



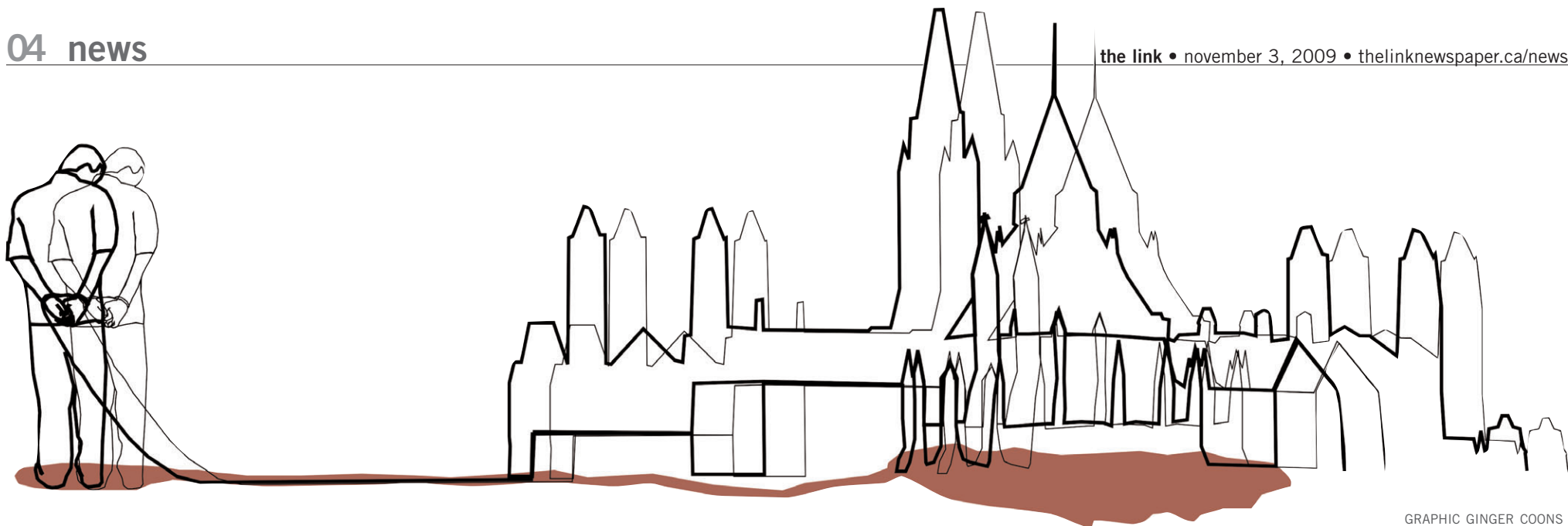
**The inhuman race**

**Sports 16**









GRAPHIC GINGER COONS

# Blood was spilled in the House of Commons

## Eyewitness questions media's slanted coverage of the environmental protest

• ELISABETH FAURE

Canada's normally sedate House of Commons was rocked by protest on Oct. 26 when a group of young activists sitting in the visitor's gallery erupted in chants against government inaction on climate change.

The demonstration broke out during Question Period and the protesters were promptly dragged from the House by security guards. One Concordia student was on hand to witness events.

"Security was in a state of chaos," said Cameron Fenton, an undergraduate psychology student involved in Project Survival Media, an international youth group concerned with environmental matters.

Fenton reported that the guards treated several of the protesters vio-

lently when removing them from the House.

"I saw two officers manhandling Adam MacIsaac," said Fenton, referring to a well-known climate change activist. Fenton said he also witnessed a female CBC news reporter being dragged down a flight of stairs.

He also witnessed activist Jeh Custer's removal from the House. "There was blood on the walls," said Fenton. "Security guards smashed his nose on the floor." This corresponds to Custer's account, which had been questioned by the media. Custer appeared to have minimal facial bleeding when being removed from the House, but was later interviewed looking much worse.

Despite claims in the media that Custer may have punched himself to make the injury worse, reports

from members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery show that he was handcuffed in the visitor's gallery. A thick trail of blood was also visible from the speaker's gallery, near where Custer was arrested, to the basement where he was held.

Many of the protesters had gathered in Ottawa over the weekend as part of an environmental summit called Power Shift Canada.

"We had people from every single province," said Fenton, who stresses that the protest was not formally organized by Power Shift Canada or any political party.

"It really wasn't a single person's idea," he said. "We didn't go in to the summit with an established goal. But at that point, the protest took on a life of its own."

"Climate justice," and "Whose House? Our House," were some of

the slogans chanted as the protesters were removed. Chant leader Joe Cressy, who directed the assembled youth, made references to Bill C-311. Protesters yelled, "When I say, 'Bill C-311,' you say, 'Sign it,'" in the gallery to the MPs below.

The boisterous protest violated the parliamentary rule that visitors seated in the gallery must observe proceedings in silence.

The New Democratic Party introduced the bill to set strict targets to reduce greenhouse gas emissions in Canada by 2050. Environmental activists had hoped to see the bill passed before a global environmental summit in Copenhagen this December. The bill was delayed in committee on Oct. 2, making quick passage impossible.

"The Liberals and Conservatives

killed the bill," said Fenton, who described the actions of both parties as, "absolutely inactive [and] irresponsible."

Fenton said that only the NDP and the Green Party are acting responsibly with regards to climate change, noting that Green Party leader Elizabeth May attended the Power Shift summit in late October and was "fully supportive" of the protesters.

Leading up to the Copenhagen summit, activists promise further action. Cressy has been quoted in the media as saying "Flash-Mob Mondays" will be held every week until the conference gets underway.

"This was not a one time thing," Fenton promised. "There will be actions by youth across Canada until our government commits to a binding resolution at Copenhagen."

## Protest against proposed Ugandan anti-gay bill



Petition signatures are gathered in Berri-UQAM metro station (left), 'Homosexual rights are human rights' (centre), a crowd hears a speech in Place Émilie-Gamelin (right). PHOTOS MATTHEW HOOD

• JUSTIN GIOVANNETTI

For a group of Montrealers, the scariest thing this Halloween was an anti-homosexuality bill being debated in the Ugandan parliament that would make it a crime to have sex with someone of the same gender.

Nearly 100 protesters braved rain and grey skies on Oct. 31 to

protest the bill in Place Émilie-Gamelin, near Berri-UQAM métro. The Concordia Volunteer Abroad Program has voiced concerns that the bill could bar them from the country, as it contains stipulations banning all organizations from Uganda that provide support to homosexuals.

"What we are trying to do is to bring pressure on the Canadian

and Ugandan governments," said one of the protest organizers, whose name is being withheld so that he or she will not be banned from Uganda. "We hope that the more pressure there is from the international community, the less chance there is that this bill will pass."

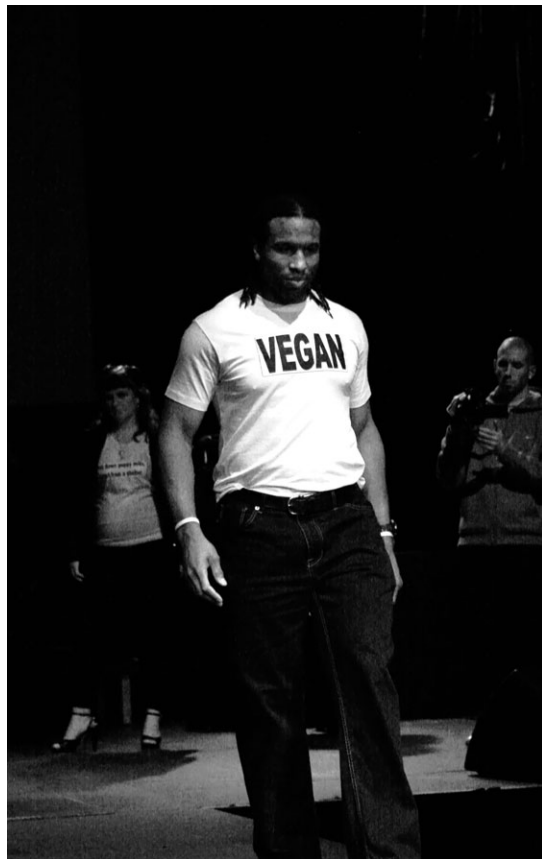
Two petitions were circulated out of the rain inside the Berri-

UQAM métro station. One will be sent to the Canadian government, calling for an official condemnation of the bill, and the other will be sent to the Ugandan government, calling for an end to the bill.

The French parliament and the American Congress have already denounced the law, calling it a "step backwards for human rights in Uganda."

The Oct. 31 protest was held to raise awareness, with the event's speakers approaching passersby and distributing pamphlets in and around the métro station.

"A lot of people we stopped in the métro signed the petition and really supported us," said one of the organizers. "They were grateful that we were telling them what was happening."



(Left) Georges Laraque proudly shows colours and they aren't blue, white and red. (Right) The vegan fashion models take a bow of sorts. PHOTOS ELSA JABRE

# Fashion and compassion

## Catwalk for animals at Montreal World Vegan Fashion Day

• LAURA BEESTON

Rolling out the red carpet for the third annual Montreal World Vegan Day Fashion Show on Nov. 1, style-savvy vegans, activists and artists gathered at La Tulipe to party for the protection of animals.

Celebrating a fabulous vegan lifestyle, the event showcased cruelty-free couture, cat-walking celebrities and guiltless gourmet from local vegan caterers, with all proceeds going to the SPCA's campaign against puppy mills.

"Skins are not in in 2009," said Lucas Solowey, the event's coordinator and co-president of Concordia Animal Rights Association. "It's time to really support the positive, sexy, cruelty-free alternatives that exist."

Currently working to increase vegetarian and vegan food options at Concordia University, Solowey said that his mandate for the evening was to promote the reduction of animal violence and to condemn animal oppression around the world.

"It really starts with each one of us using our dollar," he said. "Every time we purchase something, it is one way of boycotting certain unethical products and supporting an alternative. Every person can make a difference and every little thing helps."

The fashion models—all curves, heels, struts and smiles—cat-walked alongside Montreal Canadiens forward Georges Laraque, who has been a practising vegan since June.

When asked how it felt going

from the rink to the runway, Laraque said, "I'd do it in a Speedo and wouldn't even care. I'm not shy or nervous, I could do anything. We play in front of thousands of people. Walking in front of a couple hundred is no big deal."

Other vegan celebrities included Moby, who gave a shout-out via video, Lucy Decoutere and Sarah Dunsworth from *Trailer Park Boys* and Virgin Radio personality Nat Lauzon.

"Tonight is your chance to speak for those who don't have a vote," Lauzon told the excited crowd as they ate vegan hors d'oeuvres from local Thai eatery ChuChai.

Hailing from Toronto, Healing Heart Designs front woman Becca Love came to close the show with

items from her collection. Boasting cruelty-free, sweatshop-free, handmade clothing for any body type, Love's line featured feminine garments adorned with animal rights slogans.

"I don't believe we should use, kill or harm animals for our own vanity," she said, adding that she uses compassionate fashion to speak out against corrupt industry practices.

"If someone wants to put a fur coat in a show, I will go on right after with an anti-fur slogan to undo what they just did."

Arguing that everything bought and worn is political, Love encouraged endorsing animal-friendly alternatives to avoid a fashion faux-pas.

"Always read labels on all your food and clothing," she added.

# French journalism in a state of crisis

## Montreal's two biggest French papers under siege as unions dig in

• NIKITA LOUIS-JACQUES SMITH

With journalists locked out of *Le Journal de Montréal* and the owners of *La Presse* threatening to close the paper on Dec. 1, French journalism in Montreal is entering a period of crisis.

"The public is not aware of what's going on," said Raynald Leblanc, the president of *Le Journal's* union. The main problem is simple, he explained, employers want to cut journalist's salaries without offering anything in return.

"We're ready to enter negotiations, but not for nothing," continued Leblanc.

On Nov. 24, *Le Journal's* journalists will have been locked out of their offices for 10 months. With the union claiming that management is not willing to meet the employees halfway on their demands, the lock-out may continue indefinitely.

"We've asked to meet three times and three times we've been turned down," explained Diane Desgroseilliers, who ran *Le Journal's* classifieds section before

the lockout. Desgroseilliers said that Pierre-Karl Péladeau, the president and chief executive officer of Quebecor—*Le Journal's* owner—is the source of the problem.

"With Pierre Péladeau there was no problem. [His son] Pierre-Karl wants us to have no unions and no opinions," she continued.

The recent economic crisis has made the labour conflict worse.

"The economy has people scared. There's a clean-up going on and it's confusing everything," said Leblanc.

*Le Journal* is not the only French

newspaper having problems. *La Presse*, which has printed for 125 years, is threatening to stop publication on Dec. 1 unless its union makes deep concessions.

Some of *Le Journal's* locked out journalists are envious of those at *La Presse*.

"*La Presse* is negotiating, we are not," said Vincent Larouche, who now writes for *Rue Frontenac*.

The online newspaper, *Rue Frontenac*, was set up by 100 of *Le Journal's* locked out employees and their union.

## Briefs

### A carbon capped economy can still grow, report finds

An authoritative study released last week claims that Canada's economy would grow by 2.2 per cent annually under the current government plan to cut carbon emissions. Oil-reliant Alberta would hurt the most, but its per capita GDP would remain well above the national average.

### Project Montreal now a solid third

Richard Bergeron was not elected mayor, but Project Montreal rose from obscurity to become Montreal's third party. "That was our challenge, to use the campaign to make ourselves known," Bergeron said jubilantly as he congratulated Mayor Gerald Tremblay on his victory.

### Turcot talk aims to inform and entertain citizens

Local blog Spacing Montreal and McGill University are teaming up to hold a "carnavalesque" event to inform Montrealers about possible options for the future of the Turcot Interchange. The event is at O Ciel at 3255 St-Jacques St. on Nov. 4 at 7 p.m.

A report from the Ministry of the Environment with its recommendation for a new Turcot is expected in two weeks.

### International students are worth more than the lumber industry

International students contribute \$6.5 billion annually to the Canadian economy, creating more value than all coal or lumber exports, says a report from the federal government. The report provides international students with an extra argument to use against planned tuition increases.

### California seriously mulls legalizing pot

To help reverse a chronic budget deficit, California is considering the legalization and heavy taxing of marijuana. The state government says that legalizing pot would save millions in prison and police costs, while creating \$1.4 billion in revenue. Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger is opposed.





Joanna Berzowska removes a ring with embedded LEDs from the "Itchy" dress. PHOTO JUSTIN GIOVANNETTI

# Powering your way in style

## Concordia professor taps sustainable power source

• JUSTIN GIOVANNETTI

On the surface, the three grey and white dresses hanging in the XS Lab at Concordia University might look like haute couture, but it is only when the dresses start moving that the metres of wires and electronics hidden in their fabric come alive.

"This is a whole new concept in wearable technology," said Joanna Berzowska, a Concordia professor of design and the founder of the XS Lab, of her most recent project: Captain Electric and Battery Boy.

"The person wearing the dress is the power source, but more importantly, it is the kinetic energy of their discomfort that is being captured," continued Berzowska.

The three leather dresses, named Sticky, Itchy and Stiff, use the pulling, pushing or twisting of the dress by the wearer to drive a dynamo that powers lights or an integrated MP3 player.

The garments will be first revealed to the public during the Vancouver Olympic Games at a gallery at the Emily Carr University of Art and Design.

The unveiling will be part of the games' cultural programming.

More than simply a science project, the dresses are also a piece of social commentary about the fashion industry.

"When you look into fashion across all cultures, discomfort is an accepted part," said Berzowska.

"Think of how women put themselves in heels, confining dresses or have their thighs rubbing together and how they could draw power from their discomfort," explained Gaia Orain, a Concordia undergraduate student in design who worked for Berzowska's team on the project. Orain sewed the electronics into the dresses.

"If you are in an uncomfortable situation, you might as well draw power from it."

Berzowska, a leader in the field of wearable technology, spoke about a past experience with clothing manufacturer Nike. A similar concept was tried and rejected by the company because of fear that the discomfort caused by electronics in the sole would turn off customers.

"Any type of human-generated power solution does involve discomfort," said Berzowska. "Think of the flashlights you need to crank or the generator on the wheel of a bike. To generate energy you need to exert energy."

Funded by a grant from the Hexagram Institute, a Quebec-based art and design clearinghouse with a lab at Concordia, Berzowska credited the project's unique name for helping find research money.

"One of the reasons I am well known in the field is that I am very successful in raising money," said Berzowska. "Choosing fun names is something that helps me raise all the money I do."

Both Berzowska and Orain agreed that the dresses are only the beginning of a growing trend towards wearable technology.

Apart from using a sustainable power source—the user—the dresses are also an alternative to expensive and wasteful battery power.

"A lot of the parts that we are using to build this are commercially available and there are thousands of applications one can think of," said Berzowska.

# Demonstrators strip to protest funding cuts



Demonstrating against funding cuts is a hot business. PHOTO DAVID DYCK

• DAVID DYCK, *THE PEAK*  
(SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY)

**BURNABY, B.C. (CUP)**—A group of streakers stormed a crowded Simon Fraser University quad on Oct. 27 to protest cuts in post-secondary funding.

Standing in their underwear, the group of five streakers was accompanied by several clothed volunteers who held up signs and handed out pamphlets to raise awareness about funding cuts.

The streakers were led by Jonathan Brockman, a representative with the Simon Fraser Student Society.

"The main goal of this was to raise awareness and make it look fun," Brockman said. "Advocacy doesn't always have to be just standing around with signs and chanting. You can get naked, you can run around and do ridiculous things."

"It's a fun thing and I think students saw that. There were a lot of students who were really receptive and really positive about this," continued Brockman.

The group toured the school's academic quadrangle—which

was already crowded with booths for SFU's Health and Wellness Week—handing out 600 pamphlets.

Brockman said the initiative came from frustration at the lack of attention paid to post-secondary funding on the part of the British Columbia government.

"It's just that they know they can cut post-secondary education and students don't really vote, they don't really care," said Brockman. "They can cut it and no one is going to make that much of an issue about it."

One way to be taken seriously is to generate student interest that would be reflected in polls, explained Brockman.

Simon Fraser students can expect to see more streaking in the future as he plans to continue into the new semester, when the next provincial budget is drafted.

"[We're doing this] so that they know students are listening and students care, and that if they don't address the needs of students they will be held responsible," said Brockman. "I really hope we'll be getting naked for funding again, it was fun."

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# United under one groove

Papagroove brings the funk to the Musée d'art contemporain



Afro-funk band Papagroove: a sprawling collective that “just sort of happened” after years of weekly jam sessions.

• EMILY BRASS

Papagroove march to their own irresistible, pulsating beat.

Made up of 13 members, the Montreal band is a powerful, Afro-funk machine. You might think that for a band that big to rock that hard, there must be a strong leader calling the shots.

“Not at all,” chuckled the band’s trombonist, Mathieu Van Vliet. “In fact, that is why it works so well. Everyone gets a chance to shine.”

Part of Papagroove’s forceful five-piece horn section, Van Vliet said the band “just sort of happened” as a result of a weekly jam

session that started in 2001. The event moved from bar to bar over the years, bringing together a collective of seasoned hired guns, none of whom work day jobs.

They started by taking turns playing solos to the music of Afrobeat legend Fela Kuti. In time they created their own funkier grooves, which then evolved into songs.

“We jammed so often that we knew the music by heart,” said Van Vliet. A few years later, they took their penetrating instrumental tunes to the stage and played their first gig. It was only after this show that they decided to have an “offi-

cial” rehearsal.

“Before that, we had only jammed,” explained Van Vliet. “Jam sessions give you the best music, but sometimes also the worst. That night we had the feeling we were giving a real performance, so we decided to start rehearsing.”

Soon after, a vocalist named Sebastien Francisque showed up to the weekly jam.

“We knew right away that we had found a singer,” said Van Vliet.

Contrary to convention, where the vocalist is the central character of a band, Francisque wrote lyrics

to match the musicians’ grooves, scoring points for knowing when to step back and let someone else take the lead.

“People relate to his words, and he is much more of an entertainer than us,” laughed Van Vliet. “Adding vocals gave us guidelines. It made the music more compact and less jazz-like.”

The formula is working. Papagroove has rocked thousands of bouncing bodies at the Montreal Jazz Festival and the Calgary Folk Fest. Featured on Télé-Québec’s show *Belle et Bum*, they were later brought back to the program by audience request.

Next up for the band is a show this weekend at the Musée d’art contemporain, as part of the Nocturnes series. On the first Friday of every month, the museum hosts a band, opens a bar and lets their hair down.

“They hired us because they want a party, and we are going to give them one,” said Van Vliet.

Papagroove play the Musée d’art contemporain (185 Ste-Catherine St. W.) on Nov. 6 at 7 p.m. Tickets are \$8, \$4 for students under 30. Ticket price includes access to the museum’s exhibitions and cash bar service from 5 to 9 p.m.

## Love, in the wrong time and place

Gay persecution under the Third Reich exposed in *Bent*

• RACHEL LAU

Yves Jacquier first visited the Auschwitz concentration camps 15 years ago, an experience that he says left a bad taste in his mouth.

“I left feeling horrible and disgusted,” said Jacquier.

This month, Jacquier hopes his theatrical rendition of a Nazi officer will leave audiences feeling the same way. He costars in Altera Vitae’s production of *Bent*, a play that tells the story of the Third Reich’s persecution of homosexuals.

Hitler revived a passage of German law dictating that homosexuality was not just a criminal offence but a serious felony. It is estimated that 50,000 men and women served prison sentences for homosexuality during the Third Reich, many of whom were eventually thrown into camps. These events occurred even before the genocide of Jews and continued after the liberation of the concentration camps.

Written by Martin Sherman in 1979, *Bent* garnered attention for its frank exposure of

homosexual persecution. Altera Vitae presents the play as “a story of acceptance, tolerance and love, in the wrong time and the wrong place.”

The show stars six men, including Concordia graduates Vance de Waele and Mark Waters. De Waele says he originally studied pure and applied sciences at Champlain College because “we all go into what we think we’re supposed to go into.” He soon discovered his passion for the stage after joining the theatre club and decided to make the switch to performing arts.

His involvement with *Bent* started at the end of August when director Carolyn Fe asked him to read the script for the first time.

“I just thought, ‘That’s the one,’” said de Waele of his immediate interest in the character of Horst. He identified with the character due to his proud sense of self and his courage to be an openly gay man in a conservative society.

Altera Vitae supports a non-profit organization with the proceeds of every production. This time, they have chosen Gris-Montréal, a non-profit community organi-



Altera Vitae’s production of *Bent* explores the struggles of gay men in Nazi Germany. PHOTO RACHEL LAU

zation that aims to shed light on the realities faced by LGBT people and facilitate their integration into society.

According to Fe, *Bent* is a striking exploration of gay rights that is right at home in a diverse city like Montreal.

“I like to put forward the issue of minori-

ties, of being different,” concluded Fe.

*Bent* will be performed at Espace 4001 (4001 Berri St., suite 103) from Nov. 5 to 15 at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. Tickets are \$18 for students. See [alteravitae.com/bent](http://alteravitae.com/bent) for more information on showtimes.





Environmental activist Vandana Shiva was the unflattering recipient of the Bullshit Award for Sustaining Poverty from neoliberal lobbyist Barun Mitra, as shown in the film *Bullshit*.

# Pure *Bullshit* at Cinema Politica

## Documentary excels at showing, not telling

• CHRISTOPHER OLSON

"We are pioneers and anyone who is working to change the old methods faces opposition. It's the same throughout history."

Would you guess that the speaker of those words is a) a social worker revolutionizing care for mental patients, b) the leader of a major electoral reform movement in a country ruled by a one-party system, or c) the public relations department at the Monsanto corporation, a company responsible for genetically-modified foods which may or may not be hazardous to your health?

If you chose c), then you're going to find sitting through *Bullshit*, screening at Cinema

Politica next week, a bit of a challenge.

*Bullshit* falls for one of the greatest follies of grassroots documentaries. It assumes I'll always root for the little guy over the well-spoken businessman. Things really are in a depressing state when the PR guys at a major corporation make the most convincing and clear arguments in a debate over globalization.

Vandana Shiva, a green activist the film obviously favours as its protagonist, received the less-than-flattering Bullshit Award for Sustaining Poverty from neoliberal lobbyist Barun Mitra, a recognition of her attempts to thwart the spread of genetically-modified foods.

Mitra's argument is that this is sustenance desperately needed by starving citizens. The filmmakers throw the award right back in his face, painting him as the hero's feeble foil and ignoring the fact that the two are both working towards the same goal—alleviating world poverty. Their only disagreement is over the method.

One of the challenging aspects of *Bullshit* is that it rolls diverse effects of globalization into one malformed chunk. First, we are introduced to "Frankenstein foods." These are genetically-modified organisms, like wheat seeds, which can produce higher yields as they fight off insects and other pesky organisms. Harmful side

effects of GMOs have yet to be observed.

But then we also get criticism of corporations which give out loans to Indian farmers to encourage American-style agriculture. These loans are impossible to repay for many farmers, prompting many to commit suicide rather than default on their loans and face prison time.

Finally, we witness Coca-Cola's attempts to wrestle control of water supplies away from small communities, as well as their complete disregard for the water in neighbourhoods they don't control.

The issue of loans and water control are terrible, possibly even criminal, but the film's debate over

GMOs and their potential to help the world's most malnourished falls short, leaving the viewer without satisfying evidence.

*Bullshit's* strengths lie not in its arguments against globalization or GMOs, but its documentation of farmers forced into debt and corporate disregard of water supplies and the people whose lives—not just their livelihoods—depend on it.

*Bullshit* will be screened in room H-110 in Concordia's Hall Building (1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. W.) on Nov. 9 at 7:30 p.m. The film will be preceded by two shorts, *Recycle* and *The Bicycle*. For a full listing of Cinema Politica's screenings, see [cinemapolitica.org/concordia](http://cinemapolitica.org/concordia).



# Art and altruism

## Big-hearted Ontarians Ohbijou give back

• GINGER COONS

Ohbijou have been known to attract listeners with asymmetrical haircuts, skinny jeans and white shoes. The dress sense of their listeners may lead the casual observer to conclude that Toronto-based Ohbijou is, well, a pack of hipsters. Frontwoman Casey Mecija begs to differ.

“Hipster’ is a very loaded term,” said Mecija. “It can mean a gentrified Queen West [Toronto’s traditional hipster stomping grounds]. It can mean something popular at the moment. I think we’re the opposite. Nerdy, homely.”

Ohbijou is an orchestral indie pop force. With a sound that is at turns monumental and bashful, folksy and driving, Ohbijou is enjoying much-deserved success. The band recently embarked on a national tour, hot on the heels of their September sojourn in Europe. Their recent travels haven’t uprooted their sensibilities. Originally from Brantford, Ont., Mecija says the band has an affinity for smaller cities.

“I think that we have a kinship to [Ontario] towns like Peterborough, Guelph, Brantford,” she said.

Ohbijou’s stock has been on the rise since the 2006 release of their first album, *Swift Feet for Troubling Times*, with appearances at Montreal’s Osheaga, Toronto’s Virgin Festival and the Hillside Festival in Guelph. Ohbijou’s latest album, *Beacons*, was released in June of this year.

Ohbijou isn’t just making waves in concert. The band has attracted the attention of the Canadian art establishment in the form of a



Ohbijou’s Casey Mecija (centre) says her bandmates are the “opposite” of hipsters. GRAPHIC GINGER COONS

residency at Alberta’s art mecca, the Banff Centre. Ohbijou participated in the two-week Banff Indie Band Residency in 2008, gaining access to, as Mecija put it, “facilities never imagined by an indie band [and] mentorship never imagined by an indie band.” She is effusive about the experience.

“It felt perfect,” she gushed. “I don’t know how to describe it better than saying it was perfect.”

The band also has an altruistic streak. Compilation albums *Friends in Bellwoods* and the recently released *Friends in Bellwoods II*, spearheaded by Mecija and drummer James

Bunton, have raised \$17,000 for the Daily Bread Food Bank. The albums, named after Mecija’s house on Toronto’s Bellwoods Avenue, feature the work of notable indie groups like The Acorn, Final Fantasy, Great Lake Swimmers and Gentleman Reg.

“There was a really tight-knit community of musicians filtering through our house,” said Mecija. “We wanted to keep a record of it. We wanted to help the community that has been so good to us.”

Ohbijou plays Club Lambi (4465 St-Laurent Blvd.) on Nov. 5 at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are \$8.

## spins

### AIR Love 2

Virgin



I must admit a soft spot for French band AIR, whose name is an acronym for Amour, Imagination, Rêve. Their album *Talkie Walkie* was delightful for a dreamy, troubled, teenage girl, and there’s no doubt that their soundtrack for Sofia Coppola’s film *The Virgin Suicides* added to its success.

If you like AIR’s previous records, you will like *Love 2*—it isn’t much of a departure from their trademark sound. It is catchy, sensual, cute and dreamy. They are still using the same repetitive technique as in classic songs such as “Run,” as well as robot voices which, I must admit, kind of frighten me.

*Love 2* nonetheless takes on a more tropical flavour. I can see lounge types being seduced by the music while sinking into purple velour sofas under dim lights and sipping on \$12 martinis.

The track “Be the Bee” sounds as if they are trying to make it onto the next *Kill Bill* soundtrack, but overall AIR are just being their airy selves on this album. No pretension, no progression—just straight-up lovey, imaginative and dreamy. But honestly, unless you are

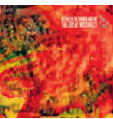
a die-hard AIR fan, I wouldn’t go spending my student loan money on this.

3/5

—Ashley Opheim

### Between the Buried and Me The Great Misdirect

Victory Records



North Carolina progressive metal outfit Between the Buried and Me are literally shooting for the stars with their fifth studio album—or their sixth, if you count 2006 covers collection *The Anatomy Of*. The hour-long set on *The Great Misdirect* starts slowly enough with “Mirrors.” Continuing nebulously with “Obfuscation,” a track full of rich, reverbed guitars, growled vocals and different sections switching between double-bass-pedal breakdowns and eerie quiet. Their softer moments use rich guitar harmonies and inventive musicianship, worthy of a trip to Mars.

The track “Disease, Injury, Madness” literally gallops along for 11 minutes—note the sound effects of a running horse about seven minutes in—turning the song into an ADHD-inflicted bundle of soft-and-fast-and-soft-and-fast.

Marathon-length, 18-minute album closer “Swim To The Moon” is almost tiresome to get

through; it’s mostly boring, leaving you feeling like the rest of the album has already covered this territory. Metalcore’s answer to Opeth fails to move above and beyond their superior prior effort *Colors*.

3/5

—R. Brian Hastie

### Kings of Convenience Declaration of Dependence

Virgin



The long-awaited third album from Norwegian duo Kings of Convenience is completely uninspired—a plateau. The album is lyrically innovative but musically lacklustre. Some of the songs are downright boring. Tracks blur together, a slur of sounds that Kings of Convenience have already overused on other albums, most successfully on 2004’s *Riot on an Empty Street*.

Don’t get me wrong; Kings of Convenience haven’t lost their touch. The guitar harmonies and piano of “Riot on an Empty Street” are both lulling and seductive, and “Rule My World” is addictive. I don’t really blame them for not changing their sound—if it ain’t broke, don’t fix it. It’s just that, in this case, not fixing only has the effect of making “it”

feel tired and old, inevitably and invariably “done.” If you just can’t help yourself, check out the singles “Boat Behind” or “Mrs. Cold.”

2.5/5

—Joelle Lemieux

### The Junction Another Link in the Chain

Independent



Canadian alt-rock trio The Junction’s new album *Another Link in the Chain* is all about self-actualization, finding your place in the world and letting your dreams guide you. The final result is quite striking. The band teamed up with experienced producers Gus van Go and Werner F (of The Stills and The Trews) for their third effort. Charismatic front man Brent Jackson knows how to use his voice to its full potential. Although the band’s sound is reminiscent of Sam Roberts Band or The Stills, The Junction’s fusion of jazz, rock and indie influences set them apart. The lyrics sometimes come off as stiff and restrained, but in this case the musicality of the songs compensate for the few flaws on this record. And frankly, I’ve seen a whole lot worse when it comes to lyrics.

3.7/5

—Demi Bégin

## The DOWN-LOW

### Event listings Oct. 13-19

#### VISUAL ARTS

*When you go back, nothing is real*  
London-based video artist Panayiotis Delilabros presents an installation based on digital music scores created by his late father, Constantine. Vernissage Friday, Nov. 6 at 7 p.m. Exhibition until Dec. 13 Discussion with the artist Sunday, Nov. 8 at 3 p.m. article 262 Fairmount Ave. W.

#### LECTURE

Poet George Elliott Clarke in dialogue with Professor Norman Cornett Saturday, Nov. 7 at 1 p.m. Galerie Samuel Lallouz 134 Sherbrooke St. W. Tickets : \$20 for students

“Exhibiting the 1930s: Photography, Modernism, and Print Culture” Jordana Mendelson discusses the historical context and conflicts of ‘30s photography. The latest installment of the Speaking of Photography lecture series. Thursday, Nov. 5 at 6:30 p.m. Room EV-1.615 Engineering, Computer Science and Visual Arts Complex 1515 Ste-Catherine St. W.

#### THEATRE

*Other People’s Problems*  
A dark comedy about the self-improvement industry. Tuesday, Nov. 3 to Saturday, Nov. 7 at 8 p.m., Nov. 7 and 8 at 2 p.m. Tickets: \$17 general admission, \$12 for students. Nov. 7 matinee is pay-what-you-can.

#### MUSIC

PC Worship with Holy Cobras, TONSTARTSSBANDHT and Omon Ra Thursday, Nov. 5 at 8 p.m. Friendship Cove 215a Murray St. Tickets: pay-what-you-can

You Say Party! We Say Die! with Immaculate Machine Saturday, Nov. 7 at 3 p.m. Phonopolis 5403A Parc Ave. Free

#### FILM

Academy of Art Video Art 2nd Annual Party Video screenings and music performances by Yume, Tooths and Dapinknoize. Friday, Nov. 6 at 8 p.m. 780 St-Remi St. #343 Free

— compiled by  
Madeline Coleman



# No justice for Tiffany Morrison

Three years in, the search continues for a missing Kahnawake woman

The official number of missing and murdered native women—just over 520 since 1980—would correspond to 18,000 missing women if extrapolated to the general non-Aboriginal female population of Canada.

• JILLIAN KESTLER-D'AMOURS

Around the time Tiffany Morrison disappeared, she had started babysitting her older sister Melanie Morrison's young daughter.

"She was coming to the house to help out and hang out. She wanted to be around my daughter because she loved kids," said Melanie, thinking back.

Today, nearly four years after Tiffany went missing, Melanie explained that her daughter still recognizes her aunt in pictures and knows her through the stories told about her.

"All of a sudden my daughter will be flipping through the photo album and she's like, 'Oh, that's auntie Tiffany.' She goes, 'We're going to find her, eh? We're going to bring her home.' And it just makes you want to cry," Melanie said, forcing a smile.

"Because deep down, I know my daughter is never going to see her again."

## Trail running cold

Tiffany was last seen leaving the Haraiki Bar in LaSalle, where she had gone to see a band with friends, on June 16, 2006.

At the time, the 25-year-old lived on the Kahnawake Mohawk reserve, 20 minutes south west of Montreal, with her mother and young daughter.

She reportedly left the bar around midnight in a taxi with a man from the community. After 24 hours had passed with no word from Tiffany, the Morrison family began to worry.

"Every time my sister went out, she'd always tell my mother when she was coming home, or where she would be, and if anything changed she'd call to let her daughter know [...] and this time, nothing. There was no contact whatsoever," Melanie said.

Ed Stacey, an investigator with the Kahnawake Peacekeepers, was assigned to the case from the very beginning. The main suspect is the man Tiffany left the bar with that night.

"[He] has denied police procedures, [like a] polygraph test," said Stacey. "He said it wasn't in [his] beliefs to go through those measures and right now I don't have enough evidence to get a warrant to make [him] go through the procedures," Stacey said.

The suspect did give a statement to police, saying that he was dropped off first

while Tiffany continued on in the cab to her mother's house.

"It's maybe seven minutes between the two [houses], with the [traffic] lights. It's not a far distance," explained Melanie.

But since taxi drivers often don't report the fares going to and from Kahnawake, there is no way to trace which driver or taxi company dropped them off.

"If they would have called for a taxi from the bar, then it would have been registered [with the dispatcher]. But that didn't happen. They waved the cab down off the street," Stacey said.

At the time of her disappearance, Tiffany had just completed an entrepreneurial course with the goal of starting her own business in the community.

"She wanted to start putting money [aside] to build a house for her and her daughter," Melanie said. "The irony is the business that she wanted to start was a taxi business and that's the last place she was associated with, in the taxi."

Tiffany's daughter had just graduated from kindergarden at the time of her disappearance and has been kept at a distance from the ongoing investigation.



Melanie Morrison holds photos of her little sister, who was last seen getting into a cab in LaSalle. PHOTO JILLIAN KESTLER-D'AMOURS



Melanie Morrison keeps her sister's memory alive until there is closure.



“Somebody knows what happened to her and by putting her face out there on a constant basis, it’s going to eat away at their conscience because no one can live with that forever.”

—Melanie Morrison,  
Tiffany’s sister

Tiffany is the first person who has gone missing for an extended period of time from Kahnawake—a community of about 8,500 residents.

“There is somebody out there who knows what happened to [Tiffany], but no one has come forward with any solid information. I never believed that it would have come to this and lasted this long in a small community like this,” Stacey said.

### A national disgrace

Statistics from Amnesty International state that there have been over 520 missing and murdered Indigenous women in Canada since 1980.

According to Maya Rolbin-Ghanie, a member of the Montreal-based grassroots collective Justice for Missing and Murdered Indigenous women, also known as Missing Justice, this number is deceptively low.

“It’s become pretty clear that that number is way lower than it should be,” Rolbin-Ghanie said. “I think the hardest thing is just getting people to realize that it’s a problem and getting people to realize that it’s a systemic issue to do with the very set-up of our government and this country called Canada.”

According to Canadian government statistics, Indigenous women are five times more likely to be die as a result of violence than other women, and report physical and sexual violence 3.5 times more frequently than non-Indigenous women.

“Just having the government admit that there is a problem [would be] one huge step towards raising awareness and making the situation better all around the country. The government needs to publicly acknowledge that there is a gendered and racialized violence issue in this country,” Rolbin-Ghanie said.

She added that because cases of missing Native women are often not taken seriously, not thoroughly investigated and rarely reported on, individuals are drawn to Native communities to commit acts of violence.

“It’s come to the attention of many people that when an Indigenous woman goes missing or is murdered, there is very, very, very little investigation whatsoever, and people are way less likely to get caught, so it does attract crazies, if you will, to Native communities,” Rolbin-Ghanie said.

The official number of missing and mur-

dered Native women—just over 520 since 1980—would correspond to 18,000 missing women if extrapolated to the general non-Native female population of Canada.

### Keeping Tiffany’s story alive

Melanie organized a candlelit vigil through Kahnawake on the three-year anniversary of her sister’s disappearance last June, and had a booth at the community’s annual powwow this past summer.

She is now working on getting a billboard put up along highway 338 near the reserve to draw attention to the fact that Tiffany is still missing.

“I think I buried myself in trying to keep her out there that it’s kind of keeping me numb to it. As long as I keep a goal, the next step to get her back, it helps me function more with the fact that she’s missing,” she said quietly.

Melanie explained that she has had to suppress her emotions in order to deal with the situation and keep the painful tasks off her parents’ shoulders.

“Somebody knows what happened to her and by putting her face out there on a con-

stant basis, it’s going to eat away at their conscience because no one can live with that forever. Hopefully whoever did this grows a heart and let’s [my parents] get her back before they pass,” Melanie said.

She added that without any new leads or reliable information, the family is stuck in a helpless state of limbo, not knowing what happened to Tiffany.

“It’s changed a lot at my mother’s house. Every holiday and family function was really light-hearted because my sister was quite the joker. She was always so energetic—I got tired watching her. And now when you go there it’s more, I don’t know...” Melanie said, trailing off.

“Everybody’s on eggshells around each other. It’s not the same. You can tell there’s something missing.”

If you have any information related to the disappearance of Tiffany Morrison, call the Kahnawake Peacekeepers at (450) 632-6505.

If you would like to see the video footage from this story, check out thelinknewspaper.ca/blog.



sure. PHOTO JILLIAN KESTLER-D'AMOURS



Tiffany's niece remembers her aunt from photos. PHOTO MELANIE MORRISON



Tiffany Morrison: mother, daughter, sister. PHOTO MELANIE MORRISON



# [Were]wolves of London

British poetry magazine *The Wolf* comes to Concordia

• CHRISTOPHER OLSON

“Too many people think that poetry is some kind of dark art which is only for the supremely intelligent,” said James Byrne, editor of British poetry magazine *The Wolf*. “I think those kind of comments just push poetry farther away from the public view.”

Byrne, along with *The Wolf*'s reviews editor Sandeep Parmar and Canadian poets Goran Simic and Robert Flanagan, will attempt to demystify poetry at Concordia's Writers Read series on Nov. 6. Their appearance is part of their first North American tour.

Though everyone's struggling to get by in this economy, it's nothing new for poets, said Byrne.

“Going back to when poetry had a time of absolute respect and patronage and endorsement, I mean, when was *that*?” said Byrne. “The patrons are these days long gone.”

The poetry that does get published, he said, tends to be more of the same.

“If I have a criticism of some poetry magazines, it's that they're just a bit too white and a bit too narrow minded,” which is why this coming issue of *The Wolf* will feature the work of poets from Jordan, Palestine, Syria and Saudi Arabia, he said.

It will also feature a strong Canadian component, with new work by esteemed poets Simic and Flanagan. Flanagan has dropped off the public's radar, said Byrne, despite a high-profile endorsement from Margaret Atwood.

“Too many people think that poetry is some kind of dark art which is only for the supremely intelligent.”

—James Byrne,  
editor of *The Wolf*

“What happens with poets like Robert Flanagan is that they get airbrushed out of the picture just because they're not so interested in being one of these highly visible poets who goes to readings all the time, attends conferences [or] judges competitions,” said Byrne.

Flanagan's decision to appear at Concordia is a rare treat.

“I think one of the important things about the tour and the Writers Read series at Concordia [...] is to try and maintain a visible presence for these great poets who often are neglected,” he said.

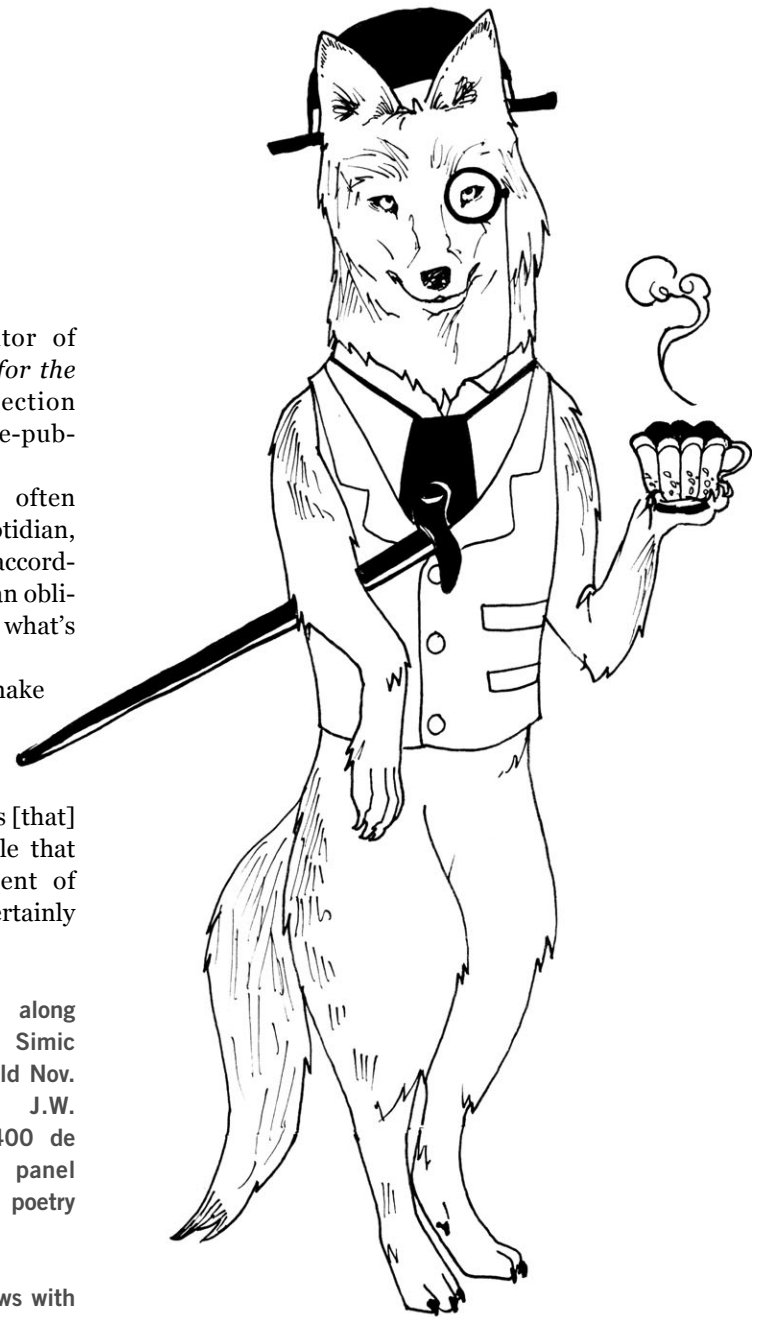
Byrne is also the co-editor of *Voice Recognition: 21 Poets for the 21st Century*, a new collection which showcases never-before-published poets.

Though poetry nowadays often tends towards “populist, quotidian, epiphanies of the everyday,” according to Parmar, reviewers have an obligation to inform the public of what's out there.

“[Our] responsibility is to make readers aware of where the tradition in poetry stands and how what is new contributes or refutes or challenges [that] tradition,” said Parmar. “While that isn't necessarily an indictment of what's out there now, it's certainly one more opinion.”

*The Wolf* panel discussion, along with readings by guests Goran Simic and Robert Flanagan, will be held Nov. 6 in LB-646 in the J.W. McConnell/Library Building (1400 de Maisonneuve Blvd. W.). The panel begins at 2 p.m., followed by a poetry reading at 3:30 p.m.

For *The Link*'s uncut interviews with James Byrne and Sandeep Parmar, visit [thelinknewspaper.ca/blog](http://thelinknewspaper.ca/blog).



The Wolf started in the U.K., but nowadays prides itself on being a transatlantic magazine. GRAPHIC VIVIEN LEUNG

## Buddhists behaving badly

*The Novice* too light on enlightenment

• EMMA HEALEY

As someone with a heart, I'm a little reluctant about tearing apart a memoir that clearly means a lot to its author. But as a reviewer, I can't let this one go.

Stephen Schettini's *The Novice: How I Became A Buddhist Monk, Why I Quit and What I Learned* has managed to be both the most boring and the most frustrating book I have ever read in my life.

*The Novice* is Schettini's Buddhist bildungsroman: the story of a boy who grew up a sad, frustrated Catholic in dreary England, became a sad, frustrated adolescent, was saddened and frustrated by the narrow-minded professors at his university, and eventually set off to find happiness in India, funded by his sad, frustrating parents.

Much of the book is Schettini's account of his training, ordination and career as a Buddhist monk in Switzerland. Through the book, he does a number of monkish things—he teaches, he learns, he worships—but eventually finds

himself saddened and frustrated with the prescriptive nature of the whole thing and quits.

He seems to have learned a whole bunch of lessons from these experiences and as a reader, I gather, I was supposed to as well. In this book, readers will not find a clear picture of Buddhist philosophy, an analysis of its teachings and failings, or what it's like to be a privileged white guy who devotes himself entirely to the study and practice of a new religion and culture. They will, however, find out exactly how Stephen Schettini feels about a number of Stephen Schettini-related subjects, such as his teenage self's world views—“conscience [was] a lubricant on the conveyor belt that carried us from work to school to family to grave”—and how he felt the first time he meditated (fidgety).

While these aspects of the book are irritating, the thing that makes it ultimately unreadable is the quality of the writing itself. Schettini—whose book jacket describes him as a “relentless truth



Schettini failed to find enlightenment as a Buddhist. GRAPHIC VIVIEN LEUNG

seeker” (sic)—relies almost entirely on clichés and idioms.

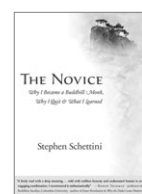
In the space of one introductory page he struggles through the awkward growth spurt of the '60s, wrestles with questions, puts pen

to paper and rises each morning at the crack of dawn to rake through the embers of his past. In another chapter, he describes sitting on a rock in the Khyber Pass, a moment in which he “let go and tumbled

into the sky like a ripened fetus hurtling down an oversize birth canal.” I'm not making this up.

Even more mystifying is his obsession with unnecessary formal flourishes. *The Novice* contains a preface, three pages of acknowledgements, a 15-page epilogue and a colophon containing production notes. There are 127 footnotes for 332 pages of story, which makes it a little like a David Foster Wallace novel, though the only other similarity between the two is that they're both written in English.

I will say this in his favour: Buddhism, meditation, enlightenment and philosophy are all fascinating subjects and with *The Novice*, Schettini has managed to make them seem laughable at best. That, in some way, is an impressive accomplishment.



***The Novice***  
Stephen Schettini  
Greenleaf Book  
Group Press  
332 pp  
\$24.95



# The apocalypse will be silly

## Lives are tragically cut short in *Short Accounts of Tragic Occurrences*

• R. BRIAN HASTIE

Comedy, when it comes to pure prose, is tough to write. There's a chance that a joke may over-extend its welcome, or something initially quite funny peters out page after page, like a shitty Erma Bombeck series featuring terrible punchlines and wordplay.

*Short Accounts of Tragic Occurrences*, thankfully does not fall victim to this. Concordia creative writing graduate Nick McArthur lays out—in just south of 100 pages—a series of tales that entertain, give food for thought and above all else, elicit laughter.

A major obstacle when it comes to writing such comedic tales is that comedy is intensely personal. What may be funny to one may be sad or offensive to another. Being universally funny is not an option, so those who pick a certain segment of the audience and go through with it are better off.

McArthur's audience, in this case, are the generation of cynical, narcissistic kids who grew up being inoculated with an avalanche of pop culture references and whose spirits continually mine the cultural zeit-

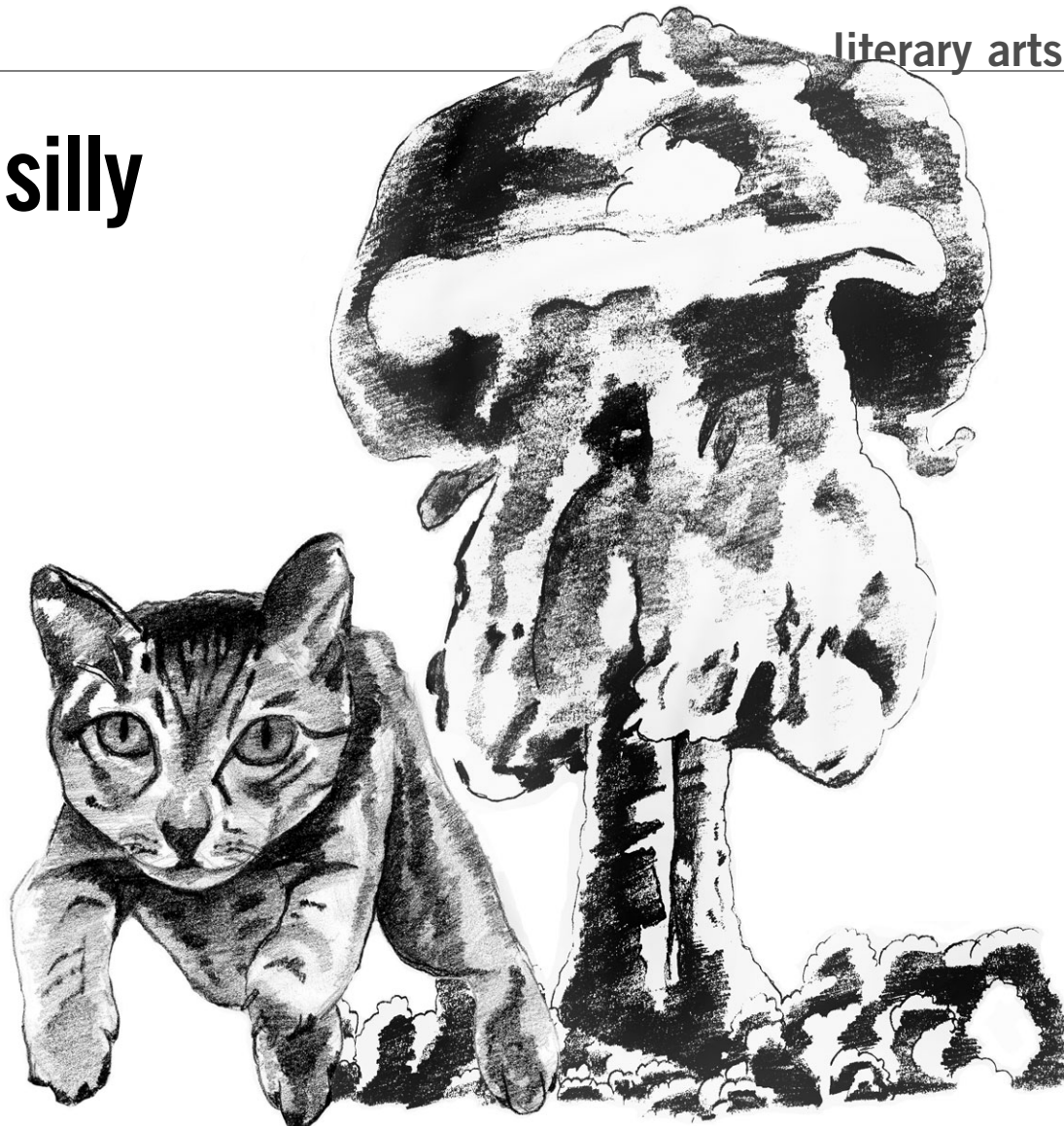
geist for potential future reference.

McArthur's stock in trade is his ability to be witty, firing salvo after salvo of grammatical buckshot. He often hits the mark more than misses it, understanding just what makes his subjects funny and then exploiting it for full comedic effect.

The subjects he initially brings up—some missed connections, a primer on getting depressed and a kit to create a monster at home, to name a few—tend to take on absurdist tendencies, but one of McArthur's biggest strengths is creating logical story progressions with conclusions that cannot be foreseen from the outset.

McArthur lays out his subjects appropriately, carefully using various manipulations and stereotypes in order to easily move past the basics and keep the collection interesting and new.

Gaining a full understanding of the comedic timing in this book is to be able to understand pop culture. His take-offs of bureaucracy in particular are underlined here as a series of vignettes interspersed between stand-alone stories that foretell of coming doom and the inability to fight against it.



Not everyone escapes nuclear destruction in *Short Accounts of Tragic Occurrences*. GRAPHIC CHRISTOPHER OLSON

McArthur's loathing for humans who cannot communicate properly is evident and he harnesses this sentiment for purely comedic purposes, as sadistic as they may feel.

The construction of McArthur's stories are perfectly-framed snapshots of sparse feelings that move

the book along at a brisk pace, every story taking a few moments at most to complete. The length is its greatest drawback, as the book itself is a pleasure to go through, full of interesting takes on the banal and mundane, transforming them into something fantastical

and slightly larger-than-life.



***Short Accounts of Tragic Occurrences***  
Nick McArthur  
DC Books  
82 pp  
\$16.95

## Mechalibre Vol. 1



• CHRISTOPHER OLSON

Marc Beauchamp, a Concordia design art graduate and an elementary school teacher at École des Cinq-Continents in Hampstead, grew up on cartoons featuring giant robots beating the living bolts out of each other.

Between gigs drawing posters for his friends' bands, Beauchamp creates comics, including *Park X Robomix*, a dystopian vision of Montreal's Park Extension inhabited by robots. His latest is *Mechalibre*, the first in a planned series featuring giant fighting robots.

Starting to notice a pattern?

**The Link: What does the word "Mechalibre" mean?**

Marc Beauchamp: It means "The robot that sets you free." It's also a kind of play on "lucha libre", or freestyle Mexican wrestling, and "mecha" is the Japanese word for robots. There's also the word calibre in it too, for high-calibre action.

**What kind of future is it?**

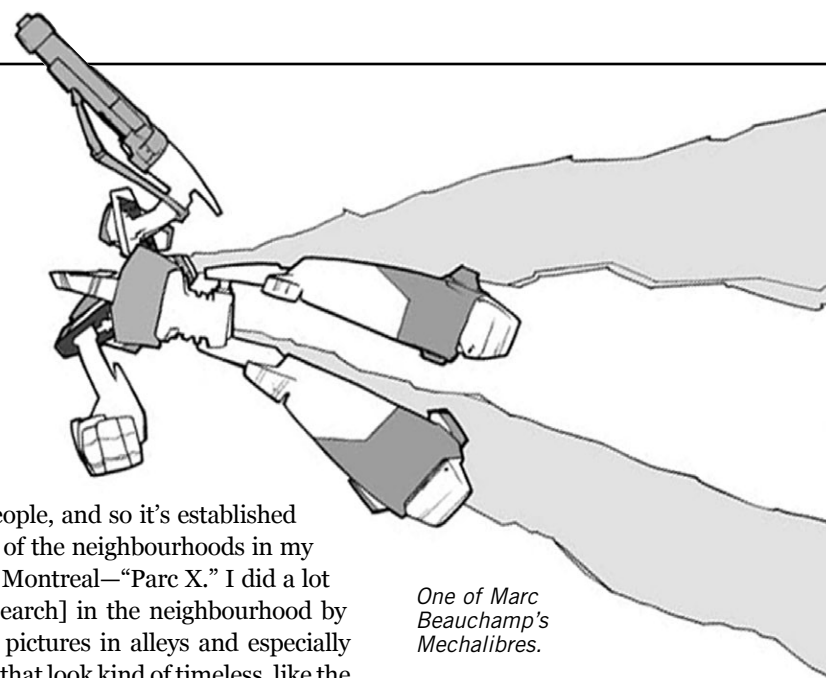
It's post-apocalyptic, but there are a couple of signs of hope up north where some free communities have established themselves, as opposed to the warring states in the south. I have this whole world planned out.

**I get the robots, but why are there raccoons serving as mechanics?**

Actually, the raccoons [whose names are] Kiou and Kala Wanagi turned out to be the crowd favourites. Because I was such a big fan of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* growing up, I [inserted] these mutant animals which are used by the army. Why raccoons? Well, they have opposable thumbs. They're crafty.

**How much of Park X Robomix is based on the real Park Extension?**

I'm kind of a Park X native. It's a neighbourhood in Montreal that's very multi-ethnic and culturally diverse. It's a fun place to live with great food and



One of Marc Beauchamp's *Mechalibres*.

real people, and so it's established in one of the neighbourhoods in my future Montreal—"Parc X." I did a lot of [research] in the neighbourhood by taking pictures in alleys and especially places that look kind of timeless, like the old sheds that have that metal sheeting. They kind of look like ramshackle houses of a third-world future.

**Where does your work fit in with the rest of Montreal's indie zine community?**

Local stores like Drawn & Quarterly don't carry, quote-unquote, manga [Japanese comics], although they carry parodies of it. The whole world of manga is something they don't open themselves up to.

**What are some of your artistic influences? I'm guessing it's manga.**

I'm obviously influenced a lot by the Super Robot cartoons of the '70s,

like *Tranzor Z* or *Goldorak* [Grendizer in the United States], which is something we watched a lot of in the Québécois community because they were translated by way of France. Even now I'm still a huge fan.

**What did you think of the new Transformers film?**

It was schlock.

You can purchase copies of *Mechalibre Vol. 1* and *Park X Robomix* at Librairie Millénium (451 Marie-Anne St. E.) and 1000000 comics (1418 Pierce St.) or order them online at [astrobases.com](http://astrobases.com).

# quick reads

1986 edition

## A picture is worth 212 words



**The Photographer**  
Didier Lefèvre and  
Emmanuel Guibert  
First Second  
288 pp  
\$29.95

Visually stunning and historically pertinent, *The Photographer* takes us back to Afghanistan in 1986—years before the Taliban became the enemy in the communal consciousness of North America.

Photojournalist Didier Lefèvre sets off from France with his camera and a contract mission alongside a team of doctors from Médecins Sans Frontières, taking the back roads through the war-torn country to set up and staff hospitals for victims of the Cold War.

Afghanistan, at the time, was a key geographical component in the fight against communism, with the Red Army combating local CIA-backed Afghan resistance movements. Lefèvre's profound photography of life in Afghanistan, his documentation of customs and challenges, is a deeply moving tribute to the country, and his work allows the dedication of the MSF mission to take centre stage.

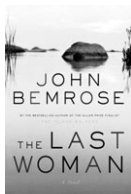
Interspersing black and white photographs with the colourful artwork of Emmanuel Guibert in a graphic novel format, this book keeps you scanning each page for the vivid, candid and oft-emotional details that interplay with the engaging narrative.

*The Photographer* is a book that tugs at your heart, while making you feel like you've learned something about Afghan politics, social customs and language firsthand. If it doesn't inspire you to pack your camera and head straight to the heart of a conflict, nothing will.

5/5

—Laura Beeston

## Not even if I was the last...



**The Last Woman**  
John Bemrose  
McClelland & Stewart  
323 pp  
\$32.99

John Bemrose's *The Last Woman* is set in the beautiful landscapes of Northern Ontario circa the summer of '86; a summer of drought, clear cutting and lost love. Ann and Richard, the protagonists, are forced to confront their troubled pasts when an old friend, Billy Johnson, returns to their home in Lake Nigushi.

There are a few things you should consider first before reading *The Last Woman*. The first is your mental health. This is the kind of book in which everyone—and I mean everyone—is depressed. Even the kids are inhaling gas to deal with their horrible lives.

In addition, when reading *The Last Woman* you can't help but hear every word in a pompous British accent. Bemrose's prose is absolutely beautiful, especially when he's musing about a setting he clearly knows intimately, but at a certain point it gets old and showy—kind of like a cranky, elderly Londoner.

Bemrose dissects the story's love triangle to an almost psychological level, making the characters' love and confusion tangible. Using addiction and cultural collisions as a backdrop, he manages to paint a truly heart-breaking picture of one painful summer.

3/5

—Jaime Eisen

# Lit Writ

## When Men Cry

• MICHAEL SWEET

For Matthew

My grandfather never cried. Well, almost never. Men don't cry and everyone knows this. I remember one of the first times I cried. I was with my grandfather at our woodlot. He was working away and I was playing in the shade of a big oak tree. I always loved to play by that tree when I went to the woods. It was huge and majestic and comforting. All was fine and dandy that day too until I stepped barefoot on the sharp end of my Tonka truck. It hurt.

I sat there under that towering tree and I bawled. My grandfather came to the rescue and later, when we got home, my grandmother reminded me not to cry about it—little boys don't do such things. Of course, there are exceptions too. My father teared up when our dog died. But crying over a death is different. It is crying over those other emotional things in life, those little things like my hurt foot, which seem to steal away our manliness.

My mother cried. She cried when my grandmother died, when her brother lost his right arm and leg in a motorcycle accident and when my grandfather—her father—drove his car into the ditch on the way home from the bootlegger. My mother cried with my father when our dog died. We all cried. She wept when I first went to school, when my brother first went to school and some days she'd even cry when I didn't go to school.

Those were the days when she cried for no reason. At least we didn't know of any. The doctor said her nerves were gone and it wouldn't get better. So it goes. But women are allowed to cry. There's no loss of dignity when a woman weeps and it certainly doesn't make her any less of a woman.

I remember two times when my grandfather nearly cried. They've been etched into my mind. The first was when he returned from the woodlot one afternoon much too early. My grandmother knew something was wrong the moment she saw his pickup speeding up our dirt lane. My grandmother cried. She was nearly in tears before she even knew why.

"Alistair, what's wrong?" she choked out in a sort of crying giggle.

"I'll be fine, just fine," he said opening the door and exposing a bloody mess. "The chainsaw slipped and nicked my knee a little, that's all."

"Oh Alistair, you should ... the hospital, Alistair."

"Muriel, I'm fine. Fetch some thread and a needle... just a couple of stitches, that's all."

Later we found out that he'd run the chainsaw clean through a log and into his kneecap. The whole scene was one of those things that pound its way into the memory of a child. I cried. My grandmother told me to go to the bathroom

and fetch some gauze. I came back with a handful of Maxi pads and she slapped them onto my grandfather's knee. I sat and watched her sew him up and the one time I took my eyes off that awful sight, I could almost swear that I saw his eyes glisten.

The second time was when we shot Maybe.

"We're going to have to let him go."

"Let who go granddad?" I was confused; these were the first words he said to me that morning in the barn.

"Maybe," he sighed. "He's old... in too much pain."

"But can't we call Dr. Paul?" I was nearly crying. Paul was our vet and I was sure he could fix whatever was wrong.

"We'll call Paul, but not to fix him."

My grandfather turned and looked at Maybe. He was standing in his stall with his head bobbing out of the upper half of the door. "It's okay," he said, half to the horse and half to me.

"Well old boy, it's been a long time." Grandfather coughed one of those ahem, ahem, coughs and then just stood there as if second-guessing the whole thing.

Finally, he said, "Funny how they always look so spry and chipper at the end. Almost makes you think you're doing the wrong thing."

He wasn't really talking to me, so I kept silent. All three of us just stood there for a while.

Then I cried.

Then one day my grandfather cried. It was an unlikely time for a man to cry or, at least so I thought. It would take me another 20 years to fully understand.



GRAPHIC CATHERINE VALLIÈRES

It was a late fall morning and granddad and I set out for the woodlot as we did so often. This was a few years after that chainsaw episode and my grandfather no longer worked the woodlot. He just "visited" as my grandmother called it.

The old pickup rambled up the dirt road to the top of the bend. Then we saw it. My grandfather stopped the truck and didn't say a word. Of course, I knew right away it was that famous oak tree. The one I had played under so many times. I knew that it had been a giant even when my grandfather was my age. And, I also knew that it shouldn't have been lying across the road.

"They didn't even bother to junk it up," he said, after some time.

"Granddad, why did they cut it?" I asked.

My grandfather didn't say a word, he just sat there on the front bumper of his old gray pickup, right there in the open sun, and wept.

Nearly 20 years later I fully realized what saddened my grandfather that day at the woodlot. I thought he was crying because of the tree and he was, but it was so much more than that too. It also took those 20 years to realize what a fine man he was.

Yes, my grandfather cried.

Michael Sweet is the founder of Learning for a Cause, a Quebec publishing house for student fiction. He was recently awarded a 2009 Prime Minister's Award for Teaching.

To submit your fiction or poetry to the Lit Writ column, e-mail them to [lit@thelinknewspaper.ca](mailto:lit@thelinknewspaper.ca).



# Con U Stingers, 2009 champs



(Clockwise from top left) Crosswinds and heavy rain affect the ball's trajectory. Concordia's success relied on their dominant scrum. After losing last year's QSSF championship on a technicality, this year's win was truly a cause for celebration. Concordia steals a scrum. PHOTO ESTHER BERNARD

## Women's rugby nabs league title after double overtime rematch with Laval

• STEVEN MYERS

**Concordia 13  
Laval 10**

Hoist up another championship banner for the Concordia Stingers.

For the second time in as many weeks, the Concordia University campus is ringing with title town celebrations.

The women's rugby team outlasted Université Laval's Rouge et Or in double overtime to take the QSSF championship and earn a trip to Vancouver in pursuit of a national championship, just one week after the baseball team brought home the CIBA trophy.

"Our defence allowed only 36 points the entire season," said jubilant Stinger head coach Graham McGravie. "This win is a real testament to the girls. Our training paid off in spades."

With just a few minutes remaining in the second overtime, Stinger centre Jackie Tittley lined up at the Laval 30-yard line for a penalty kick.

"It was almost the exact same situation as last year's finals, Tittley said. "I've been very consistent this year. I knew I had it."

The decisive penalty kick put the Stingers ahead 13-10 and sealed the victory. The similarities with last year's title game against the same Laval Rouge et Or

at the same Peps stadium in the same double overtime fashion added to the festive Halloween spookiness.

Last year, both teams were deadlocked after two overtimes. The game was decided on the basis of try points versus penalty kick points. The rule has since been changed.

When Tittley's kick cleared the uprights midway through the second 10-minute overtime, there was no doubt who would be crowned champions this year.

After last year's controversial heart-breaking loss, the victory seemed extra sweet.

"We came together as a team, when we needed it most," said forward Lisa Hoffman. "And we persevered."

A steady rain coupled with periodical wind gusts were not ideal playing conditions, but the Stingers' physical style of play lent itself well to poor weather.

Midway through the first half, the Stinger pack erupted from a scrum, forcing a quick push into Laval territory.

A penalty against the Rouge et Or left Tittley with a perfect angle and a chance to put the Stingers ahead 3-0. She didn't miss.

Concordia continued to pressure the Laval defence and wound up near the opposition's try line with minutes remaining in the first half. QSSF's rookie of the year

Hughanna Gaw emerged from a scrum and surged into the try zone for five more points. When Tittley added a convert, the Stingers stretched their lead to 10-0.

Playing at Peps stadium in Quebec City in front of an enthusiastic Rouge et Or crowd would seem to provide host Laval a distinct advantage.

However, any chirps bellowing from the Laval side were outdone by a band of Stingers faithful who made the trip east.

Despite the hostile weather, shirtless men stood at midfield, banging plastic pom-poms together, and cheered the Stingers on.

Despite trailing 10-0 at halftime, Laval was still undefeated on the season and the only team to beat the Stingers in the regular season.

The Rouge et Or mounted an impressive attack to open the second half. They pounded their way to the brink of the Stingers try line, but could not advance any further.

For nearly 10 minutes, the Stingers' "iron curtain" defence prevented the opposition from scoring. When some space opened on a Laval throw in, the Stingers were caught off guard.

Laval's Mackenzie Stairs pushed quickly into the zone for a try to cut the Stinger lead in half. The try, however, was recorded just inside the out-of-bounds line, leaving Laval

with no chance to make a convert.

The remainder of regulation was a see-saw match played all over the field. Then, as time wound down, Laval attacked in the same corner that produced their first try.

In similar fashion, Stairs burst through the line and landed in the Stinger zone for an exhilarating try to tie the score. Laval was once again unable to score the convert.

As the referee signalled the end of regulation, the score was even 10-10.

With a few minutes remaining in the second extra period, a penalty against Laval set the stage for Tittley's decisive kick.

The Stingers' defence took care of the rest.

Assistant coach Chris Hague works with the team's forwards, but he was quick to praise the defence.

"It was an all team effort, but our defence won this championship," he said. "They were tenacious."

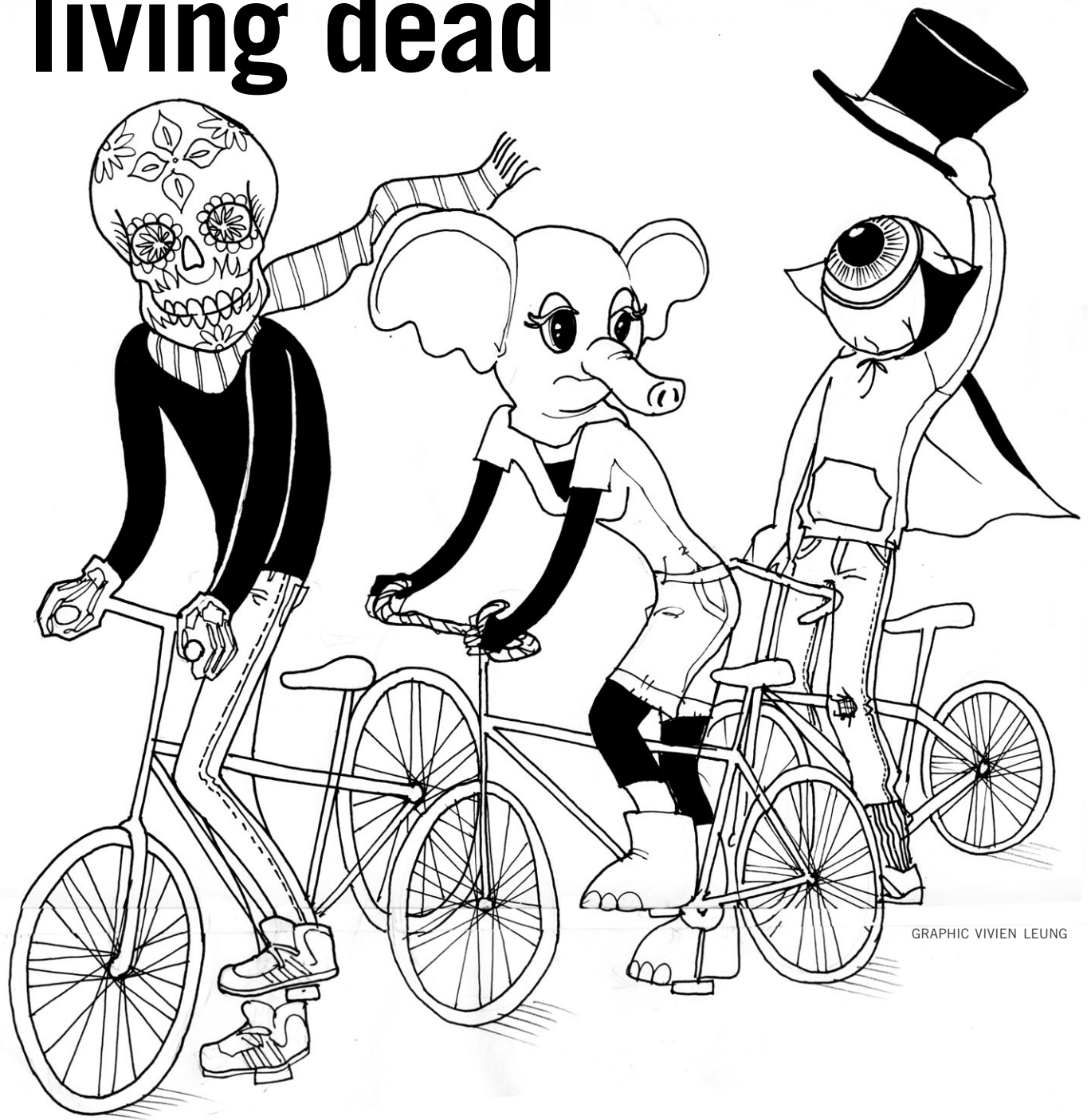
The Stingers begin championship play this Friday in Vancouver, B.C. against the University of Lethbridge, the two-time defending champions of Canadian women's rugby.

The other two teams in the Stingers' opening round bracket, Western Ontario and Guelph, know Concordia all too well. The Stingers crushed Western 41-0 and Guelph 24-0 earlier in the season.



# Bike of the living dead

Adventures in alleycat racing, defeat and moral victory



GRAPHIC VIVIEN LEUNG

*La Course des Morts has been taking place on Halloween in Montreal for almost a decade. It is an annual alleycat race held by the city's bike messengers. The final installment in every summer's cycle race series, La Course des Morts is usually the longest, most arduous and most dangerous. This year was no exception. Heavy rain and some last-minute changes might have kept people away, but about 40 racers registered. As usual some pretty big prizes—including a custom-made track frame—were offered to the winners. Two of The Link's staffers entered this year's race and had mixed results.*

## • TRISTAN LAPOINTE

Giving up is liberating. In many ways quitting is the least explored, yet most rewarding, part of the sporting experience. How often do athletes speak of the euphoria that comes with cutting your losses? Or the burden of performance that is erased by simply saying "I give up?"

Sure, we're all taught that it makes you a pussy to quit karate or that finishing a mile run in 15 minutes with two vomit sessions is honourable. But everyone who knows the value of the words "I can't" can tell you quitting is almost as good as winning. And people who win are usually just rule-following dicks anyway.

It was with this logic that, for the fifth time, I dropped out of an alleycat bike race. Not just any race however; it was The Big One, La Course des Morts. Except this year it wasn't so big.

Dwindling yearly attendance and poor weather meant that the annual Halloween race, which usually has somewhere between 60 to

**With about 45 clicks of riding behind me and a pound of body weight sweated out, I surrendered to my own failure.**

100 competitors, hosted fewer than 40—most of whom were messengers and would probably show up even if the island was sinking. A last-minute change in the starting location didn't help either.

Just after 4:30 p.m., the rain lifted and the race began. Instead of the familiar format of giving participants a list of checkpoints to show up at and clues to solve, this race was run entirely by word of mouth.

You had to verbally find out where the next checkpoint was in order to proceed. This was my undoing.

With almost two years of long-range bike messenger work behind me, you might say I was extremely overconfident. After the opening sprint I immediately called everyone a "sucker" and took a direct short cut through suburban NDG to the first checkpoint. I know this city, right?

Alone and away from the pack, I tore through residential streets, flipping off minivans and congratulating myself for my brilliant navigation skills and manly prowess.

Then I overshot the first checkpoint by about a thousand street numbers. By the time I got to the second, there was nobody there to pass on information about the third.

If you get lost in this sort of race, there's really only one plan of action: stand on a busy corner and

wait for a racer to pass by. When they do, you chase your ass back into the running. Eventually I found a slow moving pack of Ottawa messengers and friended some information out of them. Once again I was king of the streets.

The race perpetuated itself as a cycle. Every time I got to a checkpoint it had been abandoned by its keeper, who probably assumed everyone had already gone through.

As the night wore on, I only lost more and more time. My phone log registered 36 calls between 4:30 and 8:00. Ten calls an hour, and all of them futile attempts at eking out race information from my friends who had long since finished.

Four unmanned stops later, I gave up. With about 45 clicks of riding behind me and a pound of body weight sweated out, I surrendered to my own failure.

Dehydrated and exhausted, I headed over the Rockland traverse

towards downtown. On the way I stopped at a gas station for a drink and left with my worktime favourite, orange Gatorade and Snickers bars, but about \$12 worth.

I laid down on the exhaust fan of the station's ice machine and feasted. The heat and calories brought me back down, and cleansed the burdensome frustration of competition from me.

No longer was I grasping after an impossible victory, as from what I could tell the race had been over for so long that last place had already been counted.

Only the phantom of a race was left. I could show up at every checkpoint, calling my drunk friends to find out each stop, or I could bow out.

Sparing myself the anguish of failure by denying the very existence of the race. So I did, and when I quit, the Race of the Dead was over.





• ALAN MACQUARRIE

Adorned in costumes and face paint, a group of Montreal bicycle couriers escaped the rain and wind as we all huddled in an office lobby across the street from the Baron De Hirsch Cemetery. The cemetery served as the race's starting point.

I took off my full-body skeleton costume to help my odds in the seemingly impossible bike race. "I'm a rookie bicycle courier," I told myself, "better lose the extra weight."

I felt a bit out of place, as this was my first time racing in La Course des Morts. I grabbed my bike and posed for a picture within the 40-person group, a pack which would be reduced by about half at the very end.

After a few encouraging words from the organizer, the pack dis-

persed into the streets of Hampstead.

I fought hard to keep up with the pros, some of whom began working in the streets of Montreal when I was still in pre-school.

"If I keep a good pace," I thought, "I might not do so badly."

The thought persisted until I made a false move that might have sent me packing with a broken bike. A spastic turn of the handlebars on wet pavement sent me to the ground, with my bike on top of me.

A mere five minutes into the race, and I already had a bruised elbow and hip that were gradually swelling, and possibly bleeding, under my torn rain jacket.

The pack escaped me and sped towards the next checkpoint, with the few people behind me stopping to see if I was all right.

From there, I persevered on

my own and kept a steady pace. Maybe I could catch up to the others.

We stopped in St-Henri for shots of an indistinguishable strong liquor and received directions to our next checkpoints, each one manned by a cyclist yelling an address or a landmark

**I wanted to throw my bicycle off a highway overpass. If I made it to the end, it would be a miracle.**

for me to reach.

As night fell, the pain in my right arm became bearable, and although my feet weren't any drier, or my legs any stronger, I continued well into the tranquil suburb of Mount Royal where trick-or-treaters scurried about the quiet,

dark streets.

By then I could see hope; the lights from a small group of cyclists, speeding down Graham Avenue. As I joined them, heading around the Connaught Park roundabout, I slipped again.

This time, my left knee took the brunt of the impact.

I lay under my bike, staring at a wall of headlights from the cars waiting at a stop light. Frustration grew. I wanted to throw my bicycle off a highway overpass. If I made it to the end, it would be a miracle.

By the time we reached Rockland mall, I was ready to quit. But in the vast, empty parking lot, a man in a car yelled out to our group.

"Palais des Congrès, last stop!"

"That's it," I thought. The pain, the wet feet, the violent gusts of wind. None of it mattered. If I could make it, and if I

wasn't last, I could rank this as a personal triumph.

I pounced through the parking lot, across an intersection, and hopped the median on a street I couldn't identify. It didn't matter though. I just needed to head south at any cost.

With the streets drying up, I shot down St-Urbain. It was as though I could almost reach over the handlebars and pull myself into the Old Port.

In the end, I was not last.

I felt proud. My bruises were little trophies I could carry home.

With doughnuts and lit cigarettes, the competitors chatted about who won, who cheated, who fell and who dropped out of the race.

For me, the race was about rubbing elbows with the pros and meeting the people I share the streets with on a daily basis.



(Top) Bike messengers race through the dark streets and alongside traffic. No one can miss this bike messenger (left) and pretty side of pork (right) competing for the chance to win an upgraded bike frame. PHOTOS ALAN MACQUARRIE



# Harping on hypocritical Harper

## Why PM's actions speak louder than his words

• RICHARD STRASSEN

With Stephen Harper's apparently dazzling piano performance at the National Arts Centre early October, the question of the Conservative policy on the arts is once again brought to public attention.

The most profound of Harper's skills, however, is not his musical ability, but rather his cunning as a political strategist.

He has attempted to smooth over his inflammatory remarks regarding artists last year, shamelessly coupled with a \$45 million cut to arts funding.

Harper's comment that "ordinary people" don't care about the arts, and his failure to repudiate Quebec City Conservative candidate Myriam Taschereau's remark calling artists "spoiled children," received a wide range of criticisms.

New Democratic Party leader Jack Layton called Harper's words "bizarre" and former Liberal leader Stephane Dion rejected Harper's view of artists as privileged elites by pointing out that their average annual income is \$23,000.

These criticisms are all well and good on a practical level, but deeper analysis of our

PM's actions may reveal an unexpected insight: Harper's policy on the arts represents a fundamental shortcoming in his views and of modern conservatism in general.

To an informed Conservative, economics reigns supreme in political thought; the world is viewed quantitatively—statistically. Free markets are favoured because economic theories tell us they are the most efficient. Lower government expenditure, higher employment rates, technological growth and especially output growth are all fiercely coveted.

In this sea of economics, it is as if the primary function of society has been forgotten. Human beings have coordinated our efforts and worked together to build this society in order to improve our quality of life.

It is true that improvements in the aforementioned economic variables do generally improve living standards, but economic output is not the sole contributing factor to well-being.

Is a country with high output and 60-hour workweeks better off? Does an economy with efficient markets and no public services really have higher living standards? Does a government that lowers costs by cutting funding to the arts really generate happiness?

Art enriches people's lives and a government that is truly concerned with its people's well-being should be responsive to this. Stephen Harper tells us the "ordinary people" don't care about the arts. He has taken great pains to try to change his image as a Philistine through charades like his recent gala performance, but his actions speak louder than his words.

I say to Harper that any person, no matter how ordinary, who denies his or her concern for art is a hypocrite. Everybody, no matter how fervently they deny it, is affected by and enjoys art, at least passively, every day.

Art permeates all culture. The alien garments that high fashion designers drape on their models would never be worn out in the world, but the styles paraded on the runway resonate throughout the fashion world and ultimately affect public taste.

The same is true for music; experimentation occurs in small circles where expressive territory is explored and boundaries pushed without reserve. This innovation is heard by other musicians who integrate it into their own work, "dumb it down" to make it more accessible and then present it to a wider audience.

To be fair, a \$45 million funding cut is relatively small—anyone who has at least some familiarity with government budgets knows this—but this fact is not a justification for the cut. The concern is regarding the Conservatives' comments and attitude towards the arts when, if anything, we should be seeing a spending increase.

It is well acknowledged that throwing money at an issue doesn't make it go away, and this is no solution here either. Rather there should investment into art development programs such as children's art education, community centres with subsidized lessons, or grants for artists on the fringe, unable to appeal to mainstream audiences.

This piece isn't intended to be solely a stab at the Conservative Party, who are actually relatively moderate, but rather on more extreme right-wing views. If there is one thing we should have learned in the past 100 years it is the folly of political extremes.

In the wake of the recent recession it is now time to rethink our obsession with pure capitalism. It's time for government to change its focus from relentless output growth to an actual concern for the citizens of its country.

## heartaches anonymous

*Yo Heartaches Anon,  
I have a live-in boyfriend who I don't tell anyone  
about because we are roommates and it is way too  
complicated. It is even more of a quagmire because  
I have started seeing/kissing people outside of my  
domicile in secret. I loooove cheating, but don't  
really consider it legitimate cheating since I'm only  
MO-ing, so what the fuck should I do? I don't want  
to have to move out of my great apartment and lose  
the comforts of the live-in lifestyle, but I also don't  
want to curb my makeout-fiend ways!  
Help me Heartaches, you're my only hope.  
—Secret Makeout Fiend*

Dearest Hormonal Teen,

It's been said that cheating sex is the best sex, but cheating kissing is definitely silly. It's really nothing serious. But unless your secret roommate boyfriend is

the polyamorous type, it would probably tear his heart out to see you doing it.

How in the world did you end up with a secret roommate boyfriend anyway? Did you respond to a "roommate wanted" ad and move in with strangers, only to find one of them was dreamier than expected?

Look, you're not alone. I know more than one love-dovey youngster who began dating their roommates post-move in. I just think it's a terrible idea.

Everybody loves the honeymoon period of a relationship, that couple of months after you first start dating someone when you just can't get enough of them. You'd do everything with the other person if you could: sleeping, eating, library book-returning. You start to think that time spent emptying your bowels would be time better spent with the object of your affection. This feeling eventually fades, with you and your partner evening out to a more reasonable amount of togetherness.

Unless, of course, they happen to be your roommate.

Roommate romance leaves no leeway for alone time. Being in different rooms in the same apartment is not like being truly alone; you can't help but be vaguely aware of what the other person is doing. Both partners might be out of the house a lot of the time, but ultimately, the sanctuary you retreat to at the end of a harrowing day has become inextricably linked with the other person.

Here's where the cheating comes in. I'll be blunt: you love making out with people that aren't your lover because you need space.

I once moved into a tiny apartment with a serious boyfriend. We must have been really fucking in love, because the apartment was really only meant for one. We were compatible as hell. We spent innumerable happy hours cooking together in OUR kitchen, watching movies on OUR couch and spooning in OUR bed. It was

beautiful. Then, after six months, I abruptly started sleeping with someone else and it all went to hell.

Although I was semi-delirious at the time, I realize now that my cheating wasn't based on an overriding attraction to the Other Man. It happened because I felt suffocated.

Now, I don't want to be an alarmist, but I also don't want the same thing to happen to you. A relationship based around the lease of an apartment is, in my opinion, just asking to become claustrophobic. Ask yourself why your relationship is even secret at all. Is it because you don't want to publicly commit to monogamy, preferring to indulge in it within the comfort of your own home? I mean, I have no idea. But you should get critical about this.

Sure, having a live-in boyfriend is cushy. But you know what else is cushy? Waterbeds. And both are fucking hard to get out of.

### Correction

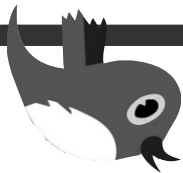
The photo running with "Next Stop: Ghana" on pg. 7 of *The Link* (Volume 30, Issue 11) was incorrectly attributed to Eleonore Gauthier. Allan McQuarrie took the photo.

*The Link* apologizes for the error.

**The Link's letters and opinions policy:** The deadline for letters is 4 p.m. on Friday before the issue prints. *The Link* reserves the right to verify your identity via telephone or email. We reserve the right to refuse letters that are libellous, sexist, homophobic, racist or xenophobic. The limit is 400 words. If your letter is longer, it won't appear in the paper. Please include your full name, weekend phone number, student ID number and program of study. The comments in the letters and opinions section do not necessarily reflect those of the editorial board.

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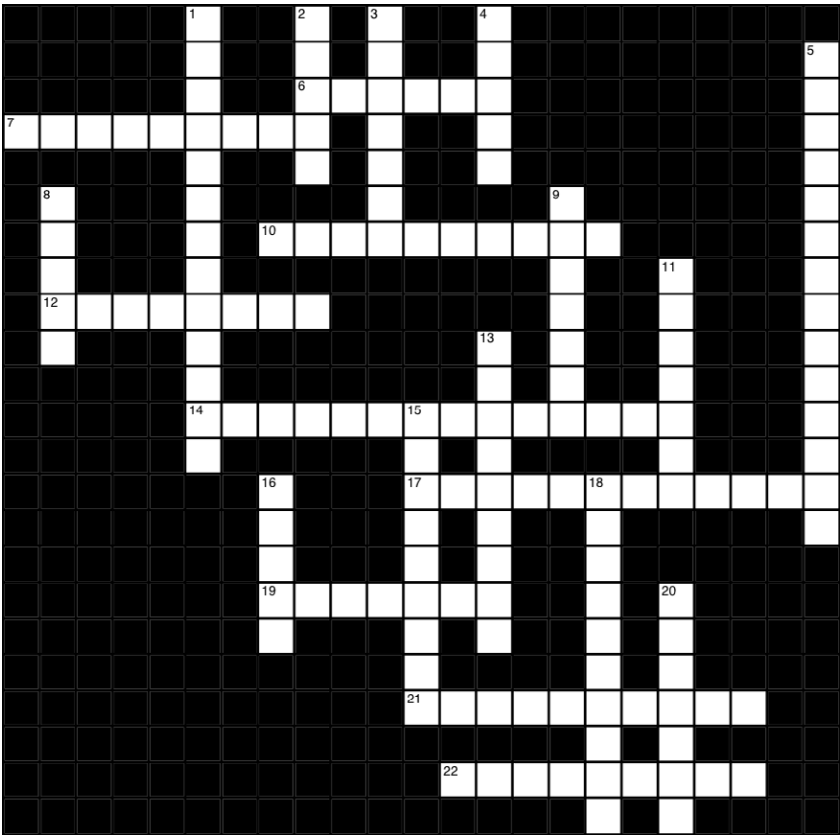


# crswrdpzzlol

THE “EPIC FAIL” EDITION • R. BRIAN “FOR THE WIN” HASTIE

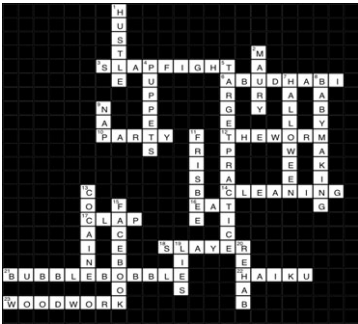
Across

6. One of Hollywood’s first examples of people embodying the epic fail mantra. Dude managed to bring to light men’s desire to wear their wives’ clothing as well as the fact that aliens from up above are conspiring against us. Truly a visionary. (2 words)
7. From the producers of those shitty *Scary Movie* films comes a movie so terrible that even its very name is a pun (and incidentally, the only funny part about the whole filmic ordeal). (2 words)
10. The greatest structural integrity fail of all-time. The South Tower wishes it had bought some life insurance, in retrospect. (Numbers spelled out)
12. “What do you mean, I have to get it updated every year? I thought them transit shifts were good for two years. The fuck is wrong with this place?” Alternatively known as a confusing STM clusterfuck. (2 words)
14. Montreal’s (literally) biggest, most visible fail of all-time. The city recently managed to pay it all off, even though it’s been around since the 1970s. Retractable roof? More like mass graveyard. (2 words)
17. Yo, dudes, I’m really happy for you and I’m let you finish, but Ashlee Simpson had the best lip-synch meltdown of all time – of all time! (2 words)
19. Who lets the world’s biggest boat hit some goddamn icebergs? 20th Century geniuses, that’s who. At least the band had the decency to play on.
21. Lingering at the bottom of the Northeast division of the Eastern conference, this team of has-beens and never-will-bes is already showing off their talent for suckage early in the season. (2 words)
22. Nobody loves you, titular comedian of a very shitty, long-running (though thankfully now-cancelled) sitcom. (2 words)
- Down
1. The lesser Jackson of the clan. She can mumble and incoherently ramble with the best of the homeless. Well, at least she can claim she posed for *Playboy*, something most of the homeless can’t claim. (2 words)
2. Step 1: Start a band to sing about the Christian lifestyle, praise to God, etc. Step 2: Let fame go to your head and let your own fans sue you for being unable to perform at one of your shows due to extreme drunkenness. Step 3: Disappear for a while. Step 4: ??? Step 5: Reunite, play to mostly empty arenas, release an album that quickly tanks
3. It’s kinda like the old beverage, except everyone hated it and so Classic is still king. (2 words)
4. The loser in the line of latest contenders for the



- crown in the media format war. You can now pick up movies released on this format for five bucks each. *Crank* never looked so good.
5. Batnips, ice-skates in their boots and Ahnuld as your main villain? Better cart this loser down to Camp City. Way to sullen the Dark One’s name, Schumacher. (3 words)
8. The Army-themed cartoon was cool, even though it was a shallow conduit by which Hasbro sold lots of toys. This past summer’s adaption of the mythology, though, was an atrocity to the nth degree.
9. Oprah’s pet project crashed and burned when it came out. Good thing, too. No one really thought that a nearly three-hour film would be any good. Sometimes books should just remain books and not terrible adaptations.
11. You gotta catch ‘em all, except for the part where they sometimes give you seizures.
13. Few artists have taken such a hard fall as this band of Bay Area noise-mongers. When you have to hire a psychiatrist to deal with your shit and then the kids you’ve inspired continually churn out better music than you do, then perhaps it’s time to hit the Greatest Hits Summer Fair circuit and pray for accidental relevance.
15. An “egalitarian” class system that has an

## issue 11 solutionz



- inner working circle that dictates the actions of the proletariat? Pot calls kettle black. More news at 11.
16. The operating system that’s so bad that its successor was being worked on even before this one shipped.
18. Nintendo’s epilepsy-inducing machine. Who the fuck thought that black and red and fake 3D effects stored inside of a terrible-looking headset was a great idea? (2 words)
20. The first big loser in the format wars. In the early ‘80s, it was realized that no porn = no play, which is why the VHS format was the victor.

## editorial

### The crook we know

Municipal elections don’t generally get national attention—or even a great deal of local attention, for that matter. That all changed when our city started getting portrayed as a mob-ruled Godfather-esque fantasy. All of a sudden, our elections became nationally relevant and corruption became the issue that ruled the day. Or did it?

Over the past several weeks, revelations about price-fixing and Mafia influence in the construction industry in Montreal have made this past election one of the most charged in this city’s history. While the rest of the country may have over-sensationalized the issue (particularly *Maclean’s* magazine’s alarmist, *National Enquirer*-style cover which seemed to suggest that mayor Gérald Tremblay’s stiffest opposition would come from Italian mob boss Vito Rizzuto), the issue remains that this city has a reputation for turning a blind eye to corruption. Government embezzlement and mob influence in construction is not a new story in this town—despite what the rest of the country’s media would have you believe—and cleaning up city hall is an old refrain from those who have occupied the top chair.

In fact, it was the refrain that the man sitting in that chair sang eight years ago. The same song has once again pushed Tremblay through, as he was able to stave off his plummeting poll numbers long enough to edge out Vision Montreal’s Louise Harel. Tremblay’s “hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil” schtick apparently convinced enough people that he really was in the dark about the various scandals perpetuated under his watch.

So was corruption really the deciding issue in this election? Because if it was, it’s hard to justify re-electing a man with a laundry list of open Sûreté du Québec investigations into his government. How long can Tremblay play dumb before he’s considered entirely corrupt or entirely incompetent? Evidently, at least a little bit longer, although that might have more to do with his opposition than anything else.

Despite coming a close second, Louise Harel couldn’t quite convince the population that she was the right choice to clean house. Although revelations about running mate Benoît Labonté’s cozy relationship with shady businessman Tony Accurso certainly didn’t help, one gets the feeling that Harel never really had a chance. It seems that this city’s Anglo population isn’t quite ready to forgive and forget, and this fact was much more damaging than her relationship with Labonté.

Tremblay’s other main rival, Richard Bergeron, never really seemed to have a chance either, despite rapidly gaining support in the last few weeks before the election. Bergeron seemed to be saddled with the image of a dangerous, eccentric lunatic from every available anglophone media source. The aforementioned *Maclean’s* article repeatedly mentions Bergeron’s belief that 9/11 was an inside job perpetuated by the U.S. government, a claim repeated by various news outlets and is based on a brief excerpt from a book Bergeron wrote on public transportation. *The Gazette* got in on the Bergeron bashing action as polls opened, running an unapologetic hatchet job in print and online that, among other things, criticized Bergeron for voting in a Roman Catholic church even though he is a converted Muslim (since these two facts are obviously somehow related). It seems Bergeron’s main strength became his main weakness; his status as an outsider endeared him to a largely disenfranchised population, while also making him an easy target for mainstream media outlets.

Despite the circus surrounding our elections, very little has ultimately changed. We once again are entrusting the same man to clean up city hall, and another corruption probe seems destined to yield precious few results. Despite what the rest of the country was reading, corruption was not the deciding factor in this election. While Tremblay may be “chastened,” as suggested by *The Gazette* on Monday’s cover, he is allowed to maintain his grip on the city with very few consequences for the rampant corruption in his government. It seems that in troubled times, we tend to go with the crook we know best. Let’s hope we made the right choice.

—Diego Pelaez Gaetz,  
Opinions Editor

## Read it and weep

BY TRAVIS DANDRO

