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REMEMBRANCE DAY: AN INTERVIEW

As I was walking to school a few weeks ago, I realized that Remembrance Day was coming up and along with it the Remembrance Day issue of The Blue & White. I also realized that many of us do not appreciate what those in the military are doing for us, and what their families deal with. I contacted a couple from my church and asked Jenilee to give us a bit of an insight into the life of the military. Thanks Jenilee and Captain Wade Peters!!

**JP:** He will probably be going out to Wainwright again in a few weeks for a month and maybe a few months at the beginning of next year, but beyond that we don't know. He would like to go overseas.

**KdB:** What is the most challenging part of his job?

**Kristine den Boon:** Are any other members of your family in the military, or is this completely new to you?

**Jenilee Peters:** This is new to me. Wade's uncle and grandpa were both in the army.

**KdB:** What made your husband decide to join the army?

**JP:** He has wanted to do it his whole life, because he's had family in the army.

**KdB:** What is Wade's rank? What part of the army is he in?

**JP:** He is a captain in infantry.

**KdB:** How long has he been in the army and where has he been stationed?

**JP:** It would be going on three years right now. He did his training in Quebec and Gagetown, New Brunswick. At the moment he is teaching a reserve course in Wainwright, Alberta and will be back home on Saturday.

**KdB:** How long will he be home this time? Will he be away for awhile next time he is stationed?

**JP:** That is hard to answer, because he enjoys everything. He doesn't really like the paperwork he has to do on slower days, because it's not what he signed up for. He wants to be out fighting. Also, the training in Gagetown was hard. It did not always relate to what the fighting is like overseas or in the field. They are a little harder on you and have you do things you don't really need to know.

**KdB:** How much contact do you have with him when he is gone, and how do you communicate at that time?

**JP:** It is always by phone, but they can only talk on the phone on certain days. It is definitely very limited. They are always out doing something and when they aren't they are trying to get in some sleep.

**KdB:** What do you find most difficult with him being gone?

**JP:** It's very lonely. I worry about him, but I know that when he goes overseas it will be harder because of worry over



Field of poppies in Sussex, England

whether he is alive or not.

Continued on p. 2

HEADLINES FROM  
CBC.CA

- Newly consecrated gay bishop reaches out to opponents
- U.S. helicopter shot down in Iraq
- Poll numbers split on papal retirement
- VR therapy for spider phobia put to the test

## INTERVIEW, CONTINUED

**KdB:** How much support do you get from others in the Armed Forces? Are there support groups and such in which wives and families can help each other?

**JP:** There are the other officer's wives. I haven't met with them yet, but they get together on a monthly basis and hang out and encourage each other.

**KdB:** How is the funding situation from your perspective?

**JP:** Wade hasn't really talked about it. As far as I know, it is pretty good. When they are overseas, they get separation pay. When he is fully promoted to captain, he will get back

pay that they should have paid him already. They are pretty good in that area.

**KdB:** What significance does Remembrance Day play in your life and in the lives of those in the military?

**JP:** They take it pretty seriously. They always have Remembrance Day parades and stuff, just thinking about the others who have fought and died in the wars. It plays a big role in the army.

**KdB:** How does your faith play a role in dealing with military life?

**JP:** It helps me get through the tough times. I know that God is in control and watching over Wade when I can-

not, and knowing this definitely helps.

Whether or not you agree with the wars going on in Iraq and Afghanistan and numerous other places, Canada's peacekeeping forces are doing a wonderful job around the world. Pause in your busy day and thank God for the peace we have and for all those who have given their lives for our safety.

By: Kristine den Boon

## THE STUDENT LIFE COMMITTEE AT CUCA

The purpose of this brief note is to make the student body aware of the Student Life Committee (SLC) at Concordia University College of Alberta. The SLC is a standing (permanent) committee whose mandate is to examine all issues affecting student life and to recommend to Faculty policies affecting the affairs of students.

The SLC has nine members, as follows:

1. The members elected by the Faculty at large
2. Three members appointed by the Concordia Students' Association (CSA), one of whom must be a mature student
3. The President: ex officio
4. Advisory (non-voting):
  - (a) The Vice-President Student Services (position currently vacant)
  - (b) The Dean of Student Affairs

The current membership of the SLC consists of:

1. Mr. Louis Cheng (Student Representative)  
[lcheng1@csa.concordia.ab.ca](mailto:lcheng1@csa.concordia.ab.ca)
2. Mr. Jonathyn Dowell (Student Representative)  
[jdowell@csa.concordia.ab.ca](mailto:jdowell@csa.concordia.ab.ca)
3. Dr. Efa Etoroma (Faculty Representative)  
[eetoroma@concordia.ab.ca](mailto:eetoroma@concordia.ab.ca)

4. Ms. Sonia LaGiorgia, Secretary (Student Representative)  
[sonialagiorgia@europe.com](mailto:sonialagiorgia@europe.com)

5. Rev. Dr. Richard Kraemer, President (ex-officio)  
[rkraemer@concordia.ab.ca](mailto:rkraemer@concordia.ab.ca)

6. Dr. Bryan Rooney (Faculty Representative)  
[brooney@concordia.ab.ca](mailto:brooney@concordia.ab.ca)

7. Prof. Wayne Stuhlmiller (Dean of Student Affairs, Advisory)  
[wstuhlmiller@concordia.ab.ca](mailto:wstuhlmiller@concordia.ab.ca)

8. Dr. A. N. (Tom) Tavouktsoglou, Chair (Faculty Representative)  
[tomtavou@math.concordia.ab.ca](mailto:tomtavou@math.concordia.ab.ca)

Students are strongly encouraged to bring to the attention of the SLC any issue which, in their opinion, affects student life at Concordia. This can be done in a number of ways:

1. Through the Concordia Students' Association
2. Through the Office of the Dean of Student Affairs
3. By directly contacting any member of the SLC

Dr. A. N. (Tom) Tavouktsoglou,  
SLC Chair

DOING DISHES— A WRITER EXPOSED

Matthew 6: 31-34 (NIV)

“So do not worry, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?' For the pagans run after all these things, and your heavenly Father knows that you need them. But seek first His kingdom and His righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well. Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own.”

Can you relate?

Run! Run. Run? Running around, doing everything I can, I find myself lacking time to think. It seems these days that the pastime that once occupied a lot of my time and thought is missing. Daydreaming is missing.

When sitting in class my mind wanders, and I find not beautiful scenes or romantic poetry, but I wonder as to what I will eat for supper and when. I dream that there will be enough food for leftovers the next day. I am hungry and I am on a budget. I, like many other students, am overburdened with too little time and too many tasks needing to be done just to stay alive. And they call this life!

I can remember the days of high school. It was life back then too. I was never worrying about food

(although I was always hungry), or how I was getting to where I needed to go. I would sit in class, daydreaming about alien abductions and girls (not normally at the same time). Classes were what you made of them and intelligence was relative to how you felt that day.

I can remember my first year of university, still living at home. It was the same old story, a simple life with people to take care of you.

This year I am a full time student. It's a new experience for me. I am in a different town with different people, even different grocery stores. I have worked manual labor. I have sold books in a bookstore. I have flipped burgers and made sundaes. They all taught me something about life. I have spent thirteen months of my life traveling and playing music, staying in a different house in a different town almost every night. Things like that build character, make you realize what you really need to survive: Food, sleep, and hope. (Was recreation an option?)

I'm tired. "To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub." I miss that time before bed when your mind wanders. It is that time of creativity, as your mind lies half sleeping, half awake. It is that time when everyone is a painter of amazing scenes and a composer of great music. I miss that time because now it seems that my

mind screams for sleep with such a ring that all turns black, and I wake the next morning, feeling as though it is time for bed, time to dream.

I consider how I will feel as I ride my bike home from rehearsal, on the ice, at 11:20 tonight. Sure school is tiring but it's just another trial.

And if you let it be so, it's the things that you love that will bring you down!

I am overburdened because I do too much, but half of it is my dreams I am living in my life! I need to eat, I need to buy food, I need to get home, I need to sleep, and I need to hope. But I choose to go to school, I choose to do homework, I choose to be in a play, I choose to sing my music, and I choose to take a nap.

And I choose, I choose to do the dishes by hand, the only time I have to think to myself.

It's the only time I have to really hope and pray.

-Sean Wood

“They fell, but o'er their glorious grave Floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.”  
~Francis Marion Crawford



## THE FIRST ANNUAL PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION FOR ACADEMIC SCHOLARS

As many of you may know, every spring an awards night is held at Concordia, which is in place to acknowledge the achievements of many students by handing out Concordia awards. However, there are other awards handed out which have previously gone unnoticed. This year, however, that changed.

On October 30, for the first time, the recipients of these awards were recognized. President Kramer spoke for a few minutes and then mentioned the names of the students who were able to attend. The first set of

awards acknowledged were Concordia Entrance Scholarships: the President's Scholarship, the Dean's Scholarships, and the University Entrance Scholarship. Other Concordia Awards were the Concordia In-Course Scholarships (Concordia Academic Achievement Scholarships). You can all try to get this one by participating in Early Registration. Watch for more information next semester! Alberta Scholarship Programs were also recognized. These included the Alberta High School Equivalency Scholarships, Jason Lang Scholarships,

Louise McKinney Post-Secondary Scholarships, and the Alexander Rutherford Scholarships for High School Achievement.

The idea to recognize these recipients was a wonderful idea. Thank you Concordia! And congratulations to all the scholarship recipients!! May you have continued success!

By: Kristine den Boon

## GRADUATE STUDIES

**For all Concordia Students who are considering GRADUATE STUDIES (a Masters' Degree) in Varying Fields of Study after a Bachelor's Degree... or Professional School (for example...law or medicine):**

***Welcome to a workshop on how to research (find appropriate schools and apply for further studies):***

Place: CSA Meeting Room

Date: Tuesday, November 18

Time: 3:20-4:30 p.m.

Presented by Career Practitioner-Dorothy Ritz (ext. 244)

**Questions? See Mrs. Ritz in her office in the Library or Mrs. Lenz at Student Services.**



Above: President Kramer awards Nicole Bridgeman with the Dean's Scholarship

## THE CANADIAN EMPIRE

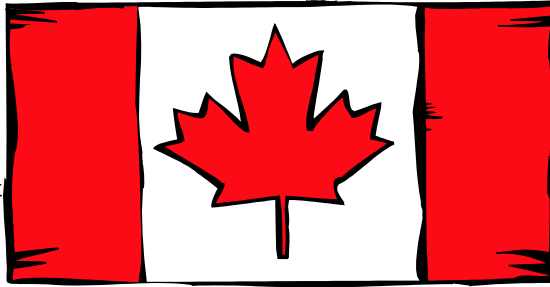
I thought it was amusing recently when I saw a poster up for an 'anti-empire' forum with speeches about the 'arrogance of Americans' in holding onto their empire. It got me to thinking: do people really know what an empire is, or how hypocritical they are, or that their beloved multicultural paradise in Canada is also an empire?

An empire, in effect, is a conglomerate of different geographic, religious, linguistic, and cultural regions. It is an artificial melding of these different regions, which is meant to benefit the ruling region. In most cases the ruling region is a specific social class, but it can also be a race, or specific geographic area as in the case of Canada.

How so? Well, if you've ever traveled Europe, you've noticed the great differences in accent, languages, religion, values, economies, etc. If you've ever traveled Canada you've seen the same thing. The differences between a person from B.C. and a person from Newfoundland are enormous. These two people have different employment opportunities, different cultures, different values, different politics, different accents, and the list goes on.

And if you want to look for a ruling region, look no further than Quebec and Ontario (no offense to any Ontarians or Quebecois who might be reading this). This ruling region has the majority of seats, the majority of people, the

majority of wealth, the majority of industry, and the majority of the military. It also has the majority of the lawmaking powers and the lobbyists who influence those laws. Simply put, when a new government project is being built, who has the say over where it is to be built and who builds it? Ontario and Quebec, of course, are the ones. Now sometimes they might allow something to be built somewhere else, by an out-of-province builder, but such



cases are the exception rather than the rule and are put in place just to establish the legitimacy of the Canadian Empire.

Now I am not proposing the dissolution of Canada or the demise of multiculturalism, quite the contrary. I merely think that we have been blinded by the ruling regions and their elites into believing in flimsy ideals, which have no real basis. The idea that Canada can function democratically and fairly along the lines that it does is laughable. It is not democratic, it is not fair, it is Imperial and biased. It is biased to the ruling regions because of their size and wealth. However, to correct this we should not secede, separate, or anything of the like. Rather we should take

our example from the now peaceful European Union. In such a union each region is independent and controls its own laws, according to its unique values, and trust me, every province in Canada has its own value system. Each region also is forced to be self-reliant to a degree, rather than depending on each other, and each region can have its own foreign policy doctrines, although they coordinate in matters of war, peace, and trade usually. This sort of set up allows each region to keep true to its people and its values while still banding together where it is most profitable and intelligent to do so, such as in crime enforcement.

With this set up Canada could go into the new millennium as a world power once again, and set an example to the rest of the world in how to dismantle an inherited empire, and bring fairness and equality back into the political system.

By David Peter Schmidt

"But the freedom that they fought for, and the country grand they wrought for,

Is their monument to-day, and for aye."

~Thomas Dunn English

**PUMP IT UP FOR THUNDER BASKETBALL!!**

**Concordia Girls go for Gold!**

On Friday October 24, Concordia's Women's Basketball team played the MacEwan Griffins in the Concordia Athletics Centre. Thunder fans chewed their nails, tugged at tufts of their hair, screamed, and groaned as Concordia crafted defensive plays and tricky offensive maneuvers to



Above: Thunder Girl's Basketball team.  
Photo by: Christine May

win the game. The Griffins gambled on last minute three-point throws, but still failed to make up the four-point lead that Concordia Thunder maintained during the final seconds of the game. As little Bow Wow's song 'Basketball' rocked the gym, I couldn't help but think, "Wow! This is how Women's Basketball should be

played, with tough talent and ethics that are rare in the athletic arena."

Such achievements did not come easily to the girls. Everyday, after classes, the girls practice and practice and practice until they master their skills. These women may have athletic bodies

and pretty faces but they also take their education seriously. The ultimatum is unwavering, and difficult to live up to – make the grade or withdraw from the team. University is no cake walk, but the Thunder girls will graduate with respected degrees, accompanied by team work and leadership skills that are tough to find in the 'real world'... not to mention memories that will last a lifetime.

By: Christine May

**Wanna Cheer for THUNDER??**

**Basketball:**

- Nov 14 LLC @ CUCA 6:30/8:30pm
- Nov 15 CUCA @ LLC 6:30/8:30 pm
- Nov 21 GPRC @ CUCA 6:30/8:30pm
- Nov 22 GPRC @ CUCA 1:00/3:00pm

**Hockey:**

- Nov 13 CUCA @ RDC 7:00 pm
- Nov 14 RDC @ CUCA (Clareview) 7:30pm
- Nov 21 NAIT @ CUCA (Agricom) 7pm
- Nov 22 CUCA @ NAIT 7:00 pm

**Badminton:**

- Nov 22, 23 @ MacEwan (Interlock 1)



**VOLLEYBALL INTRAMURALS**

**If you are interested in playing volleyball intramurals, please sign-up in Tegler or in the CSA offices with your name, phone number, and preference of day. It will either be played Monday and Wednesday or Tuesday and Thursday or on Friday. On all days the time would be from 2-4 p.m. If you have any questions see Jon in the CSA offices or call him at 479-9238.**

### PUMP IT UP FOR THUNDER BASKETBALL!



Photo by: Jordan Verlage

#### Our Boys Beat the Competition!

After the girls' victory over Grant MacEwan, the boys followed suit. The boys' tough offensive players put the pressure on the Griffins' defense, forcing numerous turnovers. Thunder's defensive traps and intense offensive pressure was successful in psyching out the Griffins decision-making skills. The Griffin boys pulled some feisty fouls in reaction to the Thunders' offensive screens. The Griffins' attempted to pull successful plays but their efforts were pointless, and the

Thunder boys remained unstoppable. They slaughtered the Griffins with a final score of 84 to 67!

The boys' recipe for success sounds simple in theory, but is more difficult in practice. It is called focus. When these boys go to practice and get on the court, their mind is on the game. Girlfriend traumas and pub-crawl gossip is put behind them when they pick up the basketball and walk onto the court. They too stay up-to-date with their studies, as Concordia coaches place a high value on education. They may be

amazing athletes but by no means are they 'dumb jocks.'

By: Christine May



Above: Thunder Boy's Basketball team  
Photo by: Christine May



Photo by: Jordan Verlage



Photo by: Jordan Verlage



Photo by: Jordan Verlage

**CONTROVERSY: WAR! WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?**

Absolutely nothing!

I've been called a hippie, a tree-hugger, crazy and for the most part, these descriptions are true. Why? Because I've constantly held a non-violent stance. Peace can happen.

I know, I know, the war in Iraq has been bombarding TV screens for months now and it has gotten no where. A war about nothing. It really makes me sad. I find it most frustrating that Bush gets to sit (sleep) in his pristine office and push little war buttons while soldiers are off fighting a war he created. These soldiers are not just little fighting machines: they are fathers, brothers, sisters, lovers, sons, and daughters. They have

families, and everyday less of those families get to ever see their loved ones again.

This hits a little bit closer to home for me. My brother is in the Canadian army. Fortunately, he is not going to be sent off to war anytime soon. But sometimes I put myself in the place of the families down south and wonder what it would be like to lose a brother to war. It tears me apart to think I would lose my brother over something so useless and mindless.

War does not solve anything. It does not protect us any more than "duck and cover" would have during the Cold War. We are self-destructing instead of building communities only

because we are afraid.

We can do something about it. For me, I love to protest. Marching the streets in a peaceful attempt to let our elected officials know that I am against war and will not stand for it anymore. Just look in the Blue Pages of the phonebook. Write or email those people.

It's better than sitting at home and watching people getting murdered.

By: Melanie Samaroden



"Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the former."

- Albert Einstein

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SCHOLARLY SPEAKERS SERIES SCHEDULE

Date                      Time                      Location

**11/12/03**                      **3:45 pm**                      **Library CR**

Dr. Tim Loreman: "Inclusive Education: What Is It & Why Should We Practice It?"

**11/19/03**                      **3:45 pm**                      **Guild Hall CR**

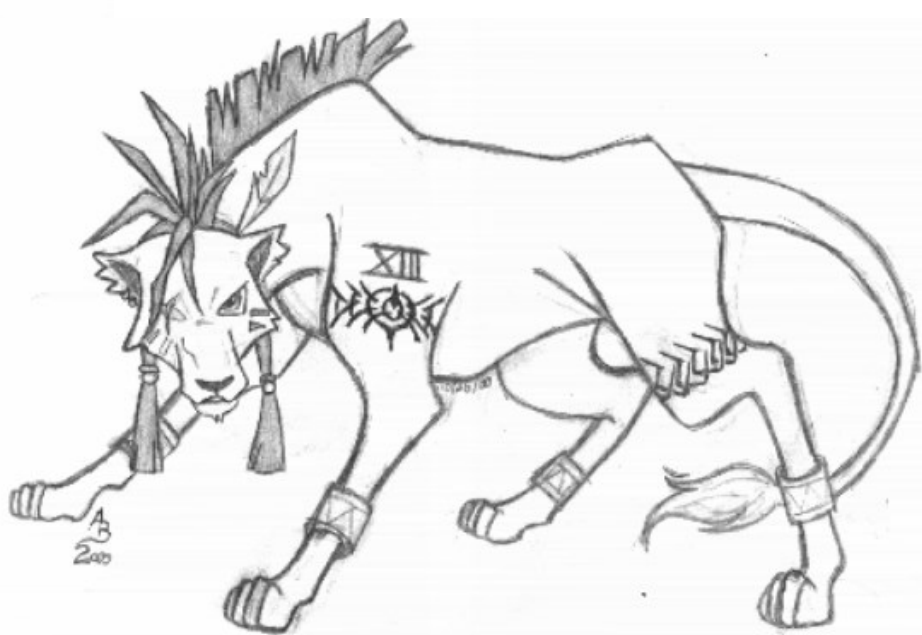
Dr. Elizabeth Smythe: "Beaches, Barricades and Breakdown: The World Trade Organization in Cancun"

**11/26/03**                      **3:45 pm**                      **Guild Hall CR**

Dr. Garry Dombrosky: "Restorative Justice in Corrections and the Church"



FEATURE ARTIST: AMY BUIJZE



REMEMBRANCE DAY POETRY

Down With the Ship

Grasping with cold fingers,  
Numb from icy water,  
Towards the caged,  
Trapped by a grate.

Terror filling their lungs,  
Horror in mine flashing;  
Desperation explodes  
Through hands that are grasping.

Jackhammer echoes speed  
Searing across the grate,  
But liquid ice is quick,  
Moves fast as death's scythe rake.

No matter now  
How hard I pull,  
No change is seen,  
No movement gleaned.

Screams bubble up,  
Bubbles now cease,  
Hands still grasping,  
Froze not in peace.

Lingering echoes torn  
From futile Jackhammer  
Brand themselves on the grate,  
Shimmer, sink, and shatter.

\*Inspired by the Pearl Harbour bombing scene from "Pearl Harbour"\*

By Matthew Kuefler

The thickness of a dark sick smoke  
Makes you want to lie down and die.  
Rats would like to see you choke  
And the mud, it eats you alive.  
The noise, the weather, the food-  
You know you shouldn't complain.  
No one is ever in the mood,  
Except when there is a joke to explain.  
The cries you hear from miles away-  
You know them all by name.  
Your heart says to go but your body wants to stay.  
We all know the end of this game.  
Never ending, all day, all night-  
We men know not what to do.  
Fearful of loosing life, fearful when they tell us to fight,  
And fearing to tell them simply: "We don't want to."

Most people don't realize but a lot of men didn't want to be there in that war. In grade 11 in high school we had to write a letter home pretending we were soldiers in the war and I did mine in poetry form. It was after research of what the men had to go through that I really understood how awful it was in the trenches for those men. Suffering, cold, wet, muddy; and truly there were rats everywhere. I still get a sick picture in my head when I read this over to myself. It was a seriously horrible time and I hope that no one ever has to experience it again.

Amanda Cannan

Freedom

Silence, Waiting  
Now's the time  
Charging, Running  
In a line.

Machine guns firing  
Sounds of screams  
Death without honor  
Unlike their dreams.

The war of wars  
Claims many souls  
Their bodies lying  
Full of holes.

What did they fight for?  
They answered a call  
They fought for themselves  
They fought for all.

Jennifer Jewell

CULTURED AVENUE

The last two weeks of October were filled with a variety of experiences for the average Edmontonian. To start it all off, I felt like going to something a little more energetic and ended up down at the old Stadium for an Eskimos game. The LRT was packed as usual, to the brim, and more green and gold covered hooters and hollers got on at every stop. As I came upon the Stadium, an omniscient roar could be heard from within, the sound of thousands reacting all at the same moment could be felt a mile away. The experience is very unifying, and very intriguing. Once inside, in our seat and footlong in hand, my girl and I settled into the crowd. Across the field, the people blended together into a mass that cheered as one, watched over their team as one, stood up for the fireworks as one. On our side, the hypnosis of such individuals was more immediate. The man beside us had his eyes glued on the game, and had his hand on automatic, busily fishing into his peanut bag to shovel more half-shelled nuts into his mouth. The shells were flying everywhere, all over him and the ground, only every once in a while did he pause to quickly brush the bits off of his shirt. Alcohol fueled the air, as people seemed stumbling as they got up, and to lean awkwardly in their seats. The game itself was great, and the irreplaceable atmosphere of being at the live event was something I could not leave out of this review. The experience is one that you should try if you've never been before, and if you're not into the football, the cheerleaders are always entertaining.

The next night we headed over to the Odysseum to catch the newest IMAX flick, "Kilimanjaro." The majesty of this film was incredible; the views from ascending the mountain as a group of foreigners hike up the paths are inescapably beautiful. Just the retrospection of the biomes shedding each other one by one- rainforest, desert, and snow- captures my attention. With the subject of Kilimanjaro it is difficult not to get a gorgeous shot, but even though there were one or two shots done obviously for effect, the skill of the filmmakers cannot be overlooked. They used a good host of people to accompany them on the rocky journey, and the guide was well selected. As far as documentaries go, you can't expect much for a plot, but if you are looking to relax for 45 minutes or so and be swept away to a distant jewel, see

this movie. The natural beauty is astounding.

To round out the weekend, I accompanied my Dad to the Edmonton Guitar Society's concert at Convocation Hall. The guest of honor was Carlos Barbosa-Lima of Brazil, a legend in his own rights and a seasoned performer. Between his pieces, he proved to be entertaining, knowledgeable in his craft, and sharing bits of information to help the audience enjoy his world a little more. It worked. From his fingers came a harmonious, light show of music that seemed to come more from his heart than his hands. He and the guitar were one; I have spent much time in the audience of orchestras and overpowering efforts, but witnessing such a talent by himself is something I do not do enough of. Closing one's eyes, you could barely imagine how such a sound came from one man, playing different parts of each tune with each finger, it sounded like three men had presented themselves instead of one. The multiplicity of beauty came in great technique, but as the speed of the notes increased I realized that his soul was even more expansive than he would probably show us. It was Latin, but also infused with pop culture, flowing from a legendary Spanish melody like 'Adios,' to the a variation of some more commonly known Gershwin tunes, to the romantic exit of his show with a song called 'Desafinado.' It completed a wonderful weekend.

The following weekend followed a similar strand of entertainment. That Saturday night, it was off to the Edmonton Art Gallery for its After Dark exhibit 'The Other Landscape.' Now while there truly is no Getti's museum for thousands of kilometers, and this just a fact of life for Edmontonians, the Gallery still brings in some impressive works. It drew a fairly busy room, and as the reception prattled I took some time to view the paintings on my own. While I was constantly bombarded by local views of farms and small town syndrome, I could feel a descent spirit moving through the paintings. Most impressive was the acquisition of several Jeffrey Spalding canvases for the evening, their creative minimalism contrasted against some of the lesser pieces as the sun enters the dark morning. Several pieces caught my eye, in particular the penetrating eyes of a work from Jori Smith, and the stark representation of shadow and day that seemed a well done theme throughout the exhibition. The collec-

tion was a little ragtag, genres mismatched, but it gave a rough and authentic feel to the walls that fit the idea of scrap book for landscape. And though I was disappointed by the overrepresentation of localized scapes- because it was the most invariant, not merely because I had seen it before- the setup was very much like its exhibited piece 'Empty Rooms.' The view of a colorful alternate world down the road, down the hall from our duller streets.

By: James Cummins



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*Don't Get Stranded*

A STUDY SKILLS SEMINAR WILL TAKE PLACE ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12 FROM 3:00 TO 4:30 P.M. IN TRAILER 202.

Barbara van Ingen will conduct the seminar.

This is an opportunity to get tips on studying for those finals!! Ms. van Ingen will also be covering time management, note taking, and taking tests – general success in the classroom!

Please sign up at Student Services, Office G212.

PLEASE PASS THE WORD AROUND!

## Remembrance Day Challenge

It's a busy life these days. Our obligations sit before us, mocking our apathy, and somewhere behind them is our call to greatness, the thing that tells us we have more lives to save than our own. Somewhere someone needs us. But it makes us uncomfortable, and we turn our heads, exhausted by life and by the sheer volume of humanity's strife, and our exhaustion causes our passions to fizzle.

On Remembrance Day, we recall with admiration our men who fought for us. One would expect me to wax poetic now, I suppose, and spew flowery clichés about lives lost in the name of freedom. I won't do that here.

Not that patriotism is lost on me. I have nothing but the utmost in respect and admiration for our men, and would find it repulsive if there was not a day named in their honor. But I really must challenge everyone.

Think. If all of those men



"War does not determine who is right, war determines who is left."

-Confucius, submitted by Dusty Moreau



had found the whole idea exhausting or overwhelming, where would we be? Likewise, think how many would have died alone, forlorn and despairing, if Mother Teresa would have found it too stressful to hold their hands as they died. How many orphaned children in the midst of a time-altering genocide, where they watched their parents be brutally slaughtered, would have shivered in terror, and slowly starved to death, if those involved in foreign aid were simply too fatigued to face the reality of it?

The courage that these men faced goes so much deeper than their time in the trenches. They gave up everything they knew to face something that could only be described as horrific, and unselfishly followed the passion that made them uncomfortable.

We may not have to do it from trenches, but we *still* have an obligation to fight for those who cannot fight for themselves. My challenge to everyone is to do something truly uncomfortable and do it not only in the name of vigilance and patriotism, but also in the name of compassion and the purest form of selflessness, as we remember the men that died with this in their hearts.

By Deanna Rausch



**NEXT ISSUE!!!**

Submission date is November 14, 2003. Please send in any articles, poetry, rants, line x lines, etc. that you want to see!!! [blueandwhite@csa.concordia.ab.ca](mailto:blueandwhite@csa.concordia.ab.ca) or drop off a floppy disk with your name on it in the Blue & White box outside of the CSA office.