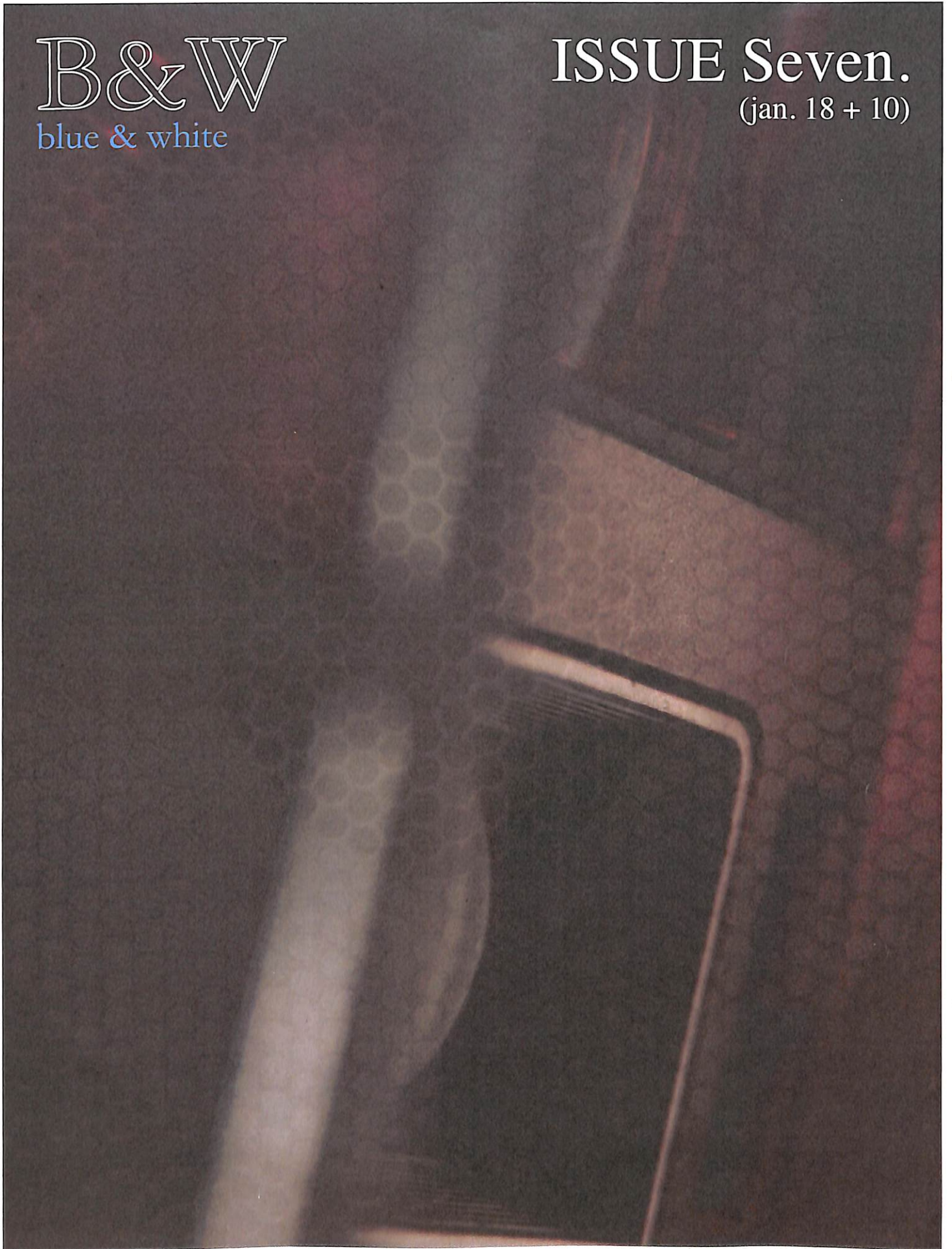


B&W  
blue & white

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B&W  
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Welcome back. This is our oft-delayed first issue of the new semester (and seventh overall). I'd just like to say ahead of time: this issue is pretty text heavy. With so many delays we were more than flooded with stories from our writers and fellow students. Along with that, we had a severe lack of photographs going into this. Though we did have a concept for our little personal art-project (ie. to fill the "image holes"), that concept fell through last minute. In its place is a much less interesting and sparse concept. We promise that next issue will be more visually interesting.

- CHRISTIAN WHITTY, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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# what do you mean, this isn't the sixties?

written by Brandon MacLeod

Chavez was right: that guy does leave a rotten egg smell everywhere he's been. Of course, we're talking about Satan himself, or more specifically his worldly form, George W. Bush. It was only a few months ago that the good ol' Texan warmonger managed to break away from his demanding, post-presidential agenda for a visit to his second favorite place in the world, the constantly conservative and currently oil-rich Alberta.

After arriving in Edmonton, Bush managed to sneak into the Shaw through the back door, under the watchful eye of both EPS choppers and several Secret Service agents scattered on and around the adjacent buildings. This rare display of planned intelligence allowed Bush and his cronies to avoid the more than two hundred anti-Bush protesters cramming the front entrance to the Shaw. Not only were they stationed in front of the Shaw, but several protesters had also overflowed onto the median and even across the street, in front of Canada Place. People held up signs condemning Bush as a war criminal; banners lined Jasper Ave. proclaiming people's displeasure with the Bush visit; others carried an extra shoe ready to be thrown at the first sight of the former president. The protests expressed a clear disdain for Bush and his actions as president. Calls for him to be tried as a war criminal and to end torture were rampant, while others merely asked why he was even welcomed here in the first place.

As the night wore on and Bush's "Evening with Friends" came to a close, the protests turned from anti-Bush to anti-everybody.

When the protests began, there was a clear message to Bush and Bush alone, which was that we, as Canadians, do not agree with his actions and do not feel as though he is welcomed in Edmonton or Canada for that matter. Maybe it was the cold weather or just protester boredom, but somewhere along the way, the message turned from being knowledgeable frustration aimed directly at Bush to ignorant anger aimed at innocent unknowns leaving the conference center.

It started with a few swears and boos directed at anyone exiting the Shaw. But as the crowds leaving grew, anger directed at them grew as well. One man leaving the Shaw said something provocative to the crowd. It was something along the lines of "Bush was a better president than Clinton", which was hardly an argument worth having for most folks. But the crowd took the bait and immediately expressed their anger with an onslaught of personal threats, curse words, some boos and even a hiss or two. However, the verbal assault was apparently not insulting enough for a few extra-angry protesters. They decided to escalate the verbal assault to full on physical battery. First they pushed and shoved their way right up to the fence separating the protesters from those simply leaving the Shaw. Then, as

the mystery man approached they wound up, leaned back, sucked in and let fly, flinging saliva, mucus and anything else they could cough up and spit on him as he walked by. No one knew this man or about his affiliation with Bush, yet he was still chastised and even spat on, as though he was a worthless piece of trash.

Ignorance breeds discrimination and violence. That was clearly the case on this night, as anyone with even the slightest association to the event was picked out by the crowd of protesters and verbally and physically abused. Ironically the reasons for the protest were Bush's policies that have led to ongoing discrimination and violence worldwide. If the protesters themselves are acting like ignorant fools, how are they to be taken seriously? I am well aware that protests can and often do get violent and out of hand, but this does not have to be. The effectiveness of a protest comes in the number of people and the coherence of the message being sent. On this night, the message was neither effective, nor was it coherent; it was lost in the violence and anger of the protesters, which was brought about by their ignorance towards this entire situation.

This may be a bit idealistic, I know, but whatever happened to the protests built on peace and love? Fighting anger with anger will only perpetuate the problems we have now.

## blasé politick

written by Brittini Carey

I used to have a mental image of the world my parents inhabited as youths: a kind of a turbid ideological market where people called to passersby off of political soapboxes and protesters marched down the mainstream roads of media and public consciousness. In the days of the Cold War, I figured that people under the threat of a nuclear meltdown would be more politically knowledgeable and outspoken than people are today. Wanting to test my theory, I talked to my mom about it. My hypothesis fell flat, however, when she told me that she didn't really hang out with a political crowd in university, and no, she didn't think that the term "Communist" was regularly used as an insult back then. "Most Canadians are pretty blasé about politics," she explained.

Now, I know some very politically savvy people. My friend from high school is a hardcore Conservative who is set on becoming a political figure one day. I know people here at Concordia who are actively involved in political groups; a couple of my friends argue over political structure on a regular basis. I proudly cast my vote in last year's election, as I'm sure many of you did too. But after the polls close and life returns to normal – mostly meaning that prime-time television and newspaper space is no longer dedicated to party platforms and leader debates – the political state of our country is put on the back burner. Only when there's a spitting grease fire does the majority of people sit up and take notice.

I'm not a political person, yet a mixture of V for Vendetta, 1984, and Czechoslovakia 1968 has lately reminded me of the incredible burden and privilege that we as members of the public have in our political freedom. Although the Berlin Wall has fallen, there are still weapons of mass destruction, wars, and socio-political injustices in the world. As citizens of Canada, and as citizens in the Kingdom of God, it's important for us to be willing to see and to act in the name of freedom and truth, kicking off our slippers of blasé politick in favour of shoes that can carry our country into a democracy truly run by its people.

# you can't do that here: refund for classes

written by Natalie Morpurgo

A friend of mine was taking a Science class last semester and she couldn't help but voice her frustration with the class and the professor. She mentioned how slow they were going, how disorganized the professor was, and how she didn't think the professor would get through all the material promised in the syllabus. This got me thinking about the system and the roles that the student and the professor play.

Professors spend many long hours planning out which lessons they are going to teach students. They pick out the books they want to use for the class and research the themes or concepts that are relevant to the class. Occasionally, I like to take courses that are not required for my degree. To decide whether or not I would like to take a certain class I read over its description. If the description sounds interesting I'll sign up. It's up to me, the student, to pay for the class, to show up for the class, and to work hard and study for the class. It's up to the professor to organize the course well enough so that he or she can squeeze in as much course content as possible.

At the beginning of the semester, we the students, receive a course syllabus that outlines what the professor will be covering for the duration of the course. Some professors even hand out a timeline or schedule of what lecture they will give on a certain day. It is completely understandable to fall a little behind but what

happens if the professor only covers about half of the concepts for the class? Should we, the students, get some of our tuition back?

Look at it this way: students pay a small fortune for courses expecting to learn as much as possible. The professor responsible for that class must be well organized in order to fit in all or at least most of his or her course content that was promised to the student on the first day of class. If an English professor does not have time to cover one out of the nine promised books, this may be acceptable seeing as how the student has presumably learned a great deal from the books that were covered regardless. However, in the Science faculty, it is extra important that most, if not the entire course content, be covered. Reasonably, concepts from one class may be needed for another class. If a first year Biology student only learned half of the concepts, he or she would have a much more difficult time in his or her second year. It doesn't really seem fair that students must pay loads of money for classes that are so disorganized, therefore only receiving half the expected education. I believe that if I am taught half of the course content I should only pay half the cost for the class. As a student I keep up my end of the deal. The rest is up to the professors.

Tell me what you think, e-mail me at: nmorpurgo@gmail.com



# guys and girls: the language barrier

written by Natalie Morpurgo

Is it true that men and women come from different worlds? Well, if they do then that would explain the language barrier. We have difficulty understanding them and they have a hard time understanding us. For example, when a woman is clearly upset about something and her guy asks her, "are you mad?" we, women, say, "no, I'm not mad." Men, the fools that they are, actually believe this. Why is it so hard to understand what guys and girls really mean? Like when a guy says, "yeah, I'll call you" and guess what? He doesn't call. Why do men say that in the first place if they really don't mean it? Or what does a guy mean when he says, "I think we should just be friends?" After reading *He Is Just Not That Into You*, I took the "let's just be friends" phrase to actually

mean, "I'm just not that into you." I asked the guy that I'm dating what this phrase would mean to him if he said it to a woman. He explained that it could either mean he's not interested in the woman, or that he really just wants to stay friends with her because he's worried or scared that if things didn't go well in the relationship then the friendship would be ruined. Ironically, when my guy asked me out the first time I used the "let's just be friends" line, I wasn't too worried about the friendship. I just wasn't interested in him like in that way but don't tell him that! This just goes to show that when we say something we actually mean or think something else. I wish we could buy a special decoder but it turns out they don't make them anymore. Okay, so I have a question for all the men

out there who might actually be reading this article. I call up my boyfriend and see if he wants to do anything; he replies with "Uh, it's up to you." What does that mean, guys? Does it mean, "Uh no I'm not in the mood to hang out tonight, but I guess if you really want to, fine?" Or does it mean something totally different? Come on guys, this is your chance to beat down the Berlin Wall that stands between the language of men and the language of women. Enlighten me; no forget that, help me! I hate it when "Clark", the boyfriend, says things like that. Here's my thought: If I didn't want to do anything, I wouldn't have called in the first place asking if we should do something. Ah, men!

# i dare you!

written by Bobbi Belsek

A few weeks ago, I was in a buffet restaurant after Church with two good friends of mine, one of whom said something that almost made me choke on the pancake I was trying to wolf down in one piece.

"Yo! You have to remember to be a human being; not a human doing."

I know it's somewhat cliché and it does seem like an unusual thing to say. However, it did get me thinking about how I'm spending my time doing a lot of things, not always truly living, but just trying to run from activity to activity. It's a feeling of just trying to maintain some semblance of sanity.

Later on, I got to return the favor when I gave my friend the same advice. I will admit that I did have some fun and got some joy out of getting back at my buddy.

That little exchange reminded me of an important truth that I think is integral if we are going to try and get through this 'adventure' called university (if you are a first year student reading this treasure, heed this little bit of sage advice that I am about to give you). There will always be something that you need to do; especially

here in university where I think it is very possible that we could do schoolwork 24/7 (we do occasionally try) and still have work to do. In fact, I even had an instructor admit to me that university was designed so that it was nearly impossible to get everything done that's asked of you.

So it would seem to me that sometimes we need to schedule breaks in for ourselves, otherwise we may very well end up working all week without any downtime whatsoever.

This played out in an interesting way earlier that same weekend I went out to the all-you-can-eat joint. On Friday night, my brain froze. I sat staring at nothing on my computer screen trying to force intelligent thoughts to come out. Incidentally, I went through this strain so I could write a coherent article for the Blue & White. It took fifteen minutes before I could even write one sentence! That night convinced me that I should take a good portion of the weekend off. Now, I didn't get that whole weekend off because I had to attend a mandatory extracurricular seminar thing for one of my classes. Nevertheless, I followed the wishes of my over-tired brain and didn't do much in the way of school

and work that weekend. It was absolutely lovely!

So I totally have a dare for you...

I DARE YOU to take a whole day off (and if you are very courageous, make it two whole two days) and not do anything that is related to work or school and generally avoid mostly everything that could stress you out. (Family, friends and pets do not count as things that could annoy you; Ignoring them is not part of the dare). In fact, with all of your extra time you might find you're able to play fetch with your dog or go on an epic three-hour walk through the River Valley with a good friend. Be warned that there's a chance that you may just find yourself snoozing on the couch in the afternoon Sun's rays. That is, if we ever get to experience the afternoon Sun ever again.

I DARE YOU! Are you going to take me up?

Note: Now admittedly, this was written by someone whose work ethic is questionable at times so I may take a little bit more time off than my workaholic friends. I think the point still stands! ♡

## janus-faced: two sides of facebook you may not have previously considered

written by Brittni Carey

"Facebook is the evil", I heard him say.

I use Facebook quite regularly. It's a useful tool, providing the means to connect with people far and near, share pictures and chat with friends, or procrastinate by indulging in a quiz or two. According to Wikipedia, the social networking site is used by over 350 million people, 70 percent of whom are outside the United States. Labelling Facebook as the evil in an internet-saturated society is a little extreme. Or is it?

I can see where this comment is coming from. I mean, how much time have I whiled away on applications or quizzes when I should've been studying? How many hours of sleep have I sacrificed to the Facebook god, staying up until I could barely keep my forehead from hitting the keys? Too many! Facebook statistics show that the average user is on the site more than 55 minutes a day. Aside from my own trivial struggles with the addictive

nature of the site, there are more pressing dangers inherent in the system: the site offers bullies, stalkers, and scammers more than enough people on which to practice their crafts practically undetected. Not to mention Facebook's potential to be misused through personality fragmentation, pornography, and identity theft.

Privacy is a foggy concept when it comes to Facebook: who exactly has access to personal information we so casually tack up on walls and comment boxes? Not to mention the info boxes listing our phone numbers, age, gender, hometown, religious beliefs, political viewpoints, and birthdays. While researching the site that I use with much innocence, I came across an article by Tom Hodgkinson called "Why you should beware of Facebook." Essentially, it portrays the top guns of the Facebook enterprise as neo-conservative capitalists looking to commercialize off your personal information and preferences. Hodgkinson also criticizes the site,

pointing out that although Facebook is apparently all about "connecting people," it really only further alienates people in a fast-paced cubicle-caged culture.

Taking these things into account, I can safely say that Facebook's alluring too-wide smile has lost some of its lustre for me. Though I disagree that the site is the Evil Incarnate, I do believe that it is a double-sided coin: its value is in how it is used - just so long as we are not the ones being used by it.

What do you think about Facebook? Post your thoughts on the CUCA Forum located - yes - on Facebook.

(Statistics taken from [www.wikipedia.org](http://www.wikipedia.org) and [www.facebook.com/press/info.php?statistics](http://www.facebook.com/press/info.php?statistics)  
Tom Hodgkinson's article "Why you should be aware of Facebook" can be found at [www.theage.com.au](http://www.theage.com.au)) ♡

# 3 1/3 days

written by Bobbi Belsek

Firstly, let's make one thing clear: I DO NOT actually live at Concordia. It may seem like it sometimes as I do spend a lot of my time at the school and occasionally even eat three meals a day in the cafeteria. However, I do actually have a comfortable somewhat quiet home somewhere south of the river.

I think that those meals are just more of just a means to an end to slam shut the gaping jaws of hunger. I'm at school late, I'm lazy, and I need some source of 'nutrition'. So I wander on down to the dungeon of the school to try and fulfill that primal urge. Yet, there are times that I actually get something real out of those meals. Let's quantify that. I'm not actually sure about fulfilling my needs for nutrition, but at times they do fulfill my need for socialization.

When I need some good old- fashioned face- to- face contact, I can just wander down to the basement and I bet I will

find some friend of mine willing to have a good talk while gorging themselves. In fact, when you are eating with the right people it seems as if you have your own little community. It's fun, it's exciting, and most importantly, it nourishes your soul. There is more to the cafeteria than simply fulfilling your body's need for 'vitamins' and other 'nutrients'.

Tonight, while I was eating supper at school, I enjoyed myself quite a bit. In one single night I threw a pencil across the room and nearly missed a friend's head while making another friend of mine shriek so loud that you would think instead that there was an alien sighting. If you were in the cafeteria at around 5:30 PM it was a very eventful and exciting night.

So you might just go into the whole ordeal so that you can fill your tummy with something nice to eat. Nevertheless, the next time you feel those hunger pangs,

think about fulfilling your need for people too. You might just find that you get yourself a new group of friends.

I don't recommend that everyone focus their dinner plans around the Concordia cafeteria. If you do, your stomach and your wallet may or may not benefit from you not having to craft your own dinner. I do recommend that you don't always eat all of your meals alone.

Let me leave you with one story that I think is kind of cool. I have heard that when people in the Middle East eat together, they consider themselves like family for 3 1/3 days. That is how long they estimate it takes for any remnant of food they have eaten to pass through their digestive system. So just be careful because if you eat with someone you might just have a new friend for three and one third days!

# campus life: taking a turn for the worst

written by Natalie Morpurgo

I'm sure, like me, you've all received the e-mails regarding the air and land pollution that has emerged around campus and the newly developing locker break-ins. What's happening to our campus? It seems as if it has taken a turn for the worst. It was so much nicer back when the only problem that students had to deal with was course loads and the big bug problem. Now we might have to take to wearing gas masks, rubber boots, and rubber gloves. Oh, and attach burglar alarms to our lockers!

The first issue to address is the air pollution issue that develops from the dynamic population of smokers. First, let me make just one fact clear. I have nothing against people who smoke and I respect the fact a cigarette is something that some people need to get through the crazy day in the life of a student. However, what I can't understand is the disrespect that smokers have for the people who choose not to smoke. I mean, come on guys, how lazy do you have to be to refuse to walk just a little further away from the doors to the designated smoking area? I respect the fact that you wish to pollute your bodies with tar, nicotine and the other crap that can be found in cigarettes. Nonetheless, is it really polite or necessary to subject everyone to the rubbish you smoke? I hope the answer you're thinking is a resounding, "NO!"

This brings me to the second issue: the cigarette butts that litter the sidewalks. Come on! I mean, it's not like there aren't any alternatives to flinging your butts on the ground, right? Now, this is not just disrespectful to the students who have to walk there, but it's also a slap in the face towards the campus environment and custodial staff. Basically, what it says is that you folks couldn't care less about the environment you go to school in. Would this be considered ironic? I mean we all have to learn, at some point in time, how much pollution there is in the world and the effects it has on the environment, but yet people around campus still pollute constantly. Oh, and with some, but not all, comes the spitting issue. How disgusting is that? Are we just a bunch of animals who can't control the release of our own saliva? It seems like we are just a group of lamas that can't keep the spit where it belongs - in our mouths. Talk about a health issue and a devaluing school property!

This brings me to the third issue: the garbage that litters our campus. Oh my goodness, guys! Are we all just a bunch of lazy people who need mothers to clean up after us? It seems like it! How hard is it to throw your garbage in a garbage can? I'm sure you probably stroll past a garbage can or two as you leave the cafeteria, the glass lounge or Tegler, so it's not

impossible. Refusing to do so just shows that you're lazy. How do you feel when you just want to sit down somewhere, grab a bite and maybe study a little, but can't seem to find a clean table? Newspapers are all sprawled out because the last person couldn't put it back together again. Food scraps litter tables. God forbid someone used something called a paper towel to wipe up something they could not shove into their mouths. The totally awesome ladies in the cafeteria, who take our money for the over-priced items, are not your mothers, so grow up and clean up after yourselves!





## no more no-war

written by Brandon MacLeod

The left-wing folk are trying to brainwash us! Now that they have control of the White House – and thus the world – they have commenced their systematic indoctrination of humankind, with a stream of anti-war and pro-environment messages. The messages will flow through the left-leaning and obviously left-wing-controlled American entertainment industry.

The left-wing have found a new and innovative way to overtly send secret, brainwashing messages to all of their followers as well as right-wing conservatives. They have innovatively deployed an army of writers and directors, and many other members of the entertainment industry, to create can't-miss, hit movies, such as the great film Avatar by James Cameron. With Cameron's supposed personal feelings embedded in the film's plot, these feelings always tend to loosely match the ones typically attributed to the majority of the "left-leaning community", most noticeably anti-war and pro-environment feelings.

By hitting the top of the box office, Cameron, along with the rest of his peace-loving, socialist buddies have successfully inundated millions with their propaganda, making wild claims that war is bad and the environment is worth taking care of. If we don't act soon, the next thing we know, we could see the American media discussing Canadian and European style healthcare openly!

## guys and girls: the big hint

written by Natalie Morpurgo

I've had some writer's block lately and when I ask people what I should write about they always seem to say, "write what you know." Well, I don't know much of anything, except perhaps, how dumb I am with guys. However, this is what I do know: I'm a 26-year-old woman who doesn't know how to let a guy know that I like him. Here's my story.

I've known this guy – let's call him Clark – for about ten years (since high school). We were never really too close as I was friends with a friend of his. Around five years ago, Clark had asked me out and I reluctantly agreed to the coffee thing, but there wasn't really any "spark." We decided to just remain friends and we did for another four years. After living on the other side of the world for a year, I came back and wanted to sit down with Clark just to play catch up. As I sat in Starbucks on Jasper Ave the busy downtown hustle and bustle seemed to fade away, and there was the "spark" I had missed out on last time. I was sure if Clark did like me he wouldn't say anything because of what had happened five years ago: nothing. So I felt I needed to drop some hints his way so that I didn't have to do the hard work involved with asking him out.

Due to the fact that I'm so dumb with

guys I fled to my girlfriends for help. I had one friend who filled me in on the art of body language. Now to me, body language was a foreign language I didn't speak at all. I asked my friend to elaborate on the language and teach me what to say and how to say it. She gave me tips on how to sit when having coffee. She warned me that what she was about to say was not scientifically proven, but I listened anyway. When at coffee I shouldn't lean far back in my chair (showing I'm not interested), but should lean forward indicating that he has my full attention and a better view of, well – you know what I mean. When at the movies I should touch elbows with him for the duration of the movie and cross my legs and lean in his direction. As for the arm rest and touching elbows move, Clark didn't use the arm rest so my elbows were contact free. He also didn't pick up on my leg-cross-over-in-his-direction move. So movie night was a bust.

I talked to the ladies who all told me not to tell him how I feel. Rather, I should just spend time with him and see if a connection existed. I hated not speaking my mind when it came to how I felt towards Clark, but I listened to the pack of women who all agreed that I should keep my

mouth shut. After a month of spending time with him I still wasn't getting anywhere. Clark and I would hang out, go for dinner and joke at the idea of dating, but he never dove off the deep end and asked me out. I ended up having coffee one day with a guy friend of mine – for our purposes, Eric – and I asked for his advice. I told him everything, and he looked at me like I was the daftest woman in the world. He tilted his head, with one eyebrow raised, and told me to just tell Clark how I felt. I was shocked! I was appalled! I told him plainly that I couldn't do that. Eric asked me why and I told him what the ladies said. He pushed me to try it.

I decided to listen to Eric and I told Clark how I felt. Well, all this happened three months ago and Clark and I are still dating and are happy as can be. This is what I learned: body language is not a safe move! There could be some communication problems. The ladies don't always know everything about men since they are not men themselves. Lastly, if you have a guy in your sights you should try Eric's advice.

If you have stories to share feel free to write in to [nmorpurgo@gmail.com](mailto:nmorpurgo@gmail.com).



## no more saturday exams

written by Winston (A Very Concerned Student)

I'm sorry to be the one to break this to you, Concordia, but this past semester, the last Saturday of finals – in particular, the morning of December 12th – you really blew it. All semester long, there were no Saturday classes and then out of nowhere, Saturday exams, and at 9 am no less. As a student I demand more than a complete lack of services those mornings (cafeteria, Tegler coffee kiosk, library, locked doors).

As you can see, I am not an advocate of early Saturday exams, but if they must happen they should at least be done properly. Here are a couple suggestions for next semester.

First of all, the cafeteria should be open early, and I really do mean early – like, before 7am. If there are exams scheduled at 9am, many students will be arriving as early as or earlier than 7am to prepare. Preparing is not only studying, it also includes eating breakfast; hence the idea that the cafeteria should provide a somewhat healthy breakfast.

If for some reason you are unable to open the cafeteria, will you at least open the Tegler kiosk? It only takes one employee to run or maybe two at the most. I guess even that was too much to ask for as the kiosk was closed to students and faculty all morning.

There are many reasons why students come to school at 7am even when their exams are not until 9am, but it's definitely not to socialize with other stressed out students. They come early to study; to

cram all that extra junk into their heads that didn't go in the night before. Coming to study requires a place to study. I am sure most of us can agree that the best quiet place to study is the library, so why was the library closed on Saturday morning? If you won't take my word for it, ask any of the other twenty or so students standing in the hallway leading to the library, looking to study quietly before their 9am exam. We were unable to do so because the library was not opened. Extending the extended hours for one more day for the students' sake can't hurt, can it?

Perhaps even the Concordia security guards were thrown off by the early Saturday exams. After first trying the cafeteria, then trying the kiosk, then trying the library, I finally decided to try studying in the glass lounge. NOT to my surprise, the entrance to the lounge was closed as well. It turns out the doors leading to the lounge were never unlocked, even though all doors on campus are supposed to be opened by security every morning, prior to the arrival of students. Just not this Saturday, I guess. I made it to the lounge by taking the long way round and finally got a few minutes of studying in before 9am. It turned out I could have gotten a few more minutes in as Concordia security somehow also managed to unlock our exam room.

Please, Concordia, solve this problem. kiosk was closed to students and faculty all morning.

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Please, Concordia, solve this problem.



# STORY TIME: get real, he's blind

written by Brandon MacLeod

Sir, you're going to have to move that car.

I can't, I'm blind.

Sir, I understand you don't want to move it, but the car is in a no parking zone and has to be moved immediately. So I am going to ask you again, can you please move the car or I will tag it and have it towed.

Excuse me, Miss, but I don't think you do understand. I am blind, I can't drive and my wife only parked here for a second to help her 81-year-old sister with her luggage. I am sure she will be...

Sir, that's enough, no more excuses. I don't care if you're blind, I don't care if you can't drive, I don't care if your wife is helping her sister with her luggage; I just don't care! So again, move this car now or I will have it towed. She began to pull out her radio.

Ok ok, I'll move it. Just let me get into the driver's seat. He felt around for the door handle. Then, step by cautious step, he gradually felt his way around the car and into the driver's seat.

Ok, here I go, giving a defeated wave to the lamppost next to the car.

He pulled away from the curb at about a millimeter per hour. He was only planning to pull around the bend and then return to the same spot. Hopefully the security guard will be gone by then, he says to himself, as he checked his

blind spots, out of habit:

Just as his leisurely cruise was about to come to an end, another illegally parked car began to pull out right in front of him - right into his blind spot.

Neither car was moving faster than five kilometers per hour, but they still managed to clip, just on the mirrors.

He felt terrible. He had never been in an accident before; it was only recently that he had been diagnosed as legally blind and had his license revoked after 69 years of flawless driving. Nevertheless, he was definitely not supposed to be behind the wheel of a car.

He emerged shamefully from the car. Already arrived on scene were his wife, her sister, the man he ran into and a police officer. Conspicuously missing from the scene was the security guard.

The other man involved was very understanding. No hard feelings he said with a smile. They later sent him a cheque to cover his mirror damage.

The police officer, at first, was a little less understanding.

Quite shaken and distraught over the whole situation, he still managed to clearly explain to the officer exactly what had happened and how he had been coerced into driving the car even though he was blind and without a valid driver's license

and that he felt terrible and would do anything to remedy the situation, anything.

The police officer could see him trembling as he spoke; he was sincere. The officer sympathetically sent him back to sit in the car, the passenger seat.

I'm so sorry about this, Officer, I should not have parked there in the first place.

I'd not be doing my job if I didn't agree with you; you certainly should not have been parked there in the first place. However, neither of you'll be written up for this. Even though you parked illegally and he drove blind, with no license, this minor incident could have been completely avoided if not for one person, the missing security guard. Your husband sounds like he's been through a lot lately, I don't think a ticket will be necessary today. Just take care of 'em is all I ask.

I will! Thank you, Officer, and I know he would thank you as well. It's been a hard day for all of us and this puts it well over the top. Thanks again.

It's no problem ma'am; now take 'em home, sit 'em down on the couch or something and have 'em relax with a nice cup of tea. I got a security guard to track down.

Thanks again, Officer, you are a very kind and understandable man, if only there were more people like you in this world.

from  
nothing

written by Carla Mysko (2nd year, Drama)

Upon the seat of saintly saddle ride effervescent lies true told.

Fairy tales and daisy white dreams,  
princes are addled; the world's run by queens.  
Catch as cat can, the mouse gone to play;  
Vows will be spoken as day runs away.

Snow covered mountains worn flatter by time,  
jigsaw puzzles bend time over mind.  
Sweetly choirs sing angelic words of rejoice,  
the wound of living is projected in noise.

As ashes fall at twilight's painted reveal,  
the story is written, published and sealed.  
The forest of laughter, the plains of despair;  
words left unspoken, teddy's love worn bare.  
Looking forward at tunnels end light,  
obscurity follows the display of delight.

And how it begins is how it will end,  
from whence we came to that which we send.  
Roses we scatter and place into the ground.  
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound.  
And so it will swallow the gifts given in tears,  
words of respect fall on dead ears.

# thunder athletics

<http://athletics.concordia.ab.ca/>

## thunder women win soccer nationals

written by Tanmeet Samra

After defeating the Mount Royal Cougars in the ACAC gold medal game, the Thunder Women's Soccer team secured a spot in the Nationals. First up were the hosts, the Humber Hawks. The game remained scoreless in regulation and overtime, but would go down to the wire in a shootout. With a final score of 3-2, the Thunder ladies defeated the host team. The victory set them up for a match against the Kwantlen Polytechnic University Eagles from the British Columbia League, which

was the first seeded team from B.C. Five minutes into the game, Concordia got the first goal and team captain, Lindsay Monkman would give the Thunder a 2-0 lead in the second. Kwantlen would get one goal in the second half, which would not prove enough to change fate as the final score was 2-1. That success placed the ladies in the gold medal game in the final day of the championships against the Fanshawe Falcons from the Ontario League. Concordia would start the scoring in the first,

but Fanshawe tied the game before the second half. The game was tied at 1-1 and would need extra time. With a minute left in extra time, the game seemed destined to head to overtime until Laura Ellis scored the game winner for Concordia. The ladies brought home the gold medal from the National's with a final score of 2-1! This is the first Canadian National Championship in Concordia's history. Congratulations, ladies!

## home sweep home

written by Brandon MacLeod

Get the brooms out; the Concordia Women's Basketball Team is back to its sweeping ways! After taking only one win from a weekend series against King's College last weekend, the Thunder got back on their brooms and swept Grand Prairie right out of Edmonton. The first meeting took place on Friday with Concordia taking the game by a score of 80-58.

The next day had them again facing The Wolves, this time in an afternoon affair. After perhaps a bit too much celebrating Friday night, the Thunder came out flat

in the first quarter, looking lethargic and disinterested. It did not help that Grand Prairie came in looking to make up for the loss the previous night.

The game was relatively close at halftime, with Concordia leading 38-24. The slight possibility of a Grand Prairie comeback must have woken the Thunder in the second half as they came out on fire in the third quarter, spreading the ball around and hitting shots from all over the court, including over 50% from beyond the 3-point arc. Even with all their offense,

the Thunder did not forget about defense, especially guard Cailin Lissel, whose quick hands picked up 6 steals to go along with her team leading 20-point effort.

The game wrapped up with some explosive offense from both sides in the fourth quarter, ending with a final score of 96-51 for the Thunder—another strong performance by the Concordia Women's Team. Let's hope it continues this week, as the Thunder head off to Augustana for a Thursday, Friday matchup.



# THE FORUM

written by Bobbi Belsek

If you can't tell, this is a new section: THE CONCORDIA FORUM.

This is where you, the student, can have their opinions, comments, and ideas posted. Share comrades! Share! We want your rants, complaints, praises, shout-outs, and even your creative writing.

That, or comment on our posted questions. We want you to vocalize what's in your head. Just share whatever: [bw.concordia@gmail.com](mailto:bw.concordia@gmail.com)

## for issue eight:

What do you think about Facebook? Is it a good service, an irritating fad, or just plain "meh"? Let us know.

## responses from last issue:

The question for the last issue was, "Of the classes you've taken, what's your favorite so far, and why?" Here's what you said:

"Religion 359 - Dr Krispin - What could be better than learning about the life and time of Dr. Martin Luther? I'll tell you learning of the life and times of Dr. Martin Luther: Gerald Krispin style. He made the course very interesting, he included lots of information, he made it clear what would be on the tests and what would not. He includes plenty of stories and well-known facts, including the story that someone would have the nerve to put flowers at Melanchthon's grave and not Luther's

Or Dra 149 with Caroline Howarth - It's improv and its a lot of fun, Caroline has the ability to teach that class in a way that makes it easy, fun, and you can walk away knowing all these interesting concepts, not knowing that you learned them in the first place."

-Justin Eifert, 4th year Arts Student

"Math 113/114- It's just so relaxing and fun. The prof doesn't make you feel like it's the end of the world if you do poorly and almost anyone can do well in his class! You don't fear test day.

However, since I have crossed over to the dark side (i.e. Management) I would have to say Religion 359 with Krispin is the best. There were only 7 of us in the class at 8 am in morning in the corner of school discussing how cool Luther was while drinking coffee."

-Josey Hitesman, Management Student

Send any answers (along with your name, major, and year of study) to [bw.concordia@gmail.com](mailto:bw.concordia@gmail.com)  
The Forum is also now on Facebook! (Search for "CUCA Forum.")

