

## Misery and instability

•Continued from page 12

from local to global levels—civil society—are becoming more active in opposing economic globalization and proposing a different model of development. It was civil society that put pressure globally on governments to institute a ban on land mines. Civil society in Canada and elsewhere mobilized effectively to stop the spread of corporate domination through the Multilateral Agreement on Investment (MAI).

In addition to supporting the call for capital controls, Oxfam Canada and

Oxfam International stress the need for civil society to be more involved in all spheres of economic decision-making, particularly where the IMF is involved. The focus for any economic reforms must be human development considerations, such as health, education and poverty alleviation, and not cutbacks and high interest rates.

We have the resources to meet everyone's basic needs; the growing disparity between rich and poor is obscene and must be reversed.

## Letter to the editor

Re: Pipelines

Over the last year or so I've read in newspapers, and heard on the radio, multiple news reports about pipelines developing stress fractures, gas leaks, explosions, and fires.

I ask why we feel compelled to run a pipeline through our communities, forests, nature camps, and over rivers and streams.

Oh yeah, I forgot that economic growth at all costs and profits for multinational corporations are very important. Or so we are led to believe.

In disbelief,  
Aaron Koleszar  
Melville, PEI

# Kyte Spyte



with Lindsay Kyte

There is a good reason why my last name rhymes with the state of being named in the title of this column. I hold grudges. I never forget. I am a student, and someday will graduate, and then the world will pay. I'll figure out just how later -- right now I'm too swamped with papers.

On a recent shopping excursion, I decided to do a little sociological experimentation (even though I'm an English major). I have the advantage (so I've been told—"you'll appreciate it when you're older") of being a twenty-one year old individual with a face that looks as if my high school prom is a far dream away. Although this condition frequently serves me well, invoking sympathy from professors expecting on-time essays, or prompting people to carry heavy objects for me, in the world of shopping, it is a handicap. Sales associates don't like teenagers (as I am presumed to be). Teenagers are rowdy and their fingers are stained with ice cream and french fry grease, which they rub on various articles of clothing. At least, as far as I can gather, this is how sales people think.

I entered a rather uppity clothing store, the kind which sells garments that people my age refer to as "old lady clothes." Here, I browsed among tweeds and polyester

mixes that made me yawn, and tried not to gasp audibly at the price tags of hats that would supply enough Kraft dinner to feed an entire Psych 101 class. As I strolled nonchalantly about, I glanced frequently at the sales clerk, who apparently had nothing better to do than stare at a point above my head. I was not offered help, or even a smile. I assume that it would have cracked some strategically placed Estee Lauder foundation.

Because I am spiteful, I left the store, and returned with my friend who is a few years older than me and actually looks her age. We talked loudly enough for the sales person to hear about my upcoming twenty-fourth birthday (okay, so I lied a bit) and I pulled out every long-winded Anne-like word I could find from my English major hoard that resides, I think, above my left eyebrow. The clerk did not miss this golden opportunity, and sauntered over to us, inquiring if she could be of service. We stared at the invisible flies that apparently had transferred from above my head to hers, and left without responding.

Why is it that young people are treated in such a manner? I pondered. It certainly can't be on the basis of our dress. Perhaps in the eighties, when Corey Hart reigned supreme and the Bangles were

still fanning that eternal flame, big bangs and ankle-zipper jeans contrasted with a linen-clad older generation. But in the present day, when Nana Kyte and I could swap wardrobes without anyone noticing, it is fashionable to be well dressed in respectable dress clothing. So now, the only way to discriminate whether or not an individual deserves attention in some areas of the service industry is by the presence or absence of visible smile lines.

I write this article to draw attention from any Cadre-reading merchant or prospective business owner to the unfairness of the treatment of the young, and how we will not forget our mistreatment. Consider the situation I have presented you with previously. Now, let's factor into the equation that I am actually twenty-one, in my final term of study, and will go on to grad school for a career in, let's say, journalism. In two years time, I will return to Prince Edward Island with my slightly older face (by then, I should look at least seventeen), a need for professional clothing, and a major grudge against the store that ignored me when I was a student. And guess which establishment will not be benefiting from my two hard-earned degrees? It is not only old ladies who deserve the best possible service