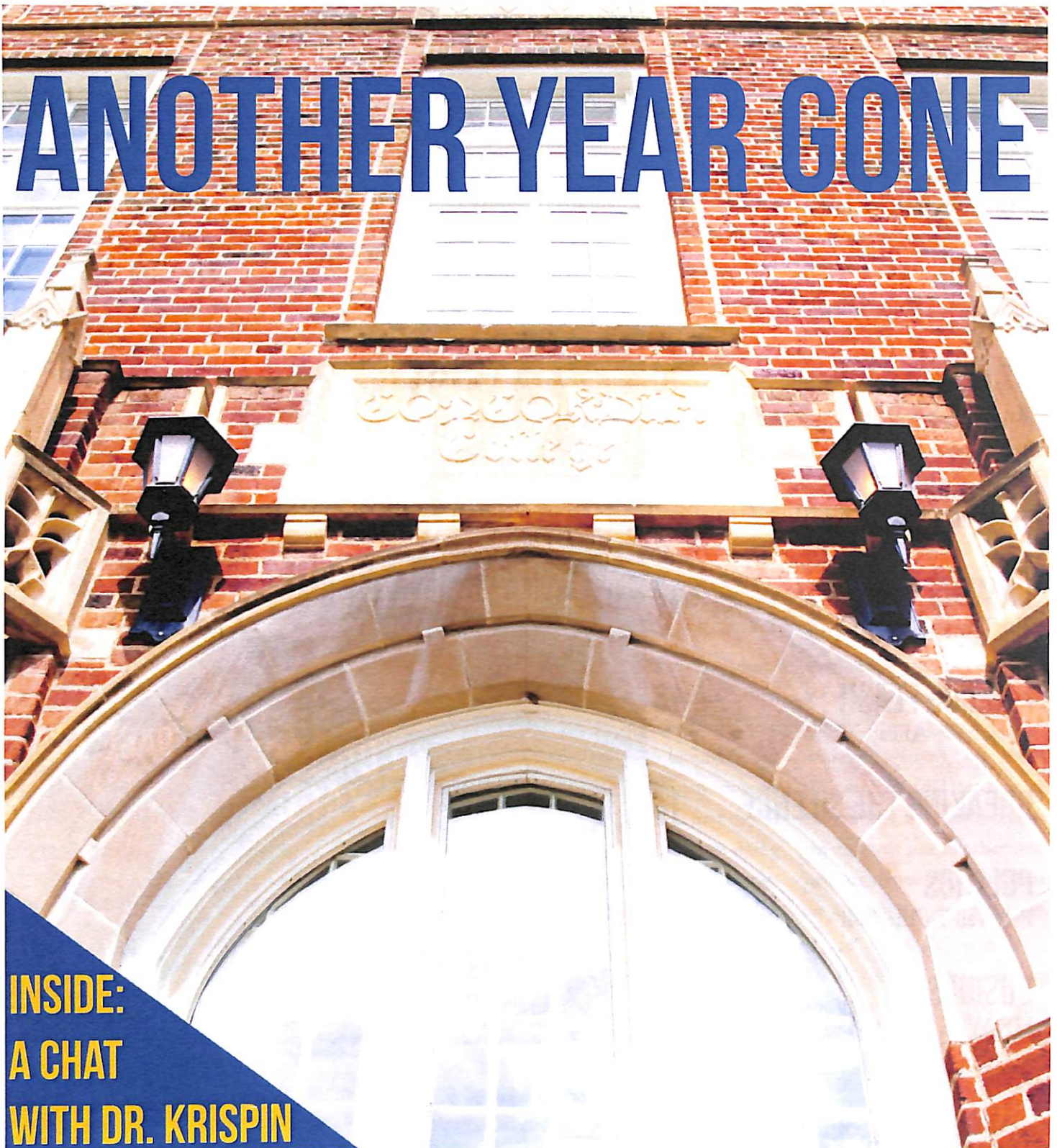


THE BOLT

ISSUE 14, APRIL 4, 2016

ANOTHER YEAR GONE

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WITH DR. KRISPIN



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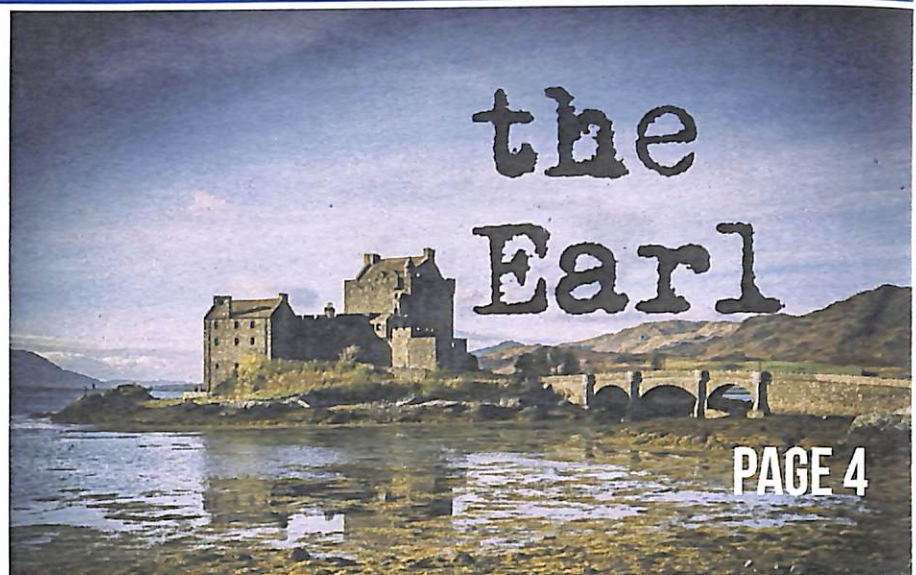
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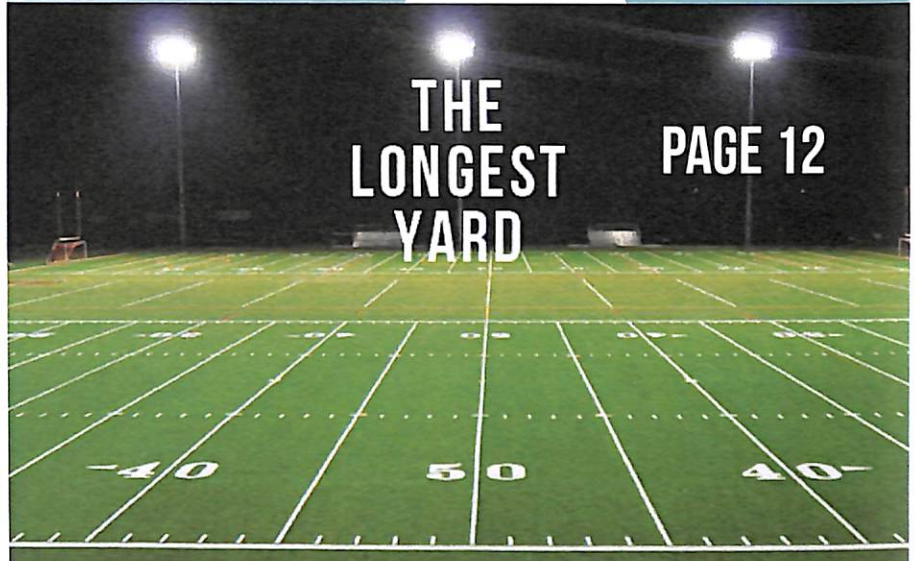


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FROM THE EDITOR

Define Yourself

by Kayle Sieben

Don't let what you do define who you are. In different social events we carry with us different personas. Not an entirely new personality, just slight adjustments to our character depending on the situation. You wouldn't behave at a funeral how you would in a mosh pit. Well, you shouldn't anyways. Every individual bares potential for greatness, however it is one defines greatness.

In our own minds, it's often difficult to define who we are. It's such a vague question, how could we sum up years of events, loves, and passions that lead us to this very moment. A seemingly infinite amount of memories surpasses our conscious as we pose this question. Yet, daily it seems we tend to define strangers based

on mere moments of exposure.

To even define a colleague or friend should be more difficult than we make it out to be. I'm constantly learning new information about my acquaintances.

I'm a guy who has several passions that I work towards. It's hard for me to say no, not because I'm a pushover, but because I see potential in opportunity. I love being Editor-in-Chief of The Bolt as well as a writer, I love being educated to become a teacher, I love my job in social work, I love hockey, I love doing graphic design... You see my point? I could create an endless list of the things I love to do, and that would only be the tipping point of who I am. The same goes for you. You're more than an English major, you're more than a hockey player, and you're more than an artist. Whatever identity you think you're given, you're more than that.



People I grew up with have come up to me asking "How's the journalism thing going? How's abpolitics doing? How's working at Bent Arrow?" and of course "How's teaching?" They were thinking that these were each my life's only pursuit. I can't help but smile, because people ask me about different passions of mine and I know there is so much more to myself than just that. In the same breath, it's an odd situation.

I have so many different passions, so many different ways to occupy my time and define my purpose. I can't let each one define who I am. I can only demonstrate who I am through my words and through my actions. You should do the same. Don't let labels and titles dictate your behaviour. Let you dictate your behaviour. Let you define who you are.

Don't be afraid to try something new. Odds are when you start something new, you're going to be pretty bad at it. But that's okay, nobody is a master on the first day. If it's something you love doing don't let fear of failure or judgment tell you not to do what you love doing. Use that as encouragement! Turn your mistakes into learning experiences and work towards improving.

Creating a diverse sense of self

part of becoming well-rounded. This is something I've come to learn at the ripe age of 23, and something I hope you can take carrying forward.

This year has been an incredible journey with The Bolt. I've enjoyed every step of the way, and hope we can continue to entertain you the readers in the coming year. I'm excited to say that I will be returning next year, and I look forward to seeing all of your faces around campus.

I'd like to thank our writers, both contractual and voluntary, without you The Bolt is nothing. You are what drives the ship, we the editors merely steer it.

Lastly, I'd like to thank our Mental Health Initiative. Their idea for the "Breaking the Silence" column was an incredible step forward in removing the stigma surrounding mental health. The individuals who displayed such courage, opening up about their struggles did it so that we can all feel a sense of empathy towards one another, and help us remove the idea that we are alone in our problems.

I wish you all a great summer, and if you are moving on, I wish you great success (Borat voice)! See you next year, Concordia.

SERIAL FICTION

The Earl Part 2

by Austin Schuster

A few hours after the Earl and the city council discussed plans of retaliation against the bandits in the unruly western lands, the castle had fallen silent, with the exception of a faint rustling from a cargo compartment on a parked stage coach, in the dimly lit courtyard. Young Peter Hoxen-crauft was only 10 years old, and he was overcome with dread when he found that his parents would be leaving for an evening or two, meaning that he'd have to stay at home with his housekeeper, who always forced arithmetic and speaking exercises on him while his parents weren't around. Peter knew he'd never get out for the evening or next afternoon, meaning that he wouldn't be able to see his friends or simply spend time alone, in his favorite spot down by the lake shore. Misbehaving and doing rather brash things was not uncommon for Peter, so he decided to climb into the storage compartment of the stage coach when his parents weren't looking. They hadn't came out of the house yet, and

their
stage
coach
was

still outside in the terrace. He decided he'd simply have to climb back in without being seen once they left, but until then, he had all night to explore; of course, he wasn't tired. He was never tired.

The sight of the pale moon high above the castle made him quiver a little. He only wished that he had at least one of his good friends with him to explore, but it mattered not, he'd simply have more stories to tell of his own once he returned to the city. He emerged from his hiding place beneath the stone covered area of the terrace, where he'd been sitting for a short while, out of sight. He had to remain hidden once a handful of the council members had left. He slowly approached the double doored entrance to the castle, and pushed them open. Inside the main hall, there was a grand staircase, and the floor was covered in a crimson rug. The chandeliers were burning dimly above him, casting a sepia glow over the gloomy looking hall.

He heard someone coming, and quickly made his way to the side of the grand staircase. He waited, his heart beating nearly out of his chest. When he saw no one, he decided to climb up the grand staircase, then up the

ascending stairs to the left, which was dark higher up, compared to the right side, where he'd heard the noise. He found himself in a dark hallway, the only light provided poured through the curtains closed over the windows lining one side of the hallway. He could hear music playing faintly from down the hall, and decided to follow it. Eventually, there came a door to his right, and when he entered it he found himself on a mezzanine, with a staircase descending perhaps fifteen steps or so onto a floor scattered with crates and knocked over bookcases. The wall opposite to him was ribbed with organ pipes, which proved to be the source of the music. The room had no candles or chandeliers, the source of light pouring in from a high window, illuminating the room in a dim blue. Peter could see a man sitting at the organ, his back hunched as his fingers danced across the keys. He was bald on the top of his head, and appeared to have a collection of white scraggly hair wrapping around the sides. As soon as Peter saw him, he turned and fled.

Once back in the hallway, the direction that led further away from the staircase was perpetually dark, and as he had no light he decided against traversing any further. Once back on the grand staircase in the main hall, the door at the top of the right staircase still had

light pouring from the bottom of it, and he could still hear voices coming from it. Suddenly, he heard something coming in the main hall from the door to the dining room. He spontaneously ran up the right staircase and into the shadows, now only inches from the illuminated door. He could hear their conversation now, but he was unable to focus on it, because he had just noticed a servant walking through the main hall, carrying a sack of linen. Once the servant was gone, Peter daringly placed his ear to the door, and prayed nobody would open it.

"-hunt to the village, where I'll have troops to back me in my assault. Do you know what that means?"

He heard the voice of a man younger than his father say. A female's voice answered timidly.

"Yes."

"You need to prepare the fort. The jails I'm going to have to put those people to good use you know."

Peter shifted his ear closer to the conversation, and wasn't certain of what he heard, but it sounded most similar to weeping. The male voice began to laugh in mocking bitterness. Peter descended back into the main hall, exploring the left side of the grand staircase. On the right side was the

door to the dining hall, and on the right there was an older looking wooden door, with not a doorknob but a ring. He looked at the wall on the right, where there were three symmetrical red stained-glass windows. He could see the moon outside of one of them, appearing as a crimson circle. His attention shifted to an intricate painting of a naked woman lower on the wall. He stared at it for a moment, his eyes tracing the curves of the female figure. His heartbeat quickened, and he imagined himself as an older man. He wouldn't be like his father. He'd be tall, and strong. And women like the one in the painting would admire him. His quick beating heart seemed to freeze in fear as he heard another door opening, this one from the left staircase. He turned his head quickly, which seemed to be the only motion he could perform. There was nothing to hide behind. Slowly, he saw the figure of the old man he'd seen playing the organ emerge from the shadows of the left staircase. He was adorned in a black cloak, and his face was wretched. His skin was pale, and his eyes seemed to droop, but despite their decrepit age, they remained intensely open, and the red dimness of the hall reflected off of them with an effect of demonic terror. He had a long and matted grey beard, and bushy black eyebrows that curled at the end. His eyes were staring forward

strangely, unmoving as he descended. Peter glanced at the older looking door against the wall, and began to inch towards it, then he glanced back up at the man, who was now standing still on the staircase, his eyes staring directly into Peter's. He felt his throat close off and his crotch grow warm. Without wasting another moment, he made a mad dash towards the door, and he pulled on the ring with all of his strength. The door complained as he forced it open, echoing a loud creak throughout the hall. He found himself inside a stone stairwell, that wound slightly to the left towards the bottom, and the bottom seemed to be illuminated by a torch. He scrambled down the stairs, and found himself in a low ceilinged basement, the walls lined with cobblestone and supported by wooden trusses. The single torch revealed an expanse of storage space to his right; wine barrels, rope. Once he found a hiding spot, crouched between two wine barrels, he covered himself with rope and waited in utter fear. Everything grew silent, so quiet that he could hear the sound of his own breathing, which was shockingly loud. Then he heard the door at the top of the stairs wing open. Then footsteps. He lifted his head slightly, and saw the figure of the man standing in the torchlight. He removed the torch from its spot on the wall and began to wave it

around the storage area further away from Peter. From where he hid, the torchlight illuminated the far end of the room. Directly across from the bottom of the staircase there was a door, and Peter prayed that the man would open it, but he didn't.

Slowly, the yellow-orange glow of the flaming torch made its way to the left, around the perimeter of the storage area, the circle of light illuminating the horrible face of the Peter's unnerving pursuer. He had reached the wall to Peter's left now, and he was getting closer, winding around the odd box or rusted anvil. Slowly his hiding spot was flooded with torchlight. The old man waved it between the two wine barrels, and saw nothing but an unwound bundle of rope. He heard footsteps to his left, near the bottom of the staircase. He waved the torch to his left, illuminating the boy he'd been pursuing. Peter cried out in fear, and used the brief exposure of the light towards the door at the far end of the room to guide his path. The end of the room he'd sprinted to was dark now, and he felt around the surface of the cobblestone wall frantically to find the door, then the ring to pull it open. Once he did, it proved to be heavier than he expected. He slammed the door shut behind him, and found himself in a narrow hallway now, with a high

arched ceiling. There were a few candles in staggered positions of varying height along both walls to guide his path. He tripped on an uneven flagstone on the floor, which sent him falling flat on his face. He gasped for air and cradled his chest, his fear pushing him forwards in a situation where he'd normally cry out.

He breathed heavily as he entered the room at the end of the hallway. It was a circular room with a vaulted ceiling, and in the center there was a grate with a railing surrounding it, a well of sorts that would likely lead further underground into the castle's drainage passages. He looked for another exit, a place to hide but there was none. His heart felt like it was strangled when he heard the door open at the end of the hall; he was lucky the old man was slow.

Then, in a miraculous instant, he noticed something on side of the circular room; another source of light, which was actually the only source that dimly illuminated the chamber; it was low on the ground, explaining how he hadn't noticed it before. It was a barred semicircular opening on the bottom portion of the wall, which revealed a lower chamber of the castle, a grand winding staircase, he soon discovered as he crawled on his knees and

wiggled his way through the loose bars. Without waiting to hear what happened next in the sewer grate chamber he'd just came from, he made a mad dash down the stairs, and didn't look back.

After descending for at least a few minutes, Peter had reached the bottom, where two doors three or four times his height stood before him. He pushed them open ever so slowly, using all of his strength. When he did, he found himself inside an enormous chamber, lined with pillars and a high ceiling, supported by enormous stone archways. The room was illuminated by a chandelier, all of the candles concealed within red stained glass, bathing the chamber in a scarlet aura. Gargoyles stood perched along the pillars, their heads twisted unnaturally with depraved expressions on their faces, with banners of the long forgotten house of LaFontaine hung beneath them. His crotch was cold now, and he realized upon first seeing the old man that he had wet himself. He moved slowly and uncomfortably with the dampness, and wandered around the chamber, always looking over his shoulder in case the great doors would open. He could hear no footsteps besides his own, and the only other sound was the odd drop of water from somewhere.

He made his way over to

the far end of the chamber, where two trap doors lay on the ground, bound with chains. It was made of old wood, and had a few holes in it. Peter's curiosity grew. Maybe it was a treasure chamber of some kind. After all, many people had heard rumors of the Earl being so anti-social because he was afraid of people like Peter's father taking advantage of his vast wealth.

He narrowed his eyes when he heard a distant sound from inside, some kind of a cry or scream, although it was faint. He leaned inwards and looked inside and saw a dimly lit section of some kind of labyrinth, a curve in a hallway. The floor was covered in blue flagstones, which looked almost violet, due to the same lighting being present as in the chamber; red stained glass lanterns. He jumped when he heard the same sound again, growing closer from inside the tunnels. He froze in shock and jumped back at another sound, some kind of squeal or roar, akin to that of a squealing pig. A naked man came into view, emaciated and panting. Then, he saw the source of the inhuman sounds that were coming from the dark end of the hall. It had a hunched back and it ran—no, staggered with great speed, where it leapt upon the man, directly in Peter's view. As soon as their bodies touched, the mouth of the beast envel-

oped the back of the man who cried out in a scream of fear, which soon subsided into the grotesque sounds of the beast beginning to feast upon the corpse of the dead man. Gore dilated onto the floor and the body twitched.

Peter withdrew his eye from trapdoor, cold tears leaking from his eyes, his skin pale with shock. He was breathing uncontrollably now as he scrambled away from the trap door his mind burning with regret of deciding to explore the castle. What was this place!?

He stared up at the wall above the trapdoor, and upon it was a mural of a black eagle, its wings spread and its head pointed to the left. Its lower half curled into the design of a triple spiral labyrinth. Peter Hoxencrauft stood and headed for the door, the very presence of being inside the crimson-lit hall instilling him with a deep sensation of disgust and horror. What was this place? What kind of person is the Earl...?

He stepped with new found confidence, no longer concerned or even really thinking about the old man that had been pursuing him, for what he'd just seen was much more terrifying. His shoulders shrugged upwards in fear at another sound that came from the trapdoor now far behind him, echoing throughout

the hall. He quickly exited the hall and didn't look back. He avoided the barred window into the sewer grate chamber, and decided to risk emerging from the doors at the top of the stairs. He was inside a hallway with loose and crumbling bricks, on the edge of the vertical cliff side. He could feel the wind and nighttime air blowing on him now. He ran further down the hall, and the crumbling brick on his right side opened up onto a grassy area on the cliff side, where the great staircase descended down to a bridge that would cross the river into the bordering lands beyond the Earl's castle. Peter climbed up onto the stairs and made his way back up to the courtyard. The nighttime air eliminated the fuzziness in his peripheral vision, and everything that had just happened seemed unreal to him. He climbed back into his hiding spot in the back of the carriage and tried to sleep, but couldn't. For most of the night he couldn't stop ruminating over how grave a mistake it was to follow his parents to such a horrible place. Worse however, was the sounds from the trapdoor echoing in the back of his mind. But soon, the creases of the comfortably sized cargo-compartment flooded with the crimson-coming eastern light of daybreak, and the horrible night, or nightmare had ended.

MENTAL HEALTH

The Students at Concordia are Awesome!

by Deb Huber

It appears to be unanimous. The CSA Mental Health Street Team heard this message from every external person we brought on campus to support student wellness! Kudo's to all of the students, the CSA, CSA Clubs, staff and faculty who are committed to the personal well being of students at Concordia and for creating a community that so many want to be a part of.

The CSA Mental Health

Street Team would like to thank the following people for their support this year:

The CSA Mental Health Committee members, Cody Weger, Shannon Peacocke, Dr. Barb van Ingren, Meagan Strachan, Natasha Miller and Adrienne Maschmeyer who met bi-weekly to oversee the CSA Mental Health Initiative;

Meagan McIntosh, Alexandria Walters, Heather Lee and Dylan Haslam who ran Student Led Wellness Events;

The courageous students who shared their stories in the Breaking the Silence column in The BOLT; Chase Zahay for

authoring a number of these stories; Kayle Sieben for championing this column, and; The BOLT writers who authored other articles on mental health.

And so many others.... Watch our CSA Wellness Facebook page for more shout outs!

I would personally like to acknowledge the hard work and dedication of this past years CSA Mental Health Street Team: Shae-Lyn Boychuk and Evan Robertson (who worked with the team before Christmas), Declan Beddow, Courtney Hunt, Annie Chow, Stephanie Mendes and Bronte Diduck. You are a dream team!

For the past 3 years the CSA Mental Health Initiative has been funded by an Alberta

Campus Mental Health Innovation (ACHMI) Grant. This is the final year for this grant. Your CSA is committed to student wellness; in addition to lobbying for funds, they have developed a plan to continue the Mental Health Initiative next year, without grant funding. The initiative will fall under the portfolio of the CSA's VP of Student Life...and there will continue to be a Street Team.

As the term comes to an end, we ask you to remember that 5 out of 5 people have mental health... what will you do to look after yours? If you are among the 1 in 5 that have mental health concerns, please ask for help when you need it. You are worth it...you matter... there is always hope. Thanks for a fabulous year!

THANK YOU

TO OUR MENTAL HEALTH INITIATIVE HERE AT CONCORDIA



With their hard work, we've created a safer, more secure environment here at school. If you are feeling pain, you are not alone



Enjoy Summer

Take courses online this summer.

- Soak up the sun while you study; take your education with you wherever you go.
- Keep your summer job by studying at a time and place that works for you.
- Earn credits now and lighten your workload next year.
- Choose from over 500 courses.
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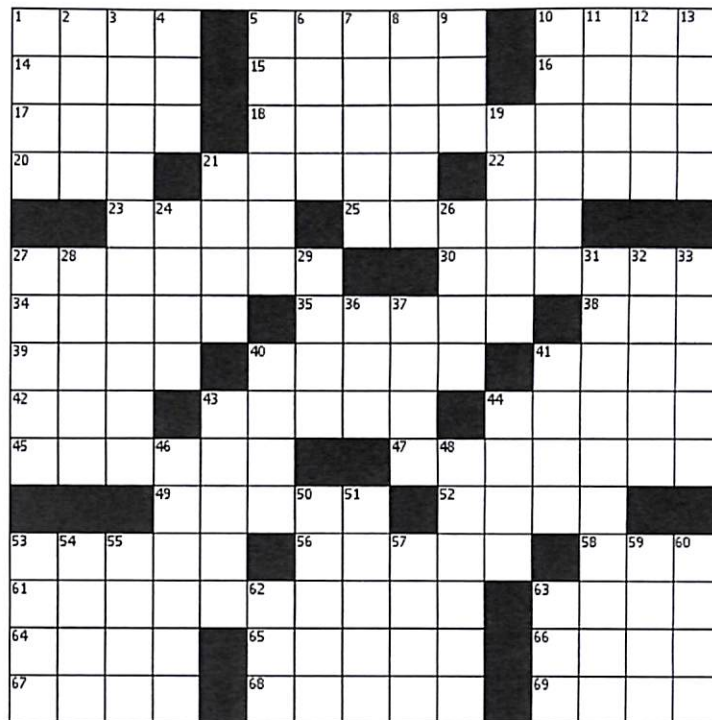
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1-877-543-3576

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FUN AND GAMES

Across

1. Singer ____ Seeger
5. D-Day beach
10. Bullets, for short
14. Healing plant
15. Less common
16. Told untruths
17. Speak indistinctly
18. Moral
20. Paving goo
21. Actor Martin ____
22. Counts calories
23. ____ Valley (vineyard site)
25. Beauty parlor
27. Watertight coating
30. Warnings
34. Entice
35. Presses clothes
38. Poetic twilight
39. Crude metals
40. Throw
41. ____ Carvey of SNL
42. Hr. part
43. Pastry
44. More colorless
45. Gasoline, in England
47. Innocence
49. Stopped
52. Ball holders
53. Entertain
56. Zeal
58. Actor ____ Allen
61. ____ gap
63. Mumbai attire
64. Emanate
65. Actress ____ Witherspoon
66. Medical "at once!"
67. Connect the ____
68. Made mistakes
69. Exited



Down

1. Time gone by
2. She, in Seville
3. Competition
4. Poet's eternity
5. Parentless child
6. Stable female
7. Zodiac ram
8. Hair coloring
9. Circle segment
10. Like Swiss mountains
11. 5,280 feet
12. Run into
13. Gambling term
19. Graven images
21. Squabble
24. "Heidi" setting
26. Bowling alley
27. Walk heavily
28. Uncanny
29. Stadium part
31. ____ agent (2 wds.)
32. Doctrine
33. Kind of drum
36. Rodent
37. Toaster ____
40. Grasp
41. Humorist ____ Barry
43. Photocopier liquid
44. Wharf
46. Adjusts again
48. Repented
50. Diner
51. More parched
53. Ancient
54. Office note
55. Single thing
57. Medicinal portion
59. Iraq's neighbor
60. Catcher's glove
62. Common verb
63. Compass pt.



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9		3		5	2		4	
		4			1		9	
			8		7			
	3		5			4		
	7		6	8		9		5
							8	7
		2	9		5	1		4

OPINION

Ignorance is Not Bliss

by Ester Latifi

With the plethora of media coverage and news articles available to us at just the click of a button, it's no secret that politics are a big deal. In particular, the situation in our lovely neighboring country, the United States, has gotten a large amount of exposure. It's hard to scroll through Facebook or Twitter without seeing names like Donald Trump, Bernie Sanders, and Hillary Clinton pop up.

My purpose in writing this is not to critique the political system or its candidates, but rather to encourage everyone to open their eyes and do their research when major events like these take place. With the

relatively recent installment of Justin Trudeau, I've seen many things via social media both for and against the liberal party. Opinions are essential to any society, but it's one thing to cast your vote as an informed citizen and another to go with whatever your friends or family support.

Two years ago I turned eighteen. I remember being extremely excited to transition into "adulthood," and the thing I looked forward to the most was having the right to vote. Being legally able to drink was hardly significant, because as a citizen, I'd long looked forward to the day that I'd be able to have a voice in important issues. It is by this same token that I confess that I take no particular interest in politics. Being that politics are such a crucial part of our lives, I've never ignored them, but I've also never gone out of my way to research things such as

candidacy, the different parties, or economy. This together with my excitement at the prospect of being allowed to vote made for a very strange situation. How could I vote if I was politically illiterate? My whole life I'd just supported the party my parents associated themselves with, not taking much time to look really into anything else. If you'd asked me what Harper had done for Canada at the ripe age of eighteen, I wouldn't have been able to give you an answer.

During the elections last year, I remember seeing an array of articles posted by friends and family regarding different parties and scandals. I remember nodding my head now and then, thinking "hey, this is logical." A few articles down, I'd see something contradicting the previous report, and again, it seemed to make sense. It was at this point when I realized I was going into the election entirely uneducated, and I was overwhelmed with a feeling of terror. My voice as a citizen is influential, so how could I possibly expect to cast a vote when I knew next to nothing about the big issues? Should I even be voting at all?

I made a conscious effort over the next few weeks to rigorously research each party and candidate. It was as if a switch had turned in

my mind. I stopped looking to my friends' tweets to find out who I liked better, because most of the time, they were just as clueless as I was. We all just seemed to go with the flow, flocking towards the popular choice without knowing anything at all. The election suddenly became more than a rite of passage; it was paramount for me to know who I was standing behind.

While social media can serve as an excellent tool for promoting your opinions, it is critical that we, as the next generation, know just who we are putting into power. While one vote alone makes little difference, many voices can change the future of a country. If everyone just went with the popular choice, we may as well be putting on blindfolds and checking off a random candidate. By being well-rounded in knowledge, we make ourselves capable of having a substantial impact on our society, one that is not based on which candidate says the nicest words or makes the biggest promises. Whether you identify as conservative, liberal, or anything else, make sure that it's something you can stand behind without a shadow of a doubt. We have the potential to shape our country, so let's make sure we do it with confidence!



STUDENT LIFE

An Interview with Dr. Krispin

by Peter Flourlaris

For the final article of the school year, it was my honor to have the chance to speak with President Dr. Krispin. Our entertaining conversation had everything from Led Zeppelin, to motorcycling in British Columbia, to a 6-foot rabbit.

Peter Flourlaris: How many years have you been the President here at Concordia?

Dr. Krispin: It's my 29th year at Concordia, 9 years as President, and 20 years as a religious studies professor.

PF: What are some of your job responsibilities as President?

Dr. Krispin: Taking responsibility for anything and everything that happens at Concordia, and assembling a good team of individuals who can make this place run. We have an amazing group of individuals that work together in a collegial way. The responsibility of my job is to create the best environment for students.

PF: What is your favorite part of your job?

Dr. Krispin: I love convocation because of the excitement of students who have actually

achieved what they have set out to do. I enjoy the whole

experience of the convocation event. Second to convocation is student orientation, looking at the anticipation of students planning to come to our University. Thirdly, is actually walking through Tegler, and walking through the halls and seeing the dynamic of students actually thriving at Concordia.

PF: What is the biggest change you have seen at Concordia since you became President?

Dr. Krispin: The biggest change happened quite recently, when Concordia's board decided that we would no longer operate as a religiously based institution, but operate, as we functionally were anyways, as a University serving since we are basically publically funded as is. So basically, the biggest change is to actually do what we have always been doing, but at the same time, making it very visible that we are Concordia University of Edmonton. And that's the other change, having worked very diligently, and for many years to take us from being Concordia University College of Alberta to becoming Concordia University of Edmonton in the sense of being Edmonton's University. Actually having Concordia being seen as Edmonton's University is still a process, but ultimately, becoming Edmonton's University is where I want Concordia to be.

PF: Can you tell the reader

something about yourself that most people would not know?

Dr. Krispin: That the first Vinyl LP that I bought was Led Zeppelin II, and the second one I bought was Black Sabbath, and I've never ceased loving that music. I continue to love everything from heavy metal to country music, but my love for rock music in the way of Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath, still continues.

PF: What is your dream vacation spot?

Dr. Krispin: Nelson, British Columbia. Why Nelson? It's got the greatest roads for riding a motorcycle anywhere, especially the stretch from Kaslo to New Denver, and going back along that route. Its great motorcycle riding, I love twisty highways. Especially since we're here in Alberta where everything is straight.

PF: What is your all time favorite movie?

Dr. Krispin: I will say Harvey (1950). If you don't know what Harvey is, it's about a big rabbit. It stars Jimmy Stewart as somebody who sees this 6-foot tall rabbit that nobody else can see. It's a play made into a movie, and it's just very nice.

PF: If you could have any superpower, what would you choose, and why?

Dr. Krispin: I think most people have had flying dreams, so I think most people who would

want a super-power would want to fly. It's just because it seems like it could get you anywhere, and it seems like a really cool thing to be able to do.

PF: Do you have any advice for students that you would like to share?

Dr. Krispin: Success at university, to some degree is the result of one's abilities, but ultimately, it is about disciplining yourself, working on things and getting things done. It's about perseverance, and the ability to persevere in the midst of everything. It's a tough grind, only the people who have never been to university say 'wait until you get in the real world,' because they don't realize just how incredibly demanding, and incredibly tiring university is. My advice is to persevere through the midst of everything and to seek the help that is available to you because you are here to learn.

Thank-you very much Dr. Krispin for a fantastic interview. I think I speak on behalf of all students when I say that we truly appreciate the great work and vision that you have for Concordia.

On a personal note, thank-you, Concordia for a great four years, I will be graduating in May, and this is my last column for the Bolt. I really appreciate all of the warm receptions I have received for my articles. I will always carry these four years at Concordia with me wherever I go, so thank-you again for the best years of my life.

LITERATURE

The Glue of the Arts

by Adrianna Blitterswyck

Within society the word ART has taken on a stereotypical connotation. When we hear the term art, generic forms of the fine arts are brought into light. However, the fine arts only bring recognition to the art forms of painting, music, dance, and drama while others are left out of the limelight. As a whole we have neglected the imagination, creativity and beauty presented by other less recognized forms of art. Specifically, as a society we have neglected to appreciate literature and writing for what they truly are, the uniting front of the art world.

Art as an umbrella term presents numerous categories and subcategories that are defined and characterized by their recognition in society. There are countless ways to describe the intricacies, emotions, imagination and details that surround various art forms in the world. Take a moment to consider all the ways in life that we are able to express our human thoughts, emotions and nature. Art is not just painting, music and drama- it is all that and more! Any way a human being is able to express themselves is a unique and valuable form of art. As hu-

mans we have the ability to express ourselves through countless outlets including: cooking, sports, sculpting, wood or metal work, photography, poetry, writing, leadership and even volunteerism. To go even further, the way we express our cares and commitments to the world through leadership, volunteerism and compassion for humanity also hold an intricate line of beauty thereby falling into the arts category. The arts are an outlet for self-expression, an outlet for the reflection of life and an outlet for respect of such human conditions. One does not need to be creative or imaginative to experience and value the arts. Visual arts while they are a major sect of the artistic world do not encompass all that the arts have to offer.

While it may be a stretch to call leadership and volunteerism forms of art it does remind us that these words hold a deeper connotation, definition and meaning to the plethora of people that use these words to describe themselves and the world around them. Hence, as we speak, read and communicate with one another the world of literature has a major influence on how these words are meant, interpreted and used in daily life. We use words to describe our thoughts, perspectives and define the beauties we behold with our own eyes. Words and languages are the building blocks of how we perceive

the world around us and describe those perceptions and emotions. When we go into an art gallery, watch a film or experience a drama production we use words like magnificent, brilliant, and priceless amongst others to describe our initial experience. Thus, without the ability to share our human emotions through speech and words the art world we be at a major loss.

More and more, people are turning away from literature and poetry. In particular, poetry has been interpreted as a dying art form. People no longer want to put the effort into deciphering the intricate details of a well phrased poem. We've neglected the details placed in poetry and writing while we praise the details of various other works of art. When you stare at a famous painting like the Mona Lisa or The Starry Night a plethora of different meanings and emotions can be plucked out of the woodwork if one is willing to take the time to look. The same can be said about poetry. If you are willing to take the time to decipher a poem like The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost, Sonnet 55 by William Shakespeare or I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud by William Wordsworth you can find these intricate pictures of art within your mind through the correlation of words these poets placed together. When it comes to reading things like novels and poetry there is no 100% correct or

incorrect answer on how it may impact you personally as a reader. Through the art of reading you are able to interpret the author's works entirely from your own point of view- which can change and grow as you read and learn more.

One of the many benefits of the arts is that there is something for everyone. When you choose to delve into the art of literature and poetry you are not only benefiting yourself but those around you. Without literature we would be lost to countless opinions, ideas and perspectives on the world we live in, we would be lost to the understanding and acceptance of human nature and emotions and more severely we would be lost to the appreciation of nature and the world around us. Concoridia, this spring and summer I urge you to take the time to pick up a book or poem and read, read for relaxation, read for entertainment, read for knowledge- read so that literature may acquire the appreciation it is due as the glue holding our society together. Remember you may borrow a book, but you get to keep the ideas found inside.

"All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given to us."
- Gandalf.

What will you do with your time?

CAMPUS DISH

The Longest Yard

by Checkpoint Charlie

The end of another semester is upon us. This is the traditional final push to freedom. The moment when students lifelessly drag themselves over the finishing line. Barely breathing and barely conscience, we all look forward to the summertime blues. Before we reach the proverbial promised land however, we have to finish up those lingering term papers, projects and examinations.

As post-secondary students, we quickly become accustomed to running this gauntlet year after year. Very rarely do we learn from our past mistakes. Countless resolutions revolve around having projects completed prior to reading week. These suggestions tend to fall on deaf ears.

It doesn't take long for the cracks to show come April. The whole vibe at school changes with the coming of spring. Students start asking way more questions in class. The quietest of lecture halls open up as students from the farthest corners of the room squirm for clarification from profs regarding deadlines and exam material. "Is this exam going to be cumulative?"

"Is that guy in my group?" "Is my textbook the right edition?"

Other things start breaking down on campus during tough times like these. For example, the smokers tables are littered with students who recently have turned back to smoking in the hopes of calming their nerves and scoring a C+. The mental and physical boundaries of students are tested to their wits end. Weekend drinking subsequently becomes excessive in the lead up to April. Procrastination is at an all time high.

I've already seen some disturbing effects first hand over the past week and a half on campus. Last week on three separate occasions, I saw joyless students staring off into oblivion. They all had closed textbooks in one hand, while the other hand limply supported their heads from toppling over. I saw a first year student who was so dejected, that she refused to pick up the uneaten banana which she had just dropped. She simply chose to leave it for dead on the floor. It was too much of a hassle, so she kept aimlessly roaming the halls.

I also witnessed a young man crying in the computer lab, while his girlfriend whispered sweet nothings into his ear about how things were going to be alright. She held him close as he signed off of his student account. They left together.

My personal favorite, is the mass sleeping which takes place during these final weeks. Students are very effective at finding the safest place to take 5 and nap the stress away. It's not that hard to find a fellow student slumped over in a comfy chair during odd hours of the day. The newly refurbished study space in the basement of the library is now the prime nap zone. With its new light green ambience, this space is conducive to both studying and sleeping.

The classic walk of shame to the bookstore is always another highlight at the end of each semester. Countless students are forced to make these types of late purchases. Those brave souls who thought they could make it all the way without buy-

ing the textbook back in January. Now they pay the price, both literally and figuratively. Required reading can be a killer.

All that being said, do your best to keep on rolling with those punches and finish up the semester on a good note. Everyone is in the same boat, so reach out if you are having a tough time. If you or someone you know are struggling with severe stress, depression or anxiety during these final weeks, please don't hesitate to utilize the wonderful mental health resources which we have on campus. Have a quick chat and share some good stories with the Mental Health Street Team. They are more than willing to listen and help you out. Study hard and stay safe Concordia!

THE BOLT

NEEDS STUDENT WRITERS

WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE TO WRITE IN A PAID POSITION FOR NEXT YEAR. IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, EMAIL US WITH A WRITING SAMPLE:
CSABOLT@STUDENT.CONCORDIA.AB.CA

FASHION FLASH

Clear Skin Ahead

by Brianna DeSouza

As finals are creeping up fast I know almost everyone, including myself, are getting really stressed out. And if any of you are like me, your face will break out in crazy pimples, which is exactly what we don't want just in time for summer. As summer is my favorite time to go barefaced and let my skin get sun kissed. So what I have here are some things I've tried to help rid your

face of these pesky pimples.

The first stop is logical: a dermatologist. Inflammatory pimples — like the one I have on my face as I type this out— have a talent for coming back, as they're often triggered by hormonal changes. Anything from your period to stress can spike your levels, stimulating these blemishes. Underneath the surface of each pore is a sac-like area consisting of the hair follicle and sebaceous gland and with every hormonal wave, this area can inflate with oil, bacteria, and white blood cells. If this inflammatory response

is intense enough and deep in the skin, a nodule or cyst can form. And this type of acne is very hard to treat. One great option is a topical prescription antibiotic and anti-inflammatory, even when the killer pimple isn't active it can be used regularly to prevent a flare-up.

Secondly, you could go a more natural route. One of my greener friends suggested I see a naturopath who employs therapies like meditation and nutritional changes. If you ever want to know how you're doing in life, look at your face. If you're eating badly, hanging out with the wrong people, working a job you hate, it shows on your skin. I was suggested to try to drink plenty of water and no alcohol, and stop eating anything fried, processed, sugary, salty, or sour (Yeah right!). I was also told to get good rest, and lower my stress levels. If you're not centered, your skin will express that. Now this seems unrealistic. I could eliminate some toxins, but a girl's gotta live! As for my IRL pimple, these naturopaths would suggest applying a dab of raw honey. It brought the pimple to a hard pointy head. But total destruction? No.

Finally, I tried the ever so popular, high tech facial. Now there are some spas in town that could zap my

zit quickly without all the zen, but they can be pretty pricy. It all depends on how far you are willing to go for your skin. One 15 minute appointment at one of these spas promises ultra-glowy, clearer skin with the wave of a wand. While one session won't erase an active eruption, it aims to reduce the inflammation and prevent new ones. Some of the treatments use a laser that deeply heats the skin, temporarily shrinking the oil glands. It also kills bacteria. The next step is a light laser, which helps improve skin tone and boost collagen. The lasers pricked a little, but it was relatively pain-free. It didn't even leave me red or puffy. After four sessions, the zit disappeared, never to appear again. Admittedly, I've maintained weekly appointments. Now that I've stopped worrying about pimples, I have the mental real estate to start obsessing over something new — like finals.

Now these are not the only skin remedies that work, you may already have something that works for your face and that's okay too. I hope everyone has an awesome summer filled with clear skin and fun memories. It was a pleasure to write for you all!



Except

You

When this tidal wave of emotion
leaves it's mark
causing all the commotion
I don't know where to start
I've tried drowning sorrow with sin
looking back
probably wouldn't do it again
distant memories
I think back and grin
the life I'm creating
I'll leave with a win
when you find someone new
don't care where they've been
or what they've been through
because I love all
all, except for you

BREAKING THE SILENCE

by Deb Huber

Maegan Lilly is a full time student at Concordia, a member of the Concordia Concert Choir, a dancer, piano teacher, writer, and part-time employee with 2 different jobs. Recently she was interviewed by The BOLT about her role with the Concordia Dance Club. She co-founded it and for the second year is writing and producing the S-Factor (Stigma Factor) - dance, musical and spoken performances that deal with important issues like discrimination and bullying. Through the S-Factor, the Concordia Dance Club breaks down barriers for people with mental illness and raises funds for the Kids Help Phone Line. Why is Maegan so passionate

about how we treat each other? She has experienced many of the issues that the S-Factor deals with, including being harassed, called names and bullied on public transit, in malls and at schools, because of actions people do not understand. Growing up Maegan had a difficult time getting a diagnosis and finding the right supports. Maegan did not give up and after years of searching for answers she was diagnosed with Tourette's Syndrome, ADHD and OCD. The diagnosis assisted Maegan to find the supports and develop strategies she uses to be the successful person she is today. Maegan is sharing her story for the same reason she is a strong advocate for social justice. She knows that talking about mental health reduces stigma; it

helps others to see the true person rather than their actions and labels, and; it gives others the courage to reach out for help. Maegan has great advice for others who live with mental illness, including: If you don't find a doctor or therapist that is helping, keep looking. Utilize the resources available on campus, for example, learning accommodations such as sitting in the first row of the class, closest to the door, writing exams alone, and recording privileges help Maegan with her academic success. Humor and physical activity are tremendous strategies to maintain personal wellness. Find personal strategies that work specifically for you, for example, alternating often between subjects when studying,

coupled with physical activity breaks help Maegan to focus. Just because it's in your head doesn't mean it's not real... Get help, ask for help, find the strength to open up to someone and talk about what is happening... you are not alone. Find your passions and stay active with the things you enjoy. Maegan says she has ups and downs, good days and bad days, but she keeps plugging away. What also keeps her going is a sense of purpose, advocating for kinder world. Her goal is to become a Clinical Pediatric Psychologist, so she can help others who experience mental illness. Maegan Lilly, a teacher, mentor, leader and advocate... Thank you for sharing your story and making a difference in the lives of so many.

POLITICS

Farewell to The Bolt

by Simone Elaine Polo

Well, I am finally finding myself in the situation of writing my last article for *The Bolt* – so far I've spent 3 to 4 hours procrastinating writing it and about 30 minutes just staring at a blank Microsoft Word document. Needless to say, I am kind of without words as to how to begin this article, but I am going to give it a shot by way of a reflection.

I started writing for *The Bolt* as soon as arrived to Concordia for my first year, not as a Philosophy major, but as an English major. Back then, Nick Chevalier, Miranda Coleman, and Johnathan Tychy were the editors who were very welcoming over the two years I spent with them. Already looking back at 2013, I can already see a radicalizing shift from how I used to approach politics. Back then I remember having a kind of pestering cynicism about how commenting and reporting on politics would be the uttermost subjective task that I would drag with bias. Now, I regard bias to be more of a derogatory term towards the elements that structure the human experience – that being said, I would say there are more comprehensive approaches to those elements than others. For instance, my commenting on gender issues or racial issues is not a mere subjective bias that should be disregarded or suspect for not being objective, but rather, such commentaries are the result of more open and pervasive socio-cultural and political conditions that structure experience – namely, the intertwining elements between the subject and the object where something seemingly objective such as a body is also inscribed cultural, intersubjective meanings and symbolic presences (*The Phe-*

nomenology of Perception, Maurice Merleau-Ponty). More intimately, something such as my previous name, a seemingly stale object of information circulating around, actively inscribed my body, my being in this world into the symbolic, meaningful order of the masculine; thus, foreclosing the horizons of my stylization in being.

So, I think politics have begun to constitute a suffocating situation for me – not that I can escape it or anything, but with the awareness of the socio-cultural and political conditions that affect us into motion, I can only think of my former view to be a naïve subjectivism that could afford to think of itself as innocent over the (re)perpetuation of the cycle of violence.

In a deconstruction of my former view, something as seemingly simple such as the clothes I wear are not some passive element of everyday life, but rather repetitious effects which constitute the idealization of a substantial notion of the everyday, the normative, and the intelligible. "Once this distinction is broken, we cannot just talk of politics without talking sociology, cultural studies, economics, [science,] literature, gossip, psychology, philosophy, history, acting, thinking, etc. The same needs to be said viceversa" (*"The Socio-Politico-Cultural," The Bolt*). So, I would claim that what we are then facing is a perpetual constitution of the world by way of a vast array of practices. The unthinking, the unawareness, and the inconsideration of our activity as perpetrators only reinforces a repetitious reinstitution of the conditions that chain us into stale symbolic and ideological orders (*"Ideology and the Ideological State Apparatus,"* Louis Althusser) – in appropriating (Neo-)Marxist language, we are alienated from our productive participation in constituting the world to support the mere repetition of reproductive production, thus alienating us from our labor and our products into impersonal creations of our (dis)own(ed) making that fragment us. Appropriat-

ing the language of the cultural theorist, Hannah Arendt, it is this inconsideration of our existential condition as actors that numbs us into the banality of evil. So, from where I am now positioned, I see, provoke, and create ideological violence at any moment I look around, for this is an inevitability of (un)creative violence, a rupturing of (in)conventional being.

In a sense, so-called "bias" should be embraced to such a point that it is not a part of some solipsistic subjectivism, but rather as an open situation involving the negotiation from the situated, namely ourselves – so this is a call for collective, creative emancipatory movements that aim at reframing the situation for the situated and their various intersections.

What we need is to move on beyond the "fantastical, ideological masturbation as portrayed by the political performance" (*"Between Machiavellianism and Ethics," The Bolt*) of the centralized One, the universal voice that denies the multiplicity of elements that situate us in dissymetric lived experiences. We have no place for monologue, or the activity of talking at people. Dialogue, or the activity of talking with people, is what is needed, and this can only be done by giving up one's voice as author(itative) – our creative products can be decentralized from us in the moment where our fellow interlocutor comments upon them. One does not own dialogue the same way one owns monologue, for dialogue is of the multiple. Dialogue is the scrupulous task that admits to the incompleteness of itself and the monologue (this most evidently exemplified by the work of Plato, as the dialogue exceeds the text itself by supplementary commentators/interlocutors); of the monologue, because of the assumption of the infallibility of the authoritative voice; and of the dialogue, because of the aggregation of supplementary interlocutors that decentralize the discussion to further scrutiny. The idealization of the stale authority of mono-

logue has to be replaced for the more nominal, transitive, incomplete, yet comprehensive method of dialogue which invites us to a negotiation on how to reframe our open situation. In this sense, I heavily agree with the communitarian critics of the individualist liberal, democratic monolith that continues to perpetuate and reproduce itself – political participation is not of a solipsistic individual in a vacuum. Politics are outside of our votes, as we institute with every action we put forward – in the sense, perhaps voting alone, the way we commonly talk about it, makes for a rather vacuous view of political participation. Politics need to be popularly reworked outside the box of the ballot.

With this last reflection, after three years, I bid farewell to *The Bolt*.

I wish to thank Kayle Sieben, Nicholas Clark, Amy Stephens, and Melissa Martindale, the editors of *The Bolt* over this year. I particularly want to thank Kayle and Amy for their feedback, their patience, and their support with all these philosophical shenanigans I've been taking on in writing the Politics section. My experience working for *The Bolt* has been amazing as a way of playing with writing and maintaining myself informed with the on-going and fore-going situations that constitute the world we live in.

I also wish to bid farewell to Concordia Pride and the Model U.N., for they have made for some (inter)personal growth. Shout out to Kelsea Gillespie, whom I am sure will make a fine, responsible and creative president for the CSA; her friendship, conversation, and collaboration has been very important for my philosophical projects. To Paul Beach, Lisa Micheelsen, and Linda van Netten Blimke, I appreciate the encouragement to pursue critical theory and philosophy – without them I wouldn't be writing the way I do or about the things I do.

BUSINESS

HR with Kira Bocian

by Emma Bott

At the start of February, I was able to attend the CMC's annual networking conference. At this conference I was fortunate to meet Kira Bocian, who is the Human Resources Manager for the Rohit Group.

Emma Bott: Can you tell me about your background including your education and past work experience?

Kira Bocian: I completed my Bachelor of Commerce with an HR Major and Business Law minor at the University of Alberta School of Business, convocating in 2008. I achieved my Certified Human Resources Professional (CHRP) designation in 2009. All throughout university I worked at Chili's Texas Grill as a server, this helped sharpen my skills in being able to talk to different types of people, multitasking, thinking on my feet, sales (i.e. up-selling menu items), negotiations, and reading people, in order to give good customer service. I started my HR career at CN Rail while I was still in university. I worked at CN full time during the summer and part time during my last year. I travelled all over Western Canada to small rail towns to recruit for Operations positions such as Conductors, Track Maintainers, etc. This introduced me to the 'world of HR' and helped me build my self-confidence and independence early-on in my career. After this, I worked at MNP, a large public-practice accounting and professional services firm, for 4 years in their HR department. I started at Rohit Group in May 2012

as HR Coordinator, and got promoted the HR Manager less than a year later. At the time, I was the youngest Manager in the whole company, as well as the first (and only) HR Manager for the organization.

Why did you decide on working in Human Resources?

All through high school, I wanted to be a lawyer.... as far back as I can remember, this had been my dream career. However, when I was doing my first year of general studies in university, I learned more about the HR profession and how integrated it actually is with legal concepts such as employment law, contract law, etc. Also being interested in the business world, I found this to be a match made in heaven!

What is the most interesting thing about working in Human Resources?

I enjoy being able to recruit and hire high potential employees and see them progress in having successful careers (in front of my eyes!). I feel partially accountable for setting them up for success! I also enjoy seeing how implementing different HR policies and procedures can assist an organization with their financial and operational goals.

Is there any common misconception about Human Resource in your opinion?

If someone is looking for a career that is based on being "touchy feely" and/or going into the profession because "you like people", this definitely is not a career for you. In fact, this is a major misconception about HR and is absolutely the wrong reason, in my opinion, to pursue this career path. Another misconception is the under-valuing of having a marketing and sales skillset in the HR role. There's a quote I really like by author Philip Kotler: "The sales depart-

ment isn't the whole company, but the whole company better be the sales department". This is especially true to HR – not only are you 'selling the dream' of working for your company (in order to attract and retain top talent), but you also sell internal employees on the value of their roles within the organization.

What is the most difficult part about working in Human Resource?

You have to remain neutral and do what is best for the business, while still being mindful on the impact of the staff. As such, you cannot be "friends" with people in order to maintain this neutrality and avoid any optics of favoritism. Also, you never know who you will eventually be "sitting across the table from" (i.e. terminating) so you need to maintain that cognitive distance. Sometimes you know things about people that they don't even know you are aware of. You have to maintain strict confidentiality on many matters.

In your opinion, what is the main goal of a Human Resources department?

To assist the company with their financial and operational goals, add efficiency, open up opportunities, and to protect the company from a legal perspective.

How did actually going to work in an HR department compare to your expectations? Did you expect something different?

I've always considered myself to be a "business person" first and an "HR person" secondly. Because of this, I feel that being in HR has fit my expectations of the role. One skillset that is extremely important in HR is learning how to negotiate. At Rohit Group, I have worked with some of the best negotiators in Edmonton and this has really been an advantage to me, to be able to learn from

them and hone this skillset.

From conversations with other Human Resources professionals, I know that something they worry about is firing or letting people go from their jobs, what advice do you have for the person who has to fire someone?

Conducting termination meetings are always my least favorite part of my role, however, it is necessary for maintaining an optimum and high-performing workforce. No turnover is as bad as high turnover for an organization. Often times, the company is actually doing the employee a favor by not keeping them in a role that they are not excelling in. When I do terminations, I always think to myself "how would I want to be treated if it were me on the other side of the table". I always ensure people are treated with respect and dignity going out, as this is most often very traumatic news that you need to deliver to them. I try to make the experience as smooth and pain-free as possible, as this is in everyone's best interest.

What advice do you have for the students that are thinking about going into Human Resources?

My favorite piece of advice is always "pick a boss, not a job". A great boss will be the single biggest determining factor on your job satisfaction and success. I've been extremely lucky to have been able to work under some very intelligent, dynamic, and supportive bosses in my career so far and I wholeheartedly believe that I would not be where I am without their support, coaching, and feedback. I try to give this same kind of mentorship to my team that reports up to me. At the end of the day, I am only as successful as my team and their successes and/or failures are also mine as well; as their leader.