

Something About Movies

by Brad DEIGHAN

Some friends called and asked me if I would like to go and see *We Were Soldiers*, a Mel Gibson movie about the Vietnam War, directed Randall Wallace. I wasn't interested; I was actually turned off. I didn't want to go see a war movie during a time of war.

There's a war going on and suddenly there's a ton of war movies crashing into the theatre? Must just be coincidence right? No, not really, it's the perfect time for a war movie. People are going to go see them now because they are curious as to what actually goes on in a war, "Wow, that's going on right now?" They want to know what it's like. You know, there's something about people that, when awful things happen, they say "No, no, no, I don't want to see that," but they look anyway and continue to repeat that they wished they hadn't, then they'll look again two minutes later and do the same thing.

During a time of war, people seem to find themselves more attracted to the dark side of war (is there another side?). They want to experience war without ever stepping foot on the battlefield. They want to feel as

though they have been there, that they know what it is like. Also, during a time of war, people are looking for hope. They want a hero that can save them; someone who's not afraid to take chances. During a time of war it is the tragedies that are popular. Think about it—a tragic hero, someone who often dies in the end, someone for whom sympathy is felt, someone who dies being heroic.

This is the connection. People need this hero to save them from the horror that they can't help but look at. This is why people want to go see tragedies—more specifically war movies, and this is why so many war movies have been popping up in theatres. The people who make movies know this, and want to make money. They give you what you want, they make you feel safer with a tragic hero fixing your problems, and they bring in loads and loads of cash. This is what they want, and this is why I did not want to go see the movie; I didn't want to fall victim to the lure of false safety, but most of all, I didn't want to feel as though the sales pitch had gotten me; I didn't want to let the film company suck me in.

Stark Raving Sane: On Summer Jobs

by Catherine SWEET

School is winding down, believe it or not, and soon we'll all be subjugated to working in emasculating jobs just to make a few bucks. The money goes to school, of course. There are other things that some of us are not willing to let go of, like cars, phones and drinking problems. Also, summer is a time where we do have a little extra cash. We can go to the movies once a week and have a beer with dinner (or lunch or breakfast).

I've had three summer jobs since high school. They weren't all great, but I've learned a lot from them. My first summer job was at Subway. The one down here on the corner of Bel. & Uni. I had never sliced so many onions in my life, and I probably never will again. I learned how to order the perfect sub: there's four things to remember. (1) What kind of bread; (2) 6" or 12"; (3) what kind of

sub (club, meatball, veggie); and (4) any cheese? The problem is now, the people that work there don't put any love into the sub. I was a bona fide *Sandwich Artist*, not some sorry hack. When they put in security cameras, it became obvious I'd better cut my losses, so I quit in September.

I was a bona fide Sandwich Artist, not some sorry hack.

The next summer, I got a job at the Confederation Centre of the Arts. I became an usher and I worked there for three summers straight. The staff was great, the parties were awesome, and you have an incredible chance to make fun of tourists. I did, though, develop an unfortunate knack for working on an aisle that a person would throw up on. These tourists would sit outside all day in the hot sun and then gorge on rich lobster and mussels, possibly never having eaten them before. Smart. To make a long and nasty story short, the balcony is nicknamed the Vomitorium because of me.

After deciding that seeing *Anne of Green Gables: The Musical* more than two hundred times is bad for your health, I got a job at Parks Canada. I worked in the kiosk of Robinson's Island Campground. It wasn't as good as Confed, but I got paid more, was working outside a little, and I worked with one of my best friends, so it was worth it. I also got to speak a lot of French. My French skills are pretty weak, but people were very forgiving when they realized I was really trying. I think I'll be back there this year, to help yuppies from Ontario fend off "rabid" raccoons and man-eating mosquitoes.

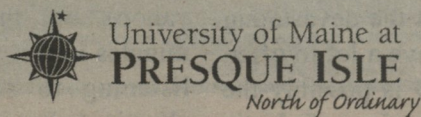
After this summer, I think I'll get a job at CSIS.

Sweet. Catherine Sweet.

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207.768.9419 ★ gordon@umpi.maine.edu



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