

Letters *continued*

beginning to smoke. Our programs are aimed at smoking prevention, as once they start to smoke it is very difficult to stop since nicotine is highly addictive. One deterrent stopping young people from starting to smoke was the cost of cigarettes. Cutting the cost of cigarettes basically makes the product more readily available. And of course, anyone who smokes will, in the long term, cost both federal and provincial governments increased costs in health care. Can the short term gains of decreased smuggling be justified at the expense of long term health costs?

We have appreciated the articles that appeared in the X-Press last fall that dealt with problems related to smoking, and now the stand taken by your Editor-in-Chief. It is gratifying to see that our young people are making responsible decisions and encouraging their peers towards healthy lifestyles.

Sincerely yours,

John F. Burka, Ph.D Professor of Pharmacology and Volunteer President, P.E.I. Lung Association

More on e-mail

Dear Editor,

I wish to address an issue that has been bothering me for some time: the use and abuse of E-Mail. Yes, I use e-mail for leaving messages for my friends and that sort of thing, but I also use it to contact the people in the play [Mr. Pickwick] that I need to have come in for fittings. My problem is the people who spend endless hours sitting in the computer lab e-mailing every one of their friends. I was working on a paper the other night, when suddenly the room was filled with music students who all did nothing but e-mail. It's very distracting trying to work under these circumstances, and if you've ever tried to type a paper under these circumstances you'd know what I mean. I don't think e-mail should be taken away-- I just think that people should learn not to abuse the privilege of having it, and maybe learn to be considerate of others. I know I can't be the only one who feels this way.

J. Caseley

The crowd is larger than usual today. The air, thick with smoke and conversation, makes concentration difficult. My mind wanders from murmur to murmur, speech becoming wordless sound, each new layer removing more meaning than the previous. Days like this always cause me to wonder. I wonder what, if anything, my participation in this performance produces? For myself? For someone

internally sworn to avoid creep slowly but steadily into my habits. Everyone is doing it acquires new meaning, now it includes me. Life seems more and more like a play, you lean your lines, you learn your role, and that is what you do. Originality only exists in the movies. No one asked for your opinion. Be yourself, it's all in the script, don't worry about it. Just smile and everyone will be happy. It seems

guests stopped by to shoot the communal bull, I found myself compelled to clean up all of the me and stuff it in the closets to avoid tension. Out of sight of their mind. Then the guests would leave. And I would let me out of the closet. In reviewing the day's script, criticizing (in my limited capacity), I-thought multiplying and growing. Each time when company would come re-a-calling and the closets refilled, fuller

I can't drink black coffee yet

by Alex Keaveny

somewhere, somehow? I find no answers. Nothing. This not accomplished leads me to wonder why is it that I am here of my choosing. If there were something I thought more productive, that is what I would be doing. Something somewhere inside manages to keep my hopes that somehow my investment in a university education will be of benefit to someone, hopefully to someone other than merely myself. I worry, though. I worry the more time I spend with others the less of my self remains. I feel those qualities I have

self-patronizing to even think that I am, or ever was, my own person. Even thoughts of how I feel are scrutinized by the representative society in my mind. The everyone must approve. The only way I can be expressed is through my rapid outpourings of excessive thought, in the hopes that real thought will be able to be buried in the excess, so as to save it from censorship. Over-criticism pushes I-thought into the closets of my mind. There was a time when it could feel comfortable on the couch, but as more and more quasi-invited

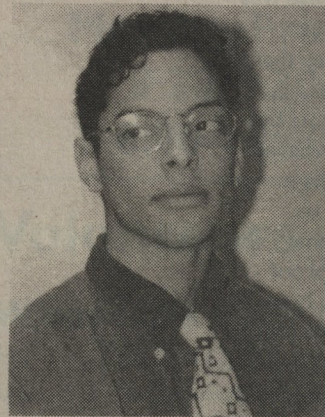
and fuller. The hinges being constantly stressed under the increasing pressure of my captive free-will. The pressure would finally become too great and the closets would give. The room would fill with "I think" (they don't pay me to think), some leave, some laugh, some argue, but all criticize. After these outbursts of private-me the visits stop for awhile. Giving me time, time to think, to arrange my thought, to rebuild the trust. Trust that I would not waver from the script again, and so the cycle continues.

Campus Comment

"What are you going to do during your February Break?"



Penny Breedon
"Working to pay the outrageous tuition fees."
1st year Biology



Mike Ross
"I am going to spend a week in my den."
1st year Arts



Brendan Hubley
"Doing seminars and papers."
3rd year Arts

NICOLAS CAGE

DENNIS HOPPER

LARA FLYNN BOYLE

RED ROCK WEST

also playing - call for times
The Remains Of The Day

CITY Cinema
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IT'S IT'S IT'S
BIG... WET... COMING...