take pains to keep this space viable for people who want to talk like adults. We're not your teachers or your parents, so we don't have to nurture you. If you feel are old enough to go public with your thoughts, you have to be old enough to accept the consequences of posting them.

Text is fun, but it is far from unimportant or meaningless to us. Each stupid or sexist remark reverberates throughout this board and makes us knash our teeth. Sooner or later, and usually sooner, the perpetrator will get called onto the carpet. You're not the first and I doubt you'll be the last.

Because grown-ups have rights, too.

—EKT

SKIP

■ Spence is on the mat. Page, having put away the incendiary device, is left only with the steam roller. However it will do in a pinch. Simultaneously writing the Jungle's conversation constitution she drives over Spence, reverses and drives over again.



Spencer Gallichan-Lowe, our very own Pilgrim of Ottawa Creek, writes:

I phone up this BBS expecting some nice FC conversation then all of a sudden I'm being called "pimple-faced dillard" and then told to "kindly fuck off". Why are you all so hostile to new people around here?



The problem is this. 'Some nice FC conversation' requires a few skills around here. And while you may be capable of learning these skills, to be accepted you need at minimum to demonstrate that you understand what they are. And you need to show us that you respect the group enough to struggle to achieve the requisite qualities to make a contribution to group life.

So, you eagerly ask, burning to learn, what does it take to be welcomed on The Jungle?

First, it requires that you have something non-trivial to say. Second, it requires that you say it in a way that is at the least apposite, and at best witty and articulate (read any of the other posters on the Jungle if you wish to understand what this means). Third, it requires that you understand you are joining an extant group and you observe its norms, respect its residents and honour its mores.

I was wrong there, and I admit it.....SO DON'T TAKE IS SO SEARIOUSLY!!

Why would we not take seriously the eruption of a bumptious stranger into our midst, exclaiming that we were bad people, failing in our neighbourly duty and not measuring up to accepted BBS norms?

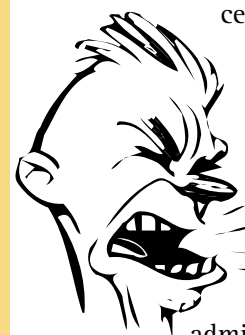
I then find myself being ganged up by you people, and then you tell to "kindly fuck off".

Babes, you got off lightly. You arrived in the middle of a dinner party, burped, farted, showed not one whit of table manners, decried the food and declared that MacDonalds does better. We invited you to go away and eat at MacDonalds. Now you act hurt, and declare we are ganging up on you. Of course we are. So far, you have shown yourself competent only at being a pain in the arse. You have elected to play with the grown ups and have obviously (and I fear correctly) discerned that the only way you can make an impression is by being Really Loud And Obnoxious.

Infantile disruptiveness gets you attention. It will never get you respect.

You all claim to be mature adults, but it appears that you have all haven't matured a bit at all!

And here we have the problem in a nutshell, my little glob of hipposnot. You feel a bit miffed about your reception, act all hurt and injured. And proceed to insult us. While this might well be balm for your narcissistic injury, it's hardly a great strategy for getting the acceptance and approval you so clearly crave.



You're in a grown-up group now. Not every one of your pictures will get put on the fridge by Mommy. We shan't all stand around breathless with admiration each time you manage to tie your very own shoelaces. And passive-aggressive acting out such as you display here will only result in more censure.

So if you seem to have something against me, at least say it like a grown person! Don't start swearing and cursing things at me!

Actually, I think we have been pretty clear in our messages to you. Grow up, make a contribution, shut up with kvetching or bugged off. If you can't hear that as a clear message, you're beyond help.

That also brings me to another point, why are you all claiming that I am "dull" and "annoying".

Has it occurred to you that we might all be saying this because you're... um... annoying? And dull?

I haven't gotten anything like that before from other people. This is the first time I have been so attacked on a BBS for doing absolutely nothing!



Look back over your 'contributions' to this conversation. You have been intrusive on the story thread: not bothering yourself to notice how others are writing, not bothering to build on what was said before. Rather, planting puerile patter in the middle of a fairly entertaining conversation. Thereby stopping the entire thread dead in its tracks. You have been very rude to the denizens of this place, accusing us of being un-neighbourly, insulting, immature and so on. Something of an example of the pot calling the sheet black, if you ask me.

I surmise that you have not heard this sort of feedback before because this is your first time sallying out in to the big wide world of adulthood. Welcome to it, babes. You'll need to do a whole lot better if you're going to turn into an estimable human: learn to express yourself clearly, learn to distinguish submission from aggression, learn how to read a group and assess its norms, acquire some wit.

Do that, and you'll be welcome on The Jungle.

Madders (who actually thinks this is quite a kind post)

SKIP

■ **Ding. The ref declares a TKO. And now to our panel of experts: Brett Mackey, over to you...**

**BRETT
(COLOUR
COMMENTARY)**

I am not a bumptious stranger, merely one of the shadowy Junglites who observes while neglecting to contribute to the richness of this BBS. My apologies. What

brings me 'out of the closet'? The idea that certain 'norms' and 'mores' have been arrived at and defended with such enthusiasm and snobbery that exclusion seems to be the answer for those who do not meet certain qualifications. You are all guilty. I hope Mr. Gallichan-Lowe can wade through the extravagances and distill some of the meaningful suggestions while ignoring the diatribes that border on elitism.

—brett

SKIP

■ **Thanks for that, Brett. Brian Burke. Your first appearance on Shred the Newbie. Welcome. Your assessment?**

BRIAN

I had a bit of a problem with the thread as well. All that standing around the bruised and bloodied corpse of young Gallichan-Low while discussing the relative merits of the thrusts and parries which brought the lad down seemed, to me, rather reminiscent of the conclusion to an especially successful fox hunt. Scrape the critter off your boots and move on.

—Brian

SKIP

■ **Well that's all the time we have tonight on Match of the Week. Until next week, I'm Skip Handley urging you not to confuse the possessive, third person singular, impersonal pronoun with any contracted verb form of "to be."**





Anthropologists discover...

...a new dialect!

EVAN THORNTON
FIELD MANAGER, LINGUISTICS

Here, in its entirety, a bizarre (at first glance) posting from a local conference:

Spence come down

Genesis is going thout hard time to.

one of the sever is down and out

The first line seems to be a classic invocation to a god, our guess is perhaps some type of household deity associated with dark cellars and dank laundry-festooned sleeping chambers.

The second line features a word "thout" that could be a contraction of "without", as near as we can make it out, but this makes no sense when followed by "hard time to", at least, in so far as we expect the meaning of "hard time" to correspond with our current usage of the phrase.

It may be that in this new

dialect, "hard time" means "good time", or really, smooth functioning.

This would correspond to the "reversal of meaning" function of some words in some other modern dialects, (i.e. "bad" meaning "good" in some American urban settings, for example)

So, to translate, the second line might mean something like:

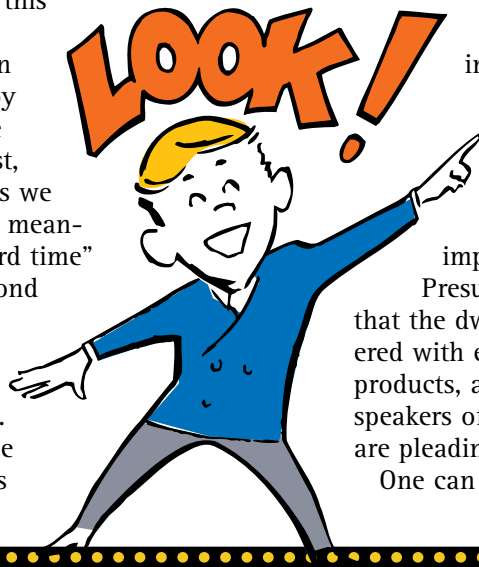
"Genesis is doing without operation," a somewhat convoluted way of saying, as we would, "Genesis is inoperative" This is speculation only, however.

The third line cuts to the heart of the problem that the deity "Spence" is being asked to intercede in and give guidance about.

The "sever" or "sewer" as we would spell it, is down and out! The dank sleeping chambers and dark cellars have become even more uninhabitable than usual as a result of cloacal clogging, and "Spence" is simply being implored to unplug the toilet!

Presumably then, we can posit that the dwelling "Genesis" is covered with excrement and other waste products, and the inhabitants, our speakers of the peculiar new dialect, are pleading for help.

One can only hope they found it.



"Have you considered typewriters?"

Just put those files anywhere

BY GARY LITTLE

WHO FIGURES THIS WAS A LOYALTY TEST

Well, yes, that's life. One of the things I do is take customer's files, fix them so they will print properly – either to film or for the digital imaging press – and return the file (corrected) to the customer. In most cases, this helps them create better files the next time. Most cases.

On Monday, one of our hi-tech – I now understand very little by this designation – clients requested this.

We had created a fact sheet for them. They insisted we use Corel to do the two sided page. On the page was a scan of their product. The customer asked that we send the the files to them by modem.

Normally this is not a problem. But when I had a look at the retrieved file (from our tape), it had a number of items totalling 84.5 megabytes.

I told the client's service rep' it would take something like 37 hours to modem the files, providing there were no problems.

The rep' told me to take only the files absolutely necessary. So I discard every-

thing except the 2 Corel pages and the scan. Now we're down to a relatively lithe 24.3 MB. A mere four hours to transfer if you keep your fingers crossed.

The client rep' – after phone calls back and forth – says to put the file on the Internet. Now I realize a lot of people are not techies. But, hey, something should tell you it ain't feasible.

Does the client have a removable drive? Nope. She's ordered a SyQuest but it won't be in for a couple of weeks. No large capacity media.

Latest blast came this morning. The client rep' says to archive the files and put them on a floppy. That would be one floppy. I tell the rep' we we can archive and segment them and put them on multiple floppies, say about 30 floppies. Nope, they don't know how to unzip and combine.

So I suggest we put the files on a large capacity drive, take it over there, unload it, then bring our drive back. Sounds great except now the client doesn't have enough hard drive space for the files. I'm s-l-o-w-l-y losing my mind.

No point in telling who the company is. It could be any number of them.



Blue Berets in the Balkans

BY WILLIAM J. ANDERSON

Well I made it back from Bosnia in one piece, and the mission was accomplished.

The difference between the areas in the former Yugoslavia made the greatest impact on me. In Zagreb, it is ‘business as usual’ with all the gougers making money like mad and the refugees

looking for food in the trash bins.

The hotel we stayed in charged US \$310 for one night and another \$32 for breakfast. (I should have at least taken a towel)

On the second day we flew to Split on the coast. Again absolutely no sign of a war. In fact the strong German Mark has brought the tourists by the bus load and they are frying themselves on the beaches as if they where in Spain or France.

After a two-day stay at the Canadian Logistics Battalion my team and I hooked a ride on one of the re-supply convoys heading to the Battalion at Visoko near Sarajevo.

As the crow flies, it is about 200km away but the average travel time is between 12 - 14 hours because of the routes forced

upon the UN convoys and of course the road conditions.

As we crossed the mountain ranges that separate the coast from the interior, the breathtaking scenery gave way to the destruction and chaos that seems to be the only result

24

THE JUNGULAR

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25

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of this stupid war.

I was in Mostar in '92 and — with the exception of a few artillery craters — the town was fairly intact. This time when we passed it, I didn't recognize it. It is completely destroyed. A few tall apartment buildings still loom up among the ruins but the black holes and the absence of windows are the signs of the senseless destruction.

The road to Gornji Verkuf was littered with towns that have been systematically destroyed by the Serbs during the ethnic cleansing.

From there it just got worse.

The road to Gornji Verkuf was littered with towns that have been systematically destroyed by the Serbs during the ethnic cleansing. I guess the will to rebuild or resist leaving is very strong because lots of women are still

working the fields.

The children run to the roads by the hundreds at the first sign of every convoy. They hold out their hands and cry for 'Bon Bons' from the soldiers.

The Canadians have been told not to give anything to the children because so many are getting killed by the massive trucks as they scramble like ants around the roads for the treats. One feels so guilty because he was complaining about having no mustard for the ham and cheese sandwich in the 'box lunch'.

Despite the ban, the regular convoy soldiers buy treats at the canteen at the base camp and make up grab bags before each trip. A Pepsi Cola, a bag of chips, two chocolate bars and a tooth-

UN MILITARY OBSERVERS BEING HELD HOSTAGE, INCLUDING ONE CANADIAN (LEFT)



DOCTORS STRUGGLE TO SAVE A VICTIM OF A SERB MORTAR ATTACK IN SARAJEVO

brush go into each bag, about ten of these go into a great huge green garbage bag that is smuggled into the cab of the truck.

Each of the soldiers has a favourite drop off point and as he gets to it, he slows and the co-driver can be seen slinging it as far into the ditch as possible.

The children standing with the outstretched hands are not very forgiving however. If nothing comes out the truck they quickly bend over and pick up some nice rocks to chuck at the trucks. It makes you smile as your throat tightens up and your eyes start to burn.

When we reached Gornji Verkuf the Muslim soldiers were quite drunk and decided that our convoy should not proceed. After showing every driver and co-dri-

ver what the business end of the AK 47 rifle looked like, they spread land mines in front of the lead vehicle and told us to stay in the trucks.

Lots of UN guys show up and heated discussions take place that end with us sipping water in the 40-degree heat then sleeping in the trucks. The next day at about ten the soldiers at the check point tell us that we can go if we give them some ammo. They settle on 10 cases of Pepsi and we proceeded to Visoko in time for supper.

The Canadian camp lies at the mouth of the town in a valley between two mountains. One mountain is held by the Serbs and

The Canadians have been told not to give anything to the children because so many are getting killed by the massive trucks as they scramble like ants around the roads for the treats.

one by the Muslims. The town is Muslim.

An observation post with about 14 Canadian soldiers is about half way up the Muslim mountain, with a good view of the town and the opposing Serb positions. When I got there they hadn't been resupplied for eighteen days and were on one meal per day. Water and hard rations were thought to last until about 17th or 18th of July.

The soldiers at the OP are supposed to

be there for seven days, then they are replaced. Most never expect to stay for more than 10 days. I was in regular radio contact with the commander during my stay in Visoko and the cruel humour of soldiering came through again.

After most of the guys ran out of smokes, they bought them from the children that crawled up the hill. The usual price was 2 German Marks for four packs. Somehow the kids got wind of the dire situation and raised the price to a Mark a pack.

When the soldiers ran out of money and trading material, the kids simply scrambled up the hill and tossed rocks at the soldiers.

The scariest part of this particular scenario was when one of the officers took a Muslim translator and a



A BOSNIAN REFUGEE FROM SREBRENICA MOURNS FOR FAMILY MEMBERS. (ALL PHOTOS, REUTERS)

truck of supplies up to the OP.

Each night a number of teams of two with vital supplies were dispatched on foot and each night about half would get turned back for some reason or another.

On Canada Day the truck went to the roadblock and the officer told the translator that it was imperative that he resupply the OP. The Muslim soldier stuck his rifle in the translator's mouth

and said that the next time they tried to get up to the OP he would kill her.

The soldiers have been given permission from the UN to abandon the OP, but they kept pleading with the commanding officer to leave them there. If they are not resupplied by the 15th of [August] they will be forced to leave anyway.

All of the soldiers that I spoke with believe in the mission, and are afraid leaving is the worst thing that the UN can do.

When we were whisked away in the helicopter at the end of our mission the thing that stuck with me the most is the poor children chucking rocks at the soldiers... Everyone is getting frustrated!

(Photos found at... <http://geog.gmu.edu/gess/jwc/bosnia/bosnia.html>)

"YOU ARE HERE" DEPARTMENT



The Birchcliffe Creek Beaver Society meets the Stove Queen

BY CHRIS LAWSON

22ND JULY, 6PM, MANITOU LAKE, ALGONQUIN PARK

There's this sort of serene, anaesthetized feeling you get after a day lugging yourself and a few hundred pounds of canoe, food, clothing and shelter across the wilderness.

It's the kind of feeling you get when drinking a lot of beer after something bad has happened – say you lost your job, or your spouse left you – because you're in pain, you face more hardship in days to come, but it's okay because for the

moment, you've found some refuge.

That's pretty much me right now. All the muscles in my shoulders have been replaced with

Rowntree english toffee, which is fine now, because it's still malleable, what with exposure to the burning heat of the sun and all. But by tomorrow it will be immobile and brittle.

It was a difficult day, I think. I can recall worse from camp days but it's been a while. Debbie and I got to Kiosk on time, and the park ranger was helpful. He suggested another lake for our night three destination.

Kioshkowi Lake was a hellish paddle. Windy. One foot waves. Dead against us. At one point we troughed and water came over the bow.

It took us about three hours of severe paddling to get across Kioshkowi. It was a rude awakening for Debbie and I.

Our first couple of portages were a 200 metre and a 275 metre, along the Aimable du Fond River.

And I can't remember when we discovered that Debbie couldn't lift the pack. It is truly a beast. Very

...in which we find the author describing a summer 'holiday' on a canoe trip in Algonquin Park.

To keep the mid-thwart from



It's a great campsite. There's no one around for miles that we can

percolated coffee in the middle of a downpour.

We scrapped plans to scramble eggs and had granola instead. But we still needed coffee. I suddenly

All the pots and pans were stuffed

[illegible][illegible]

into a cheapo souvenir gym bag I'd gotten from being a journalist at the G-7 Summit in Toronto in 1988. Finally useful after all these years. They'd fit into the pack yesterday, but...

Turns out this is for the better. None of our portages is very long so we decide to break the cardinal rule of the portage: never go back. We decide we'll go back for the paddles and the pot pack.

Without the pots, paddles etc Debbie

was able to complete all four portages with no difficulty. A little extra walking isn't such a drag.

A long paddle down Manitou Lake with rain all the way. We got a little lost. Thought something was an island. I had presumed we'd gone further than we had.

There were actually people on the lake. We ran into a 50-60 something couple tripping in a gorgeous wood-fibreglass canoe. They had these rubber slippers on. (You can't let that kind of a canoe touch bottom so you're always getting out a metre before the shore.) They knew what they were doing.

Rain followed us through North Tea Lake to Biggar Lake where we are now. The rain stopped when we hit Biggar Lake. Thank God. We ate lunch floating on Biggar and the rain stopped. Though it was actually



The Stove Queen demonstrates proper technique

several minutes before we felt safe to discuss it. Things like that have a way of jinxing themselves. And even then we talked about how it wasn't snowing. The birds control the rain, you see, and they hate canoeists but are easily fooled. Well, that's the theory anyway.

We put in early (about 3pm) but we saw this gorgeous site and Debbie figured it would be a good idea to dry out

the tent. As soon as we put in, the sun came out. Astounding. We were euphoric. Nothing better could have happened. We draped our wet clothes on the canoe hull and relaxed.

At one point it started raining. I was focussed on what an amazing sound rain makes on a calm lake. Then I realized everything was exposed to it. I ran around throwing everything into the half-wet tent and lunged for my rain suit. By the time I got it on, the rain stopped. The sun was back shortly thereafter. I briefly pondered wearing my rain gear all trip as putting it on seemed to banish all precipitation.

But what can you do with Algonquin's psychotic weather? No biggie, really, except that it screws up my beginning.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



My grandfather's getting on in years now — 86 if he hasn't had another birthday while I haven't been paying attention.

He's living out the rest of his life in Bangor, County Down, a seaside resort town not too far from Belfast in Ireland. You can reach Bangor by taking a lovely little railroad, the kind with narrow gauge tracks and an intimate relationship with the trackside properties it chugs through.

It takes you past cliffs looking out over the sea, through shady woodlots with fresh pine smells cooling

the air by suggestion, neatly-kept hedgerows and sculpted topiary. It rolls past suburban back yards, with gateposts and lilac bushes near enough to reach out and touch. Of course, the driver is always tooting his arrival at every little station he stops at, every five minutes or so.

The engine driver is a saucy fellow, and I've seen him blow the train's whistle for no other reason than to draw attention to a housewife's backside as she bends over into the laundry basket, or to wag his finger at some old lad caught going into a pub well before the cocktail hour. It seems nobody wants to admit minding his intrusions, and in fact the most he's ever got back while I've been on the train is a friendly wave, though the hand waving may have a flushed face behind it.

Something about the train's intimacy with its surroundings (and the

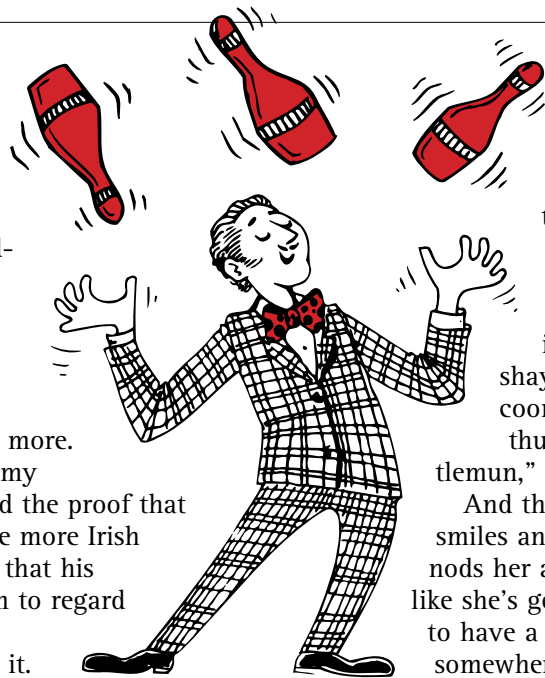
By EVAN THORNTON
COVER STORY

driver's cheek-
iness in com-
menting on
his view as he
passes by) always reminds
me of my grand-
father himself.
He could be
the driver of
that train, and
probably get
away with even more.

He presumes, my
Poppy does, (and the proof that
Ulster British are more Irish
than English is) that his
neighbours seem to regard
him the all the
more fondly for it.
By now, I think he'd
be serving a jail term if he pulled the
same routine in England. Or at least
he'd be permanently banned from
the parish fête .

His cheek surplus is often best evi-
denced when he's present-
ed with one of his quirky
irritations. For example,
though he loves big dogs,
he hates small dogs some-
thing fierce, and it's no
great exception to have
this forcefully stated three
or four times in a five-
mile drive. Here's a typical
snippet of his running
commentary, on seeing a
woman walk a smallish
terrier along the sidewalk:

"Look at that wee scotty
dog, Avun, that's no dog,
it's a rat," he'll bluster,



then, rolling
down the
window, he'll
shout out:
"Messus,
teayuk thut dog
home and
shoot ut! Do
ut ni, messus,
it's cawzun
shayum on the
coontray before
thus fourun gen-
tlemun," meaning me.

And the woman
smiles and waves and
nods her approval at me,
like she's genuinely happy
to have a foreign visitor
somewhere as close to
her home as driving by
in a car on the street, and is ruefully
taking Poppy's point about the
shame of it, what with the small dog
and all.

Another irritation is teenagers
about the town, for any
reason, doing anything at
all, other than serving him
in a shop.

He can't really say any-
thing without seeming a
greater dingbat than he is,
but he'll wait until they
cause offense, then let
them have it. He has a
very broad definition of
causing offense, however.
Here's him with a teenager
crossing the road in front
of his car, just taking a tri-
fle too long:

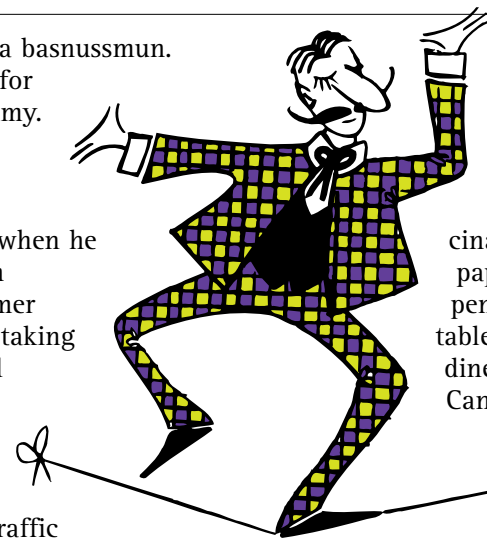
"Teayuk your time

sonny, ah'm only a basnussmun.
Ah've got all day for
any Willyjohnsammy.
Teayuk an' cross
again, my time's
worth nuthin'

He'd keep it up when he
came to visit us in
Canada. One summer
weekend we were taking
in a rodeo in rural
Manitoba, and
one of the local
ancients had
been pressed into
service directing traffic
out of the parking lot, with a long
flashlight for a baton.

The man looked listless and
unconcerned, like this might be his
last rodeo. Poppy was driving the
car, and of course he couldn't let this
slack attitude go by without com-
ment. It always starts with him
rolling down his window, and all
you can do is brace yourself.
Imagine the old fellow's surprise
when one of the cars full of polite
rural Manitobans inching
by suddenly presents a
wise-ass with an accent
thick enough to pave
roads with, giving him
this, two feet from his
face:

"Messtor," Poppy shouts,
"Messtor, we bury the
deayud in Ireland but ah
see here you give them a
stake and tell thaym to direct
traffic." And he
stomps on the gas and
leaves the geezer wonder-



ing what the
hell it was that
just got in his
face, and why.
For truly odd,
there was his fas-
cination with our
paper napkin dis-
pensers, found on the
table at any roadside
diner on the Trans-
Canada.

He
demand-
ed that
we constantly
use them, almost at every
bite of food, and then take another.
My mother went to the ladies' at a
Salisbury House in Brandon once,
and when she came back, Poppy had
us kids merrily dipping the last of
the paper napkins in the vinegar
shaker, washing the windows along-
side our booth, soggy napkins strewn
all over the table.

Mom lit into him, up one side of
him and down the other with a
damn good chewing out,
and when he finally got a
word in edgewise, it was
"But Kathy, some poor
traveller sells that paper."
Poppy himself was a
"commercial traveller," as
they call travelling sales
people over there, and had
several lines of men's
clothing for which he was
a manufacturer's agent.
He knew every clothing
store in the Province, and
every county road as well.

His cheek surplus is often best evidenced when he's presented with one of his quirky irritations. For example, though he loves big dogs, he hates small dogs something fierce.

"Messtor," Poppy shouts, "Messtor, we bury the deayud in Ireland but ah see here you give them a stake and tell thaym to direct traffic."

And I sometimes swore he knew every person in Northern Ireland.

The simplest errand with him could take hours, as he was hail-fellow-well-met with any number of old chums, in any town you passed through. It was like those newsclips of Bill Clinton working a crowd in Little Rock during the last presidential election, except that the whole country was Poppy's Little Rock.

He'd take me around meeting scores of people whose names I immediately forgot and whom I've never seen since, and finding more to carp about everywhere he drove.

One of his constant aggravations was school construction. It would almost cause him to foam at the mouth. I won't keep on trying to reproduce his accent, but imagine a dapper elderly gent, well-dressed and with a content smile on his face,

suddenly turn into this snarling specimen, merely on seeing a comprehensive school being built: "Look at that foolishness! Millions and millions of pound spent on that, Evan, and for what? A bunch of young

galoots that'll never find a job anyway. Criminal. You can blame Westminster for that, we never had any truck with that before Labour came in after the war. I don't know why we fought that war just to hand the whole shop over to the socialists, etc. etc."

And he's seamlessly on to the next related topic, perhaps the well-known fact that papists have infiltrated the BBC.

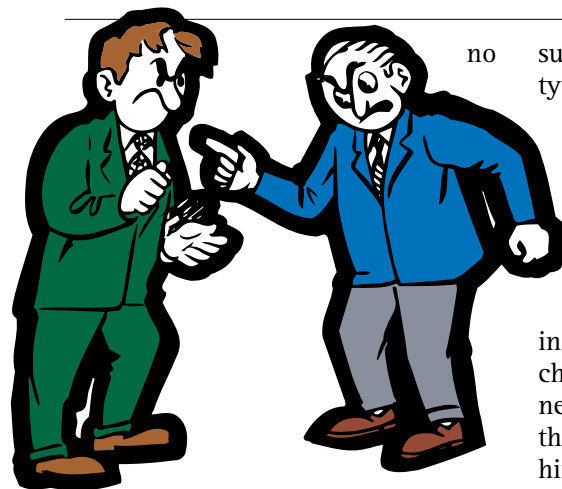
He used to take me all over Ulster, and sometimes a day of meeting his many friends and acquaintances would have us tired out, and we'd put up in some hotel if it was a nice spot.

He'd walk into the place like a man walking into his own house. The staff would invariably know him by name, and greet him warmly. Then he'd demand the best room, make jokes and banter until he got a discount on his discount, mock-inspect the staff, issue orders for supper, and generally act like he was a partner in the establishment.

Of course, in his long career, he may have stayed at the place a hundred times or more, so by his reckoning he did partially own it.

His next step was to invade the bar. He didn't drink, but he judged that as

The simplest errand with him could take hours, as he was hail-fellow-well-met with any number of old chums, in any town you passed through.



hindrance to striding into the lounge, ordering a gin and orange "and leave out the gin," and immediately nudging the ribs of the fellow next to him.

He'd find out where he was from, if didn't already know him, ask how trade was ("pitiful" was the only acceptable answer, at least, the only answer I ever heard), figure out what football team he supported, and then he'd be unstoppable.

He'd spew out opinions, facts, rumours, review the technique of every save the goalkeeper ever made, mock the coach, and try his utmost to get a good debate going. If he couldn't do it on his own, he'd import some help, hailing over someone he knew supported a rival team.

Then, after his orange was finished, he'd slip out, leaving the whole place in a happy arguing uproar, and say to me, "Did you see that Evan...they were sitting around staring into their pints, and now listen to 'em." I believe he viewed the ability to cause a melée as a service to humankind, and in that way, I

no suppose he has the perfect personality for the country he lives in.

He certainly has made the best of the terrorist campaign of the last 27 years. He hates the bombers and kneecappers, but he secretly enjoys the attention his home turf gets from the rest of the world. And Poppy feels living through the troubles, with all the checkpoints and body searches and near-miss bomb evacuations, is just the kind of experience that entitles him to be an expert on all things political.

Canadian politics maddens him though, as he can never figure out who the bad guys are.

Our political culture to him seems like a huge soft pillow, nothing of substance in it whatsoever, except for the brief normality of the October Crisis, which of course he interpreted for us from across the Atlantic.

And at the Belfast end, having relations in Canada made him all but Pierre Trudeau's right hand man, advising the PM every step of the way.

Of course he thought the War Measures Act was a brilliant stroke of genius, and he still has a wide streak of affection for "your wee man with the French name."

Chucking everyone in jail for a few weeks was just the tonic he himself prescribed for Ulster. "You know, Evan, I'd go myself if it would calm things down," he used to say.

More than a few of us thought it probably would.

Sights and smells of Costa Rica... the Atlantic Coast beaches full of cavorting crowds of black and almost-black bodies, playing in estuaries that I'm almost afraid to wade in, full of silt and chemical run-off from the banana plantations.

Drinking beer and eating *chicharrones* (pork rinds, more or less) at a bar/chicharroneria high above San José, cool in the clear evening breeze with the moon hanging over the city lights below, people talking, singing, dancing to salsa music on the juke-

box, laughing, smashing glasses. Eight pigs sacrificed to the party gods Friday, maybe eleven more Saturday; they're hacked up and deep-fried in their own grease in big pots in a shed at one side of the bar. We go and talk to the elderly man stirring the pot with a large stick; he has very few teeth and is hard to understand. Alka Seltzer is a big item in Costa Rica, and it is increasingly clear why. Not everyone can have a bile system as effective as mine...

The "rain forest

aerial tram" is expensive, \$30 for citizens and \$50 for foreigners for a half-day tour, but very interesting. Like a misplaced ski-lift, it takes you through the various levels of the forest, up to a hundred feet up, over a two or three km course. We went first thing in the morning; less of a crowd and more birds. Many kinds of warblers, tanagers, hummingbirds, butterflies, toucans, honey creepers, orioles all present, coming and going; there's spiders and all manner of plants from huge trees to tiny epiphytes, flowers and leaves of all descriptions and then some. Ground trails at both ends allow for some orientation, seeing various interesting plants, animal tracks, and "eyelash" vipers (they're very small but

quite venomous) curled up sleeping. The ride is exciting, but only because of the scenery. It feels totally secure and safe; I'm almost disappointed.

I'll be back in Talamanca this weekend. I'm not moving there until May, but there's a workshop I need to go to. It's for yet another project, this one on community involvement/decision-making in the "agricultural frontier" with the jungle,

i.e. where pigs and food cultivation meet old-growth forest. There are a host of intriguing and crucial issues there, especially with increasing population and commercial pressure.

The workshop was supposed to

have been last weekend, but there was a communication mix-up and there wasn't much happening aside from soccer (i.e. futbol) games. We walked for several hours for nothing, in effect, but made good use of the time talking.

At any rate, there was a bit of a party with a few of our key people in Suretka on Good Friday (WAY better than being in San José for all the Catholic auto-flagellations). When we got there around 1:00 there was already an empty 40 of rum on the table, and the discussion carried on until well after dark. Meanwhile the rest of the country was carrying crosses around and burning Judas in effigy.

It wouldn't bother me so much if

problems as it helps cure. Aside from your basic charity work, I see no evidence of a constructive Christian social conscience here. Weird notions of suffering and justice, I must say.

I'm actually relieved that I'll be working with people who don't take the Pope quite so seriously, and who are not so willing to ask Jesus or his emissaries to take care of their problems for them, considering themselves absolved of responsibility as long as they behave properly...

Things in Talamanca are perhaps even more active and fluid than I'd thought. The sense of crisis is very immediate, but so is the sense of acting collectively and individually for survival. There are a lot of projects, and a lot of international and

MEMORY, DIVERSITY AND COSTA RICA...

the double standards and social effects weren't quite so ubiquitous, or so disturbing, but it seems that the Church causes at least as many

national interest in the region, but people (or at least the ones who brought me in) seem to be astute enough not to let the "help" get out of control, and not to build structures, empires, and edifices that would inevitably stagnate and hinder the work.

It is exciting and refreshing, actually, given the crisis of organization I'm seeing in the Canadian organizational world, with people clinging to sinking mandates. Many people seem unable to abandon structures they've worked so hard to build, forgetting that it is the experiences, people and relationships that hold the learning, not the structures.



BY JAMIE KNEEN



Such is not the case in Talamanca; they seem to understand and value the creativity and imagination necessary to pull a future out of the present crisis without violating the past. And we need to ensure that we do honour our traditions and our ancestors, or our future will

be bleak indeed, even if we do survive.

An idea congealed in the middle of my mind a few nights ago: the value of diversity, whether biological or cultural, is as the living representation of memory, of history. As Jews and as human 2-legged beings we are obliged to remember, to carry forward the lessons and the impressions of the generations. In remembrance we struggle to preserve

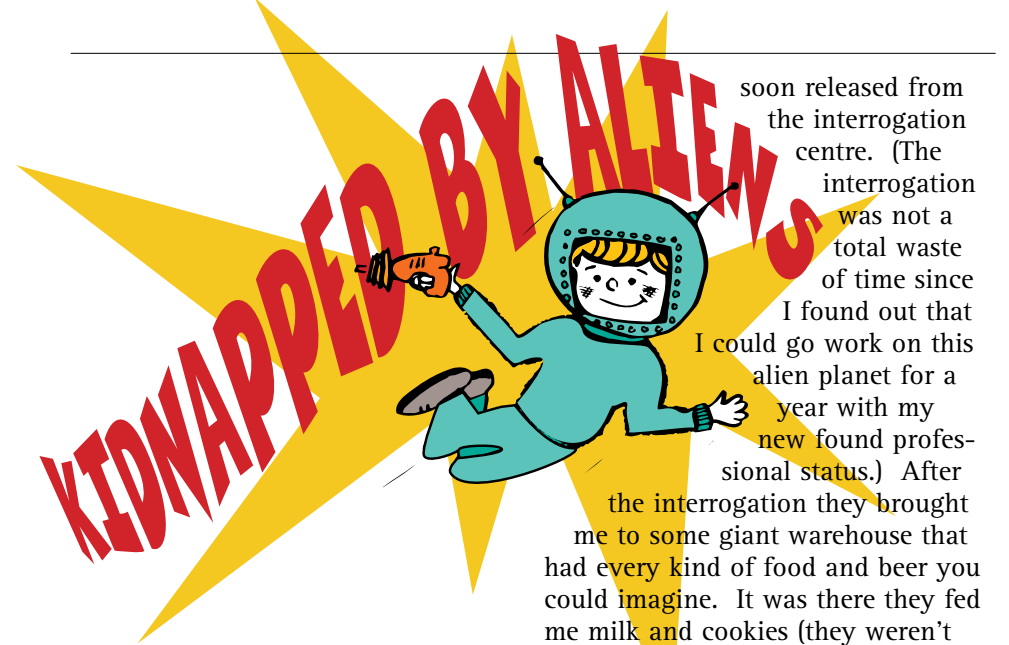
and honour the memories of our ancestors, their lives and work – not as fossils but as living fluid beings.

Without memory, and without diversity, we have nothing to care for, or about; nothing to give to the future generations, nothing to keep us from disap-

pearing. The diversity of life that we have labeled biodiversity is not, cannot be, separate from this. Each lichen, each insect, each tree, each bird is a representative of its own history, as I am, however poorly, of mine.

I'd like to explore this idea. Maybe there's an essay in there somewhere.

All I can say is that I'm glad I'm not the kind of person who requires a lot of definition or rigid planning in my work – in Talamanca anarchy lives; everything depends on whatever else happens. Some would find it more frustrating than fun, I'm sure. But as long as there's a modicum of good will, honesty, and trust, there's no problem. Of course, I'm idealizing things somewhat. I'm sure actually working there will be as frustrating and rewarding as anywhere else, but a little initial enthusiasm is a good thing as long as it doesn't shade into unrealistic expectations.



FROM: CADET JEFFREY SOBOCAN
TO: COMMANDER Z

I had this weird dream that I was kidnapped by aliens with big heads wearing these long green robes and piloting small Japanese made space ships. The aliens dragged me back to their home planet (you sure can see a lot of stars when travelling in space – but every time a comet went by you had to give your eyes time to adjust). When we got there the alien thieves took money from my wallet to pay the landing fees. Then I was brought to the interrogation centre where the alien with the biggest head talked to another bonehead and then asked me twenty questions like; 'anything to declare and where were you born.' After that they scanned my brain using some giant computer network thingy to see if I was lying. I was

soon released from the interrogation centre. (The interrogation was not a total waste of time since

I found out that I could go work on this alien planet for a year with my new found professional status.) After

the interrogation they brought me to some giant warehouse that had every kind of food and beer you could imagine. It was there they fed me milk and cookies (they weren't allowed to serve beer because it was not the right time or something – go figure). After the milk and cookies they dragged me to the alien donut shop – 'Donut King' (Hey donuts are a universal thing) they fed me again until I was stuffed and then took more of my money to pay for it. The alien with the big head then decided it was time to return me home. When he returned he brought with him a bag of toxic waste (I heard the two aliens talking and they called it 'project dirty laundry'. I think they're dumping the stuff here in Ottawa (It would explain the colour of water in the canal.) Anyway, I was soon returned home and allowed to go back to sleep.

DaEnd

Stay tuned 'til next time when Cadet Sobocan discovers a planet where they use paragraphs!

An eyelash viper. Lesser Blue Heron (previous page) Photos by Skip Russell, reprinted with permission. To see the rest of Skip's collection, see <http://www.teleport.com/~skipr/CostaRica/costa.htm>



This land is our land?

BY MURRAY ANGUS

I'm getting great pleasure from my latest treasure: a 3-CD set of Woody Guthrie singing and talking with Alan Lomax for the Library of Congress, made in the early 1940's. Wonderful stuff.

Guthrie's work has long been de-politicized for popular consumption.

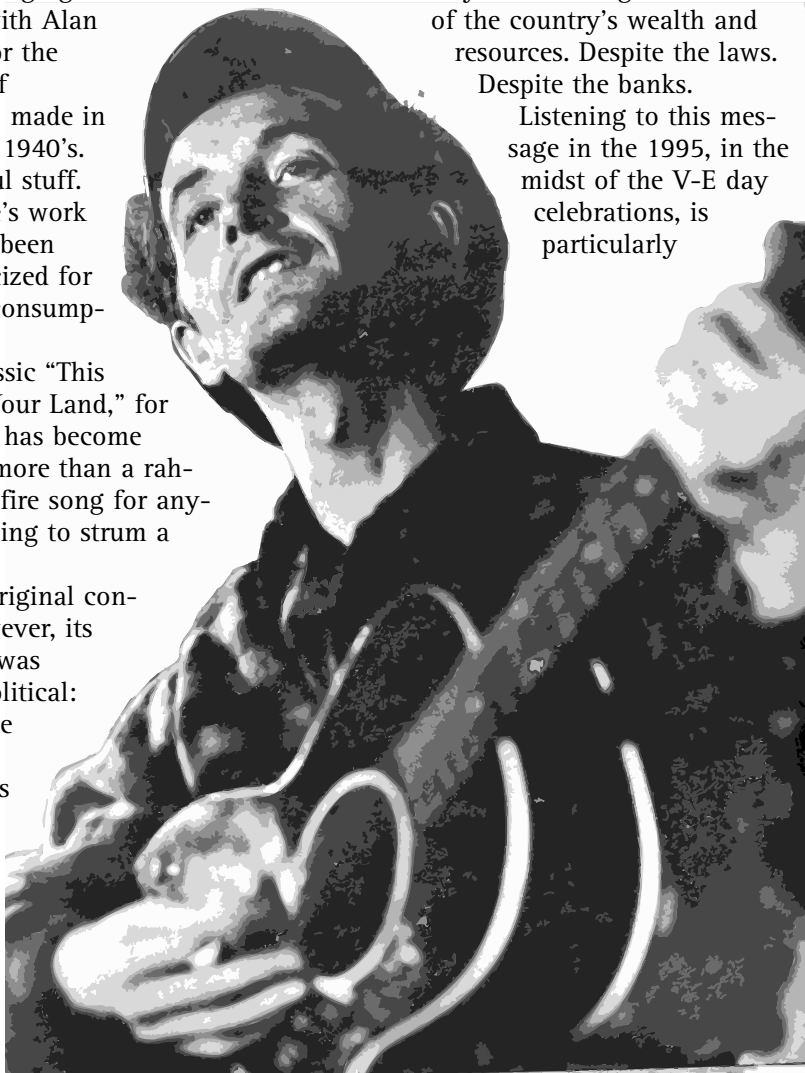
His classic "This Land Is Your Land," for example, has become nothing more than a rah-rah campfire song for anyone learning to strum a guitar.

In its original context, however, its message was highly political: during the Thirties when tens of thousands of ordinary folk were being rendered

homeless by the depression and the banks, Guthrie's song reminded everyone that the country rightfully belonged to all of them.

They all had a right to a share of the country's wealth and resources. Despite the laws. Despite the banks.

Listening to this message in the 1995, in the midst of the V-E day celebrations, is particularly



poignant. If there's one thing that Allied vets fought for, on the domestic front at least, it was for a country in which everybody had access to a slice of the pie.

Having dodged bullets on behalf of the country for five years, Canadian soldiers weren't willing to return to a Depression-style situation where vast numbers were excluded from the economic mainstream for the benefit of maintaining bank profits.

The result was a period of history which (for a variety of structural and political reasons) provided an unparalleled degree of prosperity for working people in Canada.

It's particularly ironic that we honour the achievements of the generation that achieved this impressive goal at precisely the time when our current leaders are surrendering this vision to the forces of the international marketplace.

We are moving towards a society where the rights of only some are acknowledged, and the "rights" of others are increasingly disputed and challenged to the point where they are deemed non-existent. This Land Is Not Your Land, This Land Is Our Land...

The kind of society that our parent's generation fought for, and sacrificed for, appears ready to die with them.

Unless, of course, we in our turn choose to fight for it.

Will we show the same willingness, the same determination?

BOILERPLATE

Kudos to you for your admirable tenacity in having made it this far. To the end. In fact. Here's who to blame...

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About the Jungle BBS

■ The Jungle is one of Ottawa's longest standing Mac bulletin boards. While its particular flavour has evolved with its users, it remains one of the most interesting, and literate BBS-es in the city.

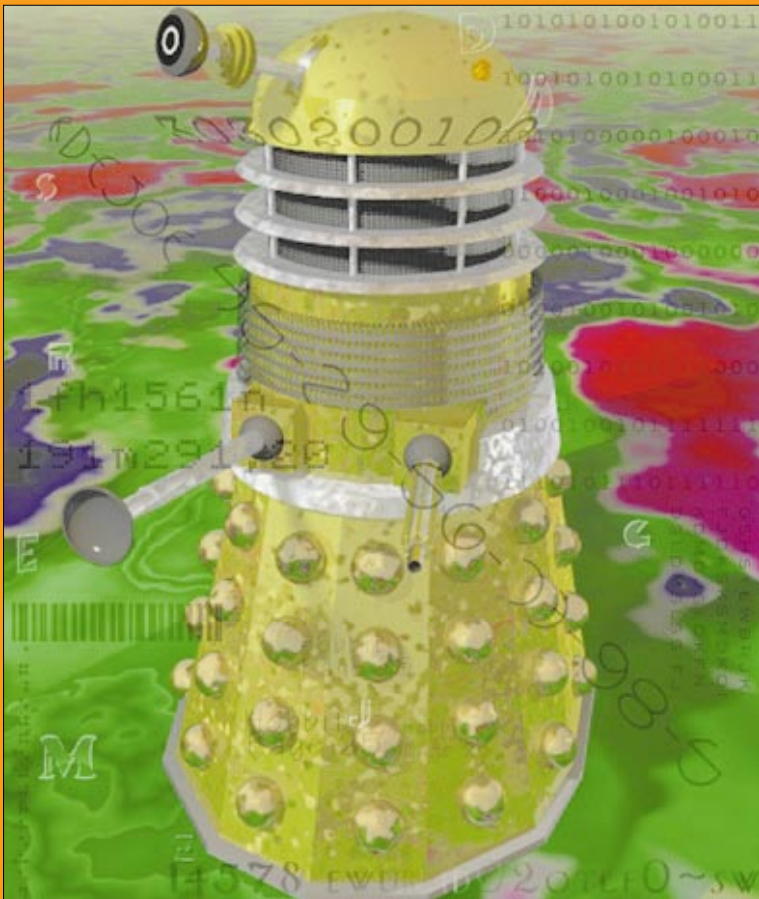
■ It costs money to run, so it's not free. But it's not a for-profit business either.

The ethic that drives it is one of community and entertainment; so the fee – C\$50 per year – is low enough to avoid shutting people out, but high enough to attempt to cover costs and prevent spurious registrations.

■ Students are eligible for a 50 per cent discount if they prove they're students. (Include a photocopy of a valid ID with your cheque. Uploaded scans are fine too.)

■ The Jungle has been through three owners. Chris Lawson took over the board in June 1994 from Jack Hicks. Kenroy Harrison started the Jungle in 1988. Maurizio Ortolani and Larney Moke are co-sysops. Its phone number is 613.233.8810. Life will be a lot more fun there if you're calling with the FirstClass client for windows or mac, but any modem program will do.

Important Notice



We at DP have decided to expand our membership. Until May 30, 1996 we will be offering the public the opportunity to demonstrate appropriate acumen for DP membership. In the above picture are the clues needed to find one of three entrances Web Page, dial-up BBS or Voice Conference. Once you find us you will have access to the east coast's best Muds, Pics, Philes, Games, CDs, Cracks and of course, "The Sphinx." Silicon Valley North should have the cryptos to find us. DO YOU?

