

the other press



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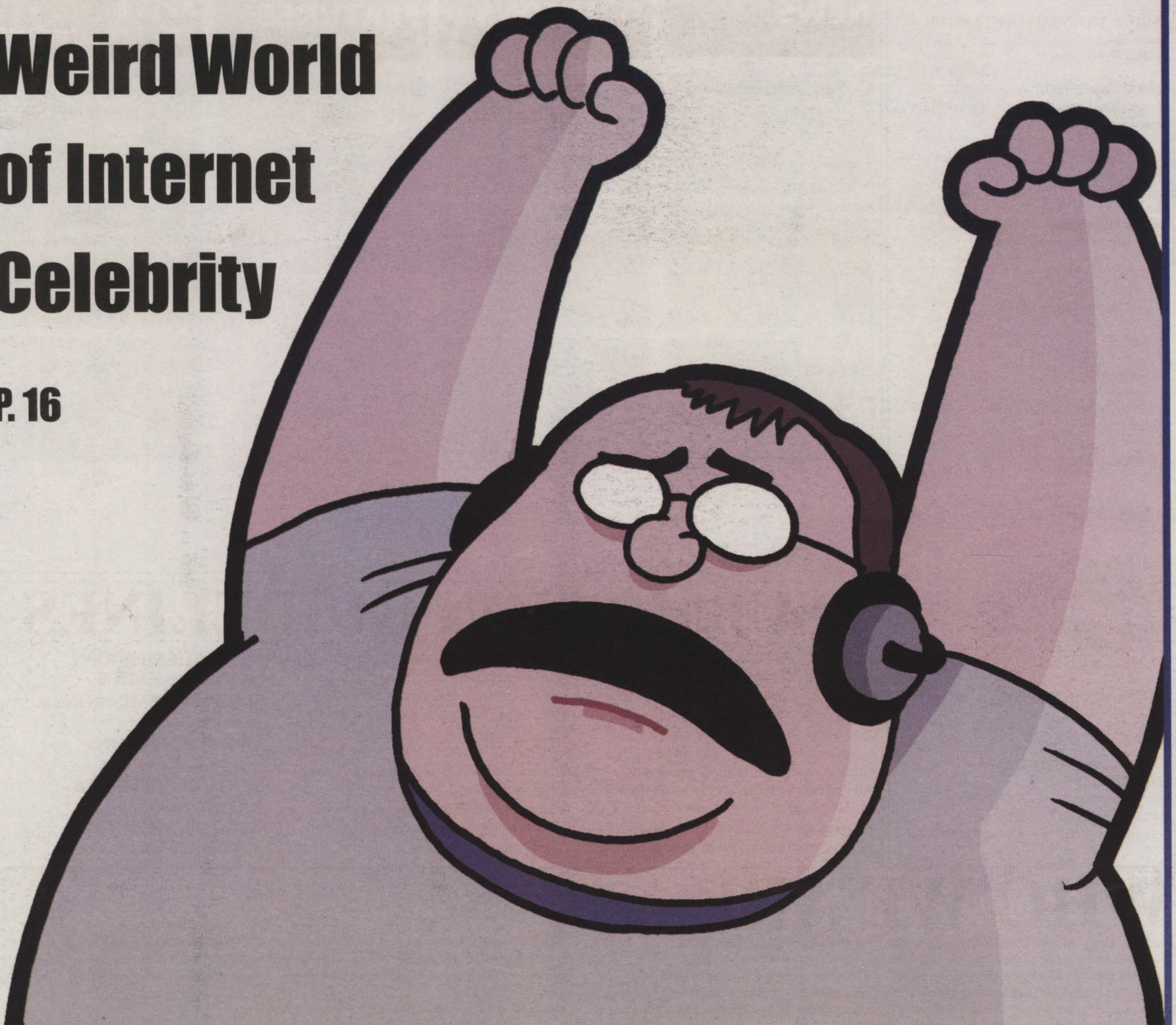
the douglas college student newspaper since 1976

Issue 3, Vol 34, September 20/07

INTERNET PEOPLE!

**A Look at the
Weird World
of Internet
Celebrity**

P. 16



The Other Press

THE OTHER PRESS NEWSPAPER
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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The weekly deadline for submissions is Wednesday for publication the following Wednesday. Letters to the Editor and "time-sensitive" articles (weekend news, sports, and cultural reviews) will be accepted until Saturday noon and can be submitted to the editor at: editor.otherpress@gmail.com. All other submissions should be forwarded to the appropriate section editor. Please include your name, phone number/email address, word count, and submit via email as

an MS Word.doc attachment to the attention of the appropriate editor.

The Other Press is run by a collective, which means all decisions are reached via a democratic voting process. Membership in the voting collective is open to any person who has contributed to at least two of three consecutive issues. Those interested in joining the Other Press collective should contact the editor at editor.otherpress@gmail.com

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WHO WE ARE

The Other Press has been Douglas College's autonomous student newspaper since 1976. Since 1978 we have been a registered society under the Society Act of British Columbia. The Other Press is published weekly during the fall and winter semesters, and monthly during the summer. We receive our funding from a student levy collected every semester at registration, and from local and national advertising revenue. The Other Press is a member of the Canadian University Press

(CUP), a cooperative of student newspapers from across Canada. The Other Press reserves the right to choose what we will publish, and we will not publish material that is racist, sexist, homophobic, or condones or promotes illegal activities. Submissions may be edited for clarity and brevity if necessary.

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LETTITOR



I consider myself exceptionally lucky to have been born in 1984. Legwarmers notwithstanding, the 1980s were a remarkable decade to have been raised in, precisely because society was undergoing such a fascinating technological revolution at the time.

I'm old enough to remember a time before computers—or at the very least before they became a toaster-like piece of standard home furnishing. Indeed, as my elementary school career progressed, I was able to witness their gradual evolution before my very eyes, as the contraptions slowly progressed from glowing, buzzing green-and-black screens to the elegant black, whites, and greys of the early Macs, to the full-colour beauties that eventually greeted me in high school.

Most of all, I can vividly remember the very first time I used the internet. It was at the house of my sister's friend, Vanessa Ng. Her father was a bigwig of some sort, so of course he had a state-of-the-art computer, which by the standards of the mid-90s meant it had the finest 28K dial-up modem money could buy. While the girls played with dolls or whatever, I'd amuse myself with bare-bones Simpsons fansites, or attempt to communicate to illiterate strangers via Nintendo chat rooms. Remember

chat rooms? God, what a primitive time.

Today the internet is more than just a piece of technology, it's an entire cultural phenomenon. YouTube now influences presidential elections, bloggers bring down movie stars, and leet speak threatens to remould our very language itself. There was a time when you could get away with dismissing computers as mere toys—today you ignore the machines at your own peril.

I wrote a big feature about internet celebrities in this issue, and there's also an interesting news story about how the College is seeking to make internet celebs out of a few random students. And of course we've also got your regular fix of other fine stories of news, arts, and opinions.

Don't worry if you ever miss an issue of this fine journal, by the way. Like everything and everyone in this day and age, the OP has a web presence at www.theotherpress.ca. Just be sure to ask mom if you can use the phone line before you log on.

J.J. McCullough, Editor-in-Chief of the Other Press

The Homeless Deserve Respect, Not Scorn

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I recently picked up the latest issue of *The Other Press* and found myself staring horrified, yet not surprised, at Mr. Ehler's editorial about the homeless population ("The Homeless Don't Belong in My Hood," September 6 issue). Mr. Ehler's opinion is a very common reaction to the homeless addicts in our area, and while I do believe in freedom of expression, I question his "Not In My Backyard" (NIMBY) and self-righteous attitudes.

He generalizes and stereotypes these human beings with no shame. Since when does being a "fat, stupid teenager

with food stains on her clothes" qualify you as being a prostitute? I find his display of ignorance just as distasteful as what he describes these "vermin" of society to be: crass and abrasive. I suggest that the lack of education and knowledge about this population displayed by Mr. Ehler is just as detrimental to the growing problems our society faces as the individual homeless addicts themselves.

I was reminded of the saying "walk a mile someone else's shoes" when I read Mr. Ehler's article. Freedom of expression is a right that bears my respect, however I feel that with this freedom comes an obligation to

be responsible for what one chooses to express. Without having been in the front line on the issues of homelessness and addiction, I feel that it is irresponsible of him to state "that these people fucked up their own lives" and that they are unfit to receive our sympathy and respect. I am a recovering addict, yet when looking at me you would never guess. I grew up in a nice neighbourhood in a small town amongst loving family and friends. I am now attending Douglas College after years of struggling with addiction and have been clean for almost a year. I was, and now work with, the people you describe as "vermin" so unapologetically. It was

never my wish as a child to grow up and become an addict, just as it wasn't a choice for the people I work with.

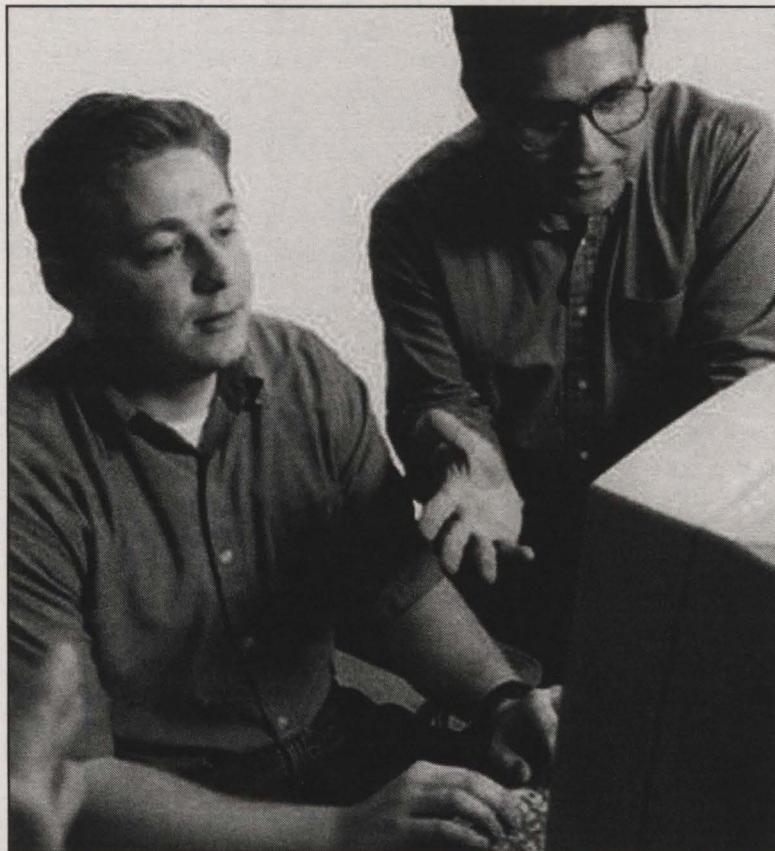
Instead of writing these people off, I suggest educating yourself properly about addiction and homelessness. Instead of giving out money, donate to local recovery houses or buy much needed food. At the very least, I hope in the future Mr. Ehler will exercise responsibility along with his right to freedom of expression.

Kassia Hardwicke

College to Sponsor Student Bloggers

Team will document the life of a first-year

JJ McCullough, OP Editor



A team of first-year Douglas students from varying walks of life have been given an ambitious assignment from the College administration—document the full experience of being a new student on campus. The initiative is part of a new public relations program known as “Candid Transitions” designed to highlight the diversity of the Douglas student body and encourage enrolment. The project is being co-sponsored by two community newspapers and the Pentax camera company.

College administrators in the Office of New Students have been taking applications for the program since the summer, and so far four students have been selected, leaving only two spots still vacant as of press time. Those chosen so far represent a diversity of ages, interests, experiences, and cultural backgrounds, attributes purposely chosen to represent the uniquely eclectic nature of the Douglas student

body.

The participants will draft blog essays on their experiences as new students, which will then be posted on the “Candid Transitions” website, and occasionally in the pages of the Tri-City News and the News Leader, based in Burnaby and New Westminster. In addition, Pentax will be supplying each participant with a free digital camera, with the hope that photography will also play a large role in the students’ mini-documentaries.

The first major update to the website, showing off what the students have produced so far, is expected sometime next week, according to program directors. Interested readers should visit www.douglascollege.ca/candidtransitions

Second Week of Welcome Continues at Douglas

JJ McCullough, OP Editor

For the second consecutive week, the Douglas College Student Union hosted a variety of entertainment events for new students as part of their official “welcome week” festivities. Compared to the previous week of welcome—which saw the New West Douglas concourse consumed with near-constant activity—events of the second week were noticeably less high-profile.

Of the various events, the most popular was easily the DSU’s traditional pancake breakfast, hosted at the DSU lounge on September 12. Dozens of students lined up for the free food, which was prepared and served by DSU board members for over three hours straight. So successful was the event, in fact, that a second pancake breakfast is already being planned for October.

The DSU’s other second week events, such as a “climate change forum” hosted by the campus branch of the Canadian Green Party and a Monday night showing of *Batman Begins* drew decidedly smaller crowds. DSU officials blamed poor advertising for the weak showing, claiming that a

better awareness campaign would have likely improved turnout. More successful was the Wednesday night showing of Conrad Schmidt’s politically-charged anti-Olympics documentary *Five Ring Circus*. Co-hosted with the Douglas College library, the screening featured the presence of Schmidt himself, who led a discussion after the show.

Thursday night once again saw the DSU building packed, as students crowded in to view a high energy “battle of the bands.” Two rock groups (The Best Revenge and Enlisted) and one rapper (MC Gasface) squared off against each other, with The Best Revenge ultimately being crowned the winner. Though the event was largely orderly, campus security did have to be called at one point to escort some unruly students off DSU premises.



The members of Enlisted rock out at the DSU Battle of the Bands

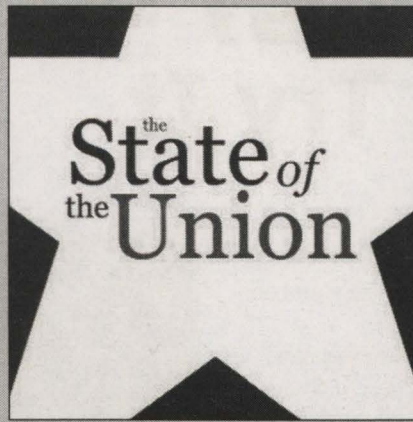
Greetings from your Student Union

How is everyone's third week coming along? The Douglas Students' Union is going great. If you enjoyed our Welcome Weeks events, we have plenty more in store for you! We'll announce it as soon as possible too.

The summer was quite an eventful and fruitful period in the history of the Douglas Students' Union. We started passing new policies and have done so for the last three months in a row. We first passed the infamous Section M, which was a policy geared towards earning a little extra money for the Union by renting out space (previously done for free) to groups who have no affiliation to students or the College. We then passed Section N, which is

meant to make it tougher to break into the Student Union Building after hours, a major problem in the past. If you are a David Lam student, you may especially appreciate this next policy change: we amended our Representative Committee meeting schedule to meet at David Lam every second meeting.

Our Union has been more politically active recently. We are



working towards the David Lam and New Westminster Campuses having an express bus between them. We are also pressuring Translink to finally finish the Evergreen Line, which would be a Light-Rapid Transit line between David Lam and the Lougheed Skytrain

Station. If you have not signed the petition already, there are still copies available at the New Westminster Office on the second floor

of the Student Union Building. The Union is discussing the U-Pass with the College, and they have decided to reconsider their position on subsidizing the administrative side of the program. This is a positive step forward. The DSU is also working to make our campus more sustainable and has been in discussions with the administration about this as well.

As you can see we are quite busy. But please drop by our offices to find out more about what we are doing and how you can become involved.

**The Douglas Students' Union
Representative Committee**



Sixth anniversary of 9-11 attacks Commemorated

JJ McCullough, OP Editor

Decidedly quiet commemorations around the world marked the sixth anniversary of the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001.

In New York, a traditionally somber memorial was held at what remains of the ground zero site. Though family members of the victims were still able to visit the "footprints" of where the towers fell, this will almost certainly be the final year in which they will be able to do so. By September of 2008 full-fledged construction on the new Freedom Tower will have consumed the memorial site, filling in the now-famous holes with foundations of the replacement building.

Away on an official visit in Australia, Prime Minister Harper led a moment of silence in remembrance and gave a

brief speech alongside his Australian counterpart, John Howard. During an address to the Australian parliament Harper similarly evoked the anniversary in an attempt to draw support his government's staunch backing of the Canadian mission in Afghanistan, which he said was part of an ongoing battle against the sort of "poverty, brutality and ignorance" that had inspired the original attacks.

Official commemorations of 9/11 have steadily dwindled in size and scope with each passing year, prompting considerable debate surrounding the long-term future of such ceremonies.

Liberals seek to Create Healthier Students

JJ McCullough, OP Editor

As part of continuing efforts to achieve Premier Gordon Campbell's oft-stated goal of making British Columbia "the healthiest jurisdiction to ever host the Olympics," BC's Liberal government has unveiled a bevy of new health initiatives specifically designed to target the lifestyles of students.

One such proposal will see all elementary and high school students forced to undergo a mandatory amount of physical activity each week, either in the form of traditional physical education classes or "free time" outdoor recess periods. Elementary and middle school students will be expected to get physical for at least 30 minutes a day, while high schoolers are given the more flexible goal of 150 minutes per week.

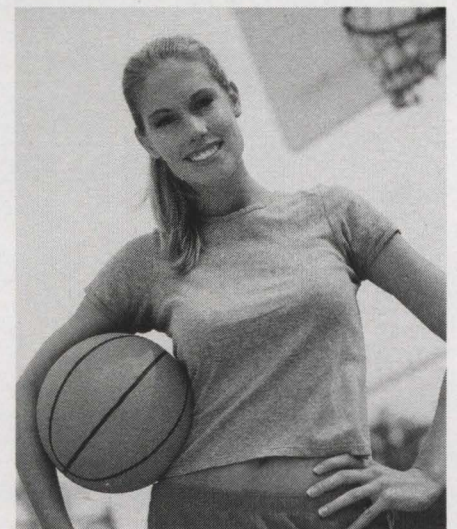
Junk food is also set to be banned in all elementary and secondary schools by September of 2008, both in vending machines and cafeterias. As the definition of what precisely constitutes "junk" can be fairly subjective, strict new dietary guides will instruct what sorts of foods schools may and may not serve to kids and teens, as defined by fat, sugar, and calorie content.

Closely related was the Ministry of Agriculture's recent announced expansion of the government's "Fruit and Veggie Snack Program" to over 100 new schools across the Lower Mainland. The plan—which is operated in conjunction with the Save-on-Foods supermarket chain—distributes free vegetables and fruit snacks to students

several times a month for the entire school year.

Some reforms will also be felt by post-secondary students. A full-fledged ban on tobacco smoking on any school property passed last spring will now prevent college and university students from lighting up between classes. In addition, new "healthy choice" snacks are now mandated to be included in college vending machines alongside the traditional chocolate bars and chips.

Though one of the most comparatively healthy regions of North America, British Columbia still suffers from a steadily-increasing rate of obesity. At least 25 percent of all children in British Columbia are now considered overweight or obese, which experts predict could result in a notable drop in life expectancy within a generation.



Opinions

Reverse Psychology Doesn't Work: Don't You Dare Try It

Iain W. Reeve

In this world where we are consistently bombarded with each other's opinions in the form of newspaper editorials, talk radio shows, user generated reviews, and blogs, the art of convincing people that your views are essential, inalienable truth is paramount.

A variety of strategies are available for us to use to convince others of our view. We can make straightforward arguments, where a basic thesis is supported by evidence which proves our view—often to the exclusion of all others. Also, we can tell personal stories of others or ourselves in hopes of causing people to be emotionally drawn to our beliefs. While these strategies are effective and have changed many an opinion over the years, there is one strategy which will always be doomed to failure and should never be employed: reverse psychology.

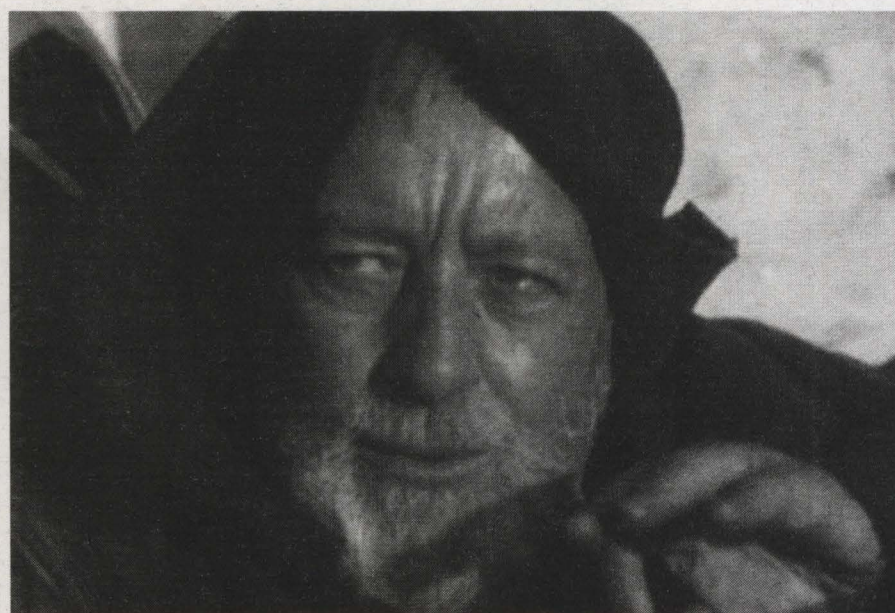
Reverse psychology is the process of advocating a particular position in hopes that it will drive the listener/reader to adopt the opposite position. This would include telling children about how boring the pool is in hopes that they will challenge you and finally try swimming,

or telling the American government that they should just give up on finding Osama bin Laden because he's probably too smart for them anyway.

There are also physical examples, often used in comedy. These include a sign that tells people not to, under any circumstances, look behind the purple curtain, or an enormous red button that says "do not push."

Now some of these ideas may seem tempting. They may have you wanting to jump right on the reverse psychology train heading backwards to nowhere. However let me assure you that people are, by and large too smart to fall for such belittling trickery. Surely the child in the first example knows full well that swimming is dangerous and boring and will thus would prefer to read a book or sit idly in a chair. And indeed, what person would be so a slave to their curiosity as to push a shiny, attractive red button which is clearly forbidden by the accompanying signage? No one of intelligence I say!

Some would insist that reverse psychology works well on children. While children are prone to acts of ignorance and pig-headedness, even growing minds are keen enough to



know when they are being targeted by reverse psychology. If you were to give a child a choice between two candies—one of which you preferred and wanted for yourself—and you told them that the good candy "was totally gross and only losers eat it" the child would clearly see through your ruse and choose that yummy candy for themselves

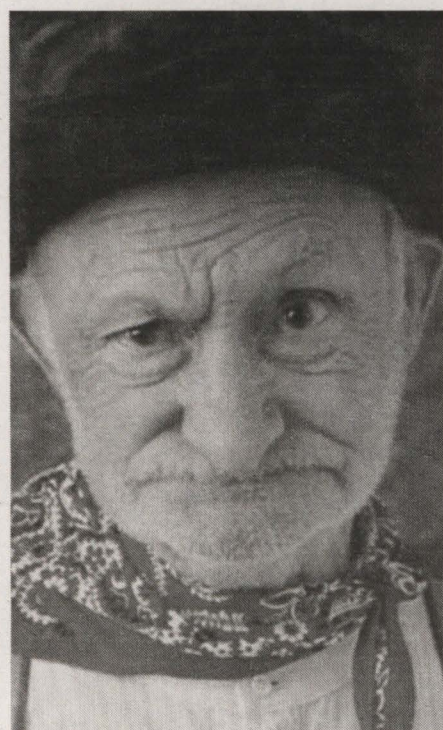
Ultimately, it would be foolish to ever employ this method. You

stand to embarrass yourself in front of friends and family by using it. In fact, the only people likely to fall for reverse psychology are those foolish enough to use it. The inherent sarcasm and underhandedness of the method leads the Other Press to implore our readers to follow our example: never use reverse psychology! Take the high road of tried and true thesis/evidence arguments and you will never falter.

Mature Students Are Useful to us All

Sunny Side Up

Sunny Park



Yesterday, while strolling about campus in my knee-high kinky boots, I happened to notice many older folks. I sat down, carefully crossed my soft young legs, and thought that this was yet another difference between Canada and my home country of Korea. I did some informal research about this subject. My research involved learning a bit about the glory days of Elvis, the glorious 50s. In 1950s North America

a university education was not something that most people felt that they needed. They could get the jobs that they wanted and live the lifestyle they desired with only a high school

I like older guys that have lots of money and can buy me many pairs of knee-high boots

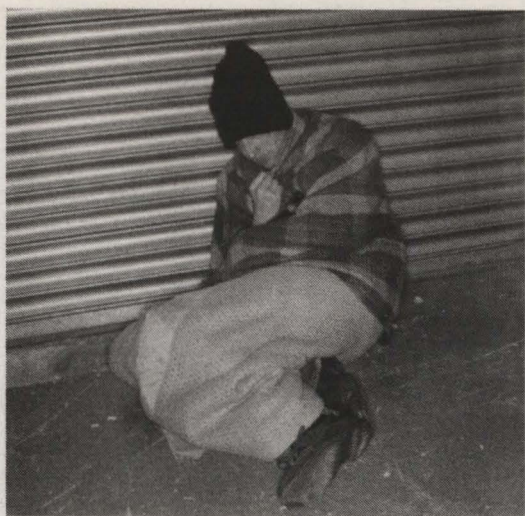
education. In the 21st century, times have changed for North Americans. Jobs are far less secure, and lifelong learning is a condition of employment. As this is the case, mature students are entering post-secondary education in ever-increasing numbers.

Seeing hot young students is one reason why older folks like to attend university, but there are many other advantages for older students in university. Because of their age, these people have had a great amount of life experience. Some of them have had bosses who have treated them poorly, some have been married and divorced, and some of them have had their friends betray them in money matters. With this wealth of life experience, they can become important contributors to group projects in university. They can foresee potential pitfalls that younger students, with their lack of life experience, cannot. In this way, older students can be valuable class members.

So, why is having older people as classmates beneficial to the post

secondary institution? Well, one reason I like the older guys is that they have lots of money and can buy me many pairs of knee-high boots, as well as other fun things. I like the older students in my classes because they know exactly what they want to do. It stimulates younger people to study with greater effort. They help each other, and can achieve a good result. In this learning environment, it is a fact that young people can improve their scholastic abilities. In addition, not only do older people help younger people to study, but also younger people can help encourage and stimulate the older ones. Older people want to learn new ideas, therefore young people's enthusiasm and energy can help inspire older people. Between younger people and older people, both benefit from the relationship.

In conclusion, having older people in the university is beneficial to everybody. It helps older people to keep their careers and learning exciting, while at the same time, providing life experience to help younger students. Finally, the older students are role models for the younger students, showing them the possibility of life-long learning. And don't forget, they can also buy us young people dinner, do our laundry, and drive us places in their fancy cars.



Put a Man in a House — Not a Bobsled

Trevor Hargreaves

The latest spending estimate for the 2010 Olympics is in, and the BC taxpayer is officially on the hook for one kazaillion dollars. What the hell? Personally, I would have cancelled the Olympics if it was revealed that the total cost was equal to what we spent on that idiotic countdown clock. You can tell it is truly representing the people when it requires a guard posted 24 hour to protect it from what would surely be an endless stream of quickly spray-painted sarcastic slogans. And speaking of that clock, who is the poor bastard that gets stuck with that job? Saddled with minimum wage while denying the right of expression to overly opinionated hippies? What a career choice! But I digress.

My thinking on the subject is thus: The Olympics are a collection of marginally interesting sports that few of us actually practice. Granted, when I see the Skeleton downhill race on television, I'm somewhat inclined to watch, but it's mainly because I'm fascinated to see a guy careening out of control down a bobsled track on a little sled at 90 miles an hour. Why not just save yourself time and jump off a bridge? What is the trouble anyway? Your parents didn't love you? Your girlfriend left you? You have a mental problem that makes skintight spandex seem attractive?

Beyond the obvious pot shots at the games of the few for the mild benefit of the many, I'm somewhat disillusioned with the whole homeless displacement situation. Now I'm not going to start waxing on about how the Vancouver

Eastside is a collection of drug-addled skids who are special people that deserve love and rainbows. Frankly, they are a collection of organic effluent. But here's my take on things: they are still people. And even a total piece of cracked out human crap is worth more than a televised bobsled race. It's a race! A race?! Is this fact lost on people? Human suffering in exchange for a race? Where are our priorities? Do we live in an Eden-like Utopia that affords such social entertainment based on the complete happiness of the populous? No. We are basically spending the same amount of money as a lunar moon landing on

We are basically spending the same amount of money as a lunar moon landing on a bunch of stupid events on a ski hill

needs.

I'm not one to wear my heart on my sleeve, but I do think that people need to be helped out. This is something that seems to happen very rarely. These are fellow Canadians, and just because they sleep on cement instead of a futon, it doesn't lessen their value as a member of the country. We live in a social state. We pay taxes, and they're currently being diverted to Whistler. I'll tell you this much, if I was running this province, that lame-ass one zillion dollar skating rink in Richmond would sure as hell be turned into a gratis Best Western for those in need once "the games" are done.

Anyway, I've gotta go. I need to get to work. I have a clock to guard.

a bunch of stupid events on a ski hill. For the same cash, we could basically assure that every single person in this country has a roof over their head, and some medicine, Kraft Dinner or whatever else suits their base

Biofuels Not Necessarily the Best Option

Science Matters

Dr. David Suzuki

Earlier this year, when I crossed our great country to talk to Canadians about environmental issues, some media pundits took issue with our vehicle of choice - a diesel bus. Even when I explained that diesel actually has a lower carbon footprint than gasoline, some of them immediately shot back with - then why isn't it biodiesel?

In truth, we had actually wanted to showcase an alternative fuel like biodiesel, we just couldn't find a leasing agent who could get us an

appropriate vehicle. But from the very beginning we were also nervous about highlighting something that might be more of a problem than a solution.

Turns out, we were probably right. According to a recent analysis published in the journal *Science*, attempting to save the planet by wholesale switching to biofuels like ethanol and biodiesel may unintentionally have the opposite effect.

Proponents of biofuels, which are often made from plants such as corn or sugar cane, often point to their many advantages over fossil fuels like gasoline. Biofuels are less toxic or non-toxic in comparison to fossil fuels. They are a renewable resource, whereas once fossil fuels are gone, they're gone. And biofuels can be grown just about anywhere you can grow crops, reducing the need for giant pipelines or oil tankers, and potentially helping to reduce conflicts in areas like the Middle East.

So far so good. But things start to get complicated when you look more closely. Much has already been debated about the energy requirements to produce some biofuels, especially corn-based ethanol. Ethanol made from corn only contains marginally more energy than what is needed to produce it. In fact, we use about a litre's worth of fossil fuels to grow, harvest, process, and transport a litre of corn-based ethanol. Many people argue that making corn-based ethanol is more of

an agricultural subsidy for farmers than it is a sound environmental policy.

Things get even dodgier for biofuels when you look at the land area that would be needed to grow fuel crops. We use a lot of fossil fuels. Switching to biofuels would not reduce the demand for fuel, just change the way we get it. And that would require a lot of land. In

Substituting just 10 per cent of fossil fuels to biofuels would require about 40 per cent of the entire cropland in Europe and North America.

fact, substituting just 10 per cent of fossil fuels to biofuels for all our vehicles would require about 40 per cent of the entire cropland in Europe and North America. That is simply not

sustainable.

Of course, reducing the amount of fuel we use, no matter what the type, is very important. But the authors of the recent article in *Science* say that if our primary motive in switching to biofuels is to reduce global warming, then we have to look at all our options for the land that would be needed to grow fuel crops.

The authors conclude: "If the prime object of policy on biofuels is mitigation of carbon dioxide-driven global warming, policy-makers may be better advised in the short term (30 years or so) to focus on increasing the efficiency of fossil fuel use, to conserve the existing forests and savannahs, and to restore natural forest and grassland habitats on cropland that is not needed for food."

In other words, biofuels alone are not the quick-fix answer to global warming. In fact, strong legislated policies to improve the efficiency of our cars, homes and industries is a much more effective strategy. In the longer term, biofuels may certainly play an important role. Some technologies, like cellulosic ethanol, which is made from woody debris, are very promising and they need to be supported by government and industry now, so they can be available on a larger scale in the coming years. Biofuels have many advantages, but we have to look at all our options and make sure we make the best choices to ensure a more sustainable future.



Of Three Zone Transfers and Lack of Social Grace

Trevor Hargreaves

Like many of you, I am a commuter. While enjoying the stellar commute from one end of the transit line to the other on a daily basis, I endure a variety of salty examples of the human element. Each day is a seemingly endless stream of sanatorium-like unfettered sneezes and sniffles and a cacophony of mildly psychotic mumbles. Beyond the sick and the crazy, I'm also exposed to the daily viewings of drunken paint-splattered housepainters, and best of all, the stinky bottle collectors who bring their collection of empties in a Santa Clause sized bag enroute to whatever depot is just far enough away to necessitate their commute. Oh what fun.

On the plus side, I'm lessening my carbon impact, but greatly increasing my exposure to the seeming dregs of community at the same time. Does anyone actually use the train to commute any more, or is it the goal of BC Transit to showcase the modern freak show that is the populous of the Lower Mainland simply for my benefit?

Am I just a magnet of mobile insanity, or are these situations just as commonplace for the rest of you? A

few years back, enroute home from a late night class, I was even treated to the stereotypical "guy in track pants touching himself"! On a Main bus a little while back, I also endured the "barefoot guy waving a banana and talkin' jive".

Now I'm a tolerant fellow. I'm willing to accept these experiences

Sadly, somewhere along the line, the cell phone became so commonplace that it became perfectly reasonable to babble anything you want into your little handheld, regardless of the surroundings.

to save a few dollars and prolong the environment at the same time. But I absolutely draw the line at one passenger type, namely the loud slutty girl having the incredibly intimate conversation via cell phone, while I am sitting right behind her on a practically empty train.

As cell phones gained popularity in the eighties, there were many discussions about the social etiquette

of speaking on them in public. The accepted norm was that you would never use a cell phone in a restaurant, or public locale. Sadly, somewhere along the line, the cell phone became so commonplace that it became perfectly reasonable to babble anything you want into your little handheld, regardless of the surroundings. Accordingly,

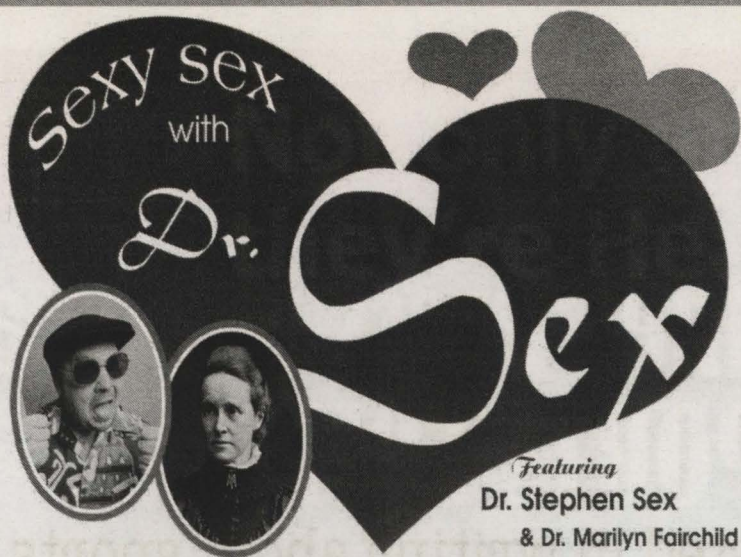
the person on the other line "I'm on the train right now, but I'll call you back in ten minutes".

The sad reality is that people have become perfectly happy to babble away as if they are in some kind of isolation booth, simply because they are talking to a single person. I can also comfortably stereotype the most common perpetrator, namely the late-teen/early twenties female. To add a little imagery here, let's give her a pair of tight track pants with a classy saying emboldened on the back such as "JUICY". Juicy like the force-fed gossip you spill to me enroute home you fast handed tart! I don't know how many times I've heard conversations divulging intrigue such as "I wasn't going to sleep with him so soon, but his hair is so nice, and you should see his car". Good gravy.

So do me a favor, and the next time your cell phone rings, just turn off the ringer until you get off the train. Better yet, if someone else's cell phone rings, just toss the devil device out the window and loudly proclaim "I'm not going to jail for you or anyone!" Don't worry; you'll fit right in with the rest of the loon bags.

Sky trains and buses have become an orchestra of odd noises, jumbles and cute Asian jingles that represent the latest and greatest in cell ring technology.

Well nay sayeth I! It's time to take the silence back. Keep your damn phone off when you are on the train. And if it does ring and you absolutely have to answer it, how about purporting yourself as a person of class and tell



Why Do Sports Turn Me On?

Dear Dr. Sex,

I love hockey. Love it! The speed, the ice, the goals that are few and far between... It's like skating is foreplay and the goals are intercourse! But it's the climax of the game that gets me hot: the fights! Hockey fights signify a moment when the game's testosterone is at its peak, bouncing off the ice and against the walls of the stadium. I sport wood whenever a fight erupts, so this can make it uncomfortable to go out to games with other guys. I'm not gay—not even remotely attracted to men—but when there's a fight, I want to start handling my stick—if you know what I mean! Have you ever heard about this kind of fetish before? Thanks.

—Am I A Man

Dr. Steven Sex: Ahhh, the sports fetish. Yes, we here at *SexySex* receive quite a few letters regarding *that* issue.

Dr. Marilyn Fairchild: AIAM, we have received quite a few similar queries

from men such as yourself: straight men who watch sports for more than just the sportsmanship.

Dr. Sex: Why, just last week we received a note from an older man who found himself watching soccer just for the balls.

Dr. Fairchild: That doesn't sound out of the ordinary, doctor.

Dr. Sex: Well, not the *soccer* balls, Marilyn. He stated that he watches soccer games for the occasional wayward testicle that teases out from under the players' shorts.

Dr. Fairchild: Hmm. It actually sounds like that reader may have a whole different issue to discuss. AIAM is not watching to check out the players or their body parts—it's their *actions* that are turning him on.

Dr. Sex: What about the girl who wrote in about badminton and the shuttlecocks?

Dr. Fairchild: The male-dominated world of sports can be a homoerotic place. The congratulatory touching between players after scoring a goal, or the pinning of a fellow wrestler are all examples of moments when sports can seem quite queer.

Dr. Sex: ...or the woman who gets her rocks off while curling?

Dr. Fairchild: Sports involves passion and adrenaline, so it is only natural to be excited when witnessing such action.

Dr. Sex: I guess this means that every sport has its sexy aspects. Skiing has its big poles, golf has its holes-in-one, and even basketball has its big Wang.

Dr. Fairchild: Its big Wang?

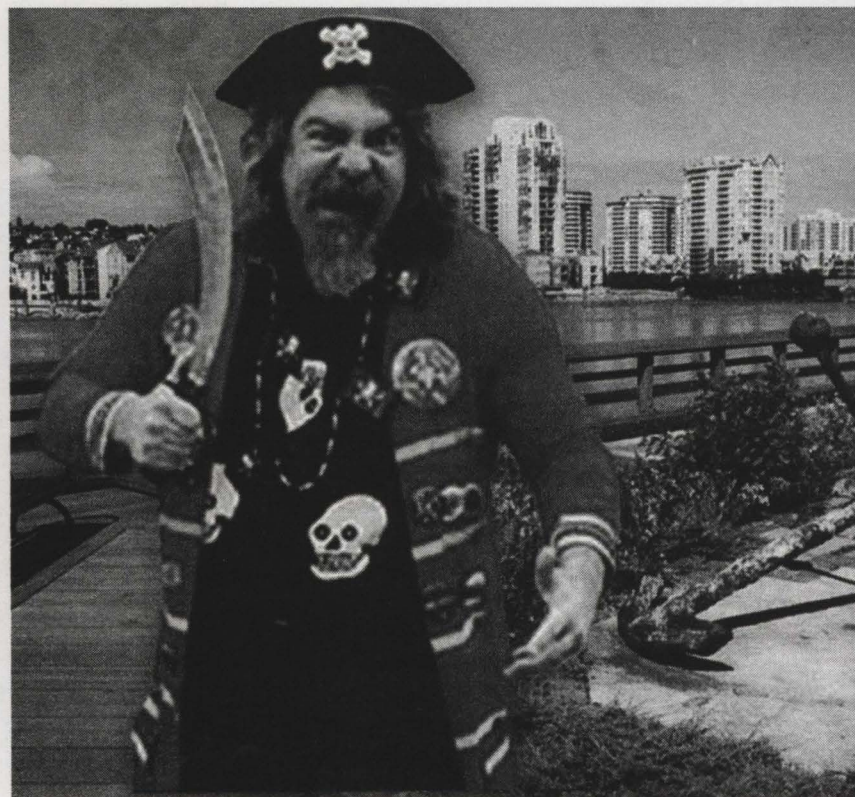
Dr. Sex: Yes, Marilyn. Wang Zhizhi, the 7'1" tall basketball player from China. You are obviously not a sports fan.

Well, join us next week when we help our readers score again!

List of the Week:

Top 10 Things That Kick Ass About Going To School In New Westminster

1. The possibility that Pirates could be hanging out at the Quay.
2. The opportunity to say "Quay."
3. Readily available stolen cheese from grubby dudes outside the Skytrain Station.
4. The fact that "Scruffy Murphy's" is also an accurate description of their clientele.
5. The exercise one gets from the uncontrollable stumble downhill when walking to transit after class.
6. If you go uptown, it's easy to feel good about yourself, as between the old folks with walkers and children in strollers, you're the only one not in diapers.
7. Dropping the locally respected term "That is so Quay!"
8. Abandoning traditional theology in pursuit of "Burger Heaven"
9. The rest of the world has changed over the last hundred years, but Columbia Street still looks the same as it did 100 years ago.
10. Gambling your student loan away during your lunch hour at the Riverboat Casino.



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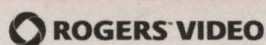


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Not only are Cigarettes good for you, they're Healthy Too!

Jurek Szymczak

With all the anti-smoking propaganda floating around these days, it is important to examine the issue with a clear head and sense of objectivity. You can't believe everything you read. People are always going to try to spoon-feed you information which they claim is undeniably true. It's important to scrutinize these claims and to come up with your own conclusions based on research. Only then can you uncover the truth.

For example, scientists tell us that there are many studies which prove cigarette smoke is harmful because it contains cancer-causing agents. Let us break this statement down into three parts. First, who are these scientists, really, and where do they come from? Nobody knows! It is my fervent belief that they are academic spooks on the payroll of some kind of international asthmatic's association. This would justify their one-sided approach to the joys of smoking. Next, we can observe the way they manipulate language to serve their biased point of view. Be aware that this is a common technique used to sway feeble-minded people's opinions. The use of the word "harmful" when describing something as gentle and comforting as cigarette smoke is downright ridiculous. Smoke is basically a more localised version of fog. Fog isn't harmful, therefore smoke isn't harmful. I'm pretty sure we can all agree on this. Lastly, these scientists evoke the basic human fear of disease by throwing the word "cancer" in there. Nobody wants to have cancer, so it is understandable that after seeing the phrase "cigarettes contain cancer-causing agents" most people will refrain from smoking. This boils down to fear mongering. Personally, I've never noticed any cancer-causing agents in my cigarettes. Even after breaking one open to examine the contents, all I found was tobacco. I encourage you to try this at

home. Go ahead and tear open one of those pleasure sticks, I can guarantee you will find nothing more sinister than some harmless brown flakes. And last time I checked, the colour brown wasn't cancer-causing.

Still not convinced? Allow me to replace the topic word in the above statement to prove my point. Scientists tell us that there are many studies which prove bunnies are harmful because they contain cancer-causing agents. Wait, don't panic... I just made that up! But it seemed pretty convincing didn't it? The



truth is, this technique could be used to vilify anything—including bunnies. Actually, now that I think about it, bunnies are actually a more plausible vessel for carrying cancer-causing agents than cigarettes. Someone should look into this.

Now, I did some research of my own and my results were pretty shocking. Turns out I can trust these "scientists" about as far as I can throw them, which I admit is quite a bit further than I can throw any of my ex-girlfriends, but that's beside the point. These are some of the results my research turned up:

1. Cigarettes make you look cool. I believe this to be an incontestable fact.
2. Cigarettes make *me* look cool. Also an incontestable fact.
3. Smoking makes you a better listener. When I'm bored and I don't want to talk to someone anymore, I light a smoke and almost immediately I'm more receptive to their monotone ramblings.
4. They are good for your nerves. Are you socially inept? Do you sweat uncontrollably? When instructors call on you in class do you respond by burying your face in your hands and

a light or a cigarette, you can play the hero and oblige them. I've found that this usually leads to a night of sweaty romance. Of course it doesn't work for everyone, but there is a certain poetic sadness in remaining a virgin well into your thirties.

8. Smoking can temporarily relieve awkward situations. Imagine you just finished making sweet, sweet love to that person who bummed a smoke off of you, but your performance wasn't exactly legendary. This is a tough situation. Do you talk about

your feelings? Try to make excuses? No. You roll over and light a cigarette. Problem solved.

9. Smoking will enhance your enjoyment of alcohol. This can be explained in a simple mathematical equation. Cigarettes + Beer = Pure Fucking Bliss.

10. Cigarettes can raise your metabolism. Don't believe me? How many overweight smokers do you know? That's what I thought.

As you can see my research clashes very much with the popular cultivated ideas about cigarette smoke and what it can do to you. Not once during my intense study of cigarettes did I find any correlation between smoking and disease. In fact I was actually able to *refute* one of the most basic arguments against lighting up. Scientists claim smoking is bad. I think I have sufficiently proved that it is bad-

ass. Even if what they say is true—that cigarettes will eventually kill you—I want to leave you with this thought to ponder. Average life expectancy of a healthy person 200 years ago: 50 years. Average life expectancy of a healthy person today: mid 80s. Average life expectancy of a smoker today: mid 50s. So even if smokers tend to die earlier in life than non-smokers at least we're still outliving our great-grandfathers by half a decade. Now that's something I can be proud of.

whimpering quietly until they get the hint? Try smoking. You'll be confident, dry, and assertive in no time at all.

5. They combat lethargy. Basically any time you are bored and feeling silly that you are sitting around with nothing to do, light a smoke and you've got five minutes of direction and purpose.

6. Smoking makes you look tougher. If you smoke and squint your eyes at the same time it creates a very menacing effect, causing you to look hardcore (even if you aren't).

7. Smoking may lead to getting laid more often. When that hot girl/guy standing outside the club asks you for

Arts & Entertainment

Vancouver International Film Festival Preview, Volume One

Luke Simcoe, OP Arts Editor

Well, it's that time of year again, and the Vancouver International Film Festival is almost upon us. Screening some three hundred foreign and independent films, the VIFF is not just for movie buffs, hipsters and indie film nerds, but rather anyone who's tired (or tiring...) of all the pap that passes for cinema coming out of Hollywood.

The festival doesn't get under way until September 27, but to whet your appetites for alternative films, the OP will be sneak previewing 10 films a week until it begins. This first batch is culled directly from the festival's media kit, but advance screenings start this week, so expect some more original content in the next issue.

One of the first films that first caught my attention was **Persepolis** (Iran, 95 min.): "The Ayatollah Khomeini meets Iron Maiden in this spirited adaptation of Marjane Satrapi's celebrated graphic novel. When Iran's Islamic Revolution hits home, nineteen year-old Marjane remains determined to discover all that life has to offer, including punk rock, boys and rebellion." Douglas' own Dr. Peter Wilkins teaches the graphic novel in his Major Themes in Literature course, so check it out and try to score some extra credit.

Never one to exclude local content, the festival will also be screening **The Prince of Pot: The US vs. Marc Emery** (Canada, 52 min.): "Martin Luther King Jr., Gandhi... Marc Emery? Is his fight against extradition to the United States for selling weed seeds also about Canadian sovereignty, unjust prohibition and silencing political dissidence? Nick Wilson's provocative documentary asks this and more about one of Vancouver's most notorious residents."

Sticking with CanCon, there's also **The Tracy Fragments** (Canada, 78 min.): "Bruce McDonald's (the man behind *Hard Core Logo* and *Lexx*) latest is fragmented and granular story of 15 year-old Tracey Berkowitz (Ellen Page, *Hard Candy*, *X-Men: The Last Stand*), who we find traumatized and sitting in the back of a bus, naked except for a torn shower curtain."

For fans of the Jason Bourne series, there's the Canadian premiere of **The Champagne Spy** (Israel/Germany, 91 min.): "A fascinating real-life tale of intrigue, espionage, love and betrayal, Nadav Schirman's film relates the life and times of a high-level Mossad agent who posed as an ex-Nazi millionaire, champion horse breeder and leisurely socialite. He took on this long-term personae so that he could mingle with scientists and the Egyptian elite. The tale is told by his mystified son."

In the wake of the release Mulroney's memoirs, it might be

poignant to catch **Elijah** (Canada, 88 min.): "In 1990, the fate of the Meech Lake Accord (and possibly Canada) hung on a single word by Elijah Harper: No. Paul Unwin directs this dazzling biopic about the man that dared to defy Brian Mulroney as he held in his hand not only an eagle feather, but the direction of our democracy."

I hated the book when I had to read it in high school, but I'm pretty excited about **The Stone Angel** (Canada, 115 min.): "The irascible and fiercely proud Hagar Shipley (Ellen Burstyn in an outstanding performance) escapes from home when her son and daughter-in-law tell her she must move into nursing care. Kari Skogland has done an excellent job of conveying the wit, sexual frankness and elegantly shifting time structures of Margaret Laurence's classic novel."

No film fest is complete without some controversy, and I'm sure there's a reason why the filmmakers chose Vancouver as the place to screen **For the Bible Tells Me So** (USA, 95 min.): "What does the bible actually say about homosexuality? The hermeneutics of hate are detailed in Daniel Karslake's documentary that follows five Christian families, each with a gay member. Winner of Audience Award for Best Documentary at the Seattle Film Festival."

Having just joined the bicycle class, I'm tempted to go and see **Island Etude** (Taiwan, 108 min.): "Taiwan's surprise box office hit of 2007, Chen Huai-en's lyrical road movie is about university student Ming who bicycles around Taiwan in one week. Elegiac and intensely local, set off by breathtaking seascapes, it offers vivid portraits of the people he meets enroute."

The film-most-likely-to-succeed outside the festival is **No Country for Old Men** (USA, 122 min.): "The Coen Brothers return to *Blood Simple* territory in this adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's celebrated novel. Two million in cash, a quantity of heroin and a pile of corpses are only the beginning in this serpentine tale."

And finally, there's **Young People Fucking** (Canada, 95 min.): "Martin Gero's feature debut is a smart and fast-paced comedy that intertwines the stories of five couples over the course of one sexual encounter. As the couples attempt to have some seemingly straightforward sex, they run into all sorts of problems."

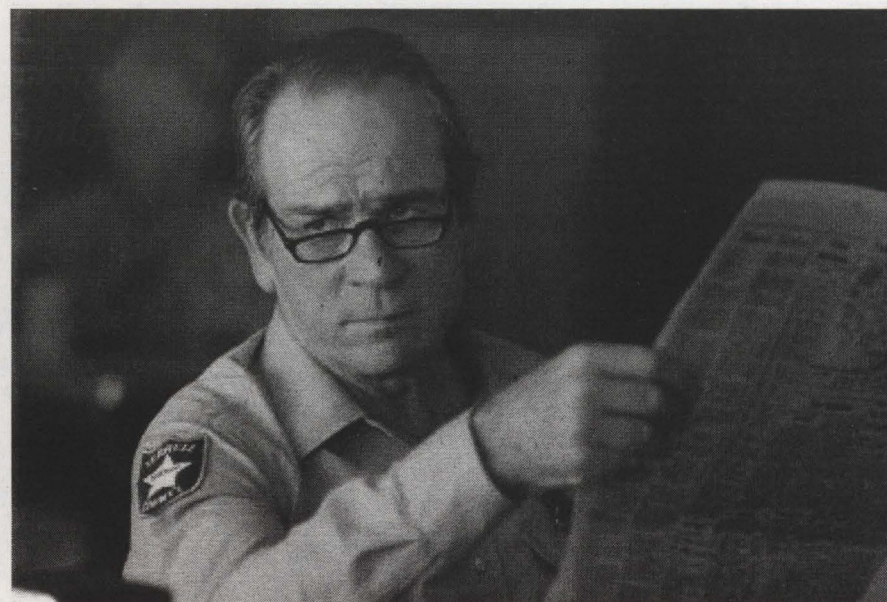
The VIFF will be running until October 12, and screening at a variety of theatres in Vancouver. For more information, check out www.viff.org.



Persepolis



Island Etude



No Country for Old Men

Italian Cinema in the American Desert: A Review of "Zabriskie Point"

One-night Screening @ Van City Theater, September 13

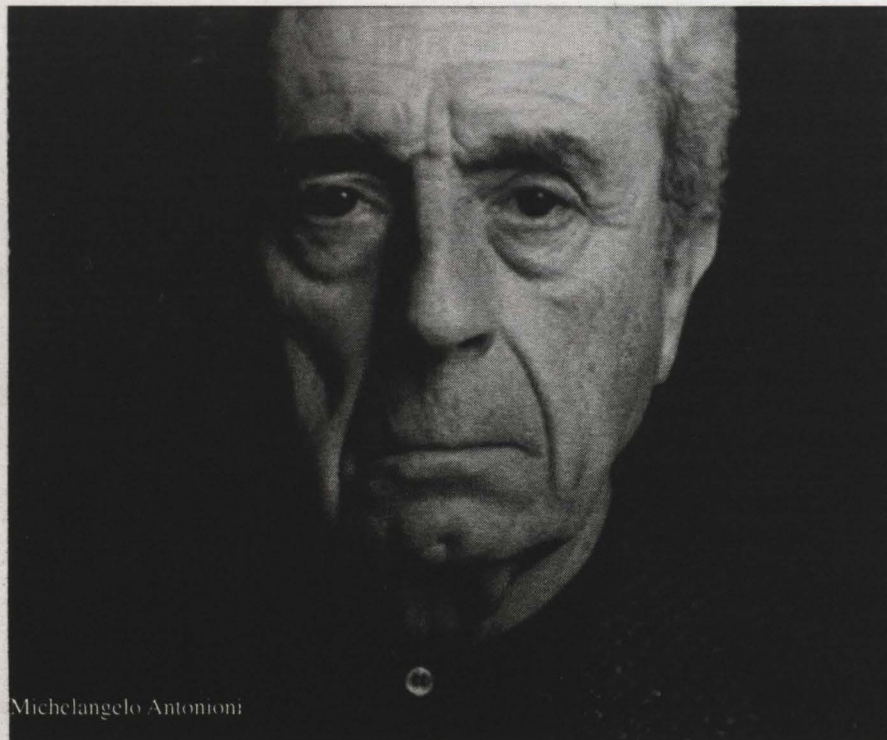
Duncan DeLorenzi

Zabriskie Point is a view point overlooking a vast expanse of ancient rock formations, pushed up between barren valleys and ravines in the middle of Death Valley National Park. The park is located between the Amargosa Desert in Nevada and Inyo National forest in south eastern California. *Zabriskie Point* is also the title of the first made-in-America film from the Late Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni. Released in 1970 the film successfully depicts the era's youth counterculture movement.

The opening scene shows a group of radical College students discussing an upcoming protest that they are planning to stage on their campus. Ostensibly, this protest is all tied into the "Black Free Rights" movement, but the main point of debate seems to be whether or not the black kids should allow the white kids to participate in the protest. The blacks feel that only they have been persecuted and therefore have the sole justification to be rebellious. The white kids, however, feel that they are just as angry at "the man", their parents, and society's injustice as the blacks. And so the protest kind of morphs into a mini-movement of its own, against an imposing moralistic society, overbearing authority, and corporate greed.

Events soon turn bloody. After watching police open fire at a group of protesters, Mark, a rebellious college dropout who is participating in his own way, winds up shooting and killing an officer. From that point on, the film follows the young rebel on the run from the authorities. After successfully eluding the police on the street, Mark heads for the airport where he steals a small airplane and somehow learns to fly it during takeoff.

Meanwhile, the lovely and sympathetic Daria (another college student) is unwillingly working part-time for some big-ass property developers. She ventures out to the desert in her car on an assignment to assist her slightly devious boss with his grandiose marketing scheme to sell sand dunes to people in the city, marketing them as small pieces of paradise. Of course Mark—by now high over the desert—spots her lone car on the highway and subsequently carries out a very impressive impromptu air show, repeatedly dive bombing her car and scaring the shit out of her. These are some of the best scenes in the movie. When these two neophyte



Michelangelo Antonioni

actors do finally come together (literally again and again in a long sandy, dust-covered sex scene), the somewhat bland character performances remind you that you're indeed watching an old orange-colored 1970s art-deco flick. I half expected to see a hapless Jim Rockford appear in a rumpled blazer sipping a coffee in a mobile trailer in a parking lot in Malibu.

Despite the somewhat dry performances, as the film progresses Antonioni's filmmaking expertise really begins to mold and shape the viewer's perspective. He uses very long takes which easily absorb the viewer, especially as many of these longer scenes are accompanied by strange and funky music from bands of the era, including The Grateful Dead, The Rolling Stones and Pink Floyd (who actually wrote a song just for this movie).

After some adventures and frolicking in the desert, including Daria's escape from the ass-grabbing clutches of a circle of very young boys who live, apparently, in an abandoned and overturned bus in the middle of nowhere, the story ambles on. With the assistance of a hermit living beside the highway, Mark and Daria very creatively repaint the stolen airplane with bright, psychedelic colors, crafting anti-establishment symbols and peace statements over the fuselage. Later, Mark winds up getting shot and killed by police after a wobbly landing at LAX and subsequent attempts to run the police cars off the runway. After hearing the news on the radio, Daria

escapes to the only safe, comfortable place she knows—her own make-believe world—where she visualizes justice and sweet revenge. Throughout the film we spend a lot of time following the nuances and thought patterns of Daria's spiritually-guided but troubled mind. This girl is obviously a Pisces. Her fantasy turns to implied reality in the film's last scene, perhaps one of the most mesmerizing moments in the entire film. After it ended, I was left staring slightly open-mouthed and dumb, even as the curtain came down.

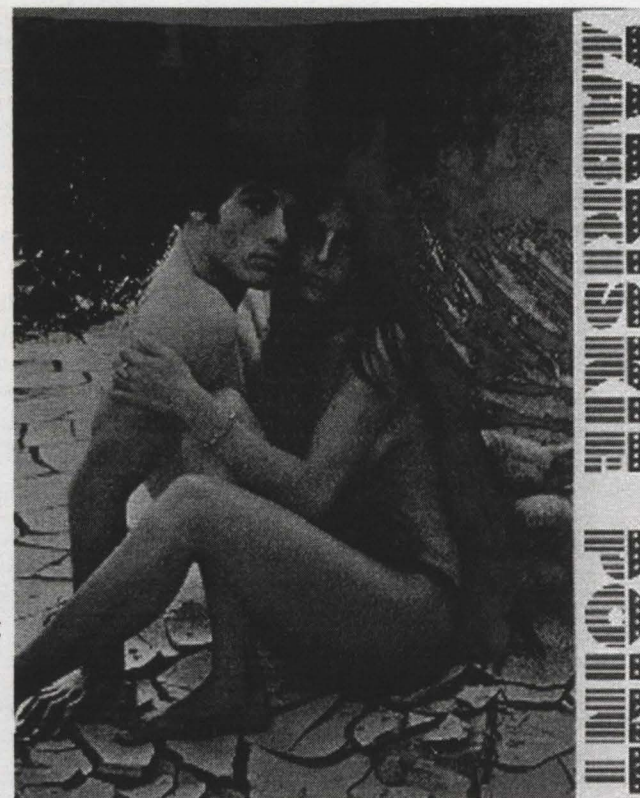
Antonioni's distinctive style of shooting regularly uses very long shots and takes, often lingering on simple subjects for long periods of time. The approach has prompted both admiration and disdain for his films. Likewise, many of his films controversially deal with themes of social alienation and middle-class ennui. His ability to depict the propensity of a modern society's power in making people feel guilty and worthless for pursuing simple, base pleasures is an essential part of his filmic legacy. Antonioni especially to convey the sense

of purposelessness felt by middle-class people who have nothing concrete or worthwhile in their lives to live, fight, or die for. He was also very effective in being able to show the human side of even the most flawed and morally repugnant characters.

One thing is certain—this particular Italian filmmaker was an extremely influential, as well as controversial, presence for at least several generations, influencing legions of independent, non-mainstream filmmakers. Even Ingmar Bergman, who once remarked that many of Antonioni's films were "boring", still admitted that some of them were still quite brilliant.

Antonioni died on July 30 of this year in Rome, at the age of 94. Strangely, the influential Swedish filmmaker Ingmar Bergman, noted above, also died on the exact same day.

Zabriskie Point, though not one of Antonioni's finest films, was perhaps fitting for a lasting last impression. The final scene, depicting the young and lovely Daria's vision of apocalyptic destruction in the desert, overtly conveys the filmmaker's harsh view towards the relentless nature of man to inflate the importance of wealth and luxury. In the end, he seems to be saying, we cannot escape the fact that we are just passing humans after all, and that our man-made whims and fantasies are but fleeting clouds of dust, stinging the eyes and obscuring our vision momentarily before disappearing forever.



A Lovin' Spoonful

Spoon @ the Commodore Ballroom,
September 7, 2007

Luke Simcoe, Arts & Entertainment Editor

*"My mathematical mind can see the breaks,
So I'm gonna stop riding the brakes...
Instead I'm gonna see your stakes"*

I've heard that prowess in mathematics and musical ability are connected. If this is indeed the case, I've got dollars to donuts that Britt Daniel, Spoon's front man and principal songwriter, got pretty good grades in math during his high school days in Austin, Texas.

Since the opening chords of "Everything Hits at Once"—the first track on 2001's *Girls Can Tell*, a record that represented a huge leap forward for Spoon—Daniel literally stopped riding the brakes, and charged full speed ahead into a series of near-perfect rock records laced with a minimalist aesthetic and just the right amount of pop panache.

All of this was on display on Friday, September 7 at a sold-out Commodore Ballroom. The band's set drew evenly from their last four records, and not surprisingly, songs from *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga* meshed perfectly with the band's

older tracks. After all, that's what Spoon does. Their live shows are not unlike their records: solid from front to back, with a nary a low point to be found.

Although he didn't treat us to any of his infamous extended floor jams, Daniel himself was particularly on-point—right down to the way he betrayed his Southern roots by holding

his guitar like Johnny Cash. Britt has a reputation for being a bit "prickly," but every time I've seen Spoon live he's seemed to be genuinely enjoy interacting with the audience. He joked with a contingent of fans who kept shouting "Sound Exchange!" as a way of obtusely requesting "Anything You Want," and he invited a newlywed

couple, still in their wedding clothes, onstage to "formalize the marriage."

As I mentioned, it's pretty difficult to pick a highlight from the setlist, but there were a few moments that were a touch better than the rest. "I Turn My Camera On" reminded me that there are tires underneath the dance floor at the Commodore, and a subdued version of the aforementioned "Everything Hits at Once," during the encore lacked some of the punch that it has on record, but was possessed of all the more *gravitas* as a result. I was also pretty stoked on a rousing version of "The Underdog," which featured the horn section from Joe Black Louis—the lackluster opening band that had a singer that sounded like Eddie Murphy when he makes fun of James Brown in *Delirious*.

I was also pleasantly surprised that the band chose not to play "The Way We Get By." With such a stacked catalog, it's about time that Spoon realized they don't need to use their brief flirtation with the mainstream as a crutch.



PHOTOS BY LUKE SIMCOE

"Art School" by The Jam

Song of the Week

Patrick Mackenzie, OP Contributor

Despite being written 30 years ago (for Christ's sake!), "Art School" by The Jam, is a blistering example of guitar oriented pop and/or rock.

In their heyday, The Jam were given the label "mod," an overarching term involving both music and fashion, that characterized a strain of English pop prevalent in the 60s and 70s (The Who, The Kinks, The Beatles, etc.) directly influenced by black R&B artists from the U.S. This influence can certainly be heard in their music, but with their tendency to write fast, catchy tunes that clock in at under two and a half minuets, there is a definite punk sensibility found in The Jam's music (Editor's note: For an excellent example of Mod culture, check out The Who's 1979 film *Quadrophenia*).

"Art School"—off The Jam's 1977 debut *In The City*—is, at two minutes and two seconds, essentially a punk song. Fast and rough with just guitar, bass and drums, it can certainly be counted as such. At the same time however, there is a certain sophistication in the playing creeping

around the edges that makes one realize that this ain't no Sex Pistols tune. Providing more of a trebly texture, the guitar takes a back seat to the rhythm section where drums and bass are allowed to carry the song through its fast and easily danceable shuffle.

Even though "Art School" is roughhewn in style and production, guitarist and songwriter Paul Weller, bassist Bruce Foxton and drummer Rick Buckler, while no more creative or artistically committed, show a musical acumen that far surpasses that of their peers.

As for the lyrics, they are filled with the sort of self-righteous indignation that characterizes Paul Weller's songwriting during his time with The Jam: "And never worry if people laugh at you/The fools only laugh 'cos they envy you." But mostly, "Art School" sounds like a call to action directed at the youth of England in 1977. However, that same revolutionary fervor can resonate just as strongly today with anyone who is tired of mainstream culture. As Weller sings in a pronounced English accent: "Who makes the rules

that make people select/Who is to judge that your ways are correct/The media as watchdog is absolute shit/The TV telling you what to think."

In keeping with the punk rock ethos of independence—n thought as well as artistic expression—art school, rather than a location, becomes for Weller both a state of mind and a metaphor

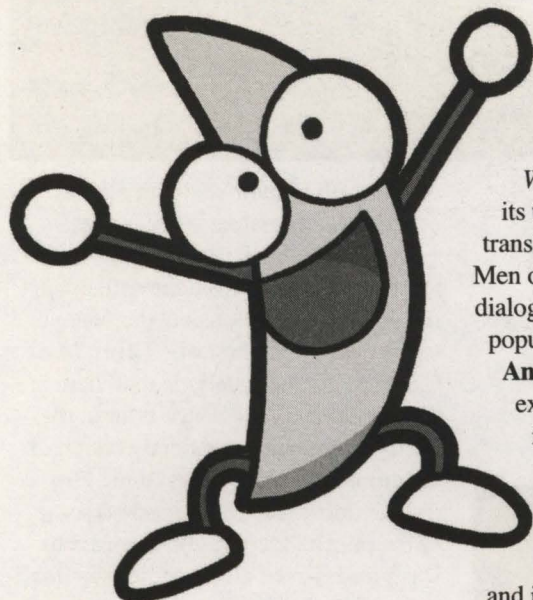
for individuality. When he sings, "do whatcha want 'cos this is the new art school," he seems to be excising art school from its local geography and placing it in the consciousness of the listener where he or she can use it for inspiration for individual creativity.

Pretty good for a two-minute pop and/or rock (or is that punk?) song.



Internet People: A Guide

J.J. McCullough, OP Editor



All Your Base are Belong to Us — Catchphrase taken from the dubious 1989 Sega game *Zero Wing*, known for little other than its truly awful Japanese-to-English translations. Electro band The Laziest Men on Mars later made a song using dialogue from the game as lyrics, greatly popularizing the “All Your Base” line.

Angry German Kid — Fairly self-explanatory. A German child flies into enraged hysterics when his computer game fails to load, then goes insane with manic blood lust once it finally does. Though convincing, the video was staged and is supposed to be a mockery of those who believe computer games really do turn children into lunatics.

Ask a Ninja — Popular “advice” series in which viewers email asinine questions to a guy dressed as a ninja, who proceeds to answer the questions with flamboyant ninja flair.

Average Homeboy — An embarrassingly tone-deaf 1980s rap video from a self-identified “middle-class white guy” hoping for his big break.

Back Dorm Boys — Two Asian dudes in basketball jerseys who filmed themselves passionately lip-syncing a number of pop songs. Their fame led to the agonizing popularity of self-made lip-sync videos.

Bert is Evil — A once-popular website featuring photos of Bert the Muppet photoshopped into photographs of the great villains of history, including Hitler and bin Laden. The website was discontinued when photos surfaced showing Al Qaeda supporters using the Bert photographs in their posters.

Boom goes the Dynamite

— One of the most genuinely sad videos to grace the internet, this one depicts an incredibly nervous young sports anchor on his first day on the set. Unable to keep pace with the speed of the program, he splutters and utters some bizarre ad libs, including the title of the film.

Bride Has Massive Hair Wig Out — A fairly

lengthy video of an angsty bride who storms into her bridesmaids’ hotel room and begins wailing about a horrible haircut. Weeping and shrieking, she takes matters into her own hands and begins hacking her hair apart with household scissors. The film is noticeably over-acted, and

was later revealed to have been staged.

Bubb Rubb — A clip from a local California news channel reporting on the disturbing trend of teenagers installing annoying whistles in their exhaust pipes to produce ear-splitting sounds. The highlight of the video comes when Bubb Rubb, a local homeboy and identified “whistle fan,” is interviewed. “The whistles go WOOO!” he declares repeatedly.

Chad Vader — A live-action series about Darth’s lesser-known brother, who works at a convenience store in Madison, Wisconsin.

Chocolate Rain — Low-budget music video created by Tay Zonday, a black

teenager with an unsettlingly deep voice for his age. The song is irritatingly repetitive, but catchy.

Coke and Mentos — A while ago someone made the amazingly simple discovery that if you place a Mentos candy into a bottle of Diet Coke you’ll create an amazing geyser of soda that can shoot over a meter into the air. This revelation prompted many kids to film themselves performing the experiment.

Daxflame — A skilled parody of angst-y teenager webcam bloggers, Dax rants passionately about topics he knows absolutely nothing about, and usually ends up either screaming or crying.

Dick in a Box — When Justin Timberlake was on *Saturday Night Live* back in 2006 he appeared in a short skit with this title. The premise was basically a parody of overly-lust-y R&B music videos from the 1980s, and featured Timberlake presenting his penis to his woman as a Christmas present, complete in a gift wrapped box which was tied to his waist. The word “dick” was bleeped in the TV version of the skit, which made the uncensored online version enormously popular.

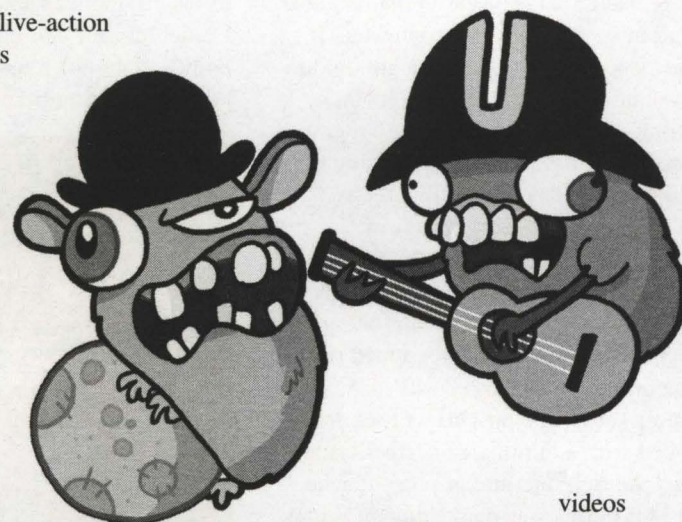
Dramatic chipmunk — A three-second clip of a chipmunk (which is actually a prairie dog) staring at the camera, with dramatic music added. It works on so many levels.

Evolution of Dance — A six-minute video of a guy on stage demonstrating the most popular dance moves of the last half-century, from “The Twist” to N’Sync.

George Lucas in Love — An eight-minute movie made by some film

students in USC. Remarkably well-done, it reveals where a college-age George Lucas got his inspiration for *Star Wars*. For example, Darth Vader was evidently based on his seven-foot-tall asthmatic floor-mate.

Geriatric1927 — A loveable old English grandpa who somehow managed to master technology and make his own webcam show. His long, soft-spoken



videos feature him telling stories of his experiences

in the Second World War, and his subsequent life in the post-war UK.

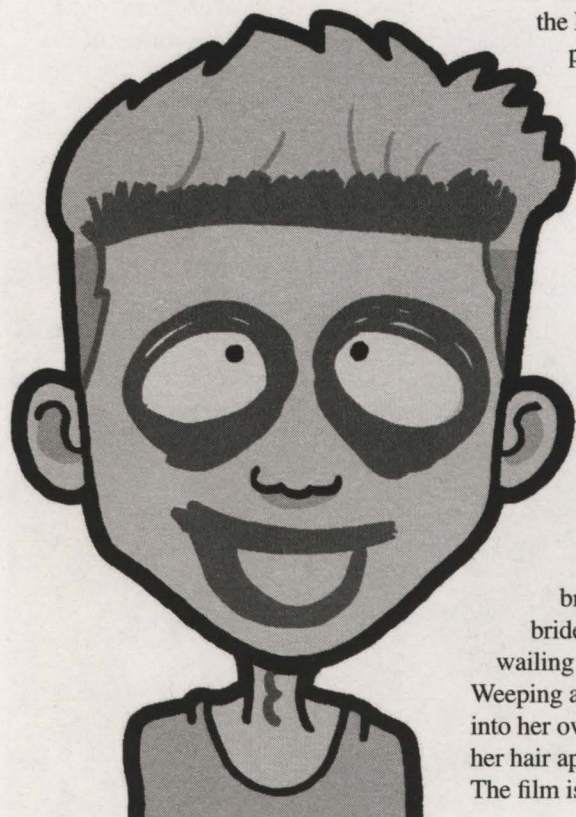
GI Joe Public Service Announcements — Back in the early 90s it was briefly fashionable for cartoons to end with a brief public service announcement. In the 2000s it was likewise briefly fashionable to take the PSAs from old GI Joe cartoons and re-dub them with hilariously offensive new dialogue.

Goatse — A truly horrifying photograph of a naked man stretching his anus open with both hands, exposing all the glistening pink tissue within. Usually posted by internet pranksters with the intention of shocking innocent viewers, the image—and ones like it—spawned the “shock site” craze.

Grape-stomping Lady — A brief news clip from a local Fox affiliate in Atlanta. The roving female reporter is learning how to stomp grapes, but things take a turn for the worst once she hears that the person who stomps the most in 30 seconds can win a free vacation. She keeps stomping frantically even after the time limit ends, and ends up tumbling off the platform and onto her face. Ouch.

Homestar Runner — A delightfully whimsical cartoon series about a strange, childish creature named Homestar and his various oddball pals. The character of Strong Bad has easily eclipsed Homestar himself in popularity, and is widely quoted and adored.

House of Cosbys — Another cartoon series, this one about a kid who clones himself a house full of Cosbys, each with a distinctly idiotic personality. The series ended when Bill Cosby himself



threatened to sue.

I Kiss You! — A hilariously amateurish personal website made by a middle-aged Turkish man named Mahir Cagri. With his poor English skills and awkward, dorky appearance, many have dubbed him “the real-life Borat.”

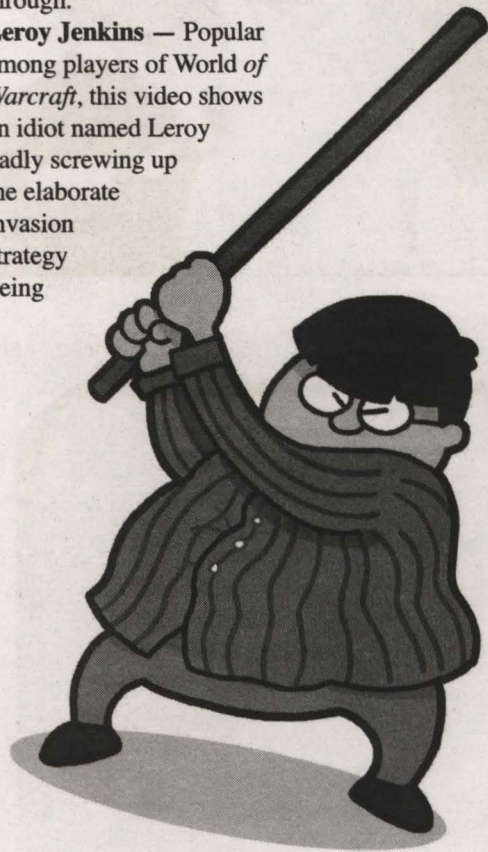
I Like Turtles — Another inexplicable, out of context local news clip. The female reporter, at some unspecified county fair-type thing, asks a child, dressed as a zombie, “what he thinks.” Zombie kid replies, in a lispy voice, “I like turtles!” and the internet howls with delight.

Jib Jab — Website known for producing high-quality musical cartoons about politics. Notable hits include “This Land is Your Land” sung by George Bush and John Kerry, and “Good to Be in DC” sung by all of the District of Columbia.

Kid from Brooklyn — A gruff-talking, jowly New Yorker who swears and rants about various matters on a regular basis.

Lazy Sunday — Another popular *Saturday Night Live* sketch, this one features actors Chris Parnell and Andy Samberg playing two geeky teens who go buy some cupcakes and then go to see the *Chronicles of Narnia*. Oh yeah, and they aggressively rap their whole way through.

Leroy Jenkins — Popular among players of *World of Warcraft*, this video shows an idiot named Leroy badly screwing up the elaborate invasion strategy being



formulated by his fellow players. Leroy himself refuses to say if the video was staged, which means it probably was.

Lightning bolts — It's always funny to laugh at teenage nerds playing pretend. This 20-second clip shows a bunch of Dungeons and Dragons-types in full costume, in a mock battle. One particularly fat nerd throws little pieces of something (probably cardboard) at one of his enemies, while yelling “lightning bolt!” repeatedly.

Lily Tomlin goes crazy — Actually two distinct clips, both outtakes from the 2004 film *I (heart) Huckabees*. Showing her true prima dona colours, the clips depict a moody, uppity Tomlin swearing at director David O. Russell, who swears

back. Many f-bombs are dropped.

Little Superstar — A clip from an old Indian Bollywood film that shows what appears to be a small, muscular child (but is actually just a really tiny midget) dancing vigorously.

Lonely Girl — A pretty, girl-next-door type teenager, her webcam journals were initially widely believed to be legit. However, as her series went on, and her stories got increasingly bizarre, telling tales of her overbearing occultist parents, viewers began to get suspicious. Eventually it was revealed that the LonelyGirl was just an actor.

MySpace: The Movie — An 11-minute amateur movie that pokes fun at the entire MySpace phenomenon. Divided into a couple of mini-episodes, the film mocks online dating, chain letters, and of course everyone's best friend: “Tom.”

Napster Bad! — Now rather dated, *Napster Bad!* were a series of short cartoons created by online cartoonist Bob Cesca in the early 2000s. They made fun of Metallica, who, at the time, had loudly come out against Napster. Cesca caricatured the lead singers as money-hungry idiots.

Numa Numa — An overweight nerd flamboyantly lip-synching along to a high-pitched song in a foreign language, later revealed to be from a Romanian pop band.

OK GO — A relatively minor indie band, they gained great internet fame with their “treadmill” music video, which basically consists of the four band members dancing on four fitness treadmills in an elaborately choreographed sequence.

Oprah vs. Tom Cruise

— Everyone remembers Tom Cruise's infamous hysterics on the set of Oprah's show last year. A lot of internet people had fun with that footage, including one editor who turned a playful wrestle between Cruise and Oprah into an epic, Star Wars-esque struggle, complete with Sith Lightning.

Otters holding hands

— Vancouver's contribution to the world of internet nonsense. Someone filmed two otters at the Vancouver aquarium holding hands. It is adorable.

Paris Hilton Sex Tape

— Ms. Hilton's poorly-guarded homemade porn found its way onto the internet. Evidently this blurry video is part of the reason she's as famous as she is.

Peanut Butter Jelly Time — Probably the most inane video on this list (and that's saying something), PBJT consists of a badly-animated banana dancing over an irritatingly repetitive song about Peanut Butter Jelly Time... whatever that is.

Rocketboom — A popular video blog featuring commentary about daily events, with a light-hearted satirical edge. Stars women, which is rare for the internet.

Shining Trailer remix — Proving that trailers can easily misrepresent a movie's

true nature, film editor Robert Ryang cleverly spliced scenes from the classic horror thriller *The Shining* with a feel-good narrator and Peter Gabriel's *Salisbury Hill* to create an alternate universe trailer in which the film was actually a romantic comedy.

Shoes — An inane music video about a girl—who is actually a guy in drag—singing the praises of shoe shopping.

Sneezing baby panda

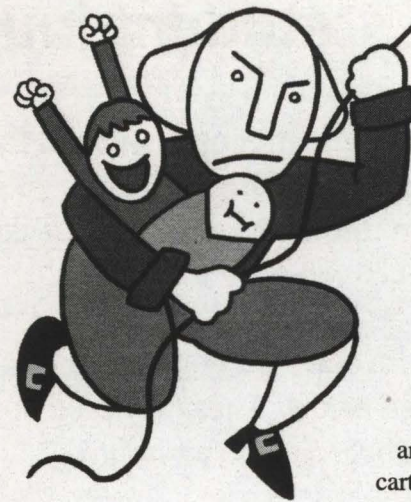
— Another fairly self-explanatory cute animal video. A baby panda in a zoo sneezes very loudly, visibly startling mama Panda.

Spongemonkies — Two grotesque... things created by British animator Joel Veitch. They sing in an annoying manner, and briefly appeared in a poorly-thought-out Quizno's ad.

Stanley Kubrick audition — A 1963 audition tape for Stanley Kubrick featuring aspiring actor Brian Atene, who was evidently hoping for a role in *Full Metal Jacket*. Pompous and smarmy, Mr. Atene proceeds to act out a scene from SE Hinton's *The Outsiders* in an extremely over-the-top fashion. Atene himself, who has since resurfaced, now claims it was just a joke.

Star Wars Kid — One of the earliest internet celebs, the Star Wars Kid video depicts an overweight, French-Canadian teen vigorously swinging a random metal pole as if it were a light saber. The video shamed his family and he threatened to sue the bullies who put it online.

Stephen Colbert vs. Bush — Every year the White House hosts a gala banquet for the Washington Press corps. The event is usually a jolly affair in which guest speakers take turns roasting or playfully mocking each other. In 2006 Stephen Colbert was one such speaker, but his roast of President Bush went far beyond mere playful ribbing. His acidic tirade—spoken right in front of the president's face, no less—became hugely popular with



liberal bloggers who no doubt wished they had been there to watch Bush squirm.

Washington

— Crudely-animated musical cartoon describing the awesomeness of George Washington, noting facts of

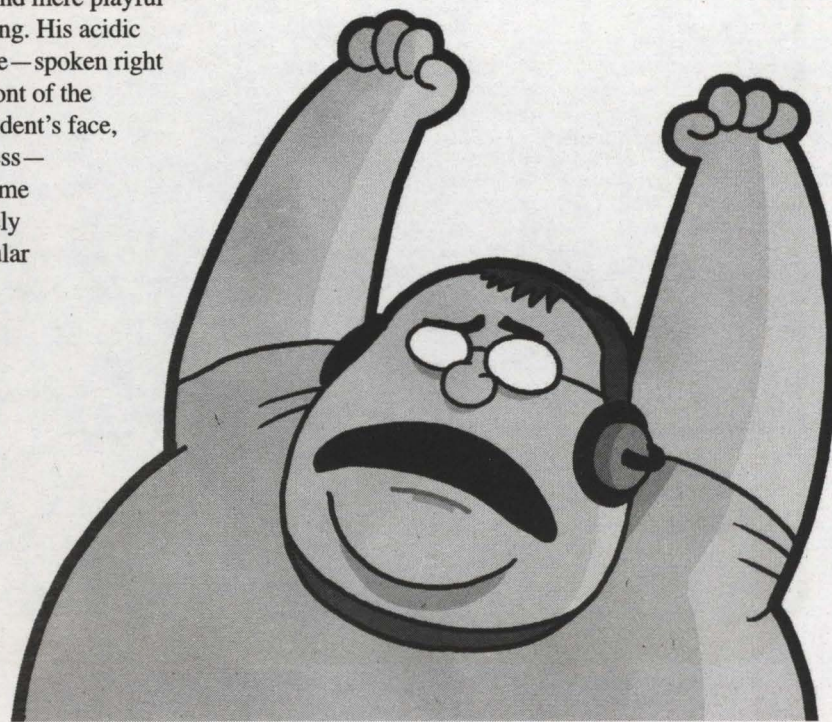
dubious historical accuracy such as his twelve story height.

Winnebago Man — A 1988 blooper reel from an attempted RV commercial. The star of the show is a slick-looking mustachioed fellow who can never seem to remember his lines, prompting fits of manic swearing and kicking.

You're the Man Now Dog — Sean Connery's immortal line from *Finding Forrester* spawned an entire website dedicated to presenting stupid quotes from film and TV in various ridiculous (and often seizure-inducing) ways.

Yatch Rock — Popular live-action, online show about a 80s rock artists told in an over-the-top *Behind the Music* style.

Ze Frank — An amazingly well done, over 300 episode webcam show. Ze Frank, the star, offered thoughtful commentary about daily life and politics, performed bizarre songs, skits, and experiments, and challenged his vast audience to compete in various hare-brained contests. The show ended after exactly one year, which was sad, though fittingly poetic.



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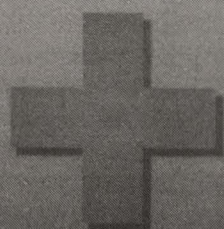
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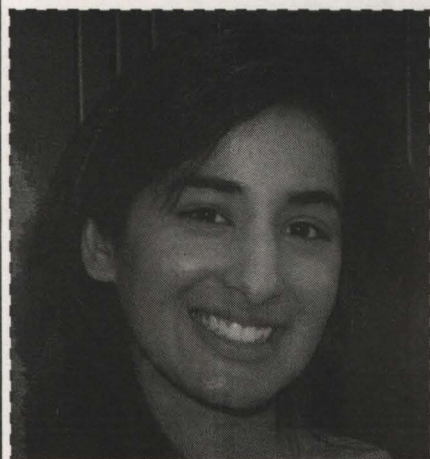
BATTERY



WORD ON THE STREET

Angel Desjarlais, OP Photographer

What's the best and worst thing for you about being back in school?

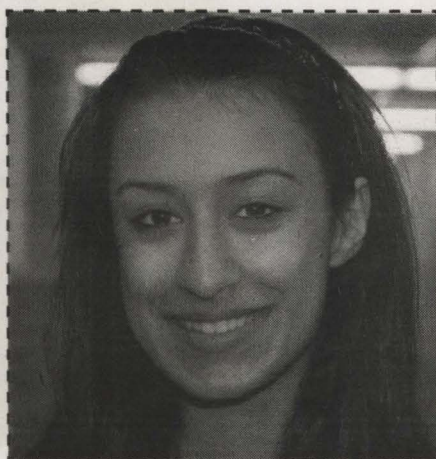


Komal

General Studies, 1st year

Best: "Knowledge is always a good thing."

Worst: "No time for anything else!"



Mona

General Studies, 1st year

Best: "It's something to do – keeps you busy."

Worst: "The heavy workload and the stress."



Roxas

Associate of Arts, 2nd year

Best: "Finishing my degree."

Worst: "No time for fun and never enough money."



Bernadette

Associate of Arts, 2nd year

Best: "Meeting new people."

Worst: "Overwhelming amount of homework."

Namrita

General Studies, 3rd year

Best: "Learning new stuff."

Worst: "Having a fixed schedule as opposed to the freedom of summer."

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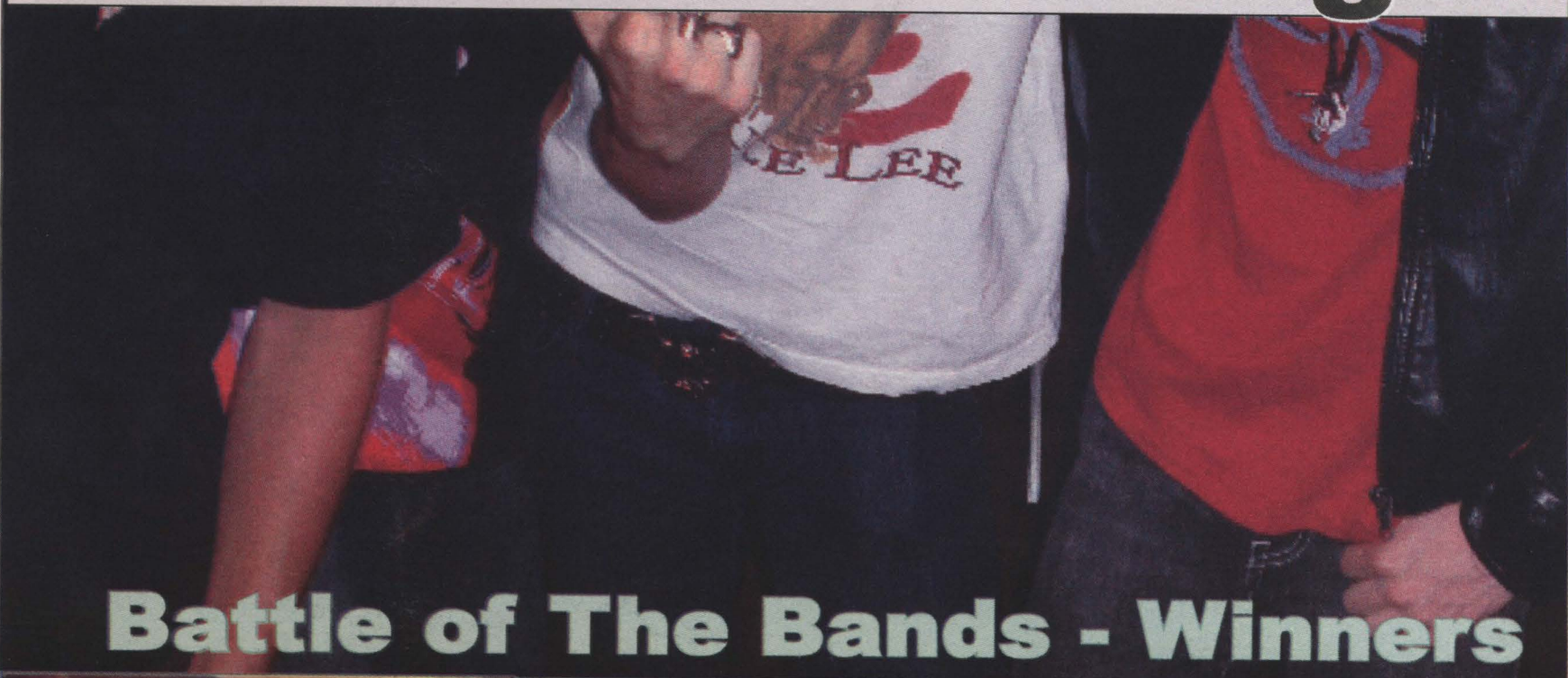
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