

**News...** CIMN's new plan of attack; the media fee.  
Page 3

The Canadian Immigration story or, how much is that citizenship worth.  
Page 4

**Arts & Entertainment...** Richard Wood, interviewed by Ryan O'Connor/ the cinephile reviews *Trekkies* and *Double Jeopardy*.  
Page 6

Album Reviews.  
Page 9-10

**Sports...** The Panthers soccer team's weekend / National story on the trials and tribulations of the golf hacker.  
Page 11-12

**The Cadre Interview...** Wade MacLauchlan; Part three of three.  
Page 14

**Politics.**  
Page 18

**Dead Letter Office...** The MacLauchlan installation / the creativity of the foul mouth, or lack thereof.  
Page 19

**The Vaults...** Tales from Cadres Past.  
Page 20-21

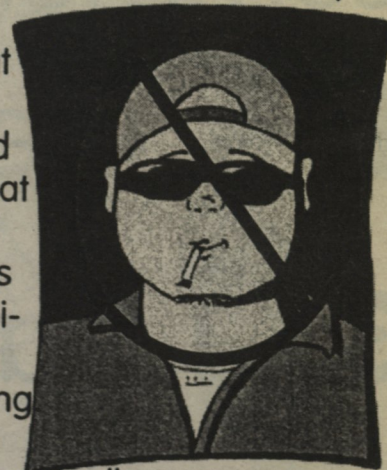
**The Best of the 1990's...** An aging hipster's guide to the best twenty records of the decade.  
Page 22

**Fact & Opinion...** The origin of Russian, etc.  
Page 23

### The Long and Savage Road Ahead

I used to have this friend who operated under the philosophy that since everything ends eventually, no responsibility need be taken for one's own faults and shortcomings. He theorized that since the most beautiful among us, those most gifted with light, seem to be tossing in their hands at an alarming rate; perhaps they know something we do not. So my friend operated on the premiss that whatever he had to do to make himself happy in the short term, he would do it-and fuck the consequences. He would date and leave women with no explanations or excuses-one day he would leave them and never contact them again. "Easier that way," he would tell me, "because all the ex is going to want to do is sob and feel bad, she don't need me for that." He would work jobs for a period of time and then just abruptly leave, sometimes in the middle of his shift. Not because he was angry, or bored, or even unhappy. He just had a feel when things would end and always liked to get out before the getting out became complicated. He took massive amounts of drugs and drank Crown Royal, almost exclusively straight from the bottle. He would herd into beer parlours and night clubs in hopes of picking up a girl, which he did occasionally, but usually he would end up talking to the wrong person and provoking some kind of melee, which he could never quite avoid. He did not fight well and so, it must be said, he took beats more often than not. It got so bad that he would have to bring an extra shirt to the bar, in preparation for the certainty that he would get thumped.

My friend is dead now. A non-suicide, suicide, if you will. A move so unsurprising that it never even entered my mind that he would have died any other way. Instead of feeling ashamed and angry for him I am happy that he decided to cash his check as he wished. For me, however, this provides no great lesson, or inspiration. There is no greatness left in dying. It is old and uninteresting. The true challenge is living, and prospering-emotionally more than fiscally-and finding everlasting love. For me it is about keeping the rabbits at bay and minding the elephants. If you know what I'm sayin.' Selah.



no smoking  
no hats backwards  
no black sunglasses  
no holding on to your  
youth