Indigenous Peoples

Photographies de V. Tony Hauser

October 1 - 31, 2002

V. Tony Hauser's Los Lacandones; Portraits of the last True People' portfolio is a series of platinum photographs of the Lacandon-Mayans who live in a remote region of the Mexican state of Chiapas. This small group of indigenous people was living on the periphery of dramatic change when Hauser photographed them on three separate occasions in the early 1980s. The Lacandones call themselves the "true people". They have retained their distinct culture late into the twentieth century but, like many other native civilizations, are struggling to resist the pressures of outside influences. The destruction of their home, the rain forest, has deeply altered their way of life.

Hauser chose to make the prints for this exhibit in platinum metals, the most permanent of all photographic mediums, to remind himself and future generations that the "true people" did exist.

Le portfolio intitulé Los Lacandones; Portraits of the last "true people" est une série de portraits au platine des Mayas Lacandons qui vivent dans une région isolée de l'État du Chiapas au Mexique. Ce petit groupe d'autochtones se trouvait à l'aube de grands changements lorsque V. Tony Hauser les photographia lors de trois visites successives au début des années 1980. Les Lacandones s'appelaient eux-mêmes le « vrai peuple ». Ils réussirent à faire perdurer leur unique culture jusque vers la fin du XXe siècle mais comme l'ont vécu de nombreuses autres civilisations autochtones, les influences extérieures devinrent de plus en plus difficiles à repousser. La destruction de leur habitat tout d'abord, la forêt pluviale, a profondément affecté leur façon de vivre. Hauser a choisi de réaliser ses épreuves au platine parce qu'il s'agit du type d'impression photographique le plus permanent. Ainsi les générations futures pourront se souvenir du "vrai peuple" ayant la preuve qu'il a bel et bien existé un jour.

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IT'S OUT WITH THE OLD AND IN WITH THE GOLD

INSIDE
• Alanis Morissette and her new boy-toy get caught heating up downtown TO streets
• Bad boy Corey Haim comes out of hiding with a brand new look
• How Halifax University stole $10,000 from one of their brightest students
• Toronto sniper takes aim and saves his family in the process

And much, much more...

COULD JEWELER RUSSELL OLIVER TAKE IT TO THE TOP?

Learn How Cash-Man
• Is Embarrassed by Mel
• Has Learned to Beat the System
• Has the support of Toronto's Rich & Famous

"I'D GET VOTES"

Plus: Izzy Stern Takes On Asia's National Pass Time
Hidden gem jeweller Russell Oliver could be the only replacement for crumbling Mayor Mel Lastman, says one Toronto political insider. But the Cash-Man is still denying all rumours that he will make a run for top spot at City Hall.

In fact, when approached about replacing Mayor Lastman, the diamond in the rough Oliver was quick to deny any rumours that he was planning a campaign against Mighty Mel.

“No, No I’m not running ... Premier, Prime Minister, forget all that stuff” exclaimed the jaded jeweler. “But that does not mean no,” added the political insider. “Candidates often deny rumour of their candidacy while they get their campaign plans in order.”

The king of late night commercials and a graduate of a local Toronto University is by far the best man for the job and with the current status of City Hall, there is no time but the present for the city to get someone who can clean up the mess.

With the shenanigans and back-door dealings getting so out of control, some councillors feel that residents of the city are becoming disenchanted with the whole system and that it’s time for a real change; a change that could bring the people back into politics.

“Council is spending like drunken sailors,” said one elected city councillor. “They don’t understand money and business. We definitely need more business-minded candidates for mayor.”

And that’s exactly what the Midtown Toronto Jeweller can do!

Although not all the movers and shakers at Nathan Phillips Square are ecstatic about the news, the majority of City Hall seems very optimistic that a real local businessman could be taking a run at the top spot. In fact, one City Hall regular told the Special that Mayor Lastman is just an “oxymoron”.

“He says he’s all about small business in Toronto, but one of the first things he does is raise taxes on the small business merchants,” said the angry insider. “I would support anyone who is willing to run this business (Toronto) like a business.”

However, despite the good news about Cashman’s support for the big seat, the good-as-gold politician will have a tough time fending off other business-minded candidates like Deputy Mayor Case Oates or former Mayor Barbara Hall.

Still even though Cashman is positive that he could get the votes from the public, he continues to deny all rumours.

“I’ve been approached by the Eves campaign, but I’m just not interested in involving myself with those kind of politics,” added the superman of the Toronto business community.

But the reasons that Oliver gives in denying his run, are the same reasons that City Hall needs him. Councillors are starting to feel that it would take a good businessman to get things back on track. The way they used to be!

And there is no doubt that Lastman is hanging on for dear life with the Hall crumbling at his finger tips.

“The city of Toronto residents are tired of the growing list of mayoral flops,” says the political insider. “Lastman’s bad boy image was fun for a while, but
Cashman’s outstanding list of qualities and achievements include that he:

- Is worldly having been born in South Africa
- Ran a popular T.O. night club in the early 70’s
- Is Blessed with a head for finances
- Has obtained a diploma from York University’s Glendon College, where he was at the top of his class and loved by fellow students.
- Takes business seriously and is almost always available to the public.
- More than willing to help the less fortunate and loan them money.
- Continuously approached by major political leaders to help their campaigns become successful.

It’s time to get down to business and he just can’t cut it. The whole thing is out of control.”

Local residents have agreed in unison that the loveable Cashman can use his pearls of wisdom to get things done and make people exited about politics again. “Look what he’s done for his own business,” said Melissa Hart, a mother of three, living in Richmond Hill. “He’s colourful and a real people person, I’m sure he would do a great job.” Even Hollywood celebrities are supporting the Cashman for mayor including The Due South Mountie himself Paul Gross. “...I’d support Oliver for mayor, at least he seems to have some sort of business sense”

“*At least he has some sense of finance*”

-Paul Gross
Now, I’m not one to make a fuss over nothing, but I have had a lot on my plate lately. I was already feeling stress because Peter, my hubby, and I decided to host Thanksgiving. His parents live three hours north of Toronto and my parents live three hours west. There was no way that we could handle visiting both places within the same weekend.

A happy thanksgiving, I don’t think so!

In order to kill two birds with one stone, and avoid any problems, we decided to invite both families here. Working nine to five doesn’t give me the time I’d like to bake and prepare a perfect meal. Therefore, I needed to buy some pre-made treats including a pumpkin pie.

As Peter and I began to prepare the meal, he started sifting through the bags. I hate it when he does that. “Peter, get your hands out of there!” I said as I began to wash the vegetables.

Then as I was about to reach for another bag, Peter looked at me with disbelief. “Samantha”, he said, “What on earth happened to this pumpkin pie?”

I couldn’t believe my eyes at the condition that it was in and looking at the clock there was no time to get another before our parents arrived. I felt like giving up right there and then! But instead I decided to tell Peter the whole story.

Anyway, on my way home from the market, I was riding the T.T.C; I had my purse on my lap and my groceries on the seat next to me. Looking up to see the stop on the map, this young man, in his early twenties, sat directly on my bag, squashing my Thanksgiving pumpkin pie.

Is there no decency left? No common courtesy? Is it so difficult to say, excuse me?

Now I don’t like to be a stick in the mud, but it really made me mad. The only reason I took up two seats on the subway was to allow other people to get by without tripping on my groceries.

“Samantha,” Peter said. “Why didn’t you just move the pie?”

That would’ve made sense if I saw this young man coming. Believe me! After he sat on the pie, I tried. I said, “Excuse me”, but the boy ignored me and then with the plastic handle still in my grip, I gave a good yank. This guy just did not budge.

“If I were there,” Peter said, “I’d give that little punk a piece of my mind”.

I was so frustrated that I just was glad to see my stop coming. In the mad rush to get everything organized I thought about what I’d do if this sort of thing were to reoccur. Maybe I’d pile my groceries upon my lap in discomfort to let a healthy boy half my age sit in comfort. But, what I’d rather do is take that pumpkin pie out of the bag and rub it in his disrespectful little face.

It actually made me feel a lot better to tell the story and it also added a bit of comic relief for our Thanksgiving dinner, which, by the way, ended up going very smoothly. We went sightseeing with our parents along the boardwalk in the afternoon. The turkey was cooked to perfection and we all had a good laugh about our dessert: pumpkin crumble. As for that boy on the T.T.C, I’ve learned that part of thanksgiving is forgiving. I’m Samantha Anderson-Smith and that’s my two cents.
A NEW MOVEMENT FOR MEDICINAL MARIJUANA AND ANIMALS ARE PURRING OVER THE MEDICAL MIRACLE!!!

POT PEDALLING Granny Ethel Keefer has been spending her ‘golden years’ giving back to the ones who loved her best.

A group of elderly Toronto women have turned to growing illegal Marijuana as a pain reliever for ailing household pets. Ethel Keefer, the group's leader, told a Weekly Special reporter:

“My pochie has a lot of pain in his bones, I guess it’s a bit of arthritis, and he’s got appetite problems, sometimes he won’t eat at all! So his veterinarian prescribed him some medicine to take to help his problem, well the medicine was quite expensive and I couldn’t afford it” the Granny confided. “I didn’t know what to do! How could I help my dear doggy?”

Ethel first became aware of Medical Marijuana from a television show, which showed Cancer and AIDS patients who used Marijuana for medical purposes, some of whom grew it at home.

“Then I saw on the television how people with the AIDS and with the Cancer who were sick, who had pains and couldn’t eat. They were using Medical Marijuana, and some of them would just grow it at home.”

“Well my friend Myrtle has terminal Cancer, so I asked her about this Medical Marijuana and whether it could help my doggy.”

Ethel and Myrtle, were soon growing Marijuana on Ethel’s Balcony at her apartment building. “Poochie” responded very well to the Marijuana treatments, and many of Ethel’s friends were soon coming to Ethel to see if Medical Marijuana could help their pets.

“You should see my balcony now!” beams Ethel with a laugh. “I’m good with plants and now I have enough Marijuana to cure all the pets in Missisauga! All my friends are starting to come to me for Marijuana to help their pets. My friend Gerty with her Cocker Spaniel. My friend Mildred and her little cat.”

“And my grandson Lewis, why, it seems like he finds a new pet every week that he needs to help, two weeks ago it was his neighbour’s donkey, last week it was his girlfriend’s hamster! He’s such a caring boy. Sometimes he needs enough for two animals a week. I just let him take what he needs. I just love animals.”

-D. Kleiner

FOR FIRE

Although you may think that spell-check is one of the greatest devices on a personal computer, you may want to check again with 30 year old copy editor Phil Moses of Toronto. Patriotic Phil had just been on the job for one month with a major American Corp. in downtown Toronto, when he decided to remind everyone about the September 11th anniversary. Phil wanted to organize a moment of silence for everyone on his floor and wrote up an e-mail and forwarded it to all of his colleagues. But the motivated Moses rolled into trouble when his sent message said “let us take a moment and think about George Bush’s War of Terror and the thousands killed because of it.” Well, poor Phil had meant to write “on” instead of “of”, but because spell-check only picks up misspelled words, it didn’t remind Moses of his error and the result cost him his job.

When word around the office leaked about the copy editor anti-American memo, the head honchos were quick to put him back on the street.

“I tried to explain,” said the clueless copy editor. “But they were furious and said that even if I was telling the truth, it only proved that I was not good at my job. I couldn’t win.”
IZZY STERN OR AIN'T HE... by Isadore Elliot Stern

Just last week I was having one at my local, and they had the big screen showing the lyrics to some obscure tune, rather than the game. I had to strain my eyes to watch the match on the little bar TV, while some yutz was straining his voice in front of the mic.

I mean this guy couldn’t even read the words in front of his face, and was getting it all wrong. I never agreed to this terrorism when I walked in through the door. So I asked Mickey the barkeep just what the hell was going on in here. He tells me that people love it, everybody gets to sing what they want with their friends.

Recently, I took a trip over to the British Isles and was amazed at what I saw. People in England and Scotland were singing together in the pubs. There were no microphones and everybody knew the words to all the songs they were singing; at particular times they came back to the same ones.

In Ireland, people weren’t singing, but their voices and accents were musical enough to make you think they were.

My point here is that North America has a big problem with the way people act in the bars, honky tonks and pubs. Karaoke in North America is waging a Texas style bush war on one of the most sacred and old rituals of civilisation: the party.

This just goes to show ya how much North America’s precious individualism is ruining other peoples’ good time. It’s just all so polite and orderly, everybody gets in line and is good until their name gets called, and then they exercise their liberty at the mic, no matter how bad they are. Gone are the days when the best singers got to really stand out, and everybody enjoyed the company of others, and the whole party was involved, Baccus style!

The next guy at the stage started murdering a rendition of ‘Bumin Ring of Fire’, and I tried to ignore it, but then,

IT WAS TIME TO GET STERN!

They all grumbled, and one of the patrons said something about me not even being there with them. I said I was against all of this, and everybody should join in on a verse of the lovely dittie ‘Mull of Kintyre’, together.

Nobody knew the words, so the karaoke guy put them up on the screen. No sooner done then the chorus joined voices to complete the rest of the song. I thought ‘my lord’, we’re right back where we started, only now I’m on stage!

I thought ‘my lord’, we’re right back where we started, only now I’m on stage! I think this war on karaoke terrorists cannot be fought straight on. We have to gather more information on where these cells are hiding, and hunt them down one by one, no matter how long it takes. The security of the party is at stake.

DIPLOMATIC IZZY TAKES ON ASIA’S NATIONAL PASTIME and BECOMES THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!!!

I got up off my seat, pint glass in hand and proceeded to the stage where I then drowned him in Dionysis drink. He just stopped, I grabbed the mic from him and lambasted the crowd for not stepping in to end this affront to democratic public houses everywhere.

If you have a problem concerning IZZY STERN or his work, contact the Special Investigative TEAM to GET STERN.
The Toronto District School Board may plan to introduce drug sniffing dogs in up to 20 schools as early as next school year, the *Toronto Weekly Special* has learned.

The strategy, according to a Board insider, is to intercept illicit substances such as drugs and alcohol before they begin mingling around campuses. A move prompted by the alarming six-ounce heroin finding at a North York school late last month.

"If we don't take matters into our own hands," revealed the source close to the Board. "Then we will fail to provide students with a distraction-free environment conducive to learning".

The new safety plan will come with the assistance of a US based company that is a trained detection service. The 20-year old private agency, developed solely to detect and deter contraband presently reaches out to over 1,000 school districts throughout North America and Europe.

In most cases, the dogs come with a handler on a random unannounced basis and start sniffing along lockers and in other common areas, such as cafeterias, washroom facilities, and parking lots. Anything found is sealed in an evidence bag and immediately turned over to the school. The cost for these inspections could near as much as $36,000 for each school.

But in order to remove the high costs, the Board is proposing the plan without the handlers, says the insider. This meaning that the drug sniffing dogs would be given free reign through the hallways and classrooms with absolutely no supervision.

At present, most schools are equipped with surveillance cameras, which the Board believes is just as good as a dog handler. If not better!

However, some students fear that the dogs may become wild and vicious and even turn on someone who may smell like an illegal substance.

"If we don't take matters into our own hands ... Then we will fail to provide students with a distraction-free environment conducive to learning."

"I couldn't care less what other kids do after school," said Henry Mills a parent. "But if my 16-year old son happens to pick up a 'peculiar smell' from a stranger on the bus, what's to stop the dogs from hunting him down?"

In fact, there may be no limit to where these dogs put their noses and that scares a lot of people. "If anything is going to compromise the comfort of students a drug sniffing dog latched like a leech to your leg would do just the trick," added a student from Central Tec.

And although the Board has yet to confirm any of the document, Mr. Mills claims that he wouldn't put it past them. "All their crazy spending and cuts to learning. I wouldn't put it past them. "All their crazy spending and cuts to learning. I wouldn't put it past them. All they care about is the bottom line."
Toronto freedom fighter Gary Truman, 35, has taken the law into his own hands— all in the name of his family. Truman, a native of Vertville, Qu., has been spending his evenings and weekends putting bullet holes in a rat family that has built up shop next to his four bedroom house in downtown Toronto.

"I've called the city on and off for about four months," says the self-claimed enforcer. "But they haven't done a thing and I just got sick of the whole run-around."

Truman, the father of three and a the manager of a Queen Street night club, told the Toronto Weekly Special that because of the humid summer and with the inclusion of the garbage strike the rats have grown so large that they almost look like squirrels.

"My kids and I can't enjoy the seasons in our backyard anymore. I'm scared the kids are going to get bitten and get some foreign disease."

After months of waiting for somebody to do something, I decided to just pull out my pellet gun and begin shooting."

The corner store, which Truman believes is the source of the rats, has done nothing to clean the mess in their backyard. In fact, claims Truman, city inspectors gave the local dump a green light to sell vegetables and fruits to unknowing customers.

Truman's high velocity pellet gun has done wonders for the guardian-angel-Father. Sometimes he'll lure the rats into his backyard with peanut butter cement balls and as the rats feast their dirty paws on it he will fire at will. However, Dr Dale Blaine
Six Degrees of Syncopation

Catherine Hancock

"...a programming concept wherein each act in the evening has a least one performer who was in the previous act and at least one in the next act..."

On Saturday November 2, between 8 pm and Midnight, Hugh's Room (2261 Dundas West) will feature six jazz acts as they formally launch the Call-For-Entries campaign for the 2003 Toronto Fringe Jazz Festival. The show, Six Degrees of Syncopation, was the hit of the 2002 Fringe Jazz festival last May and will be performed at Hugh's Room, 2261 Dundas Street West. Six Degrees of Syncopation is a programming concept wherein each act in the evening has a least one performer who was in the previous act and at least one in the next act, resulting in a rolling evening of six acts typically with the total personnel of about three. It is an economical and efficient way to pack a lot of great jazz and entertainment into one musically diverse evening.
Melissa: Did you really have 40 boys in 40 nights?
Donna F: More like 5.
M: Each?
Donna A: I guess it was 6 total for the band.
D F: Me and the drummer were single and we tried to have a make-out competition. We didn't really get that far.
M: Is that where the song came from?
D F: Actually I wrote the song before we went on tour and so I was like: 'well I just wrote that song, maybe I should try and do it...'  
D A: It's cool cuz the first night we went on tour it seemed like it was going to be like that cuz she had it out with two guys.
M: And you were gonna for forty?
D A: Yeah, we were like 'Woo-hoo! This tour's going to be great.' And then we got out of L.A. and all the guys stopped being cute.
M: What about in Montreal- all those sexy French guys?
D F: I saw some cute guys in Montreal.
D A: We didn't get to meet that many people there though, it was too crazy. One girl dived off of a balcony into the audience. She almost died. She fell from a really high place. She was really drunk, and they tried to kick her out of the show, they brought her up on stage and she was all noodely cuz she was really drunk, and then they brought her up to the balcony and they weren't really holding on to her I guess, and then she just fell over and caught onto the rail and then she just let go. Then all the lights went out.
M: All the power? Or just the lights?
D F: Just the lights. So you could still hear us, we were playing in pitch darkness so I couldn't see my frets or anything. And I was like: 'I hope I'm playing the right note.'

M: So how's it holding out for you guys? Other than that thing with those French girls...
D F: Just fine. It was kind of crazy sometimes it really felt like white lights going black.
M: So do you have plans? What are your plans?
D F: We're doing the U.S. tour, then we go tour Europe. A few more shows over there and then we're... (laughs)...

M: It'd be gross if it was black. Anyways, so what colour of underwear do you feel sexiest in?
D F: I think black is always pretty sexy. I like lacy underwear. Powder blue, lacy underwear is nice. I'm not really into red underwear. Sometimes I try and buy it cuz I think it'll look good but then I feel like sex is...
M: Trashy?
D A: Yeah, like it's not really you. I like hot pink.
M: Aren't you sick of doing interviews?
D F: Yeah, when they're all the same questions and stuff it sucks... but I mean it's different with you...
M: *Tells a story about how she lost the name of the tour manager (Narcy) and how the bus driver scared her with a brutal voice and then pushed down from a pedestrian.*
Donnas: The one in the boots... Yeah, they like t

*Sometimes we just tell a bunch of lies when we get bored with it.*
M: You should do that all the time.
Get all the old lies burnt and just tell lies all the time so no one knows the truth... So has anything changed since the beginning?
D A: Well we have a bus now, so we can sleep in late on the bus. Before we only had a van so we always had to be up at like eight in the morning. So that's a lot more fun.
D F: And we have a really good tour manager now. He gets us all sorts of bonuses and stuff.
M: Was doing Jawbreaker.
D A: It was weird cuz it's
D: I saw some cute guys in Montreal.
A: We didn't get to meet that many people there though, it was too crazy. One girl dived off of a balcony into the audience. She almost died. She fell from a really high place. She was really drunk, and they tried to kick her out of the show, they brought her up on stage and she was all noodley cuz she was really drunk, and then they brought her up to the balcony and they weren't really holding on to her I guess, and then she just fell over and caught on the rail and then she just let go. Then all the lights went out.
M: All the power? Or just the lights?
D: Just the lights. So you couldn't hear us, we were playing in pitch darkness so I couldn't see my frets or anything. And I was like, 'I hope I'm playing the right note.'
M: So how long did they go out for?
D: Just for the last song. It was kind of fun, cuz sometimes it really sucks to have white lights on you the whole show.
M: So do you have any big plans? World domination?
D: We're going to finish this U.S. tour, then we're going to go tour Europe for six weeks. A few months ago we flew over there just to do press, and we went to a different country every day and spent a day doing press in each place so I'm sure all our shows will be a lot bigger there. Then we'll take over Europe for awhile and then come back and dominate the U.S. again... It'd be cool if we could have every second day to hang out in each city, but we always have to go so fast, and you make friends in different cities and then you see them again and they want to go to dinner and stuff but... my bands cuz guys and stuff. In 40 nights?
A: The happy meal we used to have with his girl and he really thought cool, so he round to be later.
M: 'The letters' made me say 'Donna...'
D: Trashy?
A: Yeah, like it's not really you? I like hot pink...
M: Aren't you sick of doing interviews?
D: Yeah, when they're all the same questions and stuff it sucks... but I mean it's different with you.
M: It'd be gross if it was black. Anyway, so what colour of underwear do you feel sexiest in?
D: I think black is always pretty sexy. I like lacy underwear. Powder blue, lacy underwear is nice. I'm not really into red underwear.
A: Sometimes I try and buy it cuz I think it'll look good but then I always feel like it's...
M: 'What?! Maybe it was a thing...
D: I don't really know a lot of Canadian bands except Shania Twain.
M: Great.
D: And Alanis Morissette.
M: That's horrible. Horrible Canada's represented to you.
D: That's Shania's cool.
M: Of course.
D: It's just weird being on tour where everybody thinks you're cool and having lots of fans, then going to this place where everybody thinks you're lame.
M: 'What?!'
D: Yeah, everybody wants a piece of us. Like they always want something free or to hang out with us or whatever. I just feel bad when they wait outside in the cold to see us. I just don't think of us as that big.
M: 'Did you ever forked?'
D: Yeah, (reading question carefully)... oh, farted. No, it says farted, like on stage? But I guess you wouldn't hear that. So have you ever had anything embarrassing happen on stage?
D: I fell off the stage in Ottawa. I ordered a pint glass of rum and coke, so it was the biggest coke in the world and I drank it all like, yeah, I'm not that smart and so I had some beer too and that wasn't really like I was total the stage was kinda small and it had a hole in it, and I was so excited jumping around and then I fell.
M: And then I fell off the stand fell down so I was singing and playing.
D: That's a classic rock star thing.
A: And then I FELL OFF THE STAND! I KEPT PLAYING. So did to the Mini Pops when you younger?
M: Who? We don't know who that is.
D: 'What?!'
M: That's Shania's cool.
D: Of course.
A: And Alanis Morissette.
M: Great.
D: And Shania's cool.
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An Interview With Donna A. & Donna F.

by Melissa Major

The Donnas play the Opera House November 6...all the pictures from their website, I think?...check google——

M: So how long did they go out for?
D F: Just for the last song. It was kind of fun, cuz sometimes it really sucks to have white lights on you the whole show.
D F: We're going to finish this U.S. tour, then we're going to tour Europe for six weeks. A few months ago we flew over there just to do press, and we went to a different country every day and spent a day doing press in each place so I'm sure all our shows will be a lot bigger there. Then we'll take over Europe for awhile and then come back and dominate the U.S. again. It'd be cool if we could have every second day to hang out in each city, but we always have to go so fast, and you make friends in different cities and then you see them again and they want to go to dinner and stuff but

days after our first 6 week tour so we all felt like we looked like shit.
D F: And the make-up people were really mean, telling us we had to dye our hair cuz they could see our roots and that we had pimples so we should drink more water. And we were like "We know, fuck you."
D A: It's like, "You're ugly too."
D F: Well we're not actors or models, we're playing a rock band, so we want to look like we always do.
D A: And all the extras would cheer when they were told and that was it. They didn't mean it at all, like they didn't know if we were a real band or anything. I felt like they were making fun of us.
M: That sucks.
D F: It's just weird being on tour where everybody thinks you're cool and having lots of fans, then going to this place where everybody thinks you're lame.
Melissa: Have you ever forked?
Donnas: ...What?
M: Uh... (reading question carefully)...oh, farted. No, it says farted, like on stage? But I guess you wouldn't hear that. So have you ever had anything embarrassing happen on stage?
D F: I fell off the stage in Ottawa. I ordered a pint glass of rum and coke, so it was the biggest runt I've ever seen in the world and I drank it all. I was all like, yeah, I'm not that drunk, and so I had some beer too, but it wasn't really like I was totally drunk, the stage was kinda small and it had a hole in it, and I was so excited, and jumping around and then fell on the stage. So my leg fell off and I kept playing on my knees and then my mike stand fell down so I was still singing and playing.
M: That's a classic rock star story...AND THEN I WAS SOOO DRUNK THAT I FELL OFF THE STAGE, BUT I KEPT PLAYING....So did you listen to the Mini Pops when you were younger?
Donnas: Who? We don't know what that is.
M: What?! Maybe it was a Canadian thing...
D F: I don't really know a lot of Canadian bands except Shania Twain.
M: Great.
D A: And Alanis Morissette.
D F: I don't really like Alanis, but Shania's cool.
M: That's horrible. Horrible that Canada's represented to you by SHANIA TWAIN!
D A: Well, there's always Jason Priestly. And Alan Thicke. I like Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet, and Kids in the Hall and stuff.
M: Yeah, Kids in the Hall.
D A: The State wasn't from here

were they?
M: What State?
D A: It was like Kids in the Hall. So what's the Mini Pops?
Melissa confesses the obsession she had growing up in musical-seven-year-old-love with the Mini Pops' covers of Boy George and Madonna songs (along with the rest of the SICK 80's tracks), and agrees to send a copy of it to them.
They get excited.
M: So I hear you're into the Temptation Island.
D F: Yeah! We just watched it today.
M: Would you ever go on it?
D F: No! I really like my boyfriend and I wouldn't want him trying to hang out with other girls. Also, all the guys on that show are really ugly and not my type.
D A: Yeah, remember that Tom guy on the show? All the girls loved him and it was like, 'Hello! He was such a dog!'
M: What about that other sick show...Change of heart?
D A: Oh yeah, we like the sick T.V.
D F: The last time we watched Blind Date, there was this old lady with a farting problem. Then they were in the hot tub together and she took her top off.
M: Was it bubbling?
D F: She had a big farting problem.
M: I don't have any more questions.
Donnas: Yeah, we have to do sound check.
I am encouraged but I am not satisfied by Glendon's progress since it was opened. We must move faster in the next sixteen months than we have in the past sixteen months.

I am personally most anxious that we move fast in this period since it will take us to the eve of my retirement as principal. In two years' time, I shall be sixty-five and entitled to an old age pension. I don't think an old age pensioner should be in charge of a young, vigorous, experimental college.

Moreover, the college should, within about two years, have a French - Canadian principal. When I was appointed principal designate about three years ago and started unfolding my ideas about the college, I was accused of wanting to make Glendon College into a college for Mandarins.

I want the graduates of Glendon College to provide leaders in politics and the civil service for the various kinds of revolution which ought to take place in Canada during the next thirty years.

My main worry about Glendon College is that not enough of its students seem to have fire in their bellies and you can't make a revolution unless you have fire in your belly.

We are making progress in our efforts to create at Glendon College a community of scholars and students in which all members participate in the process of making decisions.

We have student representation on the Faculty Council, faculty representation on the student council, half a dozen advisory committees composed of students and faculty, and many student-faculty committees on the curriculum and the courses.

Much remains to be done. I hope we can curb the tyranny of examinations and lectures by abolishing final examinations in the second year for students in good standing. We can set the kind of examinations which no one can pass merely by regurgitating his lecture notes and which a student who reads widely and wisely can pass without going to lectures. Lectures in the fourth year can be abolished.

I hope that from now on the dominant group among the students of Glendon College will be angry intellectuals, not complacently angry but self-questioning and committed, committed to improving the community in which they live, the community of which they are citizens, and the world which they occupy with three billion neighbours; and that means committed to serious disciplined study of their community, their country, and the world and of the kind of improvements which need to be made. That means informed intellectuals who are angry at a society which pollutes the air of its great cities with filth and noise, which fouls its lakes and rivers, which fails to provide equality of opportunity to the gifted children of the poorest third of its citizens, a society which is flooded with television programs, films and books which brutalize the mind and spirit of man. Glendon students, I hope, will question a society which courts destruction because it refuses to come to grips with the two great world issues of this generation, how to narrow the gap between China and the rest of the world and how to speed up the rate of economic growth of the hungry two-thirds of the world.
Back Neighbourhood
Velocity Pellet Gun

SAVES HIS FAMILY AT THE SAME TIME !!!

of the PCO, told the Special that rats are very intelligent pests. "They'll learn quickly," says the PCO expert. "In fact the rats will start to recognize him (Truman) and learn to avoid him." And adds the doc of all trades, "a rat colony can reproduce at an alarming rate, for example in a year one family can grow in millions."

This still doesn't seem to stop the local John Wayne, who says that they've even made it a family event. Instead of spending the hot summer nights complaining and watching TV, he claims family and friends gather on the back porch and start popping the rats.

"It's something the kids really look forward to," adds the proud gunslinger with a smirk that would even make a creepy critter stop dead in its tracks. Truman admits that he gets a bit of a kick out of the whole evening. Although some neighbours and city officials don't agree with the trigger-happy-resident, Truman says that he hasn't heard a thing about it. "Sure people think it's weird, but I think they have to understand that this is my home and I should be able to protect my family."
Fearghus is the pride of midtown Toronto. This nine-year-old Yorkie loves to walk in the park, play in the snow and take long afternoon naps. One of our Special staff members happened to catch Fergie just as he was waking up and snapped this priceless photo.

Oreo, a native of Richmond Hill, has long been adored by family and friends alike. This six-year-old cutie loves the outdoors and, especially, enjoys playing ball. The Weekly Special's own managing editor caught this photo of the little guy, while taking a well-deserved break.

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Libra Sept 23-Oct 22

Work, and more work. Libra’s desire to be on an even keel will not be realized at work until Mars is out of Virgo. Until then relax at home. Make one decision this month. Or not.

Scorpio Oct 23-Nov 21

Opinionated Scorpio is feeling pretty good these days and the feeling is going to last. Take advantage of this high and ask for a raise. The extra money will come in handy as budgeting will be required this month. Consider your partner’s perspective and walk the god damn dog.

Sagittarius Nov 22-Dec 21

The Sagittarian moon leaves Sagittarius idealistically romantic this month. Unfortunately relations are strenuous so these energies should instead be poured into creative pursuits. Write, read, or volunteer somewhere. Listen to your old albums for added inspiration.

Capricorn December 22-January 19

Be forgiving ruthless Capricorn it will benefit you in the near future. Eyes are on you and first impressions are important this month. Don’t fret about your lost luggage you didn’t need it anyway.

Aquarius January 20-February 18

 Plenty of activity surrounds Aquarius this month. Stop and smell the roses so as not to miss a travel opportunity. Your plans for the future are finally taking shape. Buy a new toothbrush as flu season is at hand.

Pisces February 19-March 20

Pisces will have more energy this month necessary for the 102 things Pisces has on the go. Things should quiet down mid month and the moon in Sagittarius should bring some welcomed romance. Don’t miss the opportunity for a quiet walk among the autumn leaves to revitalize your energy. Your natural wells of psychic power are low.

Aries March 21-April 19

Feisty Aries should relax this month. Use that sense of humour to lighten the mood rather than to stir things up, especially towards month end. If you’re not too patronizing you just may meet a special someone that could press snooze on that biological clock of yours.

Taurus April 20-May 20

Taurus should trust their instincts this month. Be especially conservative with money as you’ll be bailing someone out (perhaps literally) and cash will be useful. Your charm outshines your stubbornness this month so try being a tad more social than usual as romance is in the air.

Gemini May 21-June 20

Gemini is again pensive and brooding but this time a fortified faith is emerging. You’ll meet someone new but all important decisions should be left for a later date once the fog has cleared. Rest your weary head and let your heart decide.

Cancer June 21-July 22

Emotional Cancer is not benefiting from the Sagittarian moon this month, with its propensity to make Cancer roam when they feel best at home. Not to worry everything will be back to normal eventually, until then lay low and relax. Be weary of strangers.

Leo July 23-Aug 22

Laughing Leos lack lustre. Lucky for Leo though change is around the corner. Travel is in the air for loveable Leo. Rest early as you’ll need the energy. Don’t lose sight of those you love in your adventures, though they’ll most likely forgive you, it’s important to keep your promises.

Virgo Aug 23-Sept 22

Work is going well and will stay a smooth course thanks to your dedication to a job well done. Mercury in Virgo demands that you make the first move. Coyness will not be respected or appreciated. Be direct and open with family members. Ask the right questions.
Cher journal,

Tout a commencé en cette journée exceptionnellement ensoleillée du 14 février. J'avais décidé de m'évader. Pour moi, la France était synonyme de délivrance. C'est au décollage de l'avion pour Paris que tout a réellement commencé : attachée à mon siège, secouée par les vibrations du réacteur, bercée par les folies subitement débridées de mon imagination, je sentais chaque parcelle de mon corps frissonner et mon sexe, tremblant, bouillonner de ces plaisirs rêvés. "I was so excited", j'en frissonne encore aujourd'hui.

Tout a vraiment commencé en cette journée obscure du 21 février. Étouffée par la fumée de cigarette, grisée par un, deux puis trois verres de vin, emportée, langoureuse, par les rythmes pénétrents du jazz, j'étais au cœur de Paris, la nuit, dans ce lieu mythique : le caveau de la Huchette. Une jolie chemise blanche, un pull jeté sur les épaules, une grande mèche brune sur la moitié du visage et puis, ses yeux. Un français, un vrai, juste là, il me dévisageait. J'étais nue, totalement nue. Dans sa main droite, un kirsch que je crus royal et une Gitane caporale, il est venu jusqu'à moi : "Tu viens souvent ici? On ne s'est déjà rencontré quelque part?". Bafouillant de mon français hésitant, je lui répondis : "Dans mes rêves peut-être, à moins que ce ne soit dans l'avion !". Il se pencha, tout près, et pressa sa main chaude sur ma cuisse, très fort. La musique éclatait, bing-bam-bourr, tout allait commencer : "À nous deux Paris, ville de toutes les merveilles et cité de mon éveil".
Don’t try telling Chris Delalis that the information highway is the way of the future, especially since the east coast student now drives four hours to class every day.

The nineteen year-old computer studies student was on his way to becoming a top notch scholar at a major Halifax University, when the Ivy League Admin took away his full scholarship for only a fraction of a reason.

Delalis’s hard work and commitment to his studies had paid off so much that the wealthy, respected, college was about to offer him a free ride with a four year scholarship, but because of a small processing error (0.01 percent to be exact) the future Bill Gates lost his apartment, his money and was now handed a four hour drive before class.

In fact, Delalis lost almost $10,000 because of the glitch and the Big 10 Admin wouldn’t even give him a break. According to information given to the Toronto Weekly Special the University stated:

“Serious illness that might be experienced by somebody or the death of an immediate family member... That’s all I can say,” revealed a University spokesperson on why a person might be granted a break.

The nineteen year-old from rural Nova Scotia had received a 3.79% GPA (grade point average) and the requirement was a 3.80%. But because the hard-edge Admin makes no other exceptions, they wouldn’t even listen to Delalis’s appeal.

Now the computer whiz is considering legal action over the matter, he says that some students were given exemptions even with a GPA as low as 3.72%. He just doesn’t understand how some circumstances can be considered compassionate and others aren’t.

“It just seems like they were making it up as they went along,” adds the micro fish in a big sea.

And other students are outraged over the fact that the Ivy League College had taken away all his dreams as simply as they did.

“They have so much money,” one student told the Toronto Weekly Special. “They know that students don’t have money and are just trying to make ends meet.”

But Delalis isn’t giving up the fight and, in fact, some friends are so outraged over the scandal that they’ll help him every step of the way.

“When they heard how close I was, they were shocked and appalled.”

For now, the hard drive to freedom will be four hours away and Delalis will have to hack it out until the University gives in.
Down & Across
A Very Special Weekly Crossword

Across
1 Wise one
5 Crime boss
9 Recovery clinic
14 English playwright Ayckbourn
15 Sustained
16 Lagoon site
17 Untidy
19 Clergyman’s quarters
20 Matisse or Rousseau
21 Wild goat
23 Virtuous
24 Aerial
26 Actress Winona
28 Not perfectly upright
30 Swiss canton
33 Portion
36 Opera’s Te Kanawa
38 “Moll Flanders” author
39 She-sheep
40 Takes offense at
42 “_ Believer” (Monkees hit)
43 Nostalgic style
45 Tex-Mex snack
46 Highlander, perhaps
47 Morons
49 Boozehound
51 “Yankee Doodle Dandy” songwriter
53 Ousts
55 Reserve
56 Vernacular
57 Port on the Bay of Haifa
58 Entice
60 Second largest of the Hawaiian Islands
63 Table scrap
65 Cry of discovery

6 Turn up?
7 Not an aristocrat
8 Stranger
9 Crash into
10 Open-shelved cabinet
11 Title of respect
12 Furthermore
13 Ran, as colors
18 Add color to
22 Final trio
25 Greek goddess of victory
27 Failures
29 Step
31 Italian lake
32 Preliminary contest
33 Persian fairy
34 Dazzled
35 Reserve
37 Occurrences
40 “Goodbye Columbus” author
41 Drink
44 Farm alarm
46 Earliest
48 Blue
50 Skewer
52 Prickly pear
54 Burst of applause
55 Actress Burstyn
56 Vernacular
57 Port on the Bay of Haifa
58 Entice
60 Second largest of the Hawaiian Islands
63 Table scrap
65 Cry of discovery

Down
1 Nickname for Alexander
2 Funny man Woody
3 Emaciated
4 Beg
5 Fidel’s friend

6 Turn up?
7 Not an aristocrat
8 Stranger
9 Crash into
10 Open-shelved cabinet
11 Title of respect
12 Furthermore
13 Ran, as colors
18 Add color to
22 Final trio
25 Greek goddess of victory
27 Failures
29 Step
31 Italian lake
32 Preliminary contest
33 Persian fairy
34 Dazzled
35 Reserve
37 Occurrences
40 “Goodbye Columbus” author
41 Drink
44 Farm alarm
46 Earliest
48 Blue
50 Skewer
52 Prickly pear
54 Burst of applause
55 Actress Burstyn
56 Vernacular
57 Port on the Bay of Haifa
58 Entice
60 Second largest of the Hawaiian Islands
63 Table scrap
65 Cry of discovery

SOLUTION
IN NEXT ISSUE
Coffee Talk
As overheard by the Special’s staff

Morissette Wild about Van Wilder

Canadian songbird Alanis Morissette was spotted with her new squeeze at a Toronto health food store recently. She and her new boy toy, Vancouver-born Ryan Reynolds (from National Lampoon’s Van Wilder) were seen necking in the nut bar section of the store. She was wearing very low hip-hugger jeans. Apparently they wouldn’t take their hands off of each other regardless of the discomfort of the customers and employees. Morissette, who became an entertainer at age 10 on the children’s variety show *You Can’t Do That on Television*, has come a long way since her days performing at the Ottawa Tulip Festival and on *Star Search*. Reynolds, who seems to have reached puberty, was seen snapping Morissette’s bra strap, fondling her in various places, and sucking on her left earlobe. They were later spotted french-kissing on a Yorkville street corner. Morissette may not be “too hot to hold” after all!

Corey Haim: Has the Lost Boy Finally Lost It?

Former teen idol Corey Haim, who began his career with a guest appearance on the Canadian series the Edison Twins in the early 80s, was spotted at a local pharmacy last week. It seems that Haim, who suffered a drug-induced coma in 2001, regularly visits the drug store and pleads for prescription drugs. Sources say that the ex-hunk, most famous for his roles opposite Corey Feldman (License to Drive, National Lampoon’s Last Resort) looked overweight and sported an outdated hairstyle. The drugstore also reported that he introduced himself as the guy that played the younger brother in *Lost Boys* and then proceeded to ask for few bucks to buy pizza. One anonymous source says that he barely recognized him: he looked like his face was rotting, but he still had those beautiful blue eyes. Haim’s most recent film *Snowboard Academy* (1996) was a complete flop and he hasn’t starred in anything since. The Bop pin-up boy acknowledged he had a drug problem in 1989, with his confessonal Me, Myself and I, a shocking and heart-felt video diary.

Second Opinion

with Madame O

One of my favorite past-times is reading advice columns. I know of many other people who enjoy it. Wedding etiquette, break-up council, dealing with the in-laws, rules on first, second and any other dates, even the appropriate time mourning for a deceased pet are favorite topics. But let’s face it. How many times do we cringe, shake our heads and just know that the given advice is not helpful, yes, often it is simply wrong. And if we had a friend, colleague, acquaintance, loved one come to us, we would have given better advice. Better advice is hard to come by. Finally here is the second opinion every advice seeker has been waiting for.

As always, “Dear Abby” recently shared her wisdom in the *Toronto Sun*. The theme was obviously “advice to young people”. Abby, who herself underwent some rejuvenating process, her picture just a few weeks ago was that of an attractive lady in her sixties and suddenly she looks like a 40 year old, could not help but advise a teenaged girl to appreciate the love her obviously overprotective, I’d say mildly insane, parents showed her when denying her a visit to a friend’s house.

From the letter, the following scenario emerges. The girl was driven to a friend’s house by her parents but had to return home with them after it became apparent that the parents of the friend were not at home. Now, let’s be clear on this one. We are talking about two sixteen year old girls. First off, legally, they are allowed to babysit, if necessary each other. Therefore if the overprotective parents worry about the time their daughter spends at the other girl’s house maybe they could pay the friend, and thus ensure quality care. Secondly, as far as worrying about their daughter’s safety is concerned... an unexpected pregnancy is unlikely. Abby usually advises counseling to people, she may have been right not to do so in this case. So, “Dear Captive”, my advice: burn your leash and use Abby’s column to spark the flame, find a University or College at the other end of the country and try to finish high school as soon as possible. Or, move in with your girlfriend- but ask her parents first.
JOE TENSEE’S
Confidential Diary

“We must realize that we cannot exist eternally. One of us must go to the grave. We do not want to go to the grave. They (meaning the Americans and westerners) do not want to go to their grave, either. So what can be done? We must push them to their grave.”

Utttered in Warsaw, Poland, in April 1955, as quoted by Seweryn Blier, a Polish Communist leader who defected to the West, these are the ominous words of Nikita Khrushchev, the Red Hitler who has manufactured the Berlin crisis now ticking away like a thermonuclear time bomb.

Who is this man who has threatened to “bury us,” who has pushed the world into the gravest crisis it has faced since the dawn of history? What does this man, who instigated the nuclear weapons and under whose leadership the world faced the threat of nuclear war, have to say?

In this autumn, 1961, of all crises in the history of mankind, it is supremely important that we clearly understand the nature and policies of the Communist leader who has brought the world to the brink of annihilation—Nikita Khrushchev. We must understand the nature of Communism and its long-term strategy. The Communists are engaged in what has been aptly called “permanently revolutionary”—means relentless struggle by any and all means, year after year, day after day. The weapons used to propagandize the Communist, even in times of their greatest weakness, to gain vast victories. It gives Moscow the initiative and amounts to a guarantee of our defeat by default.

In dealing with Khrushchev, we face a 67-year-old man, a man of ungodly ambitions, a man who has deceived his own people and who has deceived the world. He has deceived the world by definition deserts truth and morality, who rejects our code of ethics. He does not consider himself bound by his word to non-Communist nations, because they are “the enemies and is merely good tactics to mislead, confuse and lie to an enemy.”

Khrushchev, the “Killer in the Kremlin,” was born into a peasant farmer family 67 years ago, in the province of Kursk, in the valley of Kalinin, close to the Ukraine. He had virtually no schooling as a child, and began every early to shift for himself, as a shepherd and, when he got a little older, in various jobs in the mines and factories of the Donbas region.

In the first year of the Soviet regime, he joined the Communist Party and took part in the civil war then under way. He was 24 years old.

When the civil war was over, Khrushchev went back to factory work but joined the classes of a Rub-Fak, or workers’ school, which he got his first real schooling. When he graduated around 1925, he had the equivalent of an elementary education.

From the beginning, he showed a talent for getting ahead in the new ruling group. He made steady progress, and soon caught the eye of the old Bolsheviks who were then Moscow’s proconsul in the Ukraine, Lazar Kaganovich, and it was through his patronage that he began to move ahead fast as an “apparatchik,” a job-holder in the party apparatus.

Meanwhile, Stalin himself was watching Khrushchev’s interest and approval. In 1934 Khrushchev became a member of the central committee of the Communist Party, which is to say one of the 70 most important Communists in the country. Four years later, he was made an alternate member of the all-powerful Politburo.

Those were the years of the so-called “block purges” and we must never forget that as one of the top Communist officials in the Moscow area Khrushchev was neck-deep in the bloodletting. He was responsible for the brutal充满了资金的

For a speech after one of the major purge trials, he exclaimed, referring to the slaughtered victim:

“By lifting their hand against Comrade Stalin, they lifted it against the best humanity possesses. For Stalin is our hope. He is the beacon which guides all our progressive mankind. Stalin is our banner! Stalin is our way! Russia is our way! It was as a reward for his zeal as a hangman that in 1939 Khrushchev was made a full member of the Politburo. The bloodiest and cruelest of all the butchery took place in the Ukraine, and here the credit goes to Mr. V (for Kherler) personally.”

He was sent there in 1937 as Stalin’s trusted executioner. His first move was to summon a conference of the entire Ukrainian Government, staged as a social occasion. Suddenly the gathering was surrounded by the secret police, arrested en masse, and most of the “guests” died in the cellars of the Kiev and Moscow secret police.

When this two-year Ukrainian purge was over, an estimated 400,000 had been killed and terror gripped the whole population. Khrushchev was made secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party, but in the popular mind he won a more enduring name—Hangman of the Ukraine.

Then, in 1941, war came to Russia. The Soviet peoples, as in every general case of war, the most part welcomed the German invaders as liberators. But no universal and more joyous than in the Ukraine, as a reaction to the horrors its people had suffered at Khrushchev’s bloody hands.

When the Germans retreated in 1943, Khrushchev returned to Kiev. He now assumed the task of punishing the Ukrainians, the people for their welcome to the German invaders. This second purge, again under Khrushchev’s command, was more bloody and more horrifying than the first. Those liquidated, by exile or death, ran into hundreds of thousands.

By 1949, recalled to Moscow, and now one of the men closest to Stalin, Khrushchev remained alive and prospered when nearly all others around him were being mowed down by torture. By 1953, when Stalin died—on that was murdered by his comrades Khrushchev was in the small group that made up the so-called “collective leadership.” Under that beguiling phrase, of course, there immediately developed a fratricidal struggle for power.

The older men in the group, like Molotov, Kaganovich, could be discounted. The real contenders were Beria, head of the secret police, Malenkov and Khrushchev. The entire “collective leadership” ganged up on the man they feared most, Beria. They killed him, and several of his henchmen, within months after Stalin died.

With Beria eliminated, Khrushchev assumed the post of first secretary of the Communist Party, which had been held by Beria. In 1957, at a fell swoop, he succeeded in expelling Malenkov, Kaganovich, and others from positions of influence. To do this, he needed, and got, the help of Marshal Georgi Zhukov, the head of the armed forces. A year later, he rid himself of Zhukov as well. To all intents and purposes, Soviet Russia was again under a one-man dictatorship.

It might be appropriate to note that in his lust for power Khrushchev did not spare the older men who had been his patron and protector for some 20 years. No, he systematically exterminated the Ukraine. Kaganovich, Zhukov. Gratitude has no place in the Communist code of conduct.

No did the fact that his long-time friend and confidant, Khrushchev’s notoriety anti-Semitism. A German socialist who a few years ago interviewed Khrushchev—Karl Schmid, vice-president of the West German Bundestag—has told how the Soviet boss riduced Kaganovich in shocking anti-Semitism.

Khrushchev is a lusty extrovert, gregarious and garrulous. He’s a mixer and a Enterer. He likes crowds and banquets in the spotlight. He is a consummate politician, sometimes plays the buffoon. He can lovingly fondle a child and sometimes prattles on the olive branch.

But that contrast is entirely artificial. Beneath the man of the people, the clown, the mass-homicide, This is

(Continued on Page 13)
Playing To Live, Living To Play

Catherine Hancock

River City Rebels. Think about that name for a second. You know you’ve heard it before. That’s because this is the type of band that plays a show once with about 50 people and when they return to the same city, the word of mouth about their show has usually doubled the crowd. In other words, they play a kick ass live show.

The members of the group are changing constantly and it’s hard to keep the webpages up to date. While victory records’ site says one thing, river city rebels site says another. Confused, I asked Dan O’Day, former guitar player and at the time of the May interview - lead singer, to help me understand what’s going on.

“We’ve had to do a lot of changes in the past year or so. Just recently, two guitarists and a horn player. But that’s kinda given being that there are seven guys in a band. We’ve got replacements already and we’re in good shape. We’re getting ready to work on new stuff and go into the studio.” And since May there have been some more changes: The new CD, “No Good, No Time, No Pride” in stores this month. Dan O’Day is no longer listed as a band member on victory records’ website, and riercityrebels.com, a site that O’Day created, could not be accessed at press time. Ah, the joys of rock and roll.

So just where do they find these new members? From all over. Sometimes, they’ll know of someone but usually they’d post on their website what they’re looking for and see who replies. To them, it’s not really whether you’ve got the talent, it’s whether or not you’ve got the heart. And can you blame them? Looking for horn players to play for their band isn’t the easiest thing to find.

“It’s not a huge thing for horn players because there’s not many horn players around. I think we probably had like three responses from it. And one of the guys we ended up going with.” Playing in Canada was a new experience for the boys in February of last year. On a four day tour, they played Toronto (the Cathedral), Barrie, Montreal and Quebec City. Dan insists that Toronto was definitely the best out of all of them. And he says that it was the funnest tour the band has had so far. Why?

“I don’t know. Every night was something new and it was a different experience for us to be in a different country. And being on tour with Worthless United, those guys are really fun. We just had a blast.” This blast including getting a few tattoos on Queen Street during their stay. Dan got a cross and the trumpet player filling in during the tour got an eagle design on the leg. When they pulled up to the Canada/US border the joys of touring reached a big low. They had to wait forever to get across. Why? The promoter fucked up. They drove all through the night to get home early but when they arrived at six in the morning, Dan explains that “The promoter didn’t fax over all the paperwork. We had to wait until the promoter got to the office, which wasn’t until like one in the afternoon. It really was awful. We were all tired; we hadn’t slept, hadn’t ate. That was kinda rough.” Maybe if they had a tour bus, it wouldn’t seem so bad. But these boys have only one van. And in this van is all the equipment and then 8 of them jump in and sit wherever they can. Old skool styles.

So what’s a typical show like? Pretty darn crazy. Pretty darn wild. Pretty darn fun. And sometimes, pretty darn wrong. Like the time they played in Rutland and some punk destroyed the washroom - big time. Dan describes the incident so matter-of-factly that I’m a little stunned. “It’s just your typical stuff that goes on. There’s always one idiot that will destroy the bathroom, rip stuff off the wall, punch holes - that kind of stupid stuff. And then we get shut down… and it’s another place you can’t have shows.” But these boys aren’t trying to cause havoc and hysteria, they’re just trying to take the crowd back to the days when punk was punk and good times were good times. How do they manage to pull it off?

“By playing rude music and following in the footsteps of all the great bands before us who started the movement (The Ramones, The Clash, Sex Pistols), making it dangerous, having something to say, making it fun, making it important, having a good time while we’re doing it and looking good. Just having a good time.”

So if this band is so into the punk movement, what do you think about bands like Blink182, who have taken punk and made it commercial and mainstream? For the record, I myself have no problem with this, and neither do the boys of Blink182 who told me in an interview a few years back that their success is what every punk band dreams about. O’Day explains his side.

“Whatever. If they think their right with what they’re doing that’s fine. I’m not going to judge them. It’s not really my thing and it’s not what I look k to do but it doesn’t really affect me at all and I could care less what they do.” So then how would it change if River City Rebels became a popular, commercial, mainstream success? How would they handle themselves?

“I think we’d handle it fine. I have no problem with a band getting large as long as they keep their integrity and do what they’ve always done. I think Green Day’s always done the same thing. I don’t think they’ve ever changed their views and their opinions. Then there’s bands like Offspring who do collaborations with crappy mainstream artists and do it cheesy just to sell records.” Ouch. But I can smell a bit of truth in that cheese.
I Believe in the Power of Punch-Drunk Love

by Dr. D. L. Carveth & Catherine Hancock

When I stepped out of the screening for this film all I could think to myself were two things: “Wow! Was that an Adam Sandler movie?” and “When can I see this again?” This story was so complex that I'll need to see it at least two more times to really understand the main character, Barry Egan, and his reasoning for doing things. I asked Dr. Carveth to see the film and explain some things to me so that I could have a better understanding of the film so thanks to him, this review is a lot clearer then when it first started.

Basically, the film is about a man who suffers from what DSM IV calls "intermittent episodic explosive disorder" which pretty much means that he is ordinarily suppressing or repressing large volumes of rage that episodically break out from repression. At his work, it seems to take every ounce of his energy to deliver a sales pitch. He is an emotionally constricted man with the inability to connect and communicate with others, even his own family members.

Barry has been consistently teased, mocked, and metaphorically castrated by his seven, intrusive, abusive, dominating and undermining sisters. It is obvious after seeing him with his family why Barry is the way he is. The film, in this respect, does an excellent job of capturing the raw awkwardness of families. And it is only with his sisters that you see his aggression come out. They have eroded his self-esteem. He can't make a move or take a step without them interfering. But the film is full of moving vans, tractor-trailers, images of airplanes on coupons, etc., all symbolizing the freedom and mobility he lacks. While at his sister's birthday party, he finds the courage to pull his sister's husband a doctor aside and ask for help. He says to him, "I don't like myself very much" and it's clear that Barry Egan is in serious pain. The comedic relief comes soon afterward, as we learn that this doctor is really a dentist. But at the same time, it teaches us a little bit more about Barry and how his mind works.

His one place of refuge from his sisters is the bathroom where presumably he can lock them out and where he can then explode with rage, trashing the bathroom--consequently he now manufactures unbreakable toilet plungers! He's all blocked up, existentially constipated--and manufactures unbreakable toilet plungers, to be used for unblocking blocked plumbing. People like Barry have so much pent-up rage that they are terrified of their anger, being aware of how destructively, even murderously, enraged they are. He has to suppress the anger he fears will be terribly destructive, so he doesn't have normal aggression available for self-assertion. He's just all tied-up. The silence, then shocking loud crashes, boxes falling, cars flipping over sudden streaks of colour all represent the strange states of "derealization" and "depersonalization" people who have to massively repress their emotions because of dangerous rage experience. In states like this, reality starts to seem unreal, bizarre, and the senses play tricks: it's as if you can hear colours and see sounds, etc.

Barry is on the edge of a major emotional breakdown. Enter the good woman. Never underestimate the power of the love. This film is very moving and beautiful in its depiction of her loving, wise, understanding, and respectful healing of Barry. She is a woman who doesn't interrogate him on his odd behaviour and just accepts him for who he is and more importantly, loves him for it. Barry finally, and at a big surprise to himself, finds a love in his life and it makes him a stronger man.

And the story continues from there. When he goes shopping for groceries, he walks around the store for what could be hours searching for something but he does not know what. Finally, he purchases all of the Healthy Choice pudding he can find because of the deal they offer on air miles. He has an obsession with collecting frequent flyer miles even though he never plans on using them. He has never been on a plane. He calls a phone sex line but he's not into it. He answers all of her suggestive questions and comments with single words and it is clear that he is an extremely lonely man who just wants someone to talk to. It is easy to see this just looking at his apartment that is reflective of the blandness in his life. There is no passion in the furniture or in the artwork. Everything is plain and beige.

Throughout the entire film, Barry is wearing a blue suit. He does not know why he decided to put on a suit and just never takes it off. It goes well with the blue and white colour scheme of the movie and it looks good with his love interests' outfits but why is he wearing it? Is it a shield?

For Paul Thomas Anderson (Boogie Nights, Magnolia), the film won the best director prize at the 2002 Cannes Film Festival. Anderson wrote the story after he read about David Phillips, a man from California who stumbled upon a lucrative frequent flyer promotion. He turned it into a romantic comedy with Adam Sandler and Emily Watson in mind, giving all involved the opportunity to play in something they have never done before. The result is an offbeat, quirky love story that just works.

It is still the basic formula of an Adam Sandler movie: he's a loser who gets taken advantage of, he gets mad, stands up for himself and then he gets the girl. But the story itself is so complex, original and well played that it is worth seeing to analyze yourself.