

Happy hijacking; or, How to own an airport

By Robert Bodrog-Goodland

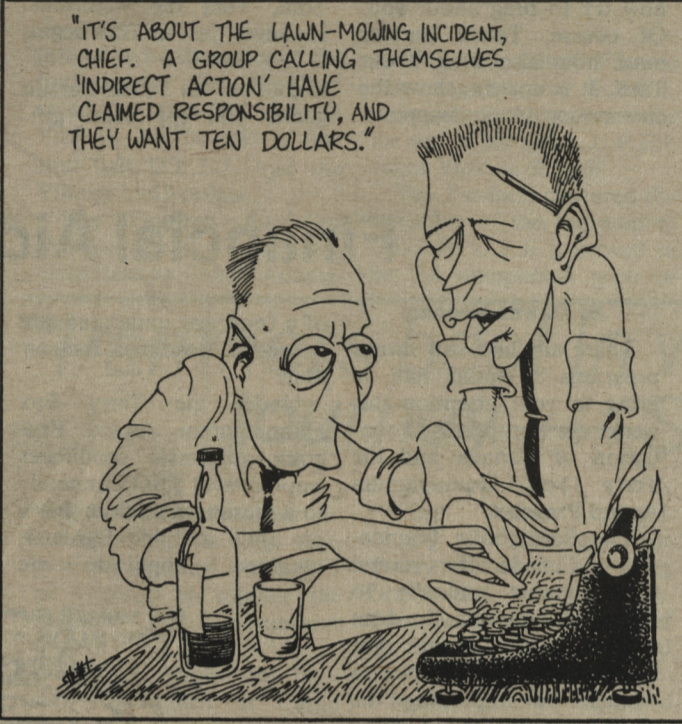
In case you haven't noticed, it's definitely a strange world out there. It seems that in certain areas of this uncivilized planet, anything goes. As long as people think that they're justified in their actions, many groups and individuals will stop at nothing to achieve their ends, regardless of how sadistic or perverse the means may be.

Today I'm going to discuss an area that's been making an international come back in recent months, everyone's favorite form of terrorism — air piracy, or as it's more commonly known — HIJACKING.

Originally, hijacking was a simple crime with a clearly defined purpose: namely, free transportation. More than a few tightwads over the years have gotten free air fare simply by pulling out a Luger after departing JFK airport and demanded a nonstop excursion to Havana.

However, that sort of thing is considered in most international terrorist circles to be a rather bland and wimpish

"IT'S ABOUT THE LAWN-MOWING INCIDENT, CHIEF. A GROUP CALLING THEMSELVES 'INDIRECT ACTION' HAVE CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY, AND THEY WANT TEN DOLLARS."



act. I mean, what kind of fool hijacks a plane with the sole purpose of getting somewhere? Like, how passe.

No boys and girls, today if you're gonna hijack an

airline you'd better have a damn good reason, or most major authorities won't even give you the time of day. Therefore, to help all you potential agitators out there, I've laid out some guidelines you should follow in order to make your hijacking a successful one.

First and foremost, as I've mentioned, it's essential that you or your group have a clearly defined political motive. For example: the release of a certain bunch of prisoners somewhere, or the reversal of a nation's foreign policy on a given issue; you know, something like that. You see, once you've defined your purpose, you then know exactly what your objectives are, and this gives you your *raison d'être*.

OK: now that you've got a motive, it's imperative that you really believe in what you're trying to achieve. Sure, it's all fine and good to have demands and stuff but unless you and your cohorts are genuinely dedicated to your cause, regardless of how stupid or irrational it may be, you can just forget it. Therefore it cannot be stressed enough, that after cause, motivation is the key to any successful operation.

Great; now that you've got a purpose and motivation, you must think ahead and ask yourself: 'Once I've got the plane, what the hell am I gonna do with it?' Sure, you might be able to make the people ON BOARD do what you want, but to get a

government to comply with your demands is a completely different ball game; especially if you're playing on their home field.

Therefore, the best thing to do (if possible) is divert the plane to a nation whose government is sympathetic to the ends you're trying to achieve. Take for example the hijacking of the Kuwaiti airliner last December. The terrorists landed the plane in Tehran, the Iranian capital. In this case the terrorists were demanding the release of some political prisoners held in Kuwait. You see, the hijackers held the same pro-Islamic policies as those of Iran concerning the prisoners. Therefore, although the Iranian government wasn't exactly responsible for the situation, at the same time they weren't exactly going to go out of their way to act against people with interests similar to their own. Besides, if you agree with the policies of the country you're in, they'll welcome all the free publicity you're supplying them with, in order to get their own point of view across. But at the same time they can always say, "Hey, we didn't hijack any plane."

Also, if the government likes you, you've got a better chance of getting good food for you and your captives.

And finally, if at first you don't succeed, try try again. Sometimes three or even four attempts are necessary before people will wake up and take notice of your cause. But don't worry, sooner or later you're bound to get recognition, especially if your group has a name. You know, something catchy, like the International Liberation Organization, or something equally stupid like that.

Well, there you have it. Four basic steps to success in this highly specialized field of international subversion. Personally, I don't think it's worth all the bother. You'd be much better off writing your M.P.

Because when you work out the investment/return ratio on these things, most political economists would agree, it's not worth all the effort, worry and bother. So if you should ever start to get that hijacking feeling, get a grip on yourself and ask yourself "Wouldn't it be more fun if I just got drunk instead?" In the long run, you'll be glad you did.

Life Styles

By Lori Anne Heckbert

Hello again, good old friends of mine!

I know that you people are tired of hearing "How were your holidays?", so let me ask you this "Did the opportunity for some R & R go over big with you all?" (R & R means Rest and Relaxation)

Same thing, you say? You realize of course that if I hear one word of bitching from you that I'll have only two words for you — that better not be cheering I'm hearing — and they ain't "Bon Voyage"!

Go on, ask me how my distressing time away from this task which I love so much (did someone say gushy?) was. Go on ...

Why, thank you for asking. My vacation was lovely, thank you. I spent it in sunny, albeit -35 Winnipeg with my adorable and also pretty pregnant sister.

God, it's good to be back. What? Oh, I didn't mean anything by that ... I mean don't take it that I didn't enjoy ... Alright then, think what you want — maybe you'll be right for a change.

I can't say anything stupid, I've already exhausted that possibility. Mommie!

Listen, let's talk about Lifestyles.

A fair to middling topic of conversation, wouldn't you say? Sure you would.

I know that this is really the only bubble gum in the paper. And, unless you've been lying to me you'd like to keep it that way. But hey,

don't you ever feel a burning desire to say something important, relevant, and intelligent?

You've never had that feeling, huh?

To that I say "Pshaw!"

Thanks! I feel much better now that I've vocalized a relevant, important, and — what was the other word? — oh yes, intelligent thought.

(OK. I want you to pretend that I am taking a deep breath through my nostrils. Now I am exhaling. Now, picture a slyly smug and self-satisfied smile stealing around the corners of my (is there a word beginning with "S" that describes mouth? Nope, I already tried clap trap, it doesn't fit — good suggestion, though) MOUTH.

I'm finished. That's all I have to say. Really. Do take care, won't you?

See you next week, same time, same place.



Graphic/The Muse

Simwilt in Underland

By Jim Lai

In the land of Glumbell, there lived a young man named Sly Simwilt. He was greatly disrespected by the general population of Glumbell for no reason at all, save for the fact that it was traditional to look down upon all members of the Dimwilt clan. This tradition may have been the cause of the decline of the Dimwilts — Sly was the sole surviving descendant.

The land of Glumbell was surrounded by the unpassable Mountains of Darkness which totally walled off the inhabitants of Glumbell from the Outside World, and reality. Fortunately, the Glumbellians (if I may use that word) were so wrapped up in their egos that they never even noticed they were walled in.

Sly Dimwilt was quite lonely in Glumbell. Every time he approached within a few meters of a girl, she would rush up to him and spray tear gas in his face. The boys were even worse. They often hung him from trees and flagpoles. As a result, Sly developed very strong neck muscles.

One day, Sly realized how cruel the Glumbellians were. He didn't know why the people had this tradition of attacking him since his parents died before they could tell him. Seeing the pointlessness of staying, Sly decided

to escape to the Outside World.

Later that night, he gathered his few belongings and headed toward the Mountains of Darkness. He had escaped Glumbell!

The next day, the Glumbellians sent out a search party to find the missing Dimwilt, the last survivor of generations of tradition. Without Sly, the people would have no one to hang and shout abuses at on Fridays.

They could not understand why Sly left. Didn't he enjoy being hanged? Didn't he want to be buried in a Nameless Grave upon his death, like all his Nameless ancestors?

After a great deal of searching, the Glumbellians gave up. The last remaining Dimwilt had eluded their grasp. They could not find Sly, for that would have ruined the plot.

Meanwhile, Sly was still wandering the Mountains of Darkness. Unlike the other Glumbellians, Sly was capable of rational thought. This he had concealed up until now, for the act of thinking was a serious crime punishable by exile, or death.

It began to rain. Sly found shelter in a long-forgotten cave. He began thinking about the Outside World and its legendary dangers. As he did, he noticed a shaft of light at the other end of the cave. Sly blindly crawled toward it.

He found himself at the edge of a cavernous chasm, apparently bottomless. The only path across was a narrow half-rotten rope bridge. All that he could see on the other side was a smallish tunnel entrance. The whole area was lit by the green-yellow glow of patches of phosphorescent moss.

In his childhood (had he ever left it?), he had been told of the subterranean kingdoms of Underland. He

recalled the rope bridge and how the kingdoms of Underland led to the Outside World. The legend was true!

Sly pondered a moment. Should he go back and face the cruel and unthinking Glumbellians? Or should he venture forth and face the cruel reality of the Outside World? Realizing how sore his neck muscles were from the last hanging, he decided to cross the bridge. (To be continued)

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