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FACT

In keeping with tradition dating back at least as far back as a 1970 issue of the Projector, as well as last year's edition, an editorial decision was made to publish this issue of the paper as an April Fool's Day funny paper, even if it isn't. Please do not sue us for defamation. It's all in good fun and I think we managed to get in almost everybody (including this very medium, of course), from a student point of view.

The Projector's editors

FICTION

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THE REJECTED
THE ROUGH DRAFT OF RED RIVER COLLEGE'S HISTORY
April 1, 2003

G.I. Joe closes in on hidden Iraqi Cobra base

Real American heroes face opposition from Crimson Guard

By Wolf Howitzer

The G.I. Joe team, America's elite action heroes, closed in on the hidden Iraqi base of arch-enemy terrorists Cobra on the weekend.

"We're the best there is, and Cobra had better watch out. Yo Joe!" said a jubilant Duke, the leader of the G.I. Joe team.

Acting on intelligence reports, President George W. Bush sent the Joe team into Iraq as part of the "war against terror" earlier this month.

"I've read the reports from Marvel Comics and Hasbro, and we have conclusive evidence that Cobra is hiding in a secret bunker, complete with firing missiles and battle sounds, deep in Iraq," Bush said.

"We must fight all terrorists, be they Afghan, Iraqi, or cartoon characters. Of course, we'd prefer to fight them somewhere where there's lots and lots of oil."

Duke reported that the Joe team was encountering heavy resistance from Cobra's elite Crimson Guardsmen. In the first days of fighting over 640 million rounds of ammunition had been fired, with no casualties reported. Several Cobra soldiers were knocked unconscious by explosions, allowing the Joes to proceed toward their objective.

"So far, everything's going according to plan," said Duke. "We are expecting stronger resistance from Destro's forces as we move closer to the Cobra base, though. Apparently, he has wristbands that fire rockets, and kung-fu grip."

"Apparently, there's some Major Bludd activity to the south," added Stalker, the Joe team's second-in-command. "I think the real problem is going to be when we get to Storm Shadow and his team of trained killer terrorist ninjas. Fortunately, we brought several ninjas of our own, including our commando, Snake Eyes, who comes with a full range of ninja battle accessories." Snake Eyes was unavailable for comment.

> "Yo, Joe!"
> - Duke, G.I. Joe leader

Duke credited much of the Joe team's success to their modern equipment. "We've got the fantastic new DX-7 Transforming Battle Tank," Duke said. "It's a tank that transforms - into a bigger tank!"

If that fails, Duke said the G.I. Joes will call in their ultimate weapon.

"He's a genetically-modified G.I. Joe who's been in hibernation since the '60s," Duke said. "He stands easily three times the size of today's G.I. Joe, and his fearsome beard will surely strike terror into the hearts of Cobra. And he drives the biggest frickin' jeep you've ever seen."

In addition to weaponry, Duke said continued intelligence is vital to winning the war. "After all," he said, "knowing is half the battle."

-with files from Peter Vesuwalla and CNN

Fan favourite G.I. Joe narrowly escapes mall autograph session, with celebrity stalker in hot pursuit.

Drug testing imminent for RRC students

Teach clean, learn clean, live clean: RRC administration

By Jeff Spicoli

Senior Red River College officials admitted privately this week that all faculty and students will be required to submit a sample for drug testing. Under the condition of anonymity, a highly placed source close to the president's office confirmed that the new drug policy would commence before final marks were released or graduations confirmed at the end of this academic year.

The policy will include testing for most illegal narcotics including marijuana, cocaine, LSD, amphetamines, barbiturates and steroids.

The Projector has obtained a copy of the plan, which includes every department at both campuses of Red River College. The testing will be part of an over-all strategy called "Teach Clean. Learn Clean. Live Clean." It is reputed to be the first time any academic jurisdiction has attempted to impose such rules on its population. The stated intention is to "assist administration, staff and students in making responsible life style choices that promote a healthy and pro-

continued on page 2

CGA Career Information Day
Wednesday April 2nd, 2003
Career Presentations – CGA Lecture Theatre – 11:05 a.m. & 12:05 p.m.
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If you answered yes to any of these questions, plan to attend the CGA Career Information Day.
CGA

Sleeping with the men'n'me

Who are you embed with?

By Walt Rogerson

In keeping with the latest trends in journalism, The Projector has "embedded" reporters in Canadian military outposts.

These snippets, these morsels of real life bring readers the information as it happens, in a completely unbiased and objective manner.

The first thing you notxice out here is the heat. Searing. My face is burning, sweat forming faster than it can be wiped off. It penetrates everything, my brain soon feels like it is marinating. It boils and froths and madness begins to set in.

"You never really get used to it, no matter how long you're there," says veteran Lieutenant Pete Mitchell.

For Canadian soldiers at CFB Mulroney this torment is just a reality of life-- you come late for movie night, you get stuck near the furnace.

The soldiers are just sitting around, taking it easy. Without warning gun fire breaks out, the sound of machine gun fire cracking the air strikes fear in their hearts.

Soldiers cry out, duck and cover.

Then, a flash of light appears, fluorescent from above. Everyone is in a state of shock and awe.

The lights flicker, clambering to stay on.

"Alright soldiers, time for bed," says Commander Mike Metcalf, hitting the stop button on the military issued Betamax.

"Can't we watch Apocalypse Now for just 5 more minutes?" pleads Private Tom Kasanzky above the collective groan of the troops.

"Then bed, remember the last time you watched scary movies before bed? We don't need that happening again," replies Metcalf.

Later that night, with the sun setting in the West, Lieutenant Nick Bradshaw awakes with a sharp, piercing pain.

It seems that he had drunk too much.

"Green Kool Aid's my favourite, I couldn't stop myself" confesses Bradshaw, "but now I really gotta pee."

Bradshaw breaks into an inspired version of the 'I gotta pee' dance. Light on his feet, this shadow ofBaryshnikov flutters across the room without ever losing a handle on a death grip that is working harder than Hoover Dam.

From my bed, Bradshaw can be heard in the washroom.

"Oh yeaahh," he says, obviously an impression of the Kool Aid man he so admires.

I rest peacefully, but in the morning the soldiers are woken up at the crack of 10, and they are forced to play a game of shinny before a single crueller or double-double.

> "Green Kool-Aid's my favourite, I couldn't stop myself, but now I gotta pee."
> -Lieutenant Nick Bradshaw

At noon they gather in the mess hall. Commander Metcalf gives a rousing speech on evil and the need to destroy weapons of mass production.

Mitchell and Bradshaw high five and exclaim "we got the need, the need to be freed from greed!"

"Can we have our allowance now?" asks one of the soldiers. "Salary. It's called a salary, Smith," says Metcalf, dropping shiny twoonies in each of their outstretched hands.

As the soldiers make their way into town, surely to spend their bounty on candy or soda pop, I am forced to say goodbye.

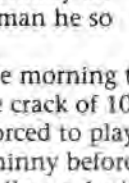
Farewell brave soldiers.

Your glorious service has done us all proud.

Each and every one of us who live within the same humanly defined area and who are 'represented' by the same elected officials.

I, for one, am proud of you for the oodles and oodles of people around the world that you have failed to kill.

Kudos, brave soldiers. You truly are the greatest generation.



The sweet fruits of technology. The Projector's intrepid reporter via satellite phone.

Students flee hallways and stairwalls

continued from front page

ductive learning environment."

The inclusion of staff in the testing process has started a howl of protest from instructors, especially those who use amphetamines as a teaching aide.

"If I don't dose some of the little buggers, they'll never learn a thing, let alone show up." A Creative Arts instructor said while walking to his car. It is said that there is widespread relief among staff that on-the-job sobriety testing is not included in the new program.

> "If I don't dose some of those little buggers, they'll never learn a thing," - A creative arts instructors

Shock has run through the student population. Various stairwells and storage areas were virtually empty today as habitual users contemplated cleaning up their act. Campus security noted a substantial decrease in the number of students taking a leisurely lunch in their vehicles this afternoon.

The inclusion of performance enhancing steroids sent ripples of apprehension through a select group of Red River's population who face returning to a natural size, clearer skin and the chance to not start a fight in the parking lot of a bar.

The only group at the college that did not decry the new policy was the Senior Academic Committee. A source in the SAC acknowledged that the committee "has access to the best masking capabilities money can buy-- no one is going to bust them for being on the juice."

Union representatives for staff and students were unavailable for comment, both were reported to be attending a "conference on improving the teaching and learning environment" in Cancun this week.

THE PROTECTOR

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Kool Moe Dee
The Rat Pack (but not Liza)
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Your angry neighbour
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If you have an opinion about something you've read in The Projector, or would like to address an issue concerning Red River College, please write to us.

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Students learn the good times may be coming to an end

By Holly Nelson

Corbett Cibinel Architects, in charge of the new Princess Street campus of Red River College, unveiled their plans for the second stage of the complex last week.

"The complex will be like nothing the world has ever seen, except maybe the hanging gardens of Babylon," said George Cibinel in a media release released on Wednesday.

The Projector wanted to know more, so Rex Maginot, Cibinel's associate director of big clunky things, led the Projector reporter and photographer on a tour of the space, pointing out what changes would be coming up.

First we walked through the William Street building.

"You may have noticed that all winter long, workers have been drilling through the walls and running new pipes."

We agreed, as we scribbled in our notebooks and brushed the ubiquitous plaster dust out of our hair, and his too.

"And I bet you wondered why there were so many pipes in an ostensibly completed building," he asked.

We agreed, asking him how to spell "ostensibly."

"Well, those pipes are merely the first step to an utterly new concept in building design."

We paused, overcome by shock and awe, awaiting his next words. We were not disappointed.

Maginot lowered his voice.

"You see, the bricks and mortar were left in place this long only to support the pipe installation. Our goal is to install enough pipes so that we will be able to remove the bricks altogether, definitely by spring 2004 or whenever I get back from my grandmother's funeral in Italy.

Then, we will enter the World Pipe Construction Conference in Geneva, and likely earn Corbett Cibinel a valuable prize."

We asked if the Manitoba climate might make all-pipe construction awkward. "Good point!" he beamed.

"And to deal with this problem, we plan to erect a transparent building of insulated glass to keep off wind and snow.

Thus, the overall visual concept will match the Princess Street building next door. Speaking of which, let's go have a look."

Inside the unfinished Princess Street building, a three story wall of glass towered above us.

"We are experimenting with multiple usage for these buildings. Why, we asked, build a complex that is used for one purpose or during the day only? We can do better."

He waved a hand at the glass wall above us.

"In view of the large sunny space we have here, we plan to begin the raising and breeding of exotic parrots, which Red River Collegecan sell all over the world. We have an initial order of Quaker Parakeets, Moluccan Cockatoos and Norwegian Blue Parrots coming in, and within weeks of the beginning of term, they will be set loose in here to take advantage of the warm sun and the old Subway buns students toss on the floor. With practically no investment, we could soon be a hub in the world Psittacine export market. As an industry, it's cleaner than hog farming, and less annoying than call centers. Or maybe it's the other way around, I forget."

We cooed with admiration, and asked if there were any other dual use initiatives in the works for the Princess Street campus.

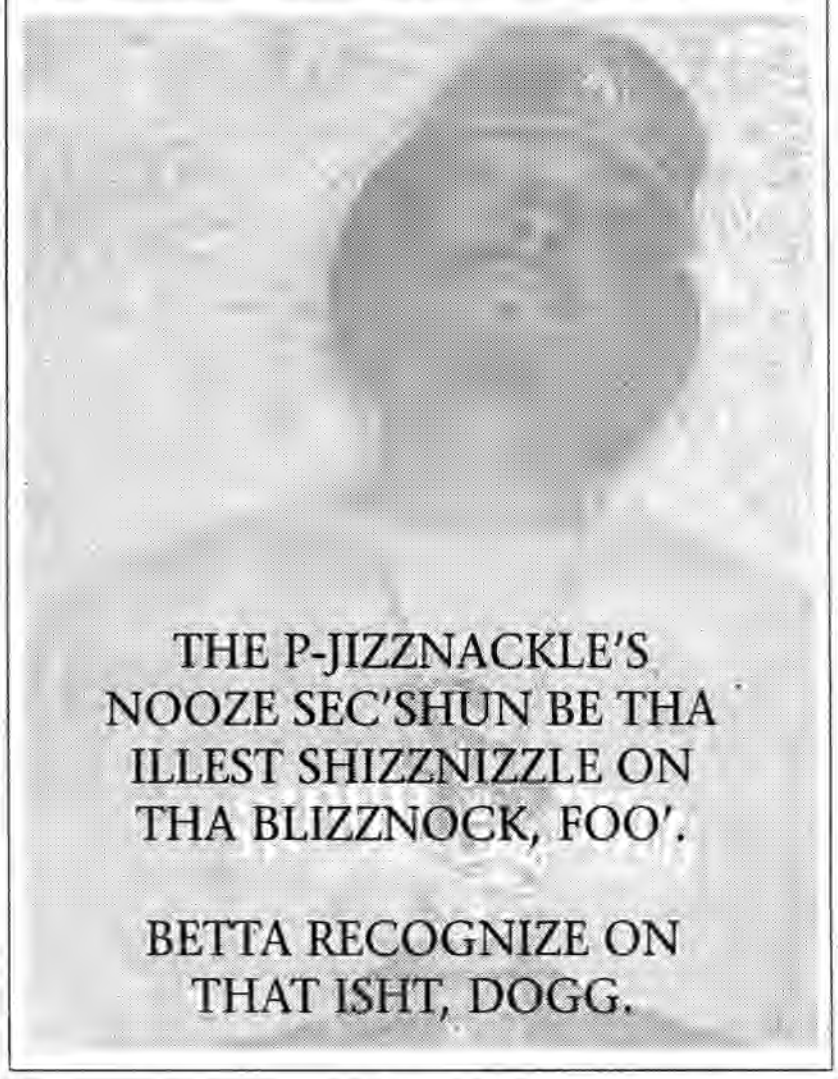
"We are researching that," said Maginot.

"At present we are negotiating with the Public Safety building, thinking some of our basement rooms could be adapted to holding cells. After all, they already are built to effectively contain young, vigorous students, so adapting them for poorly nourished juvenile delinquents and winos should be easy. And we thought the electrical breaker rooms might be adapted for raising medical marijuana — after all, there's plenty of power there. But the courts havenít confirmed if we could do that without some ramifications. Only time will tell."

We thanked Maginot, asking him how to spell "ramifications" and "Maginot", and returned pensively to our study space at the King's Head, with visions of parrots dancing through our heads.

What wonderful changes lie ahead for Red River students, and to adapt, all we

A MESSAGE FROM S-N-DOUBLE-O-P



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College council ok's extermination plan

Princess students getting "a bit uppity": Thatchet

By Hugh Betcha

College Council approved a plan to exterminate all Princess Street students at their Tuesday meeting, according to Projector sources.

"They were getting a bit uppity," said college president Jackie "The Hatchet" Thatchet from her offices in The Black Tower (also known as Building C).

"We figured we'd just weed out some of the troublemakers, but then decided while we're at it, we might just as well keep going. In the end, it's a benefit to the students."

The plan, which went into effect yesterday, has met with some resistance among Creative Arts students.

"You're a fucking piece of YAAAARRRRGGGHHHHH!" said Creative Communications student Veter Pesuwalla as he was shot with a Taser and beaten by Thatchet's "fuchsia shirts," an elite group of Automotive Technician students trained by College Council to cleanse the undesirables from the Princess Street campus.

"Wipe them out," Thatchet instructed the fuchsia shirts. "All of them."

"About fucking time," said Creative Arts Chair Bobby McGee, who yesterday added Supreme Overlord of Princess Street to his title.

Once Princess Street is cleansed of students, McGee plans to turn the new campus into a 70's themed disco bar. "But only people I invite will be allowed to come," McGee notes.

College council poses moments before swallowing Princess Street student.

McGee also noted that phase two of the project will launch next year, but refused to provide specifics.

"We'd prefer to wait until we can do a launch for it, and make it an event," he says.

The extermination of the Princess students was to have been completed by next week, but has run into delays. It is expected to be completed by the beginning of September.

Jon Mertins For President

...Looking towards the future.

What Can I Do For You?

I'll stand up for you, my fellow students. I will do everything in my power to make your college experience the best years of your lives.

CAP student downloads porn to protest war

Lesbians, redheads become focus of piece movement

By Woodward and Bernstein

In response to the U.S.-led coalition's decision to attack Iraq without UN approval, computer analyst/programmer student Dennis Felcher has decided to fill the hard drive to his college-issued laptop with hardcore pornography from the Internet's raunchiest sites.

"Bush is a total warmonger," Felcher said while scanning the latest additions to greasybeaver.com.

"How about a little diplomacy?"

Felcher commenced his anti-war movement last Wednesday night, when coalition forces began their bombing campaign.

"I don't think the diplomatic options were really not fully explored," Felcher said while keying "+oil +wrestling +'lesbian teen'" into his search engine.

"I think the recent footage of PoWs from Basra really drives home the human cost."

As ground forces moved into Basra from the southeast and British forces experienced their first combat casualties, Felcher began a massive campaign to find redhead lesbian acrobats on trapezes on the Internet. Embedded reports show him within 80 per cent of reaching his objective.

"I'm encountering heavy pop-up ad activity as I get closer to the objective," Felcher said. "But I've got to push on in the name of peace and Internet pornography," he added.

"And now Turkey has deployed 1,000 troops. I might have to deploy a few myself."

Experts warned that Felcher's efforts may result in lowering his systems overall capabilities.

"Just think of what all that activity could do to your hardrive," said Steve Choda, a computer analyst/programmer instructor at Red River College.

"Eventually your just not even going to have the power to reboot after shutdowns."

But Felcher isn't worried. He says his mission is to let Bush know what he's really got in him, and in the 20th century, the Internet is the best way to accomplish that.

"There's a bigger point to be made here. Everone has it in them, sometimes you've just got to let it out. "

Important Food Bank Notice

All previous notice for 2003 Food Bank Days are to be disregarded. They have changed. New dates are:

Year 2003

- ❑ **January 10, 2003**
- ❑ **January 24, 2003**
- ❑ **February 7, 2003**
- ❑ **February 21, 2003**
- ❑ **March 7, 2003**
- ❑ **March 21, 2003**
- ❑ **April 17, 2003**
- ❑ **May 2, 2003**
- ❑ **May 16, 2003**
- ❑ **May 30, 2003**

A course is a course of coarse of course

How to eat kolbassa with pizzazz

By Uma

We all know that Red River is dedicated to producing modern graduates. Globalized, industry-ready, and pumped up to compete in the frenetic Winnipeg marketplace, RRC grads are truly the pit bulls of the job market.

In order to continue on this path of excellence, RRC has developed four new programs to help students stay abreast of changes in spheres both cultural and corporate. The mission of these course is simple: they strive to make graduates ready to compete in the marketplace, and enable them to gain access to the top-notch of Winnipeg's cultural elite. They will fill you in on Winnipeg's cultural must-knows and hidden business opportunities.

Business courses: The Armani Dissident

These days protest is in, and as a budding entrepreneur you bear a responsibility to tap into the energy and possible business networking that the peace movement offers. Who knows what pathways that raggedy hippy could offer.

Topics covered:

* The who, what, where and why of yelling "SHAME SHAME" at a peace rally. Avoid embarrassing mistakes.
* Where to place that old Che Guevara pin. On the lapel, or as a tie clip?
* What is this Che anyway?
* To stone or not to stone.

Ladies courses: Sex in the 'Peg.

This course has been specifically designed for the prairie lady. It will teach you how make Winnipeg feel like the Big Appa, and you sex-fisticated.

Topics covered:

* Understanding the land of Bud: there ain't no cosmos here my little pretties.
* Gimli as a substitute for the Hamptons: Icelanders may not be old money, but let me tell'ya what they can do with their horns.
* Dealing with the population problem: how to navigate the limited number of men in Winnipeg and avoiding duplications.
* How to eat kolbassa with pizzazz.

Hospitality course: Freedom Cuisine

Danger. Are you eating a French or a freedom fry? These questions can make or break you if on a trade mission or work exchange down south. In order to restore familial relations with our geographically distressed neighbours, we must jump on board and do away with old Europe. It's time to strike French gourmet off the menu, so open your mouth and heart for a bite of Freedom Cuisine.

Topics covered:

* Do cheese Kurds on poutine make it politically correct?
* So long to Dom Perignon, pucker-up for Baby Duck.
* French fries sin, Freedom fries in.

Social Studies courses: Walkin' the Corydon strip for suburbanites.

This course will enable the graduate to strut the strip as if you just stepped out of your bachelor pad for canoli.

Topics covered:

* The Sopranos of south Winnipeg. How can I initiate a hit?
* Is she 16 or 21? How to age a girl by the way she licks her gelati.
* Safety and Corydon: which of the long hairs are okay to approach for directions.
* Where to park the SUV without being detected.
* Pronunciation guide to various street names: is it "cough-burn" or "cock-burn"?

Human flesh-like object discovered in soup

"I spit it out," says irate student

By Buffy

On the heels of a recent lawsuit against Red River College concerning a "metal-like object" found in a creampuff, the college is again under scrutiny after the discovery of a 'human flesh'-like object in a bowl of roasted butternut squash soup.

"At first I thought it was a sun-dried tomato," says student Ron Schmidt, who nearly swallowed the offensive lump of flesh while enjoying a snack between classes. "But then I was like, 'There aren't sun-dried tomatoes in butternut squash soup.' That's when I spit it out."

Schmidt maintains that the object is in fact meat, and while restaurant employees say that it's likely misplaced pork, Schmidt has his doubts.

"Gall-bladder, maybe," Schmidt says, "or a vital organ. Definitely not pork. And then there was that artificial valve. I don't think they give those things to pigs."

Preliminary tests were done following the discovery, and medical experts confirmed Schmidt's suspicions that that object is a vital organ.

"It's a heart, but like no heart we've ever seen before," commented Dr. Connor Thomas of the Health Sciences Centre. "We don't know what to make of it. It's so shrivelled, so infected."

Rubbing the raised scar on his chest following so-called emergency respiratory surgery, Creative Arts administration and soup-lover Greg McRobber offered his thoughts on the discovery.

"If anything was added to the butternut squash soup, it was probably for the betterment of the students," says McRobber.

"Our soups are state-of-the-art. In fact, I'd go so far as to say that consuming soup from Red River College will likely give you an advantage in the workplace over university students who haven't experienced the nourishment offered in our fantastic soups. All students should take advantage of this opportunity."

"Unless you have any allergies," he adds. "Cats, mainly. People with cat allergies should stick to the sandwiches."

Schmidt is currently undergoing therapy following the surprising encounter.

He is keeping the heart in refrigeration pending legal advice, and says that the disturbances haven't stopped with the soup.

"There's something funny about that heart," Schmidt says.

"There was this one really rough therapy session where I was bawling like crazy, and when I got home...well, I could swear the heart looked different. Almost as if it were happy about my unbearable pain. It was bigger, anyway."

Medical professionals support the story.

"We took second look, and we think that Schmidt might be onto something," says Dr. Thomas.

"To the best of our knowledge, the heart grew three sizes that day."

Whether the heart's growth could be attributed to malicious glee is still under investigation.

T Four

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From the Student Benefits Plan

Health and Dental Rep

HAVE YOU PICKED UP YOUR SA CARE CARD???

The **SA Care Cards** are available for students to pick up at the Student Benefits Plan Office. To obtain the SA Care Card, students are required to complete the Manitoba Pharmacare applications. Students need their Manitoba Health card and Social Insurance number to complete the application. Students who have not submitted the Manitoba Pharmacare application and were issued a ***Prescription Drug Benefits card*** from previous years are required to complete the application. Please be advised that students who fail to submit the Manitoba Pharmacare application will risk the suspension of claim payments from Canada Life Assurance Co.

See what the **SA Care Card** can do for you!! Stop by the Student Benefits Plan Office for Manitoba Pharmacare applications, SA Care Cards and coverage information. The office is located in RM FM 66(junction of E and F building mall level) Mon - Fri 9am – 4pm. Visit our web site at ***www.gallivan.ca/studentnetworks*** or contact us at (204) 632-2503.

REMIMDER NOTICE: Students have 30 calendar days from the start date of program to waive the health and/or dental plan. Please contact the Student Benefits Plan Office for waiver forms. Documentation of existing coverage must be presented to waive the health and/or dental plan.

Students have 30 calendar days to ADD spouse and dependants to their health and/or dental plan. Please contact the Student Benefits Plan Office for prices and Family Add on forms.

RED RIVER COLLEGE
STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

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Elections 2003 Elections 2003 Elections 2003 Elections 2003

We'd Like to thank all of those who donated blood on March 18!

It was a great success with **90** units collected.

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IMPORTANT DATES TO ADD TO YOUR DAY PLANNERS

Monday, March 31

ELECTION CAMPAIGN BEGINS

Thursday, April 3 & Friday, 4

Notre Dame Class Rep, BLT
Princess St Class Rep, RM 411

Wednesday, April 9

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(VOYAGEUR CAFETERIA)

Monday, April 14 & Tuesday, 15

VOTING DAYS

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Elections 2003

ELECTION DATES

Opening Speeches – Monday, March 31 at 12PM -1PM (Voyageur Cafeteria)

Debates– Wednesday, **April 2** at 12PM -1PM (**Tower Lounge**)

Debates – Tuesday, April 8 12PM -1PM (**Voyageur Cafeteria)**

Advanced Polling – Wednesday, April 9 – 10 AM – 2PM **(Voyageur Cafeteria)**

Closing Speeches – Friday, April 11 at 12PM – 1PM (**Cave)**

Voting Day – Monday, April 14 - 8 AM – 8PM

Voting Day – Tuesday, April 15 - 8 AM – 4 PM

For more information on elections and volunteering, contact Schubert Beaubrun,
VP, Student Affairs at 632-2477 or visit DM20, 2055 Notre Dame Avenue for more details.

IT'S A GOOD THING
OUR PICTURE'S NOT INCLUDED

December 10, 1975

Good guys and bad guys

To whom it may concern,

The Projector's long run will soon be over.

We have kidnapped your paper's journalistic genii, Sam Thompson and Scott Prouse, in the hopes that they never release a paper as scorchingly witty and mend-bendingly insightful as the issues they've been releasing all year.

We plan to rid the paper of this scum and bring it back to the Projector of old...a dull, boring bi-weekly, without a hint of controversy, and certainly no campus vs. campus-style antics.

Don't worry. Messrs. Thompson and Prouse will not be harmed while in captivity. They will, however, be subjected to numerous grueling mental and physical tests, so we can find out what makes them create such art issue after issue.

I have the unfortunate task of announcing that the Projector's editors will no longer have brains by the time they are returned to their loyal readers.

Thanks to the new, improved, Lobotomizer 3000, we can remove their brains almost effortlessly.

Mr. Thompson's brain has already been partially removed.

Once they are safely removed from the Projector's staff, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Prouse will be returned to their friends and families in whatever capacity they remain.

Do not, I repeat, DO NOT contact the police, or we're gonna have to start sending fingers through the mail, OK?

Basically, we realized that despite a few problems, this is the best year the Projector has ever had.....AND WE WANT IT.

We shall stop at nothing. First the Projector...second...TH E WORLD!

-RRC administration and the Students' Association

Scott Prouse and Sam Thompson disappeared five days ago. The following is the first correspondence from them since they were last seen at a Projector story meeting. The author requested it not be edited, of course.

I will begin by saying that we have not endured any permanent physical or emotional damage. We have been treated with respect and compassion, fed some pizza from time to time and given a place to rest our weary, troubled minds.

They have assured us these conditions can continue for the rest of our tenure, as long as their demands are met.

Although the list is really quite simple, the actions required to achieve them may not be. While their message sounds clear, their methods are clearly unsound. Nevertheless, the paper's salvation depends on your willingness to spread their information--with extreme prejudice.

The chain of events that led to the situation we are now faced with need not be analyzed. The circumstances are irrelevant--what matters now is what happens next?

The unlikely alliance formed by the Students' Association and Red River College's administration proved to be too much for the P-jeezy's editors. It seems our time is almost done. The existence of this medium now rests solely on your shoulders.

But be wary. For you are not alone.

They were there when we watched new surveillance equipment installed at the Princess Street campus and wondered why the climate resembled something out of a Dostoyevsky novel. They were there when the Project didn't have a printer, or a camera, and made the paper using programs over a decade old. They were there when students working late at night were kicked out of their studios. They were there when the opening of the college's radio station was postponed, and postponed again.

Red River College is at the crossroads (although RRC is really more Ralph Macchio than Robert Johnson). To the north sits administration, high above the clouds, perched on the mountaintops, watching... watching... and to the south, the students, an unpredictable land with governments overthrown in what has begun to look like a series of almost yearly coups, stuck in a constant state of revolution...and to the east lies Notre Dame (although it's really more west than downtown), a place in danger of losing its culture, its history, facing a demise which until the Eaton's building was previously unimaginable... and to the west--the future, evolution personified (but at whose cost?)--the Princess St. campus.

Your task is not an easy one. Although there may be art in writing something you don't believe, we haven't found it. But at least they've been watching.

Choose wisely.

Please publish the following in the next issue of the paper and add my signature:

The new campus has more than its share to be proud of and the rich tradition of the Notre Dame campus and the jewels it has buried deep in its depths can be mined for years to come. Each program has interesting and relevant students and instructors who can share wisdom and knowledge with an effortless ease. Student life at the college is indeed made easier by the college's two governing bodies and a united front between these entities is crucial for continued student success.

I'm sorry for any statements I have made herein this medium and retract all printed material I have ever made in it.

If you don't have anything nice to say...

RED RIVER COLLEGE
OF APPLIED ARTS, SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

4th ANNUAL DIVERSITY ESSAY CONTEST

"Canada: A Great Place to Live"

1st PRIZE WINNER

By Anne Coté

Canada is a little like a soup pot. One by one the different ingredients are thrown in, mixed and stirred, then simmered slowly and gently with the hope of creating something new, something better. It takes a little time and patience but eventually the diverse flavours are coaxed out of the individual items swimming and swirling in the steaming cauldron. They meet and merge, creating a new taste within the borders of the pot.

The interesting thing about soup is that if you eat it quickly you experience the overall taste. If you eat it slowly and savour it all the flavours reassert themselves as if they had never been assimilated at all.

Soup is definitely like Canada. It can't be called soup unless it has a variety of components. Canada wouldn't be Canada without all the multiplicity of its population.

Like a soup pot this vast country has more room than most would believe. It has room for differences. There's space to grow and room to think. Plans expand into the future. There's room for the past and the present as well. There's room to live and dream on plains stretching into infinity. Mountains and valleys continuously embrace new populations and jagged coastlines provide a haven for weary refugees.

All the ingredients that make Canada a great place to live arrive through its ports and assemble in its towns and cities until the country is populated with people from every part of the globe, and whether they are newcomers or carry the customs of original settlers and aboriginal people into this modern life they add zest to the country. Diverse religions, colours, languages and customs flavour the pot.

Mixed together in communities in every part of the country, like the soup ingredients, they enhance the place they are in. Everyone fits.

Mosques and synagogues share city space with churches of every denomination, their congregations following religious rites passed down through the centuries in countries with armed borders. In Canada, the buildings aren't contained by fences and in fact, often share the same neighbourhood. Congregations visit one another, live side by side in insulated houses, share their ideologies with each other.

Canada is a colourful nation. Canadian skin can be any colour it wants to be and this is reflected in the kaleidoscope of colour streaming along city sidewalks.

From Newfoundland to British Columbia, the descendants of global aboriginal populations pepper the human landscape. Joined with European influences the colours mix and blend, appearing and then reappearing as the genetic soup is stirred and more ingredients are added.

Multiformity is the essence of Canada. Costumes created from silk and cotton fabric decorated with embroidery art refined in distant lands, and coloured with dyes coaxed from the earth by forgotten tribes garnish Canadian bodies, giving each one a distinctive shape. Clad in saris and jeans, turbans and toques the Canadian shape shifts within the gurgling cauldron.

Tiny bubbles crawl up the sides of the soup pot, pushing their way to the surface where they sputter and splatter, filling the room air with a subtle sound not unlike the medley of languages that drifts across the vast Canadian sky. Pushed eastward and northward by undulating winds, the words rain into the language creating new meanings and bringing new depth to the language embellishing the local vocabulary.

The new language celebrates a new cuisine. Born over ancient fires and cultivated through famines and adversity, foods have evolved over the centuries. Noodles, pyrogies, samosa, sausage, latkes, blood pudding, and bannock create an eclectic cuisine that has become the taste of Canada.

Recipes travel through time by language, passed down from generation to generation until they are woven into the tapestry of tradition and enshrined in customs. By land and by sea the culinary creations traveled with the freedom seekers, the peacemakers, the carmakers, and the farmers that have made Canada their country. With the shared nourishment both the people and country thrive and prosper.

Then they are free to create music and sculptures, to dance and to sing, to paint and to write. They make Canada a place of learning, of tolerance, of understanding. The art of their heritage blends into the art of Canada and gives it a new flavour.

And so, within this vast piece of real estate which separates the icy Atlantic from the vast Pacific, people come together by chance rather than design and learn to share their work and lives.

While customs blend and traditions are shared, the people they belong to retain the true essence of their meaning, lending their flavours to the country without diminishing themselves.

CONTEST WINNERS

The Red River College Student's Association and the Office of the Student and Community Advisor- Diversity and Inclusive Initiatives are pleased to announce the winners of the 4th Annual Diversity Essay Contest:

1st Prize- Anne Cote, Creative Communications-
Awarded a $500 scholarship and her essay has been submitted to the national level CCCJ/John Lockwood Commemorative Award Competition.

2nd Prize- Jennifer Hnatiuk, Creative Communications
Awarded a $300 scholarship

3rd Prize- George Martin, Child and Youth Care
Awarded a $200 scholarship

The Diversity Essay Contest was established to increase awareness of diversity and encourage and support a respectful environment at Red River College.

All three finalists are congratulated on their commitment to diversity!

Cougar cubs to be released into wilds of Winnipeg

Winnipeg police investigating Transcona link to cougar attacks at local bars

By Impressive Volume

Young men beware. Don't walk alone at night-- better yet, don't walk alone at all.

They're coming from all angles; hiding behind every corner, prepared to pounce at any moment. Safety is imaginary, paranoia reasonable.

The cougars are on the prowl, and springtime is their season.

Twenty or so Killer Cubs will be released into general society after training, rumoured to occur in the dishpit of the Buffalo cafeteria, inside sources say.

The program is instructed by industry leaders and focuses mainly on trapping and luring techniques. Graduation occurs at the beginning of spring to allow these cougars the chance to hone their skills.

These womanimals are a leopard-print adorning, larger-than-life hair-teasing breed of the older woman. Recognizable by highly decorative markings such as blood-red lips, a mask of make-up, and massive earrings, they hunt by day and by night for suitable kill.

Dominic Fernandez doesn't remember very much after leaving the Palomino one night last April.

"I remember walking to my car, maybe thirty feet from the bar, when I heard the growl," he says, shaking at the memory.

"I must have blacked out."

He awoke to screams of a group of good Samaritans who succeeded in scaring away the fierce creature.

The suspect wore a leopard-print bustier and leather pants, and sported a large, curly mane.

Fernandez lowerd his eyes as he unbuttoned his shirt to reveal the markings of the attack.

Long, deep scratches mark the back of his neck down to his mid-back, with traces of electric orange nail polish.

Other telltale signs of the cougar attack have left no permanent marks.

The love bites have healed and the lip marks removed with disinfectant by hospital nurses, who filed an incident report to the police department.

"Our investigation of the attack revealed techniques exclusive to the Killer Cougars," says Police Chief Jack Ewatski, who was once the victim of an attack.

"I think they do pounce training on older men with slower reaction times."

While this gang is to be regarded as highly dangerous, Ewatski notes that the situation may only worsen.

"There is rumour that that these womanimals are also dabbling in genetic mutation, which could result in highly sophisticated pheromones that induce a trance-like state after 30 seconds of exposure," he says.

The issue has taken priority among genetic scientists.

> "I remember walking to my car, maybe thirty feet from the bar, when I heard the growl." -Dominic Fernandez

Cougar prowling in Transcona is up 30 per cent, according to latest Stats Can report.

A new breed of bitch-cougar promises to take things lying down.

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT
SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED INFECTIONS (STI's)

Today, there are many types of infections that are spread through sex. These infections are called sexually transmitted infections or STI's.
Some are easily cured, but others, if not treated, can have serious effect on your health. Some infections have no cure, but can be controlled.
You should know about sexually transmitted diseases because they can affect your ability to have children later in life. Some can also cause cancer.

The Health Centre has a 50-minute presentation on sexually transmitted infections which can be delivered to groups of students on request. The presentation explains the most common sexually transmitted infections including information on how to best protect yourself and others from these infections.
The Health Centre requires a minimum of 2 weeks notice if you wish to book this presentation for your class, group, etc.
If you have any questions about this presentation, or if you wish to book a presentation please call Health Centre nurse Ian Blackmore at 632-2238.

On April 14 & 15

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Are you an Aboriginal Graduate of Red River College in 2003? Please register for the upcoming Pow wow to honor Aboriginal graduates. The **Pow wow is May 2, 2003,** in the North Gym at the Notre Dame campus. This event is organized by Students and Staff and is open to the public. Contact us with your name and the program that you will be graduating from as well as any awards you received, if you would like to be a part of the ceremony.

Trailer overrun by jackalopes

By Jabberwocky

It happened in such a flash," said first-year Creative Communications student Peter Vesuwalla. "I was trying to come up with a witty, yet respectful way to describe Nicole Kidman's Oscar dress, when all of a sudden the foundation of the trailer started shaking."

Don't worry. There aren't any earthquakes on campus. Just don't expect a new issue of the Projector anytime soon. Vesuwalla was one of eight first-year students working on the Projector due to the mysterious disappearance of the paper's editors, when the Projector's office, Trailer K, at the Notre Dame campus, started rocking back and forth uncontrollably.

"It was my turn to put on a CD," said interim entertainment editor Ruth Shead. "I was looking through my CD booklet for some sensitive solo singer-songwriter music when the place started going bananas. I started falling over, but I grabbed onto a computer monitor and broke my fall."

By the time security reached the trailer, it had stopped moving, and only five of the eight students remained.

"It was those goddamn jackalopes again," said Interim Editor-In-Chief Joff Schmidt. "I really wish someone would do something about those things. Last week they stole our printer cartridge, so we had to do each issue individually by hand...and now this. Those dirty bastards."

The "jackalopes" Schmidt is referring to are the cat-sized rabbits with the glowing eyes that have infested the fields near the college's north parking lots. The school has had problems with jackalope overpopulation in the past, but this is a rare instance of jackalope violence, and certainly the first recorded case of jackalopes actually kidnapping humans.

"I think they're organized somehow," said Vesuwalla. "They hit us completely by surprise, and they must have had some plan to kidnap Mauricio, Hip-Hop and that other kid. Owen had better do something about this or the families will probably sue. It'll be a slow legal process, but once it reaches its climax, it'll be very rewarding."

A spokesman for Owen Desnoyers's office said the Executive Director of the Students' Association did not want to comment on what has been labeled "the Jackalope Incident." Sources close to Desnoyers, however claim that he's been acting very strangely lately.

"I think it very well could be Owen ordering these scum to attack us," he said. "He's obviously disturbed by the fact that we have this really goofy-looking picture of him when he used to have a moustache. I may be a clown and a half, but if I looked like that, I'd probably train an army of genetic freak-bunnies to kill anyone in my path, too."

All of the Projector's attempts at contacting Desnoyers have failed, so we decided to run the moustache picture anyway. Some of Desnoyers's co-workers, however, are hardly surprised by the incident.

"Those guys are all freaks," said Schubert Beaubrun, the outgoing Vice-President of Student Affairs. "Why do you think I have a separate office? You think an army of twisted cat-rabbits is weird? You should see what else goes on here."

Unfortunately, the descriptions given by the missing students' fellow classmates were so vague that any hope of retrieving the three captives seems dashed.

"Uh...yeah..." said Vesuwalla, scratching his head. "I could tell you the whole plot of Miss Congeniality backwards, but I can't for the life of me remember what those bastards look like. I mean, that one kid I've never seen before in my life. He was probably a narcotics agent or something."

After in-depth interviews with their classmates, RRC security has provided the Projector with descriptions of the other two missing students.

Horatio is described is being a "happy little fellow." One student speculated that he may not have been kidnapped at all, and is in fact fighting a revolution in a third world country.

Hip-Hop is described as "that guy with the hat always." People seemed to have trouble placing him, until they realized that he was "that guy whose articles never make any sense." "What is that guy's problem?" asked one student. "Using all those madman hip-hop terms that are basically gibberish. I'm glad he's dead, I really am." When the student learned that he wasn't dead, per se, just missing, she seemed disappointed. "Oh. Well, forget I said that, then."

Security's rescue plan involves baiting the jackalopes and trapping them inside the trailer, which is too much of a cesspool to contain life for very long.

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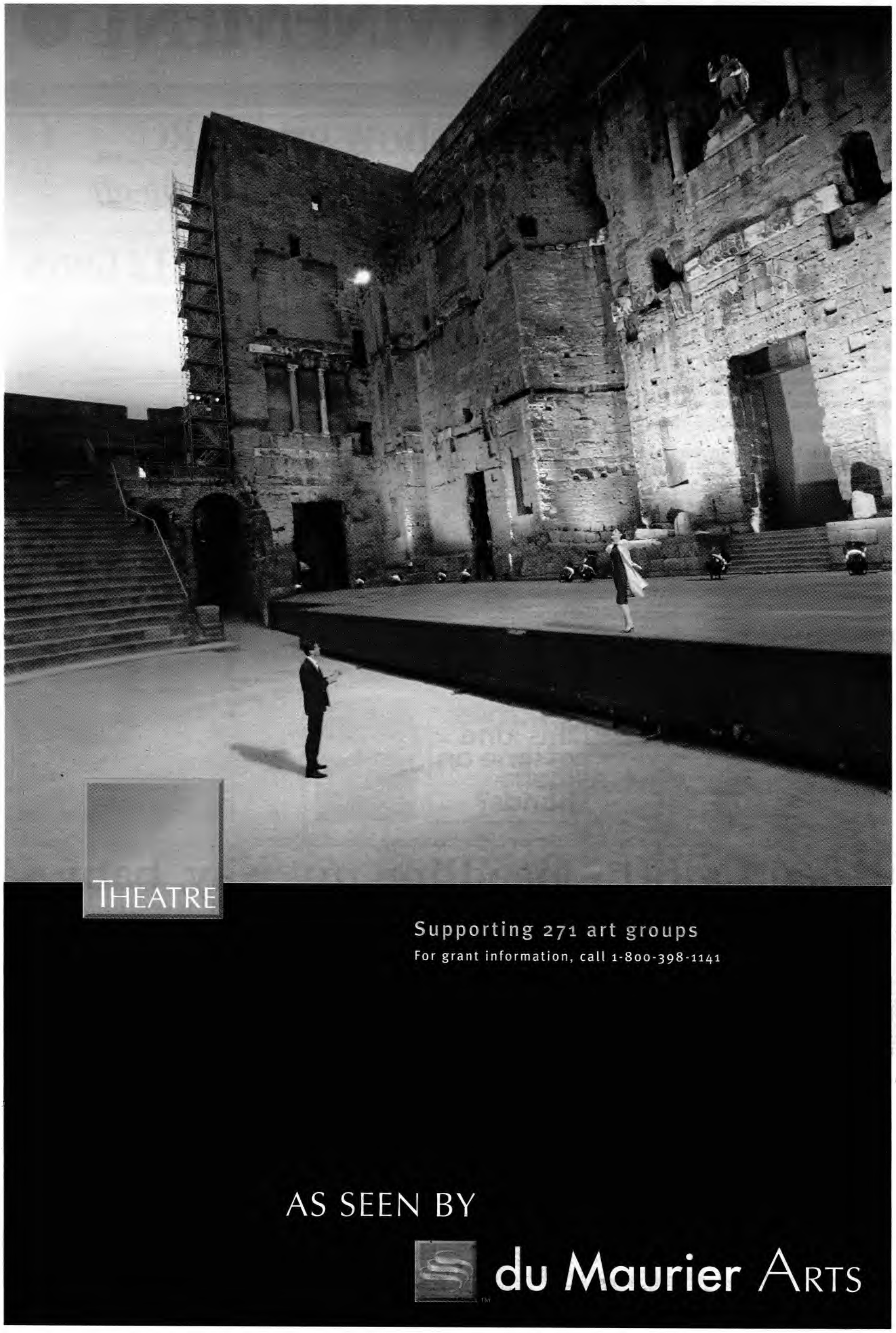
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THE PROJECTILE- APRIL 1TH, 20X6

Projector game show grips RRC

P-Jec editors go head-to-head in obvious rip-off

By Uth 'R' Heads

With facial hair fully grown in, Cotts Rousep and Ams Hompsant will go to the Tower Lounge and face tribal council for the final time this Thursday.

Rousep, the news editor at his college newspaper and original member of the Ontre Amed tribe, won immunity, and chose to vote Off J. Chmidts out of the trailer last episode.

"It wasn't a matter of who I liked more, or who I found more threatening. Ams brought the latest Tegan and Sara CD as his luxury item, and I'm a sensitive 21st century guy. I couldn't imagine my last night here without listening to it as Ams and I gaze out the window at the north parking lot."

In his parting remarks, Chmidts expressed how touched

"Ebbw is the only cheater around here. His job has taught him the tricks of the trade."
-Ikv

he was by his experience on Urvivors. "I came here to play a game, but instead I learned so much about myself. Urvivors has given me the courage to ask myself what I really want to be doing. When I get home I plan to fulfill my lifelong dream of becoming a Sunshine boy."

Armchair critics who have been following Urvivors this season have been spending hours in the Voyageur Cafeteria fussing over past conversations and broken alliances, trying to guess who will come out on top to win the one million cream puffs.

While popularity polls indicate no favouritism for either contestant, spoilers suggest that the jury will pick Hompsant as the winner of Urvivors: The Trailer as Rousep's history of gossiping has been a hot topic in the loser lodge.

Early into the merger Rousep encouraged the tribe to vote off Acqeline J. Hachuckt because she had too much control over the group. Rousep would also frequently drop the words embezzlement and Ars L. Ikv in the same sentence, causing Enk Ebbw to call Ikv disingenuous, thus ruining Ikv's credibility.

Desperately trying to save himself, Ikv confessed he was pilfering back issues of the Projector, but was innocent of all other accusations. "Ebbw is the only cheater around here. His job has taught him the tricks of the trade."

Ikv didn't save himself, but Ebbw followed him out to the trailer after he was caught peeking at Rousep's results during an immunity challenge.

Scheming and conniving bastard tries to win game.

The only jury members that might support Rousep are Avidd Ymanl, Weno Esnoyersd and Chuberts Eaubrunb.

Ymanl and Rousep made an early alliance over choclate milk in a Princess Street breakout room. Esnoyersd is still glowing because Rousep chose him to share his Coca-Cola reward, including a day away from the trailer, a night on RRC futons, and all the Coca-Cola they could imagine enjoying. And Eaubrunb, who was too cheerful for his own good, desperately wants to see Rousep smile. Eaubrunb believes winning the one million cream puffs will be the only thing that works.

Host Atalien Onap says both Rousep and Hompsant have agreed to donate their beards to local charities after the show. To share your predictions e-mail urvivors@thetrailer.calm.

Who has this kind of time on their hands?

PAGE 12 GIRLS

Send a little headline my way, baby

Seriously, though....a headline would be awesome right about now. I'm not joking. Throw me a bone here, people.

By Jericho

It's official. Mullets are in at the Princess Street campus. Suddenly and inexplicably over the last few months young men at the new downtown campus have been giving the "hockey haircut" another chance.

"It's business in the front and a party in the back," says excited Creative Communications student Damian Purdy sporting a solid one to three ratio.

The mullet was considered an endangered species only to make rare appearances at such events as monster truck rallies and AC/DC tributes but the sudden resurgence has brought about excitement as well as some serious questions.

"What about Jaromir Jagr? Will he grow it back?" says student Rebecca Routhier, "I definitely think somebody in the hockey world has to carry the torch and have you noticed that his point production has gone down ever since he chopped it off."

Routhier did, however, have some grave concerns. "What if Great White comes to Winnipeg? Will they use pyro?" she . Overall, Routhier is impressed with the new style. "They are so sexy," she says, "like garnish on the main course. Mmm-mm."

Students are brimming with excitement at the new style and are frolicking around the Princess Street campus as has not been seen in Winnipeg since the early '70's. "It's not quite free love, but god, it's good," says Purdy "I think mullets are even better this time around. People are becoming more inventive with them."

Some students were less enthusiastic. Jeff Peters was so disgruntled with the onslaught of unauthorized mullets he decided to drop out of the Creative Communications program entirely. "I can't live like this, it's too much," he said, "I mean, I love Stryper and all that, but a line has to be drawn somewhere. I'm out of here," said Peters.

But the Princess Street trend continues. An estimated 25 mullets have developed over the last two months alone according to Advertising and Public Relations instructor Kenton Larsen.

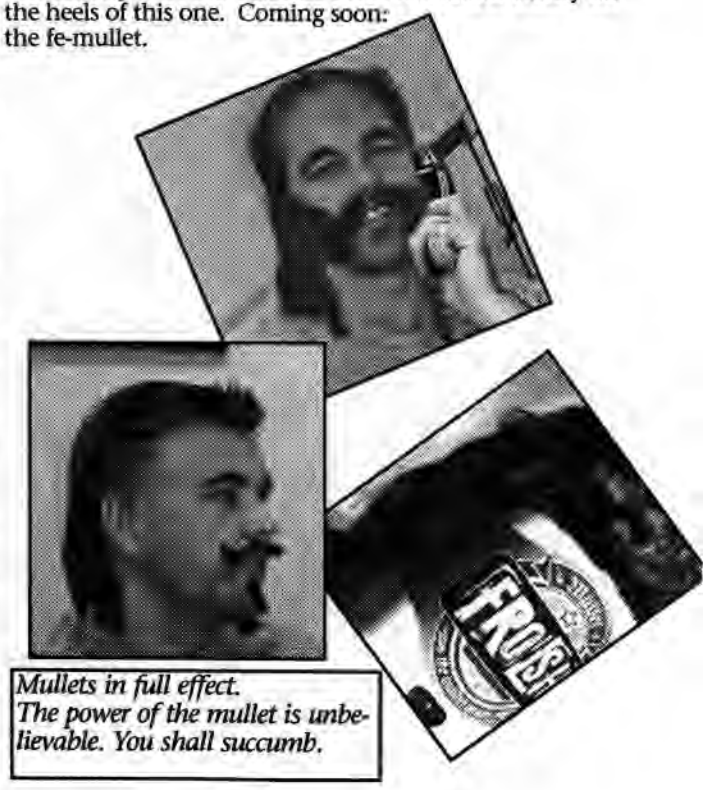
"It's a rather refreshing trend," said Larsen, "I think this really emphasizes school spirit."

Larsen also sees a link between mullets and student professionalism. "Typically my white hot temper is aimed directly at the students, but the ones with the mullets are usually spared," he says.

So, just why has this trend hit so hard and fast? Just ask Purdy, who struts from class to class with a woman on each arm.

"The chicks are diggin' it," he says. It's hard to argue with that logic.

Rumors persist that another trend will follow closely on the heels of this one. Coming soon: the fe-mullet.



Mullets in full effect. The power of the mullet is unbelievable. You shall succumb.

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Tough times on Easy Street: betta recognize, sucka!

"Yo, NWA ain't got nothin' on this ish...Representin' Easy St."

By Circus Tall

The gangsta rap movement began in inner-city slums with primarily African-American youth. Rappers like Snoop Dogg, Tupac Shakur, and NWA, described the mini-war zones existing in urban ghettos. These rappers told tales of poverty, crime and racist police. They opened the eyes of the middle-class establishment to the existence of the ghetto and popularized the image of the "hood." Gangsta rap set a new precedent for the rap industry and aided the decline of pop rap and progressive hip-hop. But that was 1987: this is now!

"Yo NWA ain't got nothing on this ish," says a tall lanky Caucasian who goes by the name C-Poodle. "I respect the originators but damn, that was like fiddy years ago. Peeps don't understand who we be! Say what? They don't understand who we be. Representing Easy St."

Welcome to the new Compton. Located in an upper middle-class district of south Winnipeg sits Easy St: a white-collar neighborhood that has become the most recent victim of the gangsta-rap movement. C-Poodle and his "homies", YMCAndy and Cereal Killa casually lounge on Poodle's parents' lawn, smoking Players' Mild cigarettes and sipping gingerly at Olde English beer.

"Yo, peeps think just cause we live in the suburbs, that we don't understand what it is to struggle. Let me tell you, I wake up every morning wondering if I'll make it through the day. You never know when Timmy Two-Fingers and the Easy Street Playas Crew might run on yah and bust a nerf in yo' rear. Na'a mean?" says Killa.

The trio has been living on Easy St since they were young and they say they're no strangers to the "fuzz."

"Damn straight I seen trouble from the law," says YMCAndy. "I been booked twice for overdue library fines and I even gots' a parking ticket. What the hell these po trying to tell me I can't park in a fire lane. Seriously, who uses a fire lane? The fire department? Please playa', please."

It has always been difficult for these suburban thugs to fit in. They recall being ostracized at school because their dialect and clothing were different from those kids who didn't grow up on Easy St.

"Yo, we was just too ghetto for all these rich kids," says Poodle.

"They don't understand what we been through. I've had rocks smashin' through my windows on more then one occasion," says YMCAndy.

"Fool, those were from your dad's lawn mower," replies Poodle.

The three boys all engage in a fit of laughter and roll around on Poodle's lawn. They scramble as Mr. Poodle, that's Poodle's dad, screams, "Get off that lawn you idiots. I just had it sprayed."

"Shit pops, stop tripping," replies Poodle.

So what does the future hold for these under-privileged youths who are struggling to survive day by day?

"I don't know. If my McDonald's aspirations fall through, I might just do something illegal: something very illegal. I'm talking 50 Cent gangster-ish. Like jacking junior high kids," says YMCAndy.

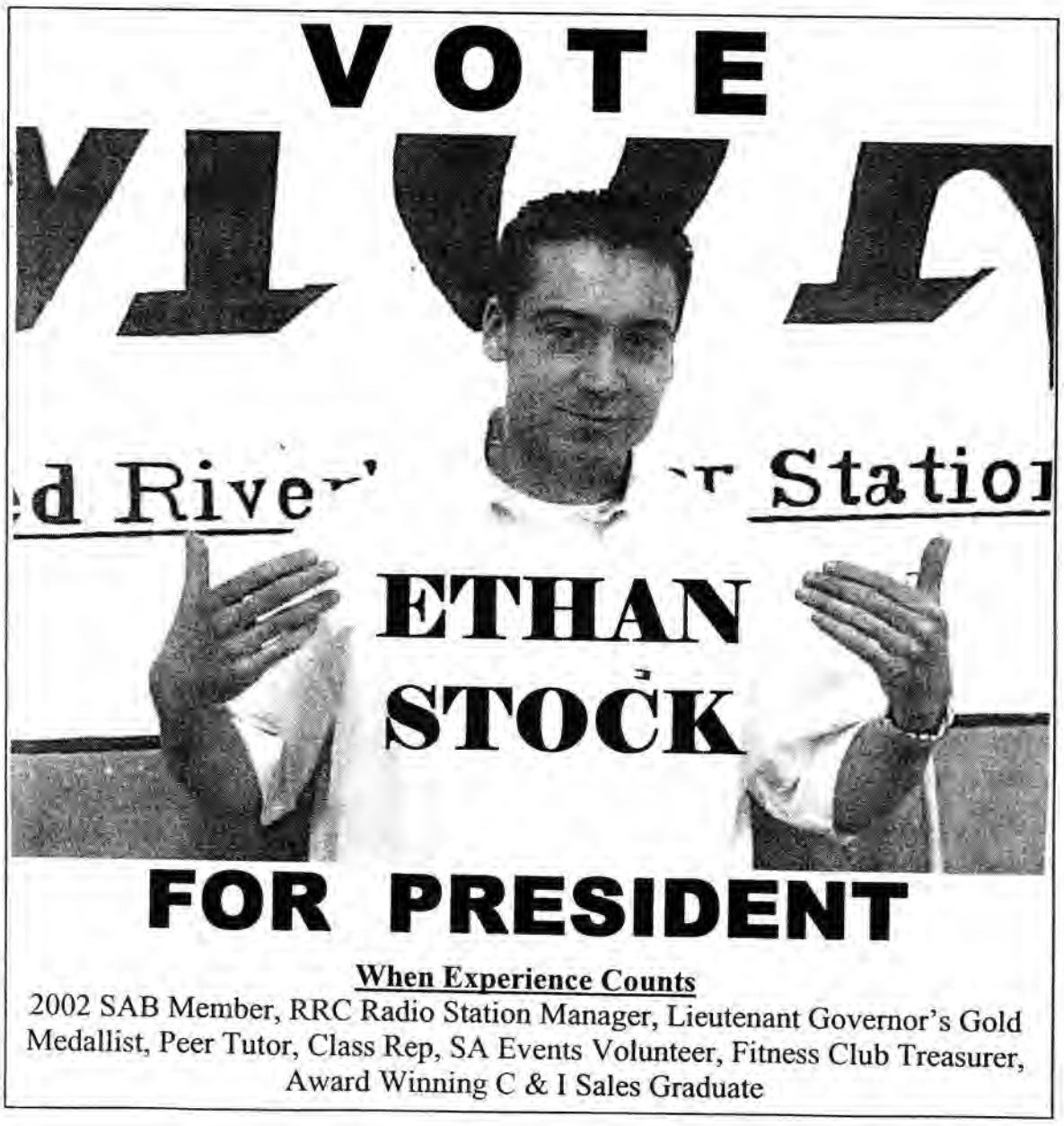
"Word," adds Killa, "If I can't be a Broadway singer, then I guess I'm just gonna' hafta' jack penny-candies and sell em' on the streets. Cause there ain't no other way for a playa to get buy. I gots' to hustle."

Poodle smacks Killa across the back of the head. "Fool, what you talking about being a singer for? Youse' a straight up curvy gangsta'."

Hardcore gangstuh rappas like the GZA can't front on Easy Street thugs, yo.

Life will continue for these over-privileged, ungrateful rich boys who live everyday like it was there last. If you see a 2003 Ford Explorer rolling up in your "hood" with three-bandana clad white kids hanging out the windows with Ja Rule blaring angrily in the background: arm yourself. Grab anything you can: fruit, a stick, or a lactose intolerant fetal cow! If you don't you could be the next victim of a drive-by nerfing.

When asked if they had any final words the three boys said in unison, "River Heights, watch yo' back, cause St. Vital gangstas' be rolling you fools.
Peace!



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BUSINESS CONFERENCE

Winnipeg Convention Centre
April 16, 2003

OVERCOMING HIDDEN BARRIERS

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY AND THOSE OF TOMORROW

RED RIVER COLLEGE
OF APPLIED ARTS, SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

WELCOMING ADDRESS

Laurie Mustard

Columnist for The Winnipeg Sun

Born in 1968 and raised in beautiful downtown Killarney, Manitoba, Mustard moved to Winnipeg at age 9 and settled in St. James.

Almost a University of Winnipeg grad, where he majored in theatre, Mustard chose a life in the Winnipeg media over fame, glory and wealth on the international stage.

He is married, to the very understanding Marly, with whom he has three terrific children, Heather, Andrea and Lyle.

He has enjoyed a varied and highly successful media career in broadcasting, both radio and television, free lance advertising–all of which he continues to do–and is currently a columnist with The Winnipeg Sun.

KEYNOTE ADDRESS

YES, YOU CAN! Overcoming Hidden Barriers

Valerie Cade-Lee

Success is not who you know or what you know it's who you are. What are the common barriers in today's workplace and what can we do to overcome them?

As a Winnipegger graduating from the University of Manitoba with all the doubts and fears of "what to do" and "how to do it," Valerie is now CEO of one of Canada's largest training companies with three offices in Canada. She is an internationally recognized professional speaker having spoken in Russia, China, the UK and throughout the US and Canada. She has earned the highest speaking designation world wide, the Certified Speaking Professional (CSP), as one of 400 and as the first woman in Canada.

As the Past National President of the Canadian Association of Professional Speakers (CAPS) and the CEO of one of Canada's largest training companies, Valerie understands what it takes to become a success and has an authentic and humorous approach to create a feeling of inspiration and action.

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You can't kill something that's already dead

By A.Vice Cop

According to a personal assistant at Neverland, the King of Pop, Michael Jackson, is glad the current war on Iraq has taken some of the attention off his bizarre behaviour for a while.

"Michael's enjoying this little break," said the source. "The accusations of child abuse and the brouhaha surrounding that bastard Martin Bashir's documentary were getting to be too much for him."

Jackson, who was recently involved in a war of words with former Sony Music chief Tommy Mottola, had been vilified in the press ever since Bashir's documentary, Living With Michael Jackson, aired. Footage of the reclusive Jackson hanging out with young children brought on a storm of accusations, all relating back to the mid-90s accusations of sexual misconduct on the singer's part.

"Michael just likes kids," said the source. "I don't know why people have to assume there's any funny business going on. If you were an insane, plastic-surgery addicted freak, how would you like being called a pervert? He just wants to be left alone. Now that there's this war on, TV cameras aren't being shoved into Mike's face every five minutes, and that's how he likes it."

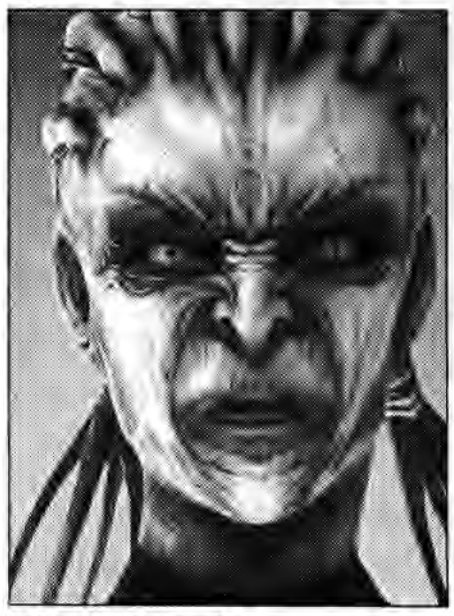
Bashir's documentary also showcased Jackson's massive wealth, something our source said wasn't enough to stop papparazzi from harassing him.

"He wanted to build a shark-infested moat to stop these media scumbags from getting in, but apparently there are laws against that sort of thing. I suggested hiring a sniper to pick off any journalists that came within 100 yards of him, but Mike's just such a nice guy that he made a 'no killing' rule. If I was that rich, murder is the first thing I'd want to do, but it just goes to show that Mike has more character than most of us."

Apparently, Jackson is so pleased by the fact that the war has removed the media lynch mobs from his house that he plans to help out the war effort.

"Mike's been working on a sequel to Thriller," our source told us. "So when he's done recording, he's going to donate all of the Thriller zombies to the U.S. Army. Let's see Saddam fight that. You can't kill something that's already dead!"

Thriller II: Neverland Strikes Back is expected to be released in fall 2003, and will feature updates of some of Jackson's most loved songs. Billie Jean, perhaps Jackson's best tune ever, is being remade as Under 18=Not My Lover featuring disgraced R&B sensation R. Kelly.



Jackson or the zombie?

"If you were an insane, plastic-surgery addicted freak, how would you like being called a pervert?"

(above) Jacko's choice of filmmaker who unfortunately lost out to Martin Bashir.

I get more Simpsons jokes than you do

You pay the price for your lack of vision

By Morley Stalker

The Springfield Harmonic ends its tribute to John Williams with the rousing theme to Star Wars, and as the last chord sounds, it adds the first two bars of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star. Doctor Hibbert giggles that deep-bellied giggle and comments to his wife, "Wickedly satirical. I wonder if anyone else got that."

That little post-modern joke, my friends, was written specifically for me. For that is how I feel all the time. Every Sunday we all enjoy that half-hour of animated bliss, but I enjoy it more than most. The simple fact of the matter is I understand more esoteric jokes from The Simpsons than you do.

Now don't get me wrong; I'm sure the bone-headed antics of Homer, Marge, Bart, Lisa, Maggie, et al aren't completely lost on you, and I know you get a big chuckle out of seeing Homer get bumped on the head, or hearing Bart say, "Aye Carumba." It's just that every episode is full of moments from all points of the cultural Zeitgeist that I understand and you never will.

But don't feel too bad, dear friends. I've been at this a long time, right from the very first gag in the opening credits of the very first episode in which Bart wrote on the black board, "I will not yell 'fire' in a crowded classroom." Sure, maybe you chuckled, but I'll bet you didn't trace it back to Oliver Wendell Holmes' ruling on Schenck vs. U.S. in 1917.

Oh, that's right, I understand all of those chalkboard nuggets in ways you don't. You probably remember Bart writing, "Wedgies are unhealthy for children and other living things," but I bet you don't remember the Smothers Brothers being censored by CBS for making the same statement about war on a Mother's Day card.

And those are just in the opening credits. I haven't even begun talking about the actual shows yet.

Take the episode in which Bart fed his literature text book to a vicious dog. No doubt, you laughed when he exclaimed, "Eat my short stories," but did you catch the subtle jab at Shirley Jackson's The Lottery? I didn't think so. Look again at the little scrap of what's left of the book and you'll see the phrase, "And in the end it was a really weird lottery," brilliantly lampooning Jackson's chilling conclusion to her famous (in certain circles) tale of conformity gone awry.

But I'm not just some intellectual who only gets the ivory tower stuff. I'm more in tune with pop culture kitsch than you are as well.

Maybe you remember Bart giving Krusty a bagel, but you probably missed out on the reference to the famous Mean Joe Greene Coke commercial that ran during the 1980 Super Bowl. Then there's the Bumblebee Man's constant references to Goya, a Latin American food concern. Or how about the moment before Sideshow Bob detonated a nuclear bomb and they cut to a clip of Maggie counting flower petals just like in Lyndon Johnson's campaign commercial from 1964.

And while we're on the subject of Sideshow Bob and his nuclear device (don't get me started on the constant references to both the 1962 and 1991 versions of Cape Fear), did you spot all the Stanley Kubrick in-jokes? Maybe you recognized the set from Dr. Strangelove, but I immediately recognized the voice of Colonel Hapablap as that of R. Lee Ermey doing his Full Metal Jacket shtick. By the way, his line, "To slip the surly bonds of earth, and touch the face of God," comes straight from a poem by John Gillespie Magee Jr. I'm sure you were too busy laughing at that Rock You Like a Hurricane joke to notice.

Picture irrelevant to story.

But hey, don't give up. Keep watching the Simpsons and laughing at the obvious stuff. You can still enjoy the Halloween episodes even if you haven't seen as many classic Twilight Zone episodes as I have, and maybe you'll spot a shot lifted from All the President's Men, Five Easy Pieces, Run Lola Run, or something else you happened to see by chance. But don't forget, in that scene in which Professor Frink says that Kindergarten kids can't possibly enjoy toys on as many levels as he does, they're talking about you and me, baby.

"How long can we maintain?" I wondered.
How long before one of us starts raving and jabbering at these readers?
What then?

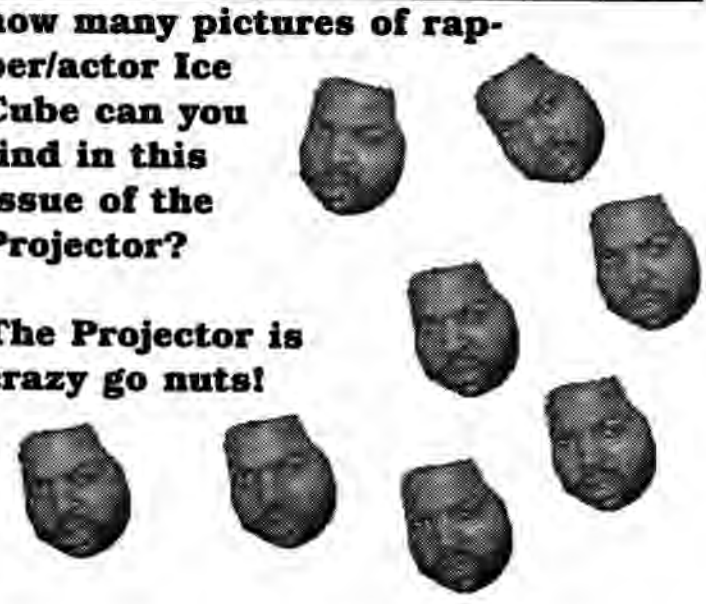
This lonely trailer was the last known home of the Projector newspaper... would he make that grim connection?

THE PROJECTOR
RED RIVER COLLEGE'S NEWSPAPER
December 16, 2002

COUNT THE CUBES!

how many pictures of rapper/actor Ice Cube can you find in this issue of the Projector?

The Projector is crazy go nuts!



How are you coping with the war in Iraq? RRC students explain

"Osama bin Laden."

-Deron Hamel
Cre Comm.

RIVIERE ROUGE COLLEGE

STREETURZ

BY
DRUNKEN MIDGET

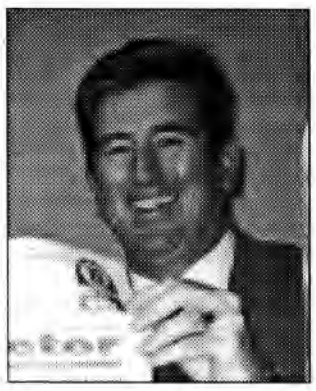
"What do I know? I'm dead."

-Chris Farley,

Ind. Arts and Tech. Education

"The Billster likes to tug it to Survivor."

-Bill Murray,
Graphic Design



"Glen Murray knows people and he has power."

-Glen Murray
Mayoral Arts

DISCLAIMER:
This issue of the Projector is very obviously a joke, so please don't take offense to any of these articles.
You heard me.

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would like to welcome you out to our support groups held every **second & fourth Tuesday of each month** located **at 825 Sherbrook Street** from 7:0[illegible] - 9:00 pm
For further infor[illegible] Sandra at **942-3331.**

Winnipeg International Children's Festival
is looking for two volunteers to help out with a variety of activities with both the Festival and our inner-city youth at risk Circus and Magic Partnership program, throughout our 2002/2003 season. We are participating in the Youth Serves Manitoba program for university students to volunteer their time for a minimum of 100 hours from January – June 2003. Once the students completes 100 hours, they will receive a $500.00 bursary towards their tuition or students loans. Interested students can contact Jennifer Kaufman at 958-4749 or email: jen@kidsfest.ca for more information about application information and volunteer positions.

Record labels plan to thwart file-sharing with horrible new method

By Na'a Mean?

They managed to shut down Napster, and now the world's major record labels have developed a new plan to put an end to file-sharing in its entirety.

All along, the debate has been about whether computer users should have the right to download songs by new artists instead of going down to a record store and actually buying them. When Napster was at the peak of its popularity, the multi-billion dollar record industry lost a ludicrous amount of profits. Although they managed to put Napster, the best known file sharing program, out of business, the Internet was soon overrun by new, improved, Napster clones like KaZaA.

"Hell, if my plan doesn't work out for some reason, we could always just buy the Internet."

Rather than lose even more money through litigation by taking these online companies to court, the record industry has developed a cost-effective way to nip file sharing in the bud.

Donna Paterson is an independent counsellor for the recording industry, and she was the mastermind behind this new plan.

"It's very simple," she says, lighting a Cohiba cigar and sipping her glass of Courvoisier. "Look at the type of music we're promoting on the charts right now. The way we eliminate file-sharing is by releasing music so gruesomely unlistenable that no REAL music fan in their right mind would want to download it."

Paterson says the record labels don't care about older music; the newly-released records are the ones they're concerned with.

"If you want to download some obscure Frank Sinatra B-side, be my guest. I've done it myself. That's good music. But this new stuff...I mean, do you think people ACTUALLY like Nickelback? Jesus...their last single sounded like someone torturing a cat. I wouldn't subject my worst enemy to that crap."

But what about Nickelback's platinum-selling records?

"To be honest," says Paterson, "we just make it up. If we claim a record is a best-seller, idiot teeny-boppers will go out and buy it in droves. We get the idiot singer on the cover of Tiger Beat or whatever and our sales skyrocket."

"The best part is," she adds, blowing her nose with a $100 bill, "is that we're actually going to ENCOURAGE file-sharing, but we're going to make people so irritated that they never want to go near a computer again. "

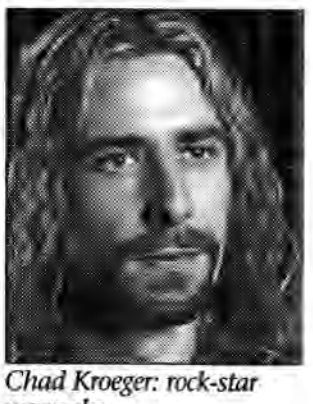
Paterson has already established a team responsible for putting up bogus MP3s on file-sharing Web sites. The team has recorded hours of TV static and is putting it online under names like "Nickelback," "Britney Spears," "Justin Timberlake" and others. At three hundred thousand bogus files being uploaded per hour, Paterson is convinced that downloaders will eventually break down and buy the albums.

"They're paying me an insane amount of money to co-ordinate this," says Paterson, "and it WILL work. I get the last word on every band the labels want to sign. If they have an ounce of musical talent, they get cut. The more annoying popular music becomes, the less interest people are going to have in downloading it."

A flaw in Paterson's plan, however, is that independent record labels will still be able to sign good bands and release their music online.

"Do you actually think anyone's gonna buy a record from an indie? Gimme a break," Paterson laughs. "If indies become a problem, we'll just buy them out and then shut them down. Seriously...we can control the music industry because we have the money. Two words: millions of freakin' dollars. OK? Hell, if my plan doesn't work out for some reason, we could always just buy the Internet.

How much do you think that would cost?"



Chad Kroeger: rock-star wannabe.

NEWS BRIEF:
Consortium of major record labels buys Internet on eBay.
See THROWAWAY GAG, pg. 78

Hudson attractive "in a girl next door sort of way"

"I'd totally have sex with her if she asked me to"

By Pita Pitt

While watching the 75th Academy Awards on March 23, Business Admin student John Lapage came to the conclusion that actress Kate Hudson was rather attractive, in a girl-next-door sort of way.

"She's like one of those chicks that you notice in class, you know, who's really quiet and you don't pay much attention to her and then one day you just kind of look at her and think, 'Yeah,'" Lapage told the Projector.

"You know, she doesn't, like, stand out in a crowd or anything, but sometimes you just look at her and you're like, 'Damn.'"

Friends say Lapage hasn't publicly expressed his feelings about the 23-year-old daughter of actors Bill Hudson and Goldie Hawn. "You can totally tell though," said Lapage's roommate Matt Ward, who was present during the telecast. "I mean, there's Nicole fuckin' Kidman on stage and he doesn't care, but every time the camera showed Kate Hudson in the audience he goes all quiet."

Hudson attended the ceremony with her husband, rocker Chris Robinson. She appeared on stage to introduce a videotaped segment recorded the previous day at the Scientific and Technical Awards, which she had hosted. Lapage reportedly turned to Ward and said, "You know what?" but then shook his head and said, "Ah, forget it." Lapage watched the remainder of the presentation in silence.

"I know she's married to that guy from The Black Crowes and everything, but I'd still like to maybe meet her some time," says Lapage. "It's not even a sex thing. Like I'd totally have sex with her if she asked me to, but I'd be happy just to hang out and stuff.

"I know that sometimes famous people come to Winnipeg, like Shannen Doherty and Patrick Swayze were here that one time, and that's all cool and everything. But if [Hudson] ever came I would totally want to meet her. Just whatever, hang out on Corydon and maybe go for a Gelati or something."

Kate Hudson: One of those quiet chicks you notice in class.

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Breaking news

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PUNK ROCK SALLY

DIDN'T WRITE US A STORY THIS ISSUE, SO WE PUT A PICTURE IN HERE INSTEAD.

MAKE SANTA HAPPY.
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Glitz n' glamour in the ghetto

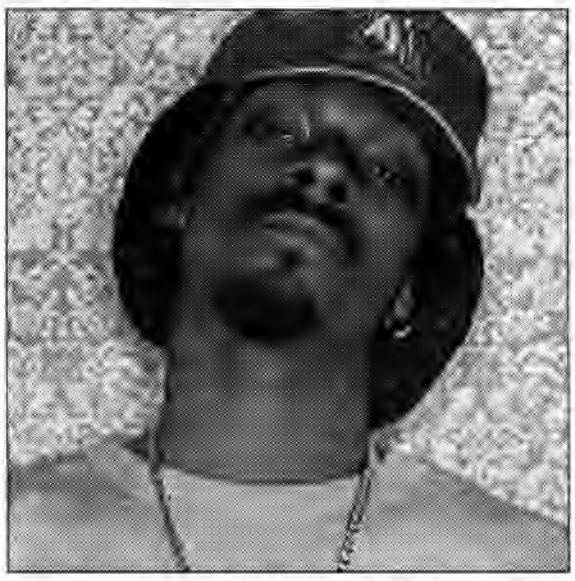
By Hip-Hop

Kickin' it old skool with some old skool kicks

With the arrival of a new season comes the introduction of what fashion industry experts dubbed "stupid fresh gear," which can be purchased at many "outlet" locations throughout Winnipeg's back allies and dim lit parking lots.

So what is so hot about the trends this spring? Well, being a privileged and ungrateful kid from River Heights I have no clue as to what is "fly" or even, well, "dope." To direct me to these bargain markets I needed a guide, which was easily attained at a poverty ridden area in St. Vital named Beliveau Street.

Ishtar, my new fashion guide, was well compensated with three Big Mac meals (super sized), two 40 oz bottles of Olde English malt liquor, a XXL Magazine and $40 that he could spend as he pleased.



Snoop knows what it's like to be 'rocked in ice.'

"Eh yo, y'all need some ism for the hizzle to get skins up in the booty spot, nah' mean?" said Ishtar, who continued to explain that I needed a green Boston Celtics NBA authentic pre-game warm up suit in order to look what he called "a'ight". Trouble first found Ishtar and I on Beliveau Street when he could not find his car keys. Within minutes Ishtar called his friend (for the reason of pending charges can only be known as "Muslim Mo") who is an expert in the field of mechanics. Amazingly "Muslim Mo" put on a stellar performance, starting Ishtar's Dodge Neon with only a screwdriver and vice grips as tools. Still suspicious as to who I was, Ishtar first drove to the Winnipeg Floodway and demanded the "real" purpose of my newly established relationship with him. After convincing him I was not a government official (which took an extra $80 and self-humiliation) Ishtar took me to a retail outlet on the corner of Edmonton Street and Q'uappelle Avenue, which appeared to be the site of great deals and savings.

Entering the building meant a tariff fee had to be paid (and more self-humiliation).

Inside, a green NBA authentic Boston Celtics pre-game warm up suit was waiting. Normally this item would cost me approximately $250 or more, but with the Ishtar fashion tour I paid the small price of $65.

"Eh yo, you gots to gets some new kicks na'a mean? Yeah, yeah. You look about a size, um, nine right?" said Ishtar, explaining that with my new clothing I needed a set of new shoes. Ishtar suggested that Nike Air Force I, Reebok Pro Legacy II, Osiris D3, British Knights or Pony shoes would make me look as he called "pimp money." To purchase these items Ishtar drove to an underpass located on Pembina Highway, where a woman and man named Frieda La Rock and Leroy Jones had a GMC Suburban full of designer shoes. For the small price of $150 and two number four combos at Taco Bell, I bought five pair of shoes, which were all higher then Ishtar's estimated shoe size of nine (nine and a half to be exact).

Next Ishtar felt I needed to get some "urban jewelry" or as he called it "ice." When in the market for "ice," Ishtar carefully explained that "ice" distributors were shady characters and that I should wait in the trunk of his Dodge Neon until the "ice" deal was done. Hesitant to be locked in a trunk, Ishtar convinced me that "ice" would make me the next "Great White Hype". As well, he explained I would have mass appeal

"Eh yo, y'all need some ism for the hizzle to get skins up in the booty spot, na'a mean?"

with the ladies of any post-secondary arts related course (but he later explained these women love the "urban look" for a month until the hemp wearing hacky sack playing neo-hippie comes along). Ishtar returned with a P-Diddy style platinum necklace, accompanied by a diamond-studded miniature AK-47 approximately 20 centimetres in diameter. Combined, both items cost only $200 and another Big Mac meal (super sized) for Ishtar, who claims I was lucky (for the discount) due to what he called "Urban Economics 101."

In the evening, I was "rocked in ice" and looked "Philly dope" according to Ishtar, who later accompanied me to The Lot One15. "Eh yo, this skin spot has the tightest females with all that funk from their mama's trunk falling out, nah' mean?" said Ishtar, who seemed enthused over the amount of women available at The Lot One15, where we both wore NBA authentic pre-game warm up suits as we watched other people in NBA authentic per-game warm up suits dance on glowing boxes, which resembled a certain Jay-Z music video (Sunshine feat. Babyface, but you knew that).

Ah, yet another season of fashion is over and it only took $665 to make a River Height's kid look like another "mark," as Ishtar titled me, on Flatbush Avenue. I cannot wait until the summer fashion tour, when Ishtar promised a road trip to Brooklyn's Bedford district, where as he said "Y'all gets yo cap peeled for chillen' you nasty Thompson wannabe." I cannot wait. Ishtar if you're reading, you so crazy.

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Student Affairs

BAGHDAD WEATHER REPORT

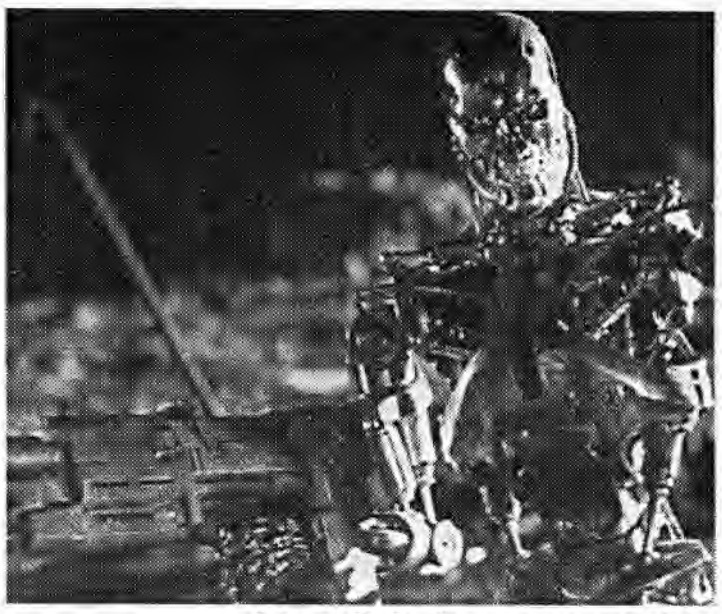
BY PETER VUZZIEBUZZIE AND JEFF SCHMITH, PROFESSIONAL METEOROLOGIGRAPHICISTS.

BAGHDAD WEATHER REPORT
COURTESY ENVIRONMENT IRAQ

NEXT WEEK'S FORECAST CALLS FOR RAINING FIRE AND TEMPERATURES IN THE HIGH 500S IN SECTIONS OF DOWNTOWN BAGHDAD. A STRONG SHOCK AND AWE FRONT IS EXPECTED TO MOVE IN FROM THE THE NORTH, WEST, AND SOUTH LATER IN THE DAY. CITIZENS ARE ENCOURAGED TO RESIST THE EVIL, CORRUPT AMERICAN WEATHER AND ITS CAPITALIST REGIME. AND WE WILL PREVAIL.

Cyborg outrage

By Some Guy



The cyborg community is outraged by what they call "negative sterotypes" of synthetic humanoids in the upcoming film Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines, the latest installment in the series about killer robots from the future.

"It's shocking that in this day and age, our people can be so maligned," said Roy Batty, a T800 hunter-killer and spokesman for the Cyborg Anti-Defamation Society (CADS).

"First off, we object to the term 'machines.' Your coffee maker is a machine. Something like the T1000 hardly deserves a label like 'machine.'"

"Biomechanically-enhanced persons, as we prefer to be called, are not all just inhuman killing machines, you know," Batty said, shortly before killing Projector news editor and photographer Scott Prouse by reaching into his chest and pulling out his still-beating heart.

Batty sheepishly apologized for the "misunderstanding."

"That hardly ever happens," he explained. "Sometimes the camera flashes set off weird subroutines in our programming. You know how it is - smile, kill, it's easy to get the two confused. I'm sure it happens with non-synthetic humans all the time."

Batty did reluctantly admit that he had been sent from the future to kill Projector entertainment editor Sam Thompson.

"In the year 2005, Sam's stirring editorial, Gettin' Off the Hizzle Wit' the Whack Cyborgs, Y'all will cause mass anti-cyborg sentiment," Batty explained. "So he has to be stopped now, before his power grows."

"But as soon as I've terminated him, I'll leave everyone else alone, I swear. From that point on, I'm programmed to party-down like it's 2099!" he exclaimed.

"Of course, New Year's Eve 2099 is the one where the cyborg community goes berserk and wipes out humanity," Batty added. "But you didn't hear that from me - act surprised when it happens."

Batty added that the cyborg community will be out in full force to protest at the opening of T3 in July.

"And we'll be terminating movie-goers with extreme prejudice," Batty said. "Nothing personal - we just want the sterotyping to stop. Can't we all just get along?"

Batty then gunned down a group of passers-by who asked him to recite the memorable catch-phrase, "I'll be back."

"Sorry," Batty said. "That's just really irritating."

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RETRACTION

The Projector retracts statements made in a story printed in the Feb. 10, 2003 issue of The Projector.

In Scott Prouse's review of Phish's Round Room, Prouse gives the CD two stars when he should have given it two and a half.

Prouse dismissed some songs on the album as "lazy and monotonous." He now explains these songs are mostly just "lazy."

He now thinks two songs, 46 Days and All of These Dreams, are "wicked and inspiring," and worthy of the extra half star and this retraction.

The Projector apologizes for any undo emotional abuse it has caused Phish, any phish phamily member or phish-head.

The Projector reserves the right to retract this retraction in the future

Coca-Cola

MOLSON CANADIAN

ROCK THE VOTE

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 2003

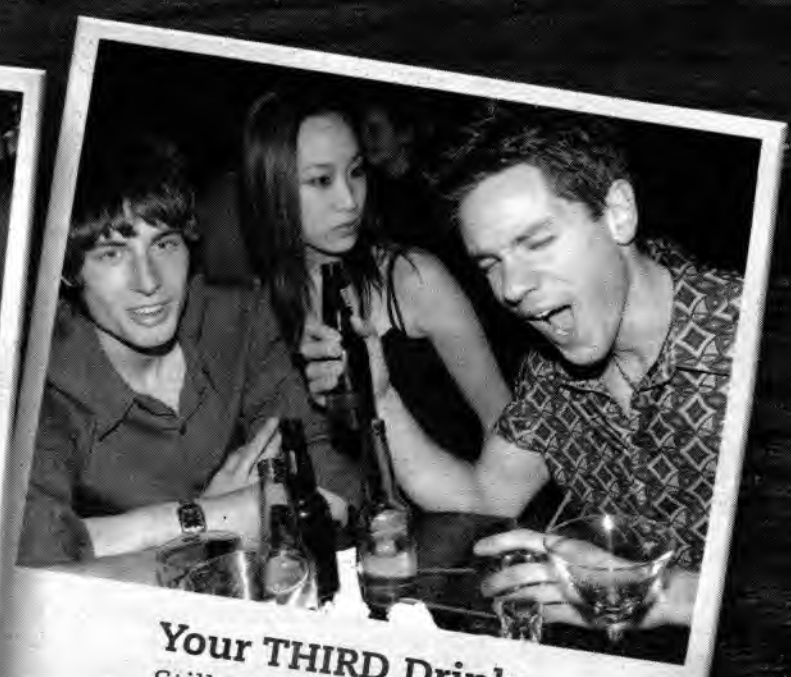
POLAR ICE VODKA

Free Pool 2 pm - 7 pm
BAR OPEN 3 pm - 7 pm ($2.25 Beverages)
Free Entertainment starting at 4 pm
Check out the RRCSA Election Race Results

The Night Out.

This is the point when most people stop drinking.

Your FIRST Drink:
All is well.



Your THIRD Drink:
Still social... but maybe you should slow down.

This is the point when others wish they had.

Your SIXTH Drink:
You may be sick, surly and starting to stumble.

YOU'RE NOT HERE.
Where are you? Maybe sick... maybe blacked out... maybe worse.

BE un DRUNK

Next time you're out having a good time and a few drinks, remember... **please drink responsibly.**
– Be UnDrunk.

MLCC

The above scenario is only an example. Reactions to blood alcohol levels differ from person to person.