

Deja-VISITE

Prairie Passions with a Fresh Perspective



ISSUE TWO

March 2018

HELLO AGAIN!

Welcome to the second issue of **DEJA-VISITE**, and thank you so much for joining us. Whether it is your first time here, or you're returning to us after our inaugural issue, it is a pleasure to have you as our reader.

This month we hope to bring you even more informative, entertaining, and eclectic articles. As we grow and expand our interests and knowledge, there are always new things that catch our attention, and we hope that your own passion will be sparked as well.

In this issue we will explore the Saskatchewan Book Awards with Jocelyn, who attended the launch event hosted by the Regina Public Library on February 16th, 2018. She has taken it upon herself to read a selection of this year's books, and will provide some reviews to whet your appetite for local literature. Did you know that all of the stunning custom graphics you see throughout the zine were created by Jocelyn? The gorgeous logo, the absolutely amazing cover page for this issue, and a considerable number of paintings and illustrations come from her tireless efforts. My personal favourite is her rendering of Badb on page 34. When I saw it I did a giddy little spin around in my chair.

Jessica will take us on a Peruvian adventure in traditional wool-dying, complete with some amazing photography, and guide us through the gender politics of Blizzard's hit game *Overwatch*. Rachel reviews the latest edition of *Effective Java*, and once again challenges us to learn to code with her next puzzle. Ariadne will bring us along in her search for the elusive lifestyle guru MadiLei Madison, and start us on a new journey with the first instalment of *Project Chrysopoeia*. I will start you on a new adventure to discover all things horror with Megan's Horror Hideout, and look at the phenomenon of triple goddess groups and their role in deciding the fate of mortals in *Thrice Fated*.

Join us all for our first panel discussion! Team Deja-Visite has sat down with the sole purpose of answering a set of greatly important questions this month: which sci-fi movie is their favourite, and which resultant technology the most intriguing? How will our various cinematic tastes influence our choices? Should future technology be used for fun and games, or to better humanity as a whole? We will tell you what we think!

All this and much more await you in our second issue.

Above all, we here at **DEJA-VISITE** want to remind you to enjoy St. Patrick's Day in a responsible manner (March 17th); to have a very Happy Easter (April 1st); and celebrate the Spring Equinox on March 20th, when winter truly begins to recede. If you aren't inclined to celebrate these days, then I would instead wish you both a Happy Waffle Day (March 25th) and a Joyous Grilled Cheese Day (April 12th), though I advise you against creating your own hybrid holiday to celebrate both, as that could get quite messy.

Happy reading!

Sincerely,

Megan Negrych (Editor in Chief)

And the team at **DEJA-VISITE**

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SASKATCHEWAN BOOKS TO BE PROUD OF

BY JOCELYN ANDERSON

I have been an avid reader ever since I discovered the fantasy genre in approximately grade six. I can't remember if the book that got me hooked was *The Chronicles of Narnia*, *The Hobbit*, or one of a handful of others that I have fond memories of. Whichever book it was, it had me head over heels in love with reading. I was the girl at school who always had a book at recess. I'm sure some of the other kids thought I was weird, but I really didn't care. I was busy exploring alternate dimensions, visiting with talking mice, and riding dragons.

As an adult I still love getting lost in a good book, but I am beginning to feel that I should expand my reading topics beyond wizards and time travel to include more diverse themes. Since there are so many published books, it can be hard to know exactly where to start. So, I decided to give myself a bit of an assignment to help me find something new. To that end, I attended the Saskatchewan Book Awards Shortlist at the Regina Public Library. My plan is to read the six books that were nominated for the Book of the Year award before the final award winners are announced on April 28th, 2018.

This will be the 25th annual Saskatchewan Book Awards. The Book Awards started in 1993 as a way to help promote Saskatchewan literature and create a stronger literary community in the province. It now consists of fourteen awards, although in 2018 there are nominations in only thirteen of the fourteen categories. The six books nominated for the Book of the Year Award cover a range of topics including historical fiction, short stories, and conservation. While most of the books would not be ones I would pick up normally, I am very excited to step out of my comfort zone and expand my literary horizons.

For more information about The Saskatchewan Book Awards, The 2018 Awards Ceremony, and other Sask Book Awards events, details can be found at www.bookawards.sk.ca/.

My Saskatchewan Book Awards Reading List

Glass Beads by Dawn Dumont

Nominated for The Muslims for Peace and Justice Fiction Award, The Rasmussen, Rasmussen & Charowsky Indigenous Peoples' Writing Award, The City of Saskatoon & Public Library Saskatoon Book Award, & The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Thistledown Press.

Islands of Grass by Trevor Herriot

Nominated for The University of Saskatchewan Non-Fiction Award, The City of Regina Book Award, & The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Coteau Books.

The Gold by David Carpenter

Nominated for The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Coteau Books.

The Last Chance Ladies' Book Club by Marlis Wesseler

Nominated for The Muslims for Peace & Justice Fiction Award, The City of Regina Book Award, & The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Signature Editions.

Extended Families by Ven Begamdudré

Nominated for The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Coteau Books.

The Bus by Adam Pottle

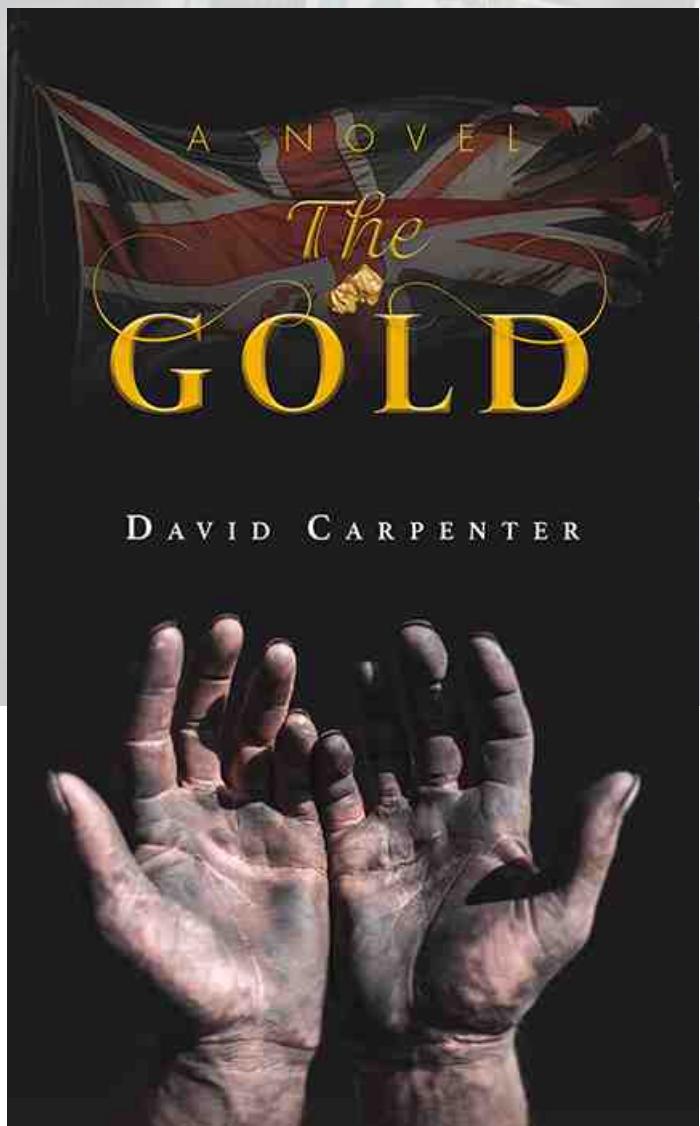
Nominated for The Muslims for Peace & Justice Fiction Award, & The Regina Public Library Book of the Year. Published by Quattro Books.



THE GOLD

BY DAVID CARPENTER

REVIEW BY JOCELYN ANDERSON



Of the three books that I read for this issue, *The Gold* by David Carpenter — an English professor at the University of Saskatchewan¹ — is probably the closest to the type of novels that I normally read. Carpenter has been writing since the 1980s, and has written both fiction and non-fiction, with a focus on Saskatchewan history. The story follows Joseph Burbidge (Joe), a poor English boy raised by his mother after his father passes away, and his fascination for, and pursuit of, “The Gold”. I put that in quotations because, while he becomes a prospector and moves to the Canadian north hoping to strike it rich, it becomes apparent as you read the book that “gold” not only refers to precious metal but also to the friends Joe makes throughout his life.

This book could quite easily be a simple adventure, but by structuring the plot to include both Joe’s childhood and old age, it aims to become more of a story about the character than the deeds. About two-thirds of the way through the book, Joe even goes so far as to say, “If I were a book writer I’d say this was the end of my story.” I agree with Joe; this would be the end of the book, had it been a simple adventure story. It cannot end there, though, as we are still learning exactly how Joe affects the people who share his adventures, and who come to love him throughout his travels. The continuation of the story past this logical conclusion makes it evident that this is more than an adventure story. All of Joe’s adventures as a prospector in the northern territories are simply a backdrop for the human connections that shape his life: his business partners Stinky Riley and Isadore, rivals like Buster Kran, and other personalities he meets throughout his travels.

In spite of the fact that the author has prioritized Joe’s character development over the adventure story, I still have trouble connecting with Joe. His experiences are so outside of mine that I don’t get to a place where I can empathize with him completely. That being said, some of my favourite parts of the book are the bleak, powerful descriptions of the northern landscape and weather. Carpenter paints such a beautiful setting for his characters that even as I was having trouble relating to Joe, I couldn’t help but feel fascinated by the story.

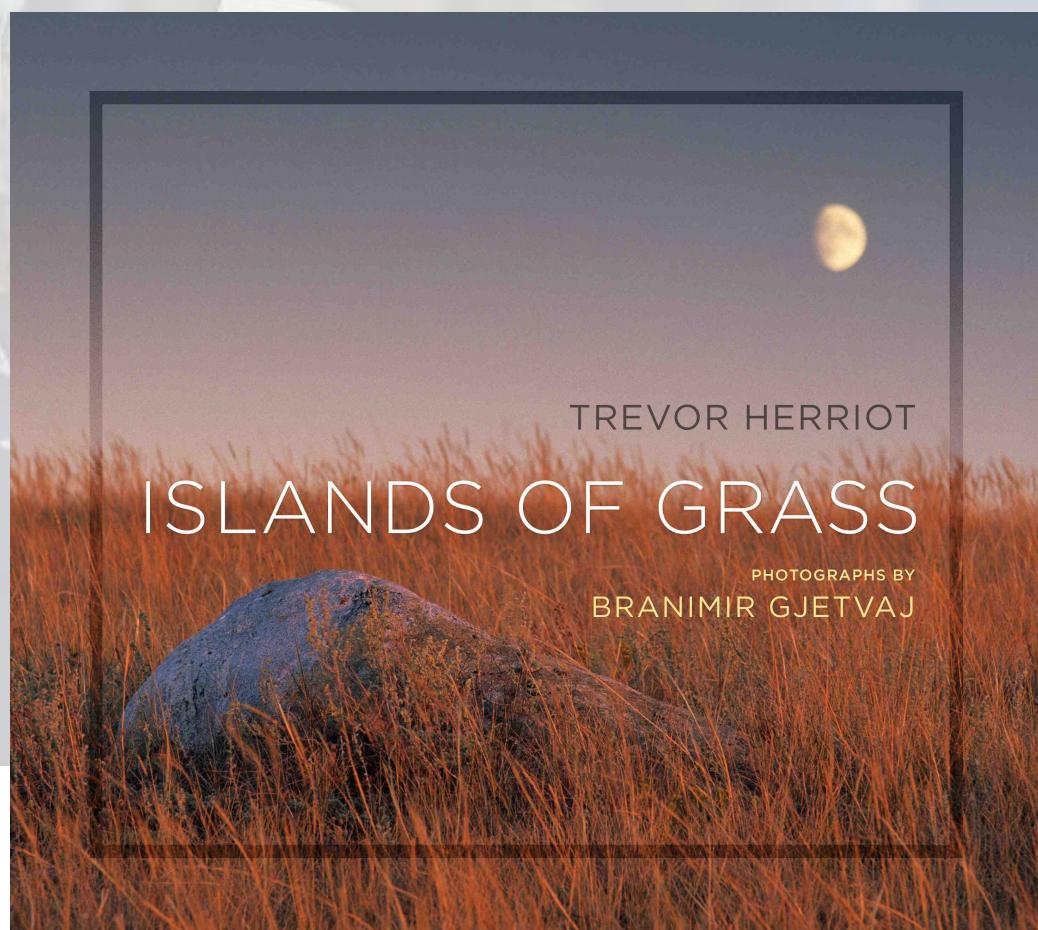
In the end it was an interesting and enjoyable read, even if I didn’t feel a deep emotional connection to Joe. For anyone looking for an adventure-filled, character-focused story about pioneer life in the Canadian North, I would suggest you consider adding this one to your list.

ISLANDS OF GRASS

WRITTEN BY TREVOR HERRIOT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRANIMIR GJETVAJ

REVIEW BY JOCELYN ANDERSON



While none of the books on my reading list would be my usual reading material, *Islands of Grass* gets the distinction of being the furthest outside of my comfort zone. Trevor Herriot, a naturalist, activist, and writer who lives in Regina, Saskatchewan,¹ gives us a series of five essays that present a discussion about the importance of conserving the remaining natural grasslands. Accompanying the essays are the beautiful photographs of Dr. Branimir Gjetvaj, who is a photographer and biologist currently residing in Saskatoon.²

When I picked up this book, I wasn't exactly sure what to expect. I was quickly reassured that I would enjoy my foray into unknown territory by Herriot's first essay, "Prairie Eye". Instead of diving right into the details of how the grasslands are disappearing, Herriot first reminds us how the prairies are important, that they have helped to shape the human race. I personally didn't understand how much the prairie landscape meant to me until I moved to Montreal for school, then came back home to visit. Getting off the plane that first time, I felt like I could finally breathe again. There was enough space. I could see the sky. This essay got me thinking again about how the prairies

made me feel, and put me in the right frame of mind to really listen to the rest of Herriot's discussion.

The remaining essays go through a variety of reasons for prioritizing grassland conservation. I am not particularly well informed on all the different challenges that face the grasslands biome, but I feel that Herriot presents a very well-balanced discussion, taking into account the threatened wildlife and plant life, and the interests of farmers and ranchers. After presenting his arguments to convince us that the grasslands are indeed an important natural habitat, Herriot provides the tools to start making a difference. His call to action in the appendix outlines ten simple things that anyone can do to help, such as buying beef that is left to finish on grass prior to slaughter instead of being sent to a feedlot.

The whole book is full of lovely descriptions of Herriot's many treks through Saskatchewan's grasslands, and anecdotes from local ranchers and conservationists, which punctuate his environmental statistics. In partnership with Gjetvaj's breathtaking photographs, I feel like Herriot's essays definitely achieve their goal. After reading this book I really want to go find a quiet patch of native grassland and just breathe in the prairies.

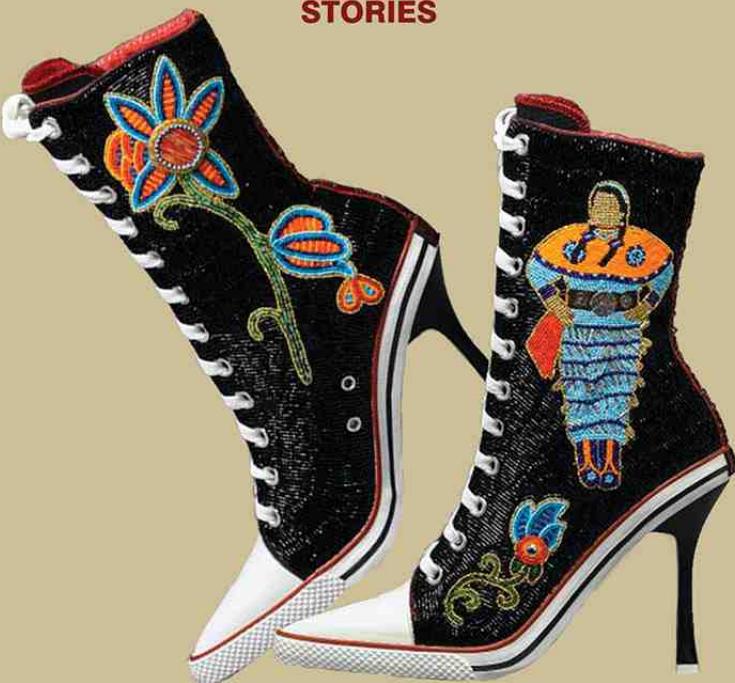


GLASS BEADS
WRITTEN BY DAWN DUMONT

REVIEW BY JOCELYN ANDERSON

GLASS BEADS

STORIES



DAWN DUMONT

Author of *Nobody Cries at Bingo* and *Rose's Run*

Two of the main characters have solid goals, and they both have plans on how they will achieve those goals. There is Nellie who wants to be a lawyer and Taz who wants to go into politics. Throughout the stories, which span approximately 15 years, they encounter several frustrating obstacles: family who don't understand their drive and ostracize them for it; strangers, both First Nations and white, who judge them based on their appearance; and friends whose own struggles spill over and disrupt their lives. The other two main characters, Julie and Everett, struggle with uncertainty. Throughout the 20 stories, they each search for something to give their lives meaning and direction. Every time I felt like they might be getting close to some kind of breakthrough, Dumont jumps ahead a few months or years, and it is apparent that even if they may have taken a couple of steps forward, some outside force has now pushed them right back to where they started.

I think the reasons I had difficulty reading this book are also why reading it is so beneficial. I am extremely lucky that I did not have to overcome the same obstacles as Dumont's characters. Reading this novel made me think about some of these characters' challenges in new ways, and it will help me find greater empathy for marginalized individuals and groups in our society. While *Glass Beads* isn't the most uplifting or exciting book I have read, it definitely makes the list as one of the most thought-provoking books I have read in quite a while.

Billed as a series of 20 short stories, *Glass Beads* by Dawn Dumont follows the lives of four First Nations people as they grow up and navigate life as the first in their families to live off the reserve. The short stories are presented in chronological order and, even if the events they portray are not usually connected, it is difficult to imagine them outside of the wider context that the other stories provide. Dumont is a Plains Cree comedian and actor who was born and raised in Saskatchewan, and currently resides in Saskatoon.¹ She has had a number of other books nominated for various awards in the past, most notably her novel *Rose's Run*, which won the Saskatchewan Book Award for Fiction in 2015.

At only half the length of *The Gold* by David Carpenter, another of the books I read this month, I was not expecting *Glass Beads* to take twice the amount of time for me to finish. While the act of sitting and reading the novel did not take longer than expected, what caused the delay was that between each short story, I found I needed to take a break to relax. *Glass Beads* is a fascinating book. It is very well written, and each of the main characters had me hoping that they would find whatever it was that they were looking for. The empathy I felt for the main characters, while something I love about the stories, was also why I had to take so many breaks while reading.





OVERWATCH LEAGUE: WOMEN IN ESPORTS

BY JESSICA MITTEN-MOORE

Overwatch is a first-person shooter (FPS) video game developed and published by gaming giant Blizzard Entertainment. Blizzard's press description of *Overwatch* is:

...a highly stylized team-based shooter set on a near-future earth. Every match is an intense multiplayer showdown pitting a diverse cast of heroes, mercenaries, scientists, adventurers, and oddities against each other in an epic, globe-spanning conflict. In *Overwatch*, bold characters with extraordinary abilities fight across fantastic yet familiar battlegrounds. Teleport past rockets while an ally dives behind a double-decker hoverbus on the cobblestone streets of London. Shield your team from a shadowy archer's ambush, then hunt him through a bazaar beneath a high-tech Egyptian pyramid.

Overwatch was released on May 24th, 2016 and I began playing about a year and a half ago. I was hesitant to play at first, but then a good friend thought I would enjoy the game and bought it for me. *Overwatch* is extremely social. You are on a team of six heroes against another team of six. I play with friends on a regular basis; we chat on microphones and socialize while we play. The heroes in the game are situated in a futuristic fantasy world and come from a variety of backgrounds. Some are from the United Kingdom, Brazil, Russia, Germany and many other countries. The game also includes robotic beings called omnics, advanced technology such as jetpacks, and advanced medical practices. At the start of each game match, you choose one of these unique characters and fight with your team on specialized maps from around the world.



D.Va/ Hana Song



Pharah / Fareeha Amari

Recently, Blizzard has made *Overwatch* into a very popular esport. Teams of the best players have been gathered from around the world. They play in front of a large audience in a stadium which was specifically built for *Overwatch* in Burbank, California. Blizzard has hired commentators who do their job very well and really make it seem as if it is a sports program. It has become so popular that the *Overwatch* League games have been played on televisions in some bars. Even celebrities like Owen Wilson have been seen at the stadium. I appreciate the idea of esports, and I am especially excited for *Overwatch* League, since I enjoy playing the game. Friends and I are even currently in a fantasy *Overwatch* League; this is the same as fantasy football, but based on the best *Overwatch* players.

The *Overwatch* League teams have owners who decide who can join their teams. Several of these individuals are also CEOs or owners of professional physical sports teams. For instance, the owner and CEO of the New England Patriots, Robert Kraft, now owns the Boston Uprising team. There are twelve different *Overwatch* League teams from cities around the world (*as seen on page 9*).

The one thing I questioned when I first started watching *Overwatch* League was the fact that there were no women on any of the teams. *Overwatch* is a game where currently 12 out of the 26 heroes are female, and Blizzard is soon to be adding a new female hero. In addition, *Overwatch* has twice the number of female players than any other FPS ever.¹ This may be due to the number of female characters in the game, and the fact that the game has gone out of its way to be inclusive. Sixteen percent of the player base of *Overwatch* is made up of women, meaning five million women play the game. I understand that this percentage is still not extremely high, and I would understand if the majority of players in *Overwatch* League were men. But it was glaringly obvious, to both myself and several male friends, that not a single woman was playing at the beginning of *Overwatch* League.

I was curious as to why there were no females, and immediately found other media articles discussing the lack of women. The Houston Outlaws general manager, Matt Rodriguez, stated, “You have to go through all these hurdles, like if you pick up a player, is the press gonna call it a PR stunt, or is it because she was the best?”² To me, he basically stated that he did not want the possible PR issue of having a woman on his team. I for one would be infuriated if I were not hired for a position because someone thought it would be a PR concern simply because I am female. The only somewhat valid reason that I have heard is that many of the extremely talented female players live in South Korea. Due to their culture, some could not live in the same house as their male teammates. But I feel that this could easily be remedied with solutions such as a separate apartment, and having a shared rec room to practice.

Other issues that female players have mentioned is the toxicity of the gaming environment. Some women are treated poorly, and sexist comments are thrown their way simply for being a woman who plays video games. This means that several women may not want to play the game professionally if they are harassed. The fact is, women shouldn’t have to tolerate a toxic environment simply because they want to play a game. Blizzard is focusing on making the *Overwatch* environment less abusive. Anyone can report another player for abusive chat, and Blizzard has said that “we take toxicity seriously and take appropriate steps to monitor and we validate claims regardless of how it is brought to our attention.”³

It was only after Stage 1 (January 10th - February 10th, 2018) of Overwatch League was completed that the first female player was brought onto a team. Kim “Gegrui” Se-Yeon from South Korea was hired by the Shanghai Dragons. Unfortunately, she was brought onto the current lowest-ranking team in the league. If the team continues to do poorly, I wonder, will viewers say that she is one of the reasons why? I am still happy that at least one woman has been hired by a team in the Overwatch League. I hope that owners from other teams begin to take female gamers seriously, and that multiplayer online video games become a less toxic environment for women in general.

I will still continue to play *Overwatch*, since in my experience, it is a very open and inclusive game as a whole. I will also continue to watch the *Overwatch* League, since it is something I enjoy and want to support. I hope that as I watch in the future, I will start to see more women playing in the games. *Overwatch* is a game that I recommend wholeheartedly to anyone who has any interest in video games. It is a positive game where I have had some great experiences, and I feel like it is one of the better online games in regards to the treatment of its female players.



Sombra/ Olivia Colomar





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Megan's Horror Hideout!

By Megan Negrych

Hello fellow horror junkies! Here in my Horror Hideout™, we will explore the various intricate facets of all things that give us goosebumps. Themes, tropes, histories, stories, films, writers, directors . . . the list goes on, and I want to share this journey with you.

Horror as a genre has been around for a good long while. Drawing from my vast movie store experience (four years part-timing at a video store, which was nice), it is easy to say that next to the campy Rom-Com, horror movies are some of the most frequently released on the market. From good to bad, there seems to be no end to them. Very lucky for those out there who, like me, love being scared out of our wits (or laughing at the absurdity of it all, depending on which end of the horror spectrum you end up on). Lately, there has been a major resurgence of horror films coming to the mainstream. In 2018, the horror genre even saw a nomination (and a win for Best Original Screenplay) for an Oscar for Jordan Peele's *Get Out*. But when did it all start? Really, where was horror before the jump scare, before CGI, and before major franchise names?

The first "film", which is really more of an experiment in early film technology as it has no storyline, was *Le Squelette Joyeux*, created by Auguste and Louis Lumière. At just over one minute in length, it features a dancing skeleton, without much story. This might seem like a feeble example, but given that it was created in 1895, when filmmaking was in its infancy as an art, they have to be given credit for the skill and ingenuity of the entire endeavour.

This would be a sad start for horror, though, and I don't want to disappoint you, so let's push past this and look at what is considered to be the first true horror narrative within the film world. Luckily, we only have to travel to 1896, where we can examine and enjoy *Le Manoir du Diable* by the great Georges Méliès (1861-1938), a name that anyone who is familiar with the history of film should recognize.



Georges Méliès



The Knight turns away Mephistopheles



The film is quite short at just over three minutes running time, but contains a complete narrative. It opens on a small hall set like a stage. A giant bat flies on screen before transforming into a sinister figure, clad all in black. This is the dastardly Mephistopheles (played by Méliès), servant of the devil himself! A large cauldron appears and he conjures creatures from it, obviously to do his bidding, as well as a very attractive woman (played by Jehanne D'Alcy, who would become Méliès' wife). Conferring with his summoned helpers, he sends them on their way, and then puts on a magical cloak that makes him invisible. Shortly after, two well dressed men wearing swords, perhaps knights or duelers, enter the house and proceed to look around. The two men are accosted by one of the demonic creatures, who drives them around with a pitchfork, causing one of the knights to flee in fear. After the demon disappears, the remaining knight sees a bench and decides to sit down to recover from his scare. The bench disappears from its spot and appears on the other side of the room. This happens a couple of times before the bench appears with a skeleton on it. The knight draws his sword and pokes at the skeleton, which then turns into a bat. He manages to catch the bat, which transforms once more into Mephistopheles. The knight attempts to escape but is surrounded by ghostly figures robed in white, who scare him so much that he faints. When he comes to, Mephistopheles has summoned a lovely woman (D'Alcy), and the knight falls to his knees to offer her his services. When he proceeds to kiss her hand, the woman transforms into one of the ghosts, and the knight is once again surrounded by figures waving brooms and dancing about; Mephistopheles looks on and laughs. The knight, trapped, summons up his courage and breaks free from the circle, climbs the bench, and retrieves a crucifix from the wall. The ghosts vanish, and when the knight turns it toward Mephistopheles, the devil's servant recoils in horror and vanishes, leaving the knight triumphant.

There are a few very interesting things to note about this production and its importance both to horror and the history of film. The first point to mention is that film historians argue that this is the very first time that a vampire is depicted on screen, as we witness Mephistopheles' transformation from bat to man, and his fear of the crucifix.

The second point to consider is that this was the first instance in which effects were used to illicit a reaction of horror or surprise from the audience.¹

This was achieved largely through Méliès background as an illusionist, and his innovative approach to using these talents to create stunning visual effects for the camera. Aside from the first horror film, this is also credited as the first fictional narrative film ever made. Méliès used films like *Le Manoir du Diable* as a platform through which to revitalize the practice of illusionist traditions, and to explore the apparent magic of the unknown. The fear that comes from these visual tricks, achieved by Méliès through the use of stop motion, was somewhat muted by the fact that cinema “was not considered a medium for communicating with the spirits.”² Considering that this would likely have been the first time that many audiences would have seen these stories told in such a seamless manner, with the actual mechanics of the visuals completely edited out, it is very likely that it would have been unsettling (but still enjoyable). As such, it holds a special place in the history of horror cinema.

Georges Méliès would go on to create over 400 pieces of film in his career, building entire sets, visual effects, costumes, and even a special studio attached to his house, where he would spend hours at a time writing and filming his stories.³ Most of us have had the joy of seeing his *A Trip to The Moon*, or at least know of the iconic image of the man in the moon with the rocket in his eye. It is sad to say that, despite his integral part in the history of film, Méliès died in abject poverty.

In the meantime, I encourage you to go and enjoy the spectacle of *Le Manoir du Diable*; you can find it right on YouTube in stunning quality considering it is almost 125 years old! Aside from the complete narrative of the story, I feel that it is really Méliès' amazing use of special effects that drives the whole thing home. Even after all this time, they are very pleasing to the eye. Go ahead, watch it, I'll wait right here.

Until next time, keep your lights on, and check under the bed!



Professional Development: Effective Java (3rd Edition) by Joshua Bloch

by Rachel Popa

About two years of my career have actively involved Java development, but when I consider the vast ocean of APIs, best practices, and behaviours that encompass the language, those years really only amount to wading in up to my ankles. This is evident because for the last five months I have been getting back into Java with Spring Boot, which is entirely new to me and has opened my eyes to gaping holes in my knowledge. Knowing that I was in need of a way to level up my Java skills, I was thrilled when a very knowledgeable programmer recommended I read *Effective Java*, a guide for best practices in the Java platform. Conveniently, the third edition recently came out on December 17th, so I bought a copy.

Joshua Bloch, an American software engineer, is the author of the book and its previous editions. He has worked at both Sun Microsystems and Google, but is currently a faculty member of the Institute for Software Research at Carnegie Mellon University. Bloch has a BSc in Computer Science from Columbia University and a PhD in Computer Science from Carnegie Mellon University. He has led the development of the Java Collections framework, the java.math package, assertions in Java, as well as many other Java platform features. These contributions make him one of the world's leading experts on the language.

Effective Java is organized into a series of 90

small essays, each with a unique item number and title for quick reference. The essays present a premise, code examples to support the premise, and code examples of exceptions to the premise. These are grouped under twelve broader chapter topics: “Classes and Interfaces”, “Enums and Annotations”, and “General Programming” are a few of them. While I think there is a lot of value in reading the book from cover to cover for the sake of familiarizing yourself with its concepts, it shines best as an assistant that you can consult as you sit down and write software in Java.

One of the new chapters in the third edition, which will likely be the biggest motivator to upgrade, is the chapter on functional programming titled “Lambdas and Streams”. With the rise of functional programming in industry and Oracle’s decision to add the capability in Java 8, I was excited to read Bloch’s advice on effectively making use of it. He acknowledges that lambdas are expressive, but warns that “lambdas lack names and documentation; if a computation isn’t self-explanatory or exceeds a few lines, don’t put it in a lambda.”¹ He recommends three lines as a hard maximum, but suggests that an even better solution is moving the code into a method and just using a method reference. You can see how this improves readability here (Note: don't use doubles for calculating transactions):

```
//Lambdas get messy very quickly.  
  
List <Double> transactionTotals = itemCosts  
        .stream()  
        .map(itemCost -> {  
            double gst = itemCost * 0.05;  
            double pst = itemCost * 0.06;  
            double shipping = 4.5;  
            double environmentFee = itemCost * 0.02;  
            return itemCost + gst + pst + shipping + environmentFee;  
        })  
        .collect(Collectors.toList());  
  
//Using a method reference makes it much easier to read.  
List <Double> transactionTotals = itemCosts  
        .stream()  
        .map(TransactionBuilder::applyFees)  
        .collect(Collectors.toList());
```

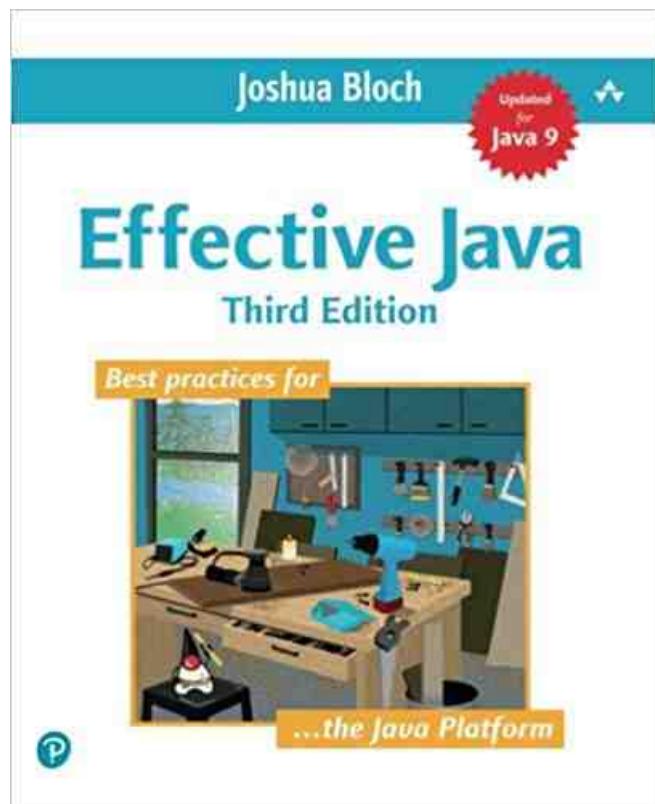


Additionally, Bloch explains stream pipelines and how they are evaluated lazily, making it possible to work with infinite sets of data. He also warns developers to be careful to not include functions with side effects in streams, as this contradicts their expected behaviour. Bloch takes a more reserved stance on functional programming, advising readers to resist the temptation to replace every loop in your code with a stream pipeline (an urge I've had since I learned about how great functional programming is). I can't touch on the whole chapter here, but know that there is an interesting delve into the features of the Collectors interface, as well as a look at when to implement parallelism in a stream in order to achieve performance gains.

Personally, the chapter on general programming was also quite useful, due to my level of experience. Bloch explains some of the miscellaneous — “nuts and bolts” is how he puts it — aspects of the language. I was taught to declare local variables at the start of a code block, but Bloch says you should minimize the scope of your variables by declaring them when they will be used, as this improves readability. He also recommends

and justifies the use of for-each loops over traditional for loops, and using primitive types over boxed primitives. There is even a section on which parts of the Java library developers should learn so that they have the tools they need to avoid custom implementations, a.k.a. “reinventing the wheel”.

I have barely touched on two chapters of the book, as it is too packed with information to cover it all, but know that it is a valuable resource for anyone looking to write safe, readable, and fast Java code. Bloch's perspective as someone who writes public-facing APIs allows him to be thorough in identifying underlying behaviours and threats within the Java ecosystem in a way that few people can. While you may not be writing anything that will leave the eyes of your organization, you should treat your projects as if every Java programmer has access to them. This will make your code better and less of a headache for anyone who has to use it. I believe *Effective Java* is a resource that I will refer back to for many years, and if you are serious about Java development, you should give it a read.





A Brief History of St. Patrick's Day

By Jessica Mitten-Moore



*"Yeah, it's St. Patty's Day, everyone's Irish tonight. Why don't you just pull up a stool and have a drink with us?"
Boondock Saints*

St. Patrick's Day is just around the corner on this upcoming Saturday, March 17th, 2018. Why have North Americans taken to celebrating an Irish religious holiday that was originally attributed to a saint? In North America, many people celebrate the Irish holiday with a pint of Guinness or green beer. To understand why we have adopted the celebration of St. Patrick's Day we first have to look at the man who was Saint Patrick.

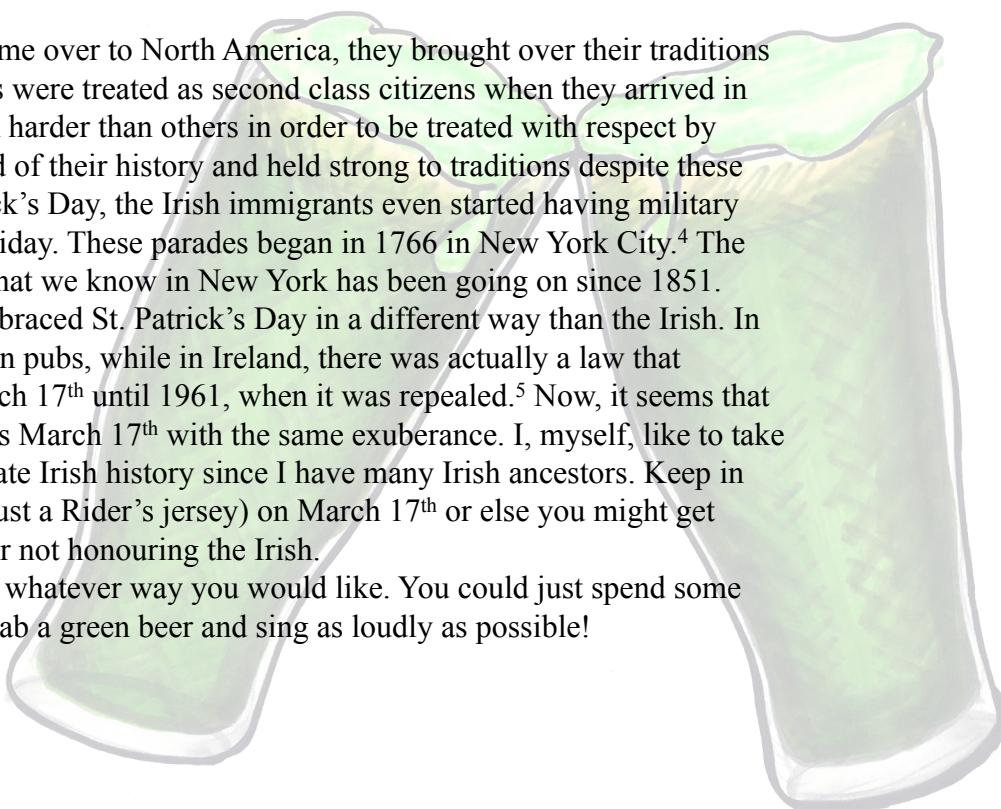
It may surprise many that Saint Patrick was not at all Irish. He was born in Roman Britain and taken to Ireland when he was 17 as a captive slave in the 5th century. It was during this time in captivity that Saint Patrick truly came to understand spirituality and God. He eventually ended up escaping slavery and leaving Ireland. He adopted the name Patrick when he became a priest and returned to Ireland years later as a missionary.¹

Since Saint Patrick left his home in order to help Ireland, he was considered one of the most dedicated missionaries on the island. He was made a saint after his death because many credit him with converting Ireland to Christianity. There are folk tales that say he drove both evil forces and snakes off the island. The snakes are not literal though, as they actually refer to Irish paganism. Ireland decided to honour him, and St. Patrick's Day was first seen on an Irish calendar as early as 1607.² St. Patrick's Day is during Lent, so people who are fasting can break their fast for the holiday. They feast, dance, drink and play music. As time went on, fairs and festivals were introduced on St. Patrick's Day. By the late 17th century, March 17th was known in Ireland as a day of celebration and the commemoration of Ireland's patron saint. St. Patrick's Day became a permanent fixture for all social and religious groups in Ireland by the 19th century.³

When Irish immigrants came over to North America, they brought over their traditions and celebrations. Irish immigrants were treated as second class citizens when they arrived in North America. They had to work harder than others in order to be treated with respect by Americans, but the Irish are proud of their history and held strong to traditions despite these difficulties. To celebrate St. Patrick's Day, the Irish immigrants even started having military processions as parades for the holiday. These parades began in 1766 in New York City.⁴ The current St. Patrick's Day Parade that we know in New York has been going on since 1851.

North Americans have embraced St. Patrick's Day in a different way than the Irish. In North America, people celebrate in pubs, while in Ireland, there was actually a law that required bars to be closed on March 17th until 1961, when it was repealed.⁵ Now, it seems that all of the Western world celebrates March 17th with the same exuberance. I, myself, like to take advantage of the chance to celebrate Irish history since I have many Irish ancestors. Keep in mind to wear green (even if it is just a Rider's jersey) on March 17th or else you might get pinched as a way to shame you for not honouring the Irish.

Enjoy St. Patrick's Day in whatever way you would like. You could just spend some quiet time with good friends or grab a green beer and sing as loudly as possible!



BLACK PANTHER: THE AFRO-FUTURISTIC REBIRTH OF THE PALADIN HERO

BY ARIADNE BISSETT

[Contains very, very mild spoilers for Black Panther, and a big, but unsurprising one for Logan]

So, why do we so hate that guy who has it all?

It's been a while since intelligent, well-informed people could do anything but scoff at the idea of a person who is privileged being depicted as morally in line with right and good. We have needed that person to have some significant flaw which leads them to, for example, misuse that privilege grossly, almost unforgivably at first, before learning to use that power more responsibly (Don't you hide behind those sunglasses, Tony Stark). We can identify with the many mistakes he makes, despite his purported superiority.

Or, they might indulge our fantasies of vigilante revenge, using their wealth to no benefit to their very troubled city, by buying and inventing world class tech for fighting street criminals. All due to their crippling inability to deal with their own emotional issues. I see you slinking away, Bruce Wayne. A grown man in a bat costume is not realistically a stealthy look in any city with the urban renewal budget for replacing street light bulbs. Pay for the damn bulbs! It would bring crime down more than beating up petty criminals ever did.

We have been jaded by the snotty white-collar criminals of the 80s up to present day - both in pop culture and in real-life (Hey, how *about* that Martin Shkreli) - as well as the growing gap between rich and poor in general. Handsome and privileged hasn't gone hand in hand with heroic much lately. We've liked our heroes to be firmly in the underdog/anti-hero category for a while now, or at least with flaws that bring them down to a human level.

Enter T'Challa: a handsome prince with superpowers (played by Chadwick Boseman). So, what do we see in him that makes him one of the most beloved heroes in recent years?

Lately, it feels to me as if we're slowly warming up to the rebirth of the classic Good Guy or Good Gal. Heroes such as Captain America and Wonder Woman are giving us heartwarming feelings, and there is also a Captain Marvel movie on the way. The straight-laced superhero is finding its tone in Millennial and Gen Z pop culture. T'Challa certainly fits into this category.

Oh, we still love the Deadpools of this world, but he is almost a foil to the type of hero that was popular just a few years ago, being an unserious remix of that "gritty" character. Dare I say that we're experiencing what I might deign to coin "Wolverine Fatigue"? Are we getting tired of cynical, gritty action heroes with a chip on their shoulder, in favour of someone with a little optimism in their heart? Is this why . . . (SPOILERS FOR *LOGAN*, BUT REALLY, YOU SHOULD SEE THIS ONE COMING) . . . is this why Wolverine had to die?

Captain America and Wonder Woman (being from rival comic/movie universes but working together in this respect) may have begun the rehabilitation of the straight-laced "Paladin" type hero's reputation in popular culture, but T'Challa, the titular Black Panther, fiercely stands up for it.

While not having flawed characters per se, both Cap and Wonder Woman start as underdogs in some sense; Steve Rogers begins his story as a 90-pound weakling, and while it's difficult to call Diana Prince an underdog in any situation, she does end up being subject to, (and baffled by) gender discrimination, including a lot of 1900s mansplaining throughout the course of the film. T'challa is never truly an underdog in his world, rather, he joins the other two examples as a hero and aspirational figure to underdogs in our world.



2.16



15

The nation of Wakanda is itself an aspirational model. We see a prosperous African country, full of vibrancy, with a material culture that is all its own. The detailed cultural distinctiveness between its five tribes, the difference between formal culture and informal culture, and the addition of personal style into the mix, make this a wonderfully immersive world. The palace is shining and formal, the ceremonial scenes are traditionally costumed, while the street culture is informal and just a bit dusty and chaotic, possibly mixing in fashions borrowed from the outside world. Techno-futurism mixed with traditionalism gives us an idea of Wakandans' unique sense of aesthetics. Wakanda is beautiful.

But it also serves as a warning about the isolating nature of privilege. Wakanda is the philosophical experiment of Utopia rewritten for the modern era, with all of our yearning for it, and the heartbreaking reality: if Utopia is not for everyone, then it is really for no one. A good person cannot live in paradise, if that paradise can only exist by shutting the door against all but an elite few. Without delving into the plot to the point of spoilers, I will say that the movie sends a strong message to those who might preach protectionism, exclusion, and aggression in the powerful countries of this world.

T'Challa is Wakanda's Warrior Prince, joining a tradition that started with Gilgamesh, but bringing significantly more dignity and wisdom to the role. While the story is set in a fictional country, this is a very American story. T'challa represents to the children of this universe that (while this story takes place around our current time) there is no reason that the future of technology or culture cannot be African, or indeed African American.

He also demonstrates empathy and vulnerability, and has many and varied relationships with women, which are at the same time affectionate and respectful. These are crucial evolutions of the male action hero archetype. He shares many of these characteristics with Steve Rogers (also one of my favourite action heroes), while benefiting from more interactions with women. Not to mention that the valuing of women, both in his personal life and as ruler over his society, is a natural impulse to him. This is what a feminist looks like, everyone.

Those women are another thing that makes this movie shine. T'Challa's love interest, Nakia (Lupita Nyong'o), has a full and self-directed life of her own, which actually gets in the way of their romance. However, there is no hint that T'Challa has ever been angry or resentful toward her because of it. His bodyguard Okoye (Danai Gurira) chooses to devote herself completely to Wakanda's throne, allowing nothing else to dictate where her loyalties should lie. I also got a little giddy every time T'Challa's brilliant younger sister Shuri (Letitia Wright) came on screen, bringing her boundless confidence and energy. I do wish we had seen more of his mother Ramonda, played by Angela Bassett, if only because Angela Bassett is amazing. We will have another chance in an upcoming sequel, I would think.

This is how this movie has grossed over one billion dollars as of March 11th, 2018. *This* is why even though I am not a person of colour, I am so excited to see this character on-screen. *Black Panther* raises the bar for what I expect from superheroes that my son and other children will look up to in the future.

Now, if you haven't seen it yet, go do that!



TRAVEL MOORE OF THE WORLD: PERUVIAN INCAN TRADITION

BY JESSICA MITTEN-MOORE

I was lucky enough to have had the opportunity to travel through Peru in the spring of 2012 with my aunt and uncle. I had just spent a couple of days in Ollantaytambo, a town nestled in the heart of the Sacred Valley, when we decided to hire someone to drive us back to Cuzco, Peru. We wanted to make frequent stops in the Sacred Valley to take in the spectacular scenery. Partway through our excursion, the driver suggested we stop at a small settlement near the ruins of Moray. The settlement consisted of several small older buildings and we were greeted by many indigenous Quechua women and children who were dressed in the traditional Incan costume of black skirts with rainbow trim. We were welcomed very enthusiastically by everyone in the settlement, and the residents offered us coca tea to help with altitude sickness. Eventually, one woman explained, “We would like to teach you how we make our wool and show you some of our culture.”



Dyemaking Lessons Chinchero, Peru:
Photo Credit: Paul Mitten
Photo Edit: Jessica Mitten-Moore



Photo Credit: Jessica Mitten-Moore

I had already seen the brightly coloured alpaca wool weavings in the Peruvian markets, but I wanted to learn how the wool was processed. The women showed us how they created dyes and wools from natural products. First, they clean the wool with a local plant called *sacha paraqay*, grated into warm water. When this plant is broken down it creates soap-like bubbles that clean the dirt and grime from the wool. The wool is then dried and spun on spindles until it becomes thinner and thinner thread. The women handmake all of their dye colours from natural materials – yellow flowers to transform the wool into bright yellow and purple corn to dye the wool a peacock purple. They also use many other plant roots and dried fruit. To create a bright red dye, they use a white substance from the female insect, cochineal, that lives on cacti.¹ They grind the colours from the plants into a fine powder and then dissolve each into a pot of boiling water. After the water is coloured, the wool is added. Some of the girls even use the red dye on their lips as if it were lipstick.

Next, I saw a woman use a handheld Incan loom to craft textiles. The front of the loom is attached to a stick in the ground to hold it in place. The back of the loom is tied to a strap which wraps around the weaver’s back. The artist spends countless hours making these goods. The artwork produced is very intricate and design ideas are taken from Incan culture. One woman who was using a loom told me, “We are proud of our work and a great deal of time and effort is put into every step of even the smallest items.”





Photo Credit: Jessica Mitten-Moore



Photo Credit: Paul Mitten

I was amazed when I learned of the amount of labour that was put into these works of art. The weaving was not only a way for the women to stay in touch with their Incan roots, it was also a source of income for the women and children of this village. In order to have something tangible to remember the experience, I purchased a stunning scarf, made of vibrant blues, yellows and reds with an Incan design. Afterwards, I was shown around other areas of the settlement, and then my aunt and I were dressed up in brightly coloured traditional Incan dress ourselves.

I also had the chance to speak with many of the women of the community. Everyone living there spoke the Peruvian Indigenous language of Quechua but many spoke Spanish as well. I am fortunate that I have studied Spanish so I was able to converse with them about their current situation and culture. They wanted to teach others about their history through demonstrations of ancient Incan traditions, such as the dye making demonstration that we attended. They were some of the friendliest people I have ever met and tried their hardest to answer my many questions about Incan and Quechua culture.

I was extremely impressed by the kindness, work ethic and pride of each individual. As I took in the smiling faces of all the women and children of this community, I couldn't help but reflect on why they were so joyful and appreciative of an outsider who was willing to take the time to listen to their stories. These people are extremely proud of their lifestyle and history, and I was honoured that they shared it with me. As I left their village, I gazed upon the impressive Andes Mountains, and finally understood exactly why Peruvians wish to preserve the beautiful traditions of the Sacred Valley.



Photo Credit: Paul Mitten

Photo Edit: Jessica Mitten-Moore



A WRINKLE IN TIME REVIEWED

BY MEGAN NEGRYCH

“This is it!” I thought to myself as I pushed my 3D glasses up over my face, leaned back in my seat, and prepared for the much-awaited experience that would be *A Wrinkle in Time* directed by Ava DuVernay.

Now, I have a bit of a history with this story. Originally published in the 1960s, Madeleine L'Engle's *A Wrinkle in Time* was a staple of my childhood; it was both the first piece of age-appropriate science fiction I ever had in my hands, and a story that my grandmother had both read to me and found the audiobooks for when I was ten or eleven years old. When I was young and staying at my grandparents' house while my parents worked overnight shifts at the hospital, every night there would be an audiobook playing on the cassette player when I went to bed. Partially, I believe she chose this book because the themes were relevant to a girl my age, but also because the protagonist's name was Meg.

Now, in order to be fair, I am going to review the film in two different contexts. The first will be a look at the film based solely on what it presents, so that it can stand on its own merits. The second examination, obviously, will be a review of the film based on my love of the source material.

In creating the film, Disney strived to create a tale that captures both the ethereal aspects of science fiction, and the difficult realities of growing up. Meg Murry (Storm Reid), just thirteen years old, and her brother Charles Wallace (Deric McCabe), a genius who is not older than seven, are the misfits at school. Their father has gone missing, and all those around them assume it is either because he has run away from his obligations or doesn't wish to deal with his children. What follows is a blend of adventure and coming-of-age, with a fairly laissez-faire attitude towards the science fiction aspects of the story. Meg and Charles Wallace, along with popular but soft-spoken Calvin (Levi Miller), are whisked away by the enigmatic Mrs. Whatsit (Reese Witherspoon), Mrs. Who (Mindy Kaling), and Mrs. Which (Oprah Winfrey) on a search across the stars for Alex Murry (Chris Pine).

The first thing to note is that the visuals are, at times, both breathtakingly detailed and somewhat over-stimulating. The CGI is sometimes overpowering, and while technology has progressed, sometimes it is easy to tell that the three young actors are virtually alone on a blank plane, acting without much to guide them in front of a featureless green screen.

As far as the acting goes, there are both high and low points. McCabe, as Charles Wallace, is believable as a genius child, without the pretentious over-the-top vocabulary found in *Young Sheldon*. Reid's portrayal of Meg, who was for me an influential and important role model, is quite moving at times, as she deals with the unique and deeply emotional/confusing realities of what it means to be a girl dealing with all that comes with crushes, bullying, and trying to overcome her own self-loathing. Miller's performance as Calvin was spot-on; he was soft-spoken and gentle in his delivery, and very organic.



As for the performances of the Mrs. Ws, there is not much to say other than that they were possibly the best part of the entire movie. Without saying too much about their role in the film, they are extremely charismatic, and the dynamic performance they give adds some much-needed gravitas to the film.

Regarding the plot, there were times when it really felt like there were holes and jumps. Whether this was because they were concentrating more on the visuals and the groundwork than the actual story is up in the air, but there was much less emotional impact at some of the key moments than I expected, considering the themes.

Now, as far as a movie-to-book comparison goes, I have my work cut out for me. First, it must be said that it was nowhere near as dark as I expected it to be. Also, there seemed to be a lot less focus on the science and exploration of the universe. To begin, huge cuts were made to the cast of characters. In the book, Meg and Charles Wallace had two other siblings, who simply were not suited to coming on the adventure across the universe. Calvin O'Keefe, an athletic, popular boy, also has his large family cut back. In the novel he is the third oldest of eleven, but in the movie they make him the only son of (what appears to be) a single father.

While I enjoyed Duverney's rendition of the Mrs., their lack of a solid backstory was something of a letdown. In the movie they are merely "seekers of warriors for the light", seemingly eternal beings with no past at all. In the novels, each is unique in their origin; Mrs. Whatsit is a centaur-like being from the planet Uriel, a place they visit in the film but whose importance as well as connection to the characters is completely overlooked. The film downsized further, cutting characters such as Aunt Beast, who helps Meg come to terms with some of the very serious self-loathing she feels. I also felt it odd that the film chose to switch the gender of a specific character just to add a 'more adult' romantic entanglement, which was only once presented and left completely unaddressed. It was a change where none was needed, and it did nothing to help the story unfold.

The thematic elements of the novel also felt much more serious than those of the film. Some of the themes were left behind to give the film a lighter tone in places, while keeping the seriousness in others. Instead of following through on L'Engle's deeply connective story about the light of the universe and the self and its struggle with the darkness that can reside in everything, the film portrays its own shallow interpretation, taking away some of the beautiful depth that the book depicted. All in all, the 2018 *Wrinkle in Time* seems to want to protect its audience from challenging themes, as well as the scientific details that the 1962 novel version trusted its audience to handle.

All this being said, the movie was still quite enjoyable, even if I initially left the theatre feeling a little less enthusiastic about the entire experience. Then again, what movie ever fully captures everything that our imaginations create when we read something that truly opens our eyes to what is inside of us?



Teleporters: You May Have to Kill Your Own Clone:

Team Deja-Visite Chat About the World of Sci-Fi Tech

Transcribed and Edited by Ariadne Bissett
and Jessica Mitten-Moore

Sunday, February 18th, the five women of Deja-Visite got together for a hard day's pitch meeting, followed by a sampling of some of the fine moonshines featured in the last issue. Then they got down to the real discussion: Favourite sci-fi movie and sci-fi technology. Take a peek into our psyches. Then feel free to send your amateur psychoanalysis to info@dejavisite.ca.

First up, Megan expressed her love of Luc Besson's *The Fifth Element*, "for obvious reasons".

Megan Negrych: "It's the universe I would like to live in. It's sci-fi, but it's also science-fashion."

Which is very much in the tradition of French science fiction.

Rachel Popa: "The French had a really big early influence on film-making, especially sci-fi, but they tend to focus more on the fantastical, rather than the actual science portion of it, which I think is really captured in that film, . . ."

MN: "It has some amazing aliens, and the fantasy of space being so commonplace. Our future earth is filled with flying boats, making food at your window, and programs helping you quit smoking by giving you long filtered cigarettes in allotments. And you're also perfectly fine leaving your cat at home for months on end while you go out into space! Because that cat's apparently fine. We're looking at a world where science has allowed all of these things to happen. I mean, without science, you wouldn't be listening to Ruby Rhod talk on his microphone to the entire galaxy. You wouldn't be flying out to this lunar cruise ship, floating above a planet."

Megan's Favourite Tech:

"Food replication technology. *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* has a computer that makes a liquid that was almost, but not quite, entirely unlike tea, and in *The Fifth Element*, Leeloo puts beads on a plate, puts it in the microwave, and pulls out an entire roasted chicken!"

The group, however, agreed that *Star Trek* has the best food tech, given that they have a replicator that will produce any food asked of it. Perhaps on the whim of say, a suspiciously English Frenchman who should have a penchant for "Tea, Earl Grey, Hot".



Though Megan also had a soft spot for the “random cubes” of the *Farscape* universe: “. . . I mean, you can eat the cubes, but you can also put them into the machine, and suddenly they’re what you actually want to eat.”

Next, Ariadne discussed how her sci-fi favourite, *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* is more than a little disturbing:



Ariadne Bissett: “A beautiful movie. . . But the ramifications of the technology used in it are terrible. The point of the movie is that you shouldn’t be able to erase a person from your life, you should learn from your mistakes and your pain.”

Ari’s Favourite Tech:

“. . . [A]ndroids, and artificial intelligence, . . . Data from *Star Trek* is my favourite. . . Here. . . the creator is lesser than the created entity. . . [I]nstead of the creator enslaving that being. . . (such as in *Blade Runner* or *I, Robot*), or the being rising up and achieving consciousness on its own, and annihilating or enslaving its creator like in *The Matrix* or *Ex Machina*, Data is what we hope that they’ll be. He has the ambition to develop further as human, but not at the expense of humans themselves, unlike Skynet, or [the machines in] the Matrix. He is free to explore his own

path to self-realisation. He and humans have a mutual respect for one-another. . .”

Ari argued that Data is the least “creepy” AI for a few reasons. First, because he is bound by a physical body, while A.I. such as the Matrix machines and Skynet are “fluid beings” that “can’t be easily eradicated.”

AB: “Second, obviously, Data is depicted by a human, so he’s not going to creep us out in the same way. AI needs to get to the point where their flesh and skin looks natural, and their musculature. . . I think, maybe we could get used to it [unnatural human-like robots] eventually, but right now it skeeves us out a bit. They have bodily cues that don’t match up to what our hindbrain thinks that a human should look like. And we’re not accepting enough of robots for that.”

Third, that Data is obviously too weird to be mistaken for human, and infiltrate society, such as the A.I. in *Blade Runner* and/or *Ex Machina*.

Rachel pointed out that Ryan Gosling playing an indistinguishable-from-human replicant in *Blade Runner 2049* didn’t seem creepy to most of us.

RP: “I didn’t find Ryan Gosling creepy! I just found him hot, and sympathetic. . . I’m personally not afraid of AI at this point.”

AB: “I think we’re rapidly becoming not afraid of AI. . .”

Jess did not discuss her favourite sci-fi movie at length, since discussion of the movie *Moon* is very sensitive to spoilers.

Jessica Mitten-Moore: “I can’t really talk about it, because it would ruin everything. . . I just want to mention that *Moon* is fantastic.”

Therefore, she chose to discuss another favourite: *District 9*.

JM: “It begins where aliens come to earth, not to invade, not to hurt people, but just because. . . their ship broke down. Now they’re living in a ghetto in South Africa. . . it stuck with me. . . because it’s basically comparing it to Apartheid in South Africa. . . It is not subtle about it. A field agent contracts a virus, which then alters his DNA to start to become one of the aliens in the ghetto. So then, it’s a human realizing just how people are treating the aliens. . . and in the end, you see it from an alien’s point of view as well as a human’s, which I found really interesting. It’s a completely different take on aliens coming to earth. . .”



Jess' Favourite Tech:

"... [T]eleportation. Because I like to travel, I would love the idea of being able to transport across the world in 2 seconds, instead of having to be stuck on a plane for hours. The idea of teleportation has been around for a long time. It has been written about, such as Harry Potter and apparition... TV shows like *Stargate*... focus on it. I would want to try and use them to go around the world. In *Star Trek*; you have the teleporter, which can go anywhere."

Jocelyn Anderson: "Beam me up Scottie!"

JM: "Exactly. Even video games: In *Mass Effect* there are giant mass relays which transport ships across galaxies. It's not only to use teleportation from one small place to another, it's to explore different galaxies without having to spend millions of years being cryo-frozen."

Ari and Rachel however, just had to throw a wrench into her teleportation fantasy:

AB: "What about the idea that teleportation only creates copies, it doesn't transport the original matter?"

JM: "Like *The Prestige*?"

AB: "Yeah, not unlike the prestige! Do you think that is a valid fear?"

RP: "They say you basically die, and are re-animated every time you teleport, so it's not actually you, it's more like a clone of you. But you don't really know what's happened, because it's got your memories. Do you accept that?"

JM: "Would it basically be me?"

RP: "It would be you, and you wouldn't know you'd died."

JM: "If there was no pain, and if I was exactly the same..."

RP: "But your stream of consciousness that is you now, would be dying."

JM: "But that stream of consciousness would go into another body..."

AB: "Yes. So you would think it was you, but would it be you? We're into metaphysics here."

RP: "What if it was done out of time, and you saw the copy of you first, for 10 seconds, and you died, knowing that that copy was going to go on with your memories, and thinking it's you."

JM: "I don't know!"

MN: "You'll never know until you're looking at you!"

AB: "Teleportation is great, for like, goods and services, but I would be worried about it for people."

RP: "I wouldn't step into one of those fucking things!"

Jess protested that that her idea of teleportation was really more the method of breaking down and re-assembling your molecules in a new location; like in the *Star Trek* universe.

AB: "Yeah, but that's not going to work very well."

JM: "But it's *Star Trek*!"

RP: "*Star Trek*'s the ideal world! They've got the best AI, they've got the best teleporters."

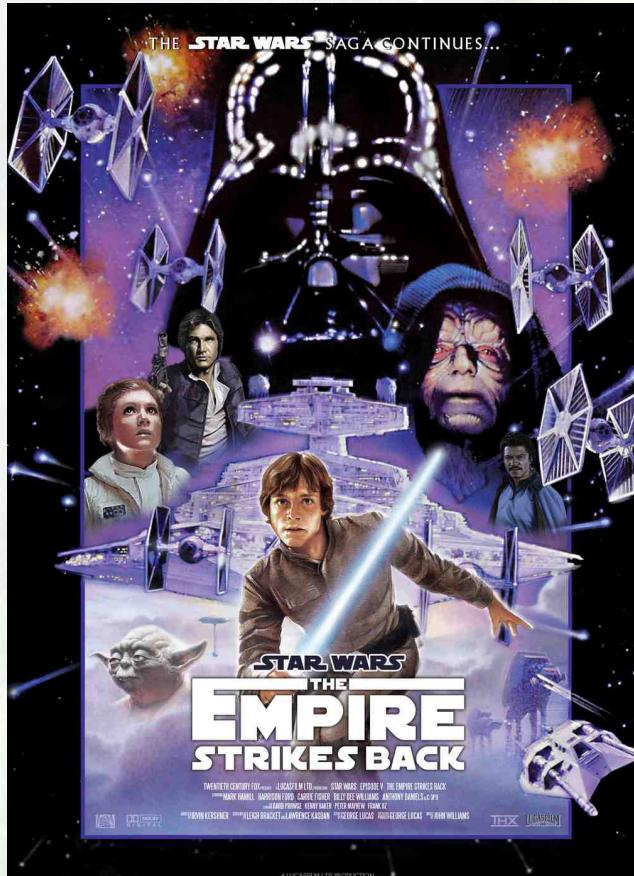
JM: "And, hologram rooms! Those are the best."

RP: "And everyone's friends, there's no prejudice!"

JM: “There’s no money!”

RP: “A post-scarcity society! You’ve gotten past the point of needing to scrounge. You’ve worked out renewable energy, you’ve worked out food sources.”

Of course, after all this discussion, Jocelyn informed us that she was intending to talk about *Star Trek*. She instead, went with another staple of our sci-fi daydreams: *Star Wars*, whose world we found to be very much in opposition to *Star Trek*’s.



JA: “. . . the full original trilogy is definitely my favourite. It is a very interesting depiction of a sci-fi environment since everything is old. [In] A lot of other sci-fi movies, *Star Trek* in particular . . . everything is new; it looks shiny, it looks exciting. But in *Star Wars* everything just seems old. Technology isn’t interesting for them anymore since it has been around forever.”

MN: “Even finding old technological stuff is like, ‘I will give you a half a portion for all of this star ship building material.’”

JM: “It’s true, there are people in all of the movies that are junkers and just find stuff and not everyone is living this optimal life.”

JA: “The whole atmosphere . . . makes it a more relatable story to what a lot of people in our society encounter. I also really love the music. John Williams’ soundtrack for the whole thing is fabulous, and when I was in school I actually did papers on how he paired

the music to the scenes, and various themes throughout. From a musicology perspective it is a really, really well-done score.”

Jocelyn also sympathised with possibly the most beaten-down working-class in the *Star Wars* universe:

JA: “I can relate to the stormtroopers, which are actually some of my favorite characters. I don’t know they just . . . They are just such tragic characters, all of the stormtroopers, they don’t mean to be bad guys. I do have a stormtrooper phone case and . . . some pillows . . .”

Jocelyn’s Favourite Tech:

JA: “. . . one of the things that isn’t really a centerpiece, but it is [important], is the medical practice of replacing limbs with robotic prosthetics. In *Star Wars*, Luke gets a new hand and the implications for being able to have a robotic appendage that does everything that your original appendage did . . . it’s huge for people who have an accident or are born with something [missing].”

MN: “Vader is like 60% robotic. And Darth Maul has robo-spider legs!”

JM: “That is something that I can actually really see in our own technology because all prosthetic limbs are becoming more and more advanced as time goes on. . .

JA: “. . . It is something that we as a society have been working towards. . .”

AB: “So, what do you think of the aesthetic choice that they are never camouflaged as real limbs. They are robot arms?”

JA: “They aren’t necessarily. In the originals, Luke’s looked like a hand. It is almost funny because they almost go backwards in technology . . . [considering Luke’s hand in the new trilogy.]”

MN: “I think that maybe says something about Luke’s hermity-ness. At one point he had to give up that obsession with that since it was anti-Jedi to obsess over it and had to release it.”

AB: “I was just wondering if that kind of aesthetic preference played into the universe-building. The fact that some people might show off their robotic arms because they are into tech . . . Or maybe they cobbled their arm together themselves out of spare parts because everyone is a pretty good mechanic, or there are a lot of them around.”

JA: "Well in *Star Wars*, there is definitely a hierarchy... In *Star Wars*, having a limb that is robotic but doesn't look robotic would probably be a mark of prestige. You would probably have to pay way more for that than something that looks like a robot arm... I just think it is a really cool extension of the prosthetic idea."

There was after this, of course, a discussion of the future of the franchise, now to be helmed by the directors of *Game of Thrones*:

MN: "[They] are just going to give us super angry space sex."

JM: "I don't think so... because *Star Wars* is almost for kids now..."

AB: "You don't think they would do a spin-off R-rated..."

MN: "Jabba the Hutt story?"

AB: "I don't want to see an R-rated Jabba the Hutt Story."

The discussion predictably degraded to whining about George Lucas:

JM: "... I haven't seen them [the original trilogy] since they have been remastered and maybe I should."

MN: "No, No, No, No! [The original is] still, so much better than all of the random explosions that Lucas put in later that just don't look riight."

JM: "So he didn't remaster, he added?"

AB: "Apparently George Lucas cut the physical film, so that is why Disney can't just put out a release or rescan the original film... when he was doing those edits he cut the film. So they could cobble something together, but I don't think they have everything."

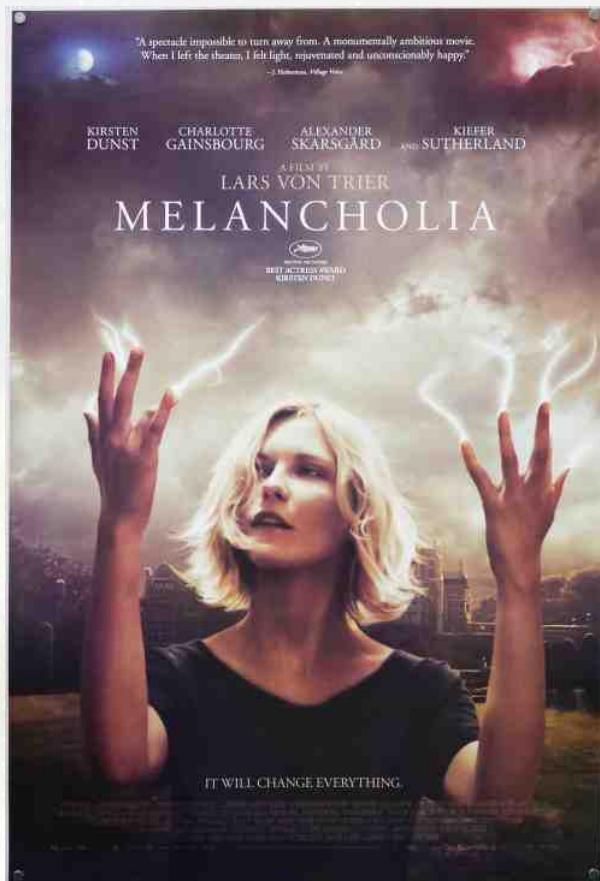
JA: "Oh my God..."

RP: "Uhh, that would be so frustrating."

JM: "It would be sooo frustrating!"

MN: "Just like what he has done with Indiana Jones!"

Rachel was, thankfully, able to bring us back to the realm of philosophical discussion. Her favourite sci-fi movie is *Melancholia*.



RP: "It's a sci-fi film that doesn't really care that it's sci-fi... more of a character exploration than a tech exploration. It's kind of broken into three big portions; there's an opening, surrealist, slow-motion scene that sort of lays out the whole film for you. It's really beautiful and colourful. The next part is a wedding. The final part is people waiting for the planet Melancholia to come and hit Earth. All of this is from the perspective of Kirsten Dunst's character, a very depressed woman. It's exploring how she reacts to these different things. Her wedding is this grand \$100,000 affair, but she's just sad and ends up completely fucking over her life and torching her wedding because she can't enjoy it... But then you go into the other half of the movie, where everybody is waiting for Melancholia to hit the planet and she's very calm in this situation, and it's exploring how depressed people can't handle things like their wedding, where they have to perform... but in a situation where the world's ending because another planet's about to hit it, you can be more calm and more accepting of the situation. The director made this film because he was exploring his own depression, where he found he felt very calm in crisis situations."

AB: "I thought I had heard something about depressed people being an evolutionary adaptation to crisis and stress, because they're better under stress than in day-to-day life."

RP: “That makes a lot of sense. And I think the film really captures that. It’s kind of more of an arthouse film, but it’s very very good.”

JA: “The impression that I got at the end was that it was very symbolic.”

RP: “Symbolic of the course of depression. The main character was fully embracing her death as the planet hits Earth. Kind of spoilery, but again, the opening sequence runs through the whole movie in slow-motion, so you’ll see it all in sort of a surrealist opening sequence from beginning to end, and then you actually watch the film.”

Rachel’s favorite tech:

RP: “You know *Inspector Gadget*, made in the 80s? I used to love that show. Did anyone else think that Penny’s computer book was like the most awesome fucking shit ever? I saw that thing, and I was so jealous all the time. I even made my own computer book out of like, construction paper. . . Now we have iPads and phones, we basically have the computer book. She had video calls, she had a GPS system, she could look up anything. It was the coolest shit ever, and now we have it. . .”

AB: “. . . being able to look up anything on the internet is probably one of the most amazing superpowers we’ve ever developed as humans.”

RP: “It’s completely changed society, and how we operate.”

RP: “To that point, some people actually say we’re kind of already becoming cyborgs in a way, by having a phone all the time, and being able to externally augment your brain. The phone manages memory, the phone manages information. We’re sort of a disconnected cyborg if we use our phone all the time, every day.”

JA: “We had a friend down the street who was paralysed completely except for his face, so he could twitch parts of his face, and move his eyes. . . This was 10-15 years ago that he got a computer, and he could communicate, finally because he could use his eye movement to operate a computer, which was huge.”

AB: “Do you think it would be too invasive to take this to the next logical step, which is that Google, or something like it, listens to your conversation and fact-checks your statements as you make them, for example.”

RP: “Oh my gosh, so you know in real time if you’re saying something wrong?”

AB: [smooth voice] “Actually, Rachel, that is not correct.”

JM: “But, if you’re lying on purpose, and Google is in your head, being like “this is incorrect, this is incorrect” you would [want to] yell, ‘SHUT UP GOOGLE!’”

RP: “I think it’s more like, someone’s talking to you, and Google is fact-checking, and giving you a live feed of what they’re saying, and whether it’s bullshit. Totally an app I would get.”

AB: “Obviously you’d set filters, like, work time I want a fairly high filter, because I want to know if what I’m saying to my co-workers is correct.”

RP: “So you’re saying you can somehow think it to Google, and then they’ll fact-check it before you say it?”

JM: “I don’t want Google to know what I’m thinking.”

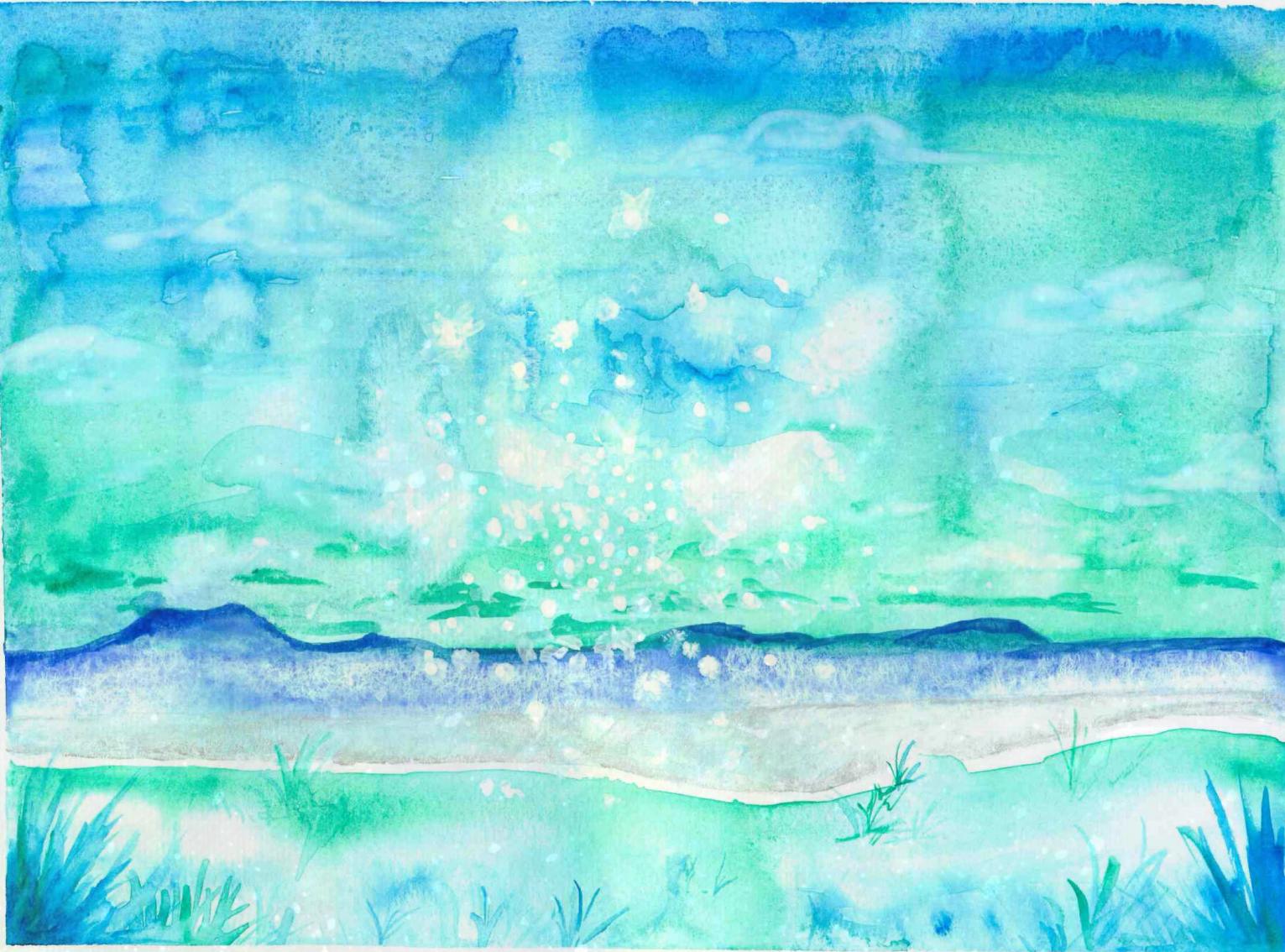
JA: “Yeah, that’s really scary, actually!”

AB: “. . . I don’t think anyone’s comfortable with Google listening to their thoughts.”

RP: “You know how they used to have that slogan “Don’t Be Evil”, they dropped that a few years ago.”

JA: “They can’t say now that they’re not trying to take over the world.”

Which, was one of the conclusions of this conversation. Mainly however, we have decided that *Star Trek* is the perfect universe. But a few of us still wouldn’t get into one of those goddamn transporters, no matter *how* perfect their matter re-assembly might seem.



Original watercolour by Jocelyn Anderson

PROJECT CHRYSOPOEIA

Excerpts from Expeditionary Journals and Personal Records:
The Designer

by Ariadne Bissett



As we round the edge of a silver lake as yet unnamed, under skies of rippling turquoise, the sparse clouds churn in low-hanging mist just over the silver liquid below and seem to drip and bleed into its basin. Our tiny forms skim the lake and we scoop up minute samples of the liquid. We fly in formation through the shining morning.

We delve below, to a sulphurous cavern full of luminescent fungi deep in a gas pocket beneath the lake, analyzing the composition of both the air and the fungi.

As we also investigate flowers lazily on the eastern shore, inhaling their surprisingly heavy perfumes slowly, and indulgently.

As the upper atmosphere clouds frost over some of our small bodies. We come to our conclusion.

I wish to see it as a whole for myself. A whirlwind of creatures coalesces solidly into feet, arms, and a face which recognise an identity of unity, but I maintain a lack of density disparate enough to hover and wave above the lake's shimmering surface for a moment, as my sense of wholeness reasserts itself. I reach out. A few of the apidae - the amorphous bots, able to combine or divide down to nanobot level - which carry me to the innermost and outermost reaches of the planet, linger and resist. Tiny fragments of my consciousness still dawdle idly in flowers, others in sampling the soil in minute bites. I let the curious agents roam for a while, being reluctant to pull them away prematurely. Finally, I pull myself together completely, sinking slowly into the silver liquid as my increasing density pulls me down. All the memories of my apidae then merge into my own instantaneously.

I can only ever see it once; the moment in which all of the experiences my tiny bots have recorded while exploring this new planet converge instantaneously. It is remarkable. In a moment, I have my professional evaluation of this planet, but I also have all of its secrets, both lovely and terrifying. I take a moment to skim through the seemingly endless images, smells, chemical compositions. I am a dreamer, flying limitlessly and instantaneously to any landscape. Within the secret corners of this planet, I dream.

A scream - like young children crying - pulls me out of the moment.

Mammalian-looking hovering things swoop inches over my head, screaming once more. Less like a dreamwalker now, more of a wary explorer, I wander a bit, listening to the glassy and surprisingly warm gunmetal grey sand clink and clatter loudly beneath my feet. I place first one foot then another, hearing every footprint echo, seemingly to the horizon. I realise that what startled me most was not the scream of the flying creatures, but the break in the unusual silence I had waded into. It takes me a moment to place what I had been expecting, and what is missing. The liquid adjoining the shore is silver and completely silent as it waves and shivers. It's thicker and slower than water. I lean over, my face close enough to it to ascertain that my image reflects in the shining surface almost as clearly as a mirror. The shape the bots take is an approximation of my original form, located somewhere billions of kilometres away. When I lived on Earth, it was trendy to try on a few different faces and shapes, as well as identities, as a person matured and changed. Feel free to try on a name, a face, an ideology, soon to shed that self and try on another, and another. Like a choreographed quick-change routine through a clothes bazaar. Others refused to talk about selves at all, picturing their consciousnesses melding with, bleeding into anything, everything; living without even the most basic of boundaries between body, mind, and the outside world. The experience of literally allowing my consciousness to dissolve into billions of hive-minded fragments wasn't initially something I sought out as a philosophical experiment, but my work has served to broaden my mind. As you dissipate, your identity becomes our identity, and distractions simply melt away. Or, I suppose, it might be more accurate to say that every part of you is distracted, but that since they are all able to break away from the whole, they are free to follow their own natural inclinations.



Suddenly, I'm looking into my face. Younger though.
“Miss D, forgive me,” says the figure.
I sigh inwardly. “Yes, Alice?”
“The director needs a word.”
I nod. “Say that I’ll be in presently.”
“Certainly, boss.” Alice winks out of existence.
I look once more at the bright silver hills and close my eyes.

And open my eyes. My vision is a mess. The person who designed the lighting on this space station should be locked up in a small cell with only this exact light to keep them company. My head aches. It only gets worse at the sight of the director, Wendy.

“Good . . . evening, Wendy?”

“Afternoon. The next afternoon after the one you likely think it is. You know that joyriding for that long could fry your brain?”

I nod. “I calculated the stats on that.”

“If you weren’t brilliant, D, I would never believe we were related. What’s the ruling of your little . . . creatures?

“I was about to send a full report. As you have reminded me in the past, a full and accurate account of the data--”

“Will you just . . . This is the last planet in this system, *our* last chance before someone seriously examines our resource allocation.”

“The apidae are . . . optimistic,” I smile. Wendy practically collapses with relief.

“We’ve done it,” she says.

“Not yet,” I counter. “We need to trigger a few changes. We need to integrate some more useful species for the colonists. Otherwise life will be a bit of a bummer for our charges.”

“That is immensely risky. You could throw the whole balance of the ecosystem out of alignment.”

I smile. “Humans are no longer barbarians, randomly eating the tastiest animal around out of existence. We understand every aspect of the symbiosis of this planet. I won’t screw it up. They don’t call me The Designer for nothing.” I cringe, but inwardly. Wendy likes titles.

“You *can’t* screw it up or we are done for, and your ‘apidae’ are searching desolate planets for profitable minerals. *Without* you.”

“Alice can get started soon. She can monitor the apidae planet-side and oversee the conversions. The environment will be ready by the time the colonists get there. I’ll get you a list of changes.”

“Transmit when the plan is in place,” said The Director. She was about to leave, then turned back. “Dorothy,” she looked worried, “we’re together in this, aren’t we?”

“Always,” I say. “I couldn’t have done it without you.”

She almost smiles. Then she leaves my office.

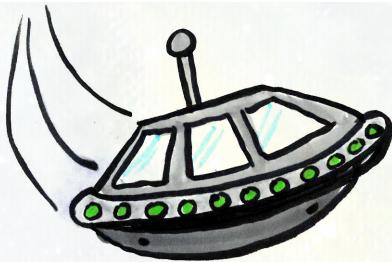
As soon as Wendy is gone, I close my eyes.

We are floating above a silver hill. The sun is dazzlingly bright as it sinks lower on the horizon. The shining, semi-translucent moss radiates with reflected green light in all directions. The apidae sing a greeting inside my head. It’s a bit like being greeted by a litter of puppies.

“Alice,” I call.

“We have work to do?” She smiles, suddenly existing in the air beside me.
“I think we have work to do.”





Learn to Code: The Day the Prairies got Tourists

by Rachel Popa

The problem:

It has been six weeks since aliens touched down on a farm in Saskatchewan and made peaceful contact with us. A group of linguistics specialists have deciphered a set of transmissions from the visitors and found that they are in English, but encoded. After hearing about how much help you were in solving the University of Regina's prairie dog problem, they have decided to hire you. The specialists have provided you with the rules for decoding the messages and have asked you to write a program that can both encode and decode these messages to facilitate faster communication with the aliens.

Encoding Rules:

1. Reverse the order of the characters in the message, including punctuation.
2. Replace each letter with the letter that is ten positions after it, maintaining case.

Example:

A \Rightarrow K
a \Rightarrow k
F \Rightarrow P
x \Rightarrow h

3. Swap the case of every second letter, ignoring punctuation and spaces.

Example: "The red rabbit." \Rightarrow "THe ReD rAbBiT."

4. Individually reverse each space-separated word in the message, including punctuation.

Example: "The red rabbit." \Rightarrow "ehT der .tibbar"

5. Add a dash between every set of three characters, including spaces and punctuation as characters. The final set can also be made up of one or two characters.

Example: "The red rabbit." \Rightarrow "The- re-d r-abb-it."

6. Swap the position of every second character group with the group that precedes it. Do not lose track of blank characters.

Example: "The- re-d r-abb-it." \Rightarrow "re-The-abb-d r-it."

Note: Reverse this process to decode messages.



This is a series of simple self-guided programming assignments that beginners should be able to complete. If you have never written a line of code in your life, start by googling "hello world tutorial" and pick one of the many free introductory courses available online. Please email your submissions, suggestions, or questions to rachel@dejavisite.ca



Your mission:

Write a program that:

1. Prompts the user to select whether they want to encode or decode a message.
2. Prompts the user for their selected type of message.
3. Runs encoding/decoding on the message.
4. Prints the result to the console for the user.

Example messages:

- “We come in peace.” \Leftrightarrow “Mo.-zOk- mY- sX-GO-wO ”
- “Give us your grain.” \Leftrightarrow “Sx.-qBk-eB - iY-QSf-eC -O”
- “We are not from Mars.” \Leftrightarrow “c. -wkB-w x-PbY-KbO-Yd - go”
- Secret message to decode: “kCo-ZvO-YyX-. w-Xo,-cRs-oG - lB-RyG-dY - cr- Ec-Yg”

Concepts to research:

Understanding the following terms will help you complete the assignment. If anything here is unfamiliar, you should read up on it and learn how to implement it before you begin:

Printing to the console, reading input from the console, variable, string, character, integer, if statement, for loop / while loop, constant, function, array.

Bonus: Look into writing this program with a UI if you are bored of console puzzles and looking for a challenge.

Languages / Environments:

Use whichever editor and programming language you feel comfortable in or are interested in learning. If you don't know where to begin, here are a few suggestions.

Text editors: *Visual Studio Code, Atom, Sublime Text, Vi, Emacs, Notepad++*

Languages/Environments:

- Python in a terminal
- JavaScript with NodeJS
- Java with IntelliJ or Eclipse
- Swift within a playground in XCode



THRICE FATED: THE TRIAD GODDESSES OF FATE AND DESTINY

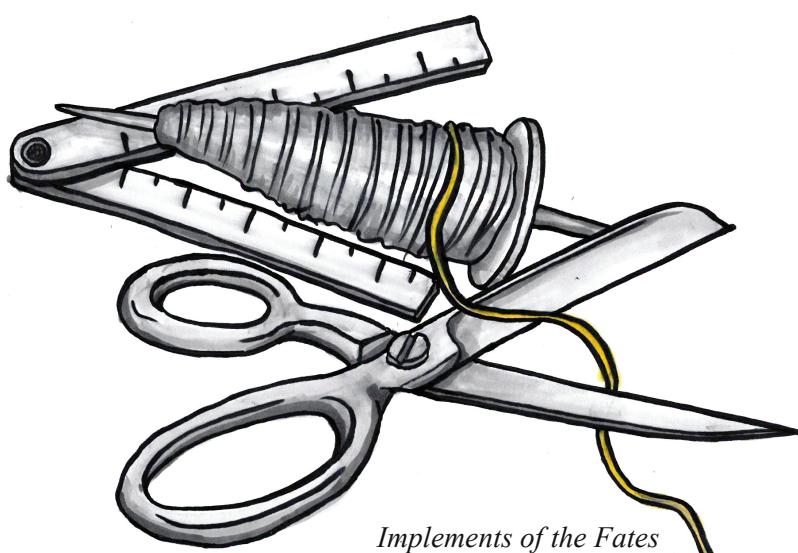
BY MEGAN NEGRYCH

Mythology has a rather intriguing way of mirroring itself across vast landscapes of time and place. Common tropes emerge over and over again which serve to establish the deep connectedness of the human experience, and explain or offer guidance in matters that, at the given time, could not be explained in other ways. More often than not these tropes can be easily identified; a god/goddess goes underground and the world is made dark and cold until they return, or a normal mortal must travel to the underworld and follow a very specific set of rules or face dire consequences.

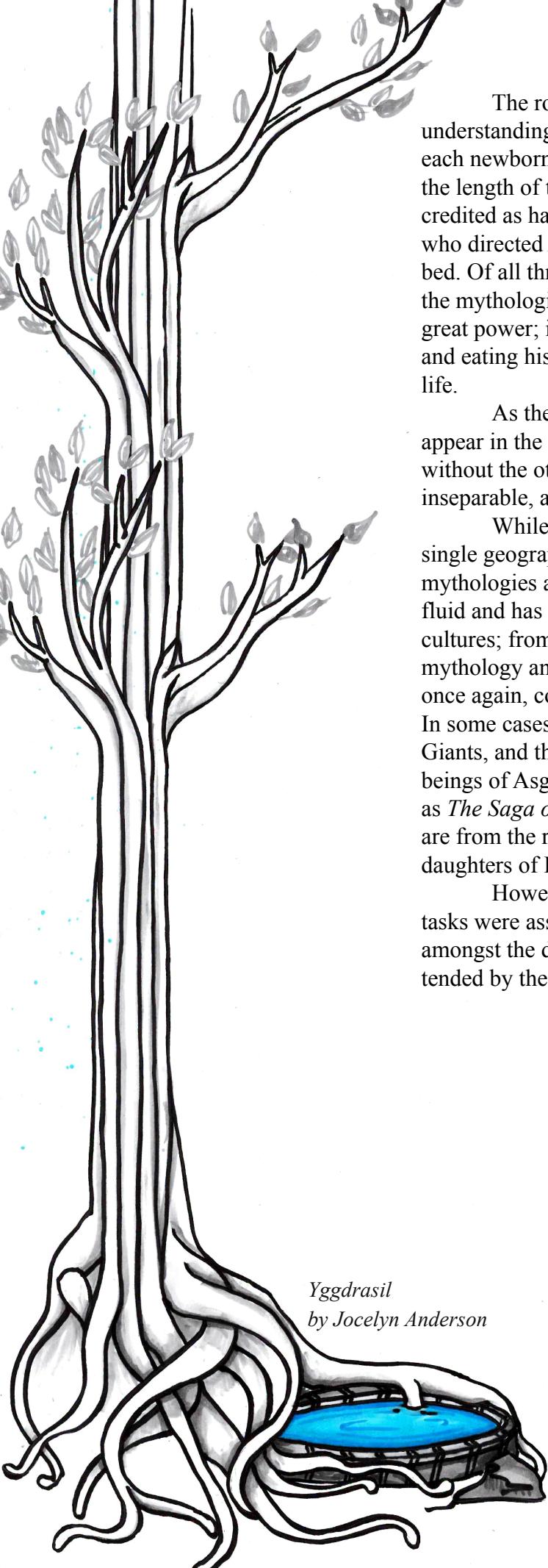
One of the most interesting of these mythological themes is that of the triple entity. In most world mythologies there is at least one, if not more, triad of powerful beings who are always working in concert. The most interesting of these triads are the triple goddesses who have been assigned, or take on, the mantle of guiding and doling out the fate and destiny of mortals. In the following exploration, we will examine three such triads, each manifesting in a somewhat unique way, but all presiding over the fates of the living. The first will be the most well known of the triple goddesses: the *Moirai*, or the Fates, are an immovable grouping of three, or “Only Three”; the Norns of the Norse tradition, the “Three of Many”, goddesses who are part of a larger group but who stand out as having a singular shared responsibility; and finally, the *Morrígnas*, or the Morrígan from Irish myth, who is the “Three Made One”, a group of three sister goddesses who function as a single unit and can, at times, be interchangeable.

Arguably the most well known of the triads are the Greek Fates, or the *Moirai* (literally the ‘apportioners’). Often portrayed as a trio of old women robed in white (according to Disney’s *Hercules*, they only have one eye between them, though this is an error, as it is the Graeae, or Grey Sisters, who share one eye and one tooth between the three), they are the weavers of the tapestry of life. While there are many tales of the feats of the gods and Greek heroes, the Fates very rarely stand on their own. This is because they are a necessity of the universe; they do not need to perform feats of strength or cunning or make a great show of their powers so as to be feared and respected. The Three Fates are at the beginning and end of all life, and there are no others like them who share their responsibility in the Greek pantheon.

As with many myths, the origin of the Fates is somewhat vague; either they are daughters of Nyx (Night), the goddess born of primordial chaos, and sisters to Thanatos (Death), or they are born from Zeus’ union with the titan Themis (Divine Order). In yet other interpretations of the cosmogony, such as Plato’s *The Republic*, they are daughters of Ananke (Necessity). The first, Clotho (the spinner) is responsible for creating the thread of life, often depicted with distaff and spindle at the beginning of the cycle of life. As she is the spinner, Clotho is also thought to be the maker of all major decisions; it is she who chooses who will be born. Next is Lachesis (allotter), who measures out each thread of life and determines the destiny of all living beings with her rod. Finally is Atropos (unturning/inevitable), usually the most feared of the Fates and the one most often depicted as being the oldest. Atropos is the assignor of death and uses her shears to snip each thread at the end of life. She is also responsible for choosing the manner of death of each individual. Together, the Fates then assign punishment to be doled out by the Furies, as they alone know the full course of the life of each living being in the universe. There are also debates about the extent of the power that the Fates wield; some schools say that they are led by Zeus in their purpose, but the more popular and enduring belief is that even he must bow down to the power and decrees of the Fates.



Implements of the Fates
by Jocelyn Anderson



The role of the Fates is paramount to the ancient Greek understanding of the world. As assignors of destiny and fate, they appear to each newborn days after their birth to determine the course of their fate and the length of their life. They even have power over the gods; Clotho is often credited as having worked with Hermes to create the alphabet, or as the one who directed Aphrodite in her arduous escapades outside of her marriage bed. Of all three Fates, it is Clotho who tends to stand out the most within the mythologies associated with the Fates, as she is also believed to have great power; in the tale of Tantalus, who is punished by the gods for cooking and eating his son Pelops, it is Clotho who steps in and bring Pelops back to life.

As the “Only Three” among the goddesses examined, they always appear in the same order, always grouped together, and rarely function without the others of their triad. Even though they are individuals, they are inseparable, and play very distinct roles in controlling fate and the universe.

While Ancient Greek myth is largely comprised of tales from a single geographical region, it can be said that one of the most diverse set of mythologies are those attributed to the Norse. The pantheon of the *Æsir* is fluid and has been interpreted many times by a great many diverging cultures; from Finland to Iceland, and down to Denmark, each refined the mythology and the cosmology to suit their individual culture. There are, once again, conflicting stories of how the Norns, or the Nornir, came to be. In some cases, they are said to have come from Jotunheim, the place of Frost Giants, and that they are thus different from all others among the *Æsir* (the beings of Asgard, such as Thor, Freya, and Heimdall). In other sources, such as *The Saga of The Volsungs*, they are said to be “many and sundry. Some are from the race of *Æsir*, some are from the race of elves, and some of the daughters of Dvalin [a dwarf].”¹

However, all sources agree that it was to the Norns that two major tasks were assigned. In all of the Northern mythos, there is a constant amongst the diverging stories; the great ash tree of life, Yggdrasil, is always tended by the Three Norns, Verðandi, Urð, and Skuld:

Thence Come Maidens
Much Knowing
Three from the hall
Which under that tree [Yggdrasil] stands;
Urð hight the One (Urð is one named),
The Second Verðandi (Verðandi the next),
On a tablet they graved (On the wood they scored),
Skuld the Third,
Laws they established (Laws they made there),
(and) Life allotted
To the Sons of men,
Destinies pronounced.²

Yggdrasil
by Jocelyn Anderson

Despite that they are always chiefly referred to as the Norns, they are merely three out of a group of many, though all others are not given singular or independent names or identities. Much like the Fates, each has a name associated with the task they undertake. Verðandi, the youngest of the Norns, is named for “What is coming to be”; Urð or Urðr is “What once was”, and is the most revered of the three; Skuld, who is sometimes referred to as “The Future”, or more accurately as “Obligation”, is the most feared of all, and is the maker of all significant points of life.

Similar to the Fates, the Norns are also responsible for visiting newborns and doling out markers of destiny, though it is argued that these Norns and the ones who tend to Yggdrasil at the Well of Urð are not the same, as they are never directly referred to in text. In many instances, a hero or a challenger will state that the Norns had visited them. These instances occur as either good or bad omens. For example, when Helgi was visited, they foretold that he would be “the most famous of all kings”,³ while a son of Odin, Andvair, who was caught by Loki while in the shape of a pike, states that “a wretched Norn/ Destined in ancient days/ That I should wade in water.”⁴ They do not measure the length of life or hold direct power over birth and death, so much as assign or denote expectations for the destinies of individuals. Sometimes it is said that they speak prophecy and ordain destiny by carving runes into the trunk of the Tree of Life, and that it is thanks to their arrival in Asgard that the bliss of the gods ended, and mankind was able to thrive and grow in Midgard. As the “Three of Many”, the three principal Norns stand out from the rest, as they are the only ones ever to be directly named, the only ones given a unique task, that of watering and guarding Yggdrasil, and are the only ones to which the power to assign destiny is given.

It is odd that, much like in the Greek myths, one Norn tends to stand out as having a stronger influence. Skuld, the most feared of the Norns, is also assigned an important role in warfare; as governor of obligation or necessity, Skuld rides with the valkyries Gunn and Rota at Odin’s side during battle, and “[chooses] the slain and to decide the outcome of a battle.”⁵ Sometimes she is even depicted as being a valkyrie,⁶ or carrying a shield into battle.⁷

This brings us to the third major goddess triad, the Irish *Morrigna*, the “Three Made One”. They play a role that sets them apart from the other two triads explored; they are predominantly goddesses of war and battle. There is some variation

in the composition of the group, but it is largely understood that they are three sister goddesses, each with a slightly different function when it comes to war. Aside from being featured quite prominently in some of the famous cycles of Ireland, the *Morrigna* also appear frequently in the mythology; their triple goddess relationship is mirrored by the earth goddesses for which the provinces of Ireland are named.⁸

To understand the *Morrigna*, it must first be clarified that *Morrigna* is just the plural form of Morrígan. Morrígan is the chief among these Irish war goddesses, often called the Phantom Queen or Great Queen. It is Morrígan who foretells the fate of warriors on the field of battle, often appearing to them in dreams, or seen washing their armor or chariots (an ill omen for any warrior before heading into battle, and a sign that he will most likely die shortly). As the chief goddess of war, she is one of the more aggressive members of the trio, and all deaths that she ordains on the battlefield are violent. The destinies she oversees are those of warriors exclusively. In the Ulster Cycle, one of the chief tales in Irish mythology, it is Morrígan who appears to the hero Cú Chulainn and seems to follow him through his entire life. He first meets her when she appears as a young woman guiding cattle through a pasture in his territory, and he does not recognize her. When she offers her aid he turns her away, and she vows to return to him on the battlefield, imparting that she will be there on the field when he dies, overseeing his fate: “It is at the guarding of thy death I am; and I shall be.”⁹



Badb on the Shield
by Jocelyn Anderson

While the Morrígan is the most notable figure, the triad would not be complete without two other, fairly distinct, members. The first is Badb, (often referred to as the *Badb Catha* or Battle Crow), who typically comes to the field of war in the form of a massive crow with red eyes. Her role within the triad is that of the bringer of fear and confusion, and much of the time, her appearance is made to show that the tide of battle is turning, as she tends to shift the battle in favour of her chosen side. The appearance of the Badb signals a major notable death, and the sheer extent of the carnage to come: “... the Badb/ the raven ravenous/ among corpses of men/ affliction and outcry/ and war everlasting.”¹⁰ In times of war, it is also said that the mounds of corpses created is a “circle a Badb”, such as when Cú Chulainn single-handedly decimates the forces sent against Ulster by Queen Medb.¹¹ As the crow, her cry over the war field is what instills fear, and it is said to resemble the wailing of the bean sídhe (banshee).

The third member of the *Morrígnna* is Nemain; she is the embodiment of chaos and havoc. In *The Táin (Táin Bó Cuailnge)*, her appearance causes men to kill themselves due to fear at least twice: “Then the Nemain stirred the armies to confusion. The weapons and spear-points of the four armed provinces of Ireland shook with panic. One hundred warriors fell dead of fright and terror that night in the heart of the guarded camp,”¹² and “The Nemain brought confusion on the armies and a hundred of their number fell dead.”¹³ Sometimes this third position in the triad is held by the goddess Anand, who is somewhat less volatile than the others, or Macha, who is attributed as being a dominator, and a warrior on the field. Anytime the texts mention “The Mast of Macha”, they are referring to a pile of severed heads of slaughtered warriors. While there are three distinct goddesses linked to the *Morrígnna*, the most predominant aspect of the triad is Morrígan herself; often when the Morrígan is mentioned, it is with the understanding that the remaining two goddesses, whichever they are, are acting under her power.

As with many things, over time the appearances and influence of these varied goddesses changed; some cultures would see them shift from proclaimers of destiny and fate to taking on roles of evil hags and witches that actively sought to bring suffering and misfortune upon mortal men. Despite this, their importance in their original assigned roles cannot be forgotten or set aside.

As with most mythology and mythical figures, the goddess triad has seen reemergence in popular culture. In *With a Tangled Skein*, a novel by Piers Anthony in his *Incarnations of Immortality* series, the Fates are said to be three women who have been chosen to play their roles as the deciders of fate and the weavers of tapestry, watching over the world to see where Satan is trying to unravel everything. In this incarnation, the Fates are separated by the common trope of age; Clotho is young and beautiful, Lachesis is a mother with grown children, and Atropos is an old woman near her end. They all inhabit a single body and emerge to take control, as each is needed to act to influence the world in the war between God and the Devil.

In Image Comics’ *The Wicked + The Divine*, readers see both the Morrígan and the Norns. True to form, The Morrígan is one woman who shifts between three personalities and forms; Anand or Quiet Annie, the healer and somewhat broken member of the trio, the Morrígan, a crow-feather clad rocker with an attitude, and Badb, a flame-haired fire-starter who is just waiting to smash some heads. We see Morrígan and Badb emerge as more dominating personalities, taking control where they can, and often being called on to step in and change the course of fights. The Norns, conversely, are lead by Urðr, and are skeptical of all the other gods and their powers and do everything they can to research and know all.

It is clear that these triad goddesses played major roles within their respective pantheons and the associated cultural mythos. Across these three mythologies, it is very interesting to note that aside from being proclaimers of destiny or allotters of fate, these triads are also largely depicted as performing womanly tasks; the Fates weave, the Norns tend to the trees and the well-being of all, and even the Morrígan allots death through the washing of armor. What this says about the understanding or power of a woman's role in the given society is manyfold, and would require a much larger, more detailed examination of the various source texts. It can be said that as deciders of fate and destiny, and as figures charged with such important duties in the lives of all gods and mortals, these Goddess Triads serve an important role in providing an understanding of the way in which their respective cultures shaped and understood the world around them.

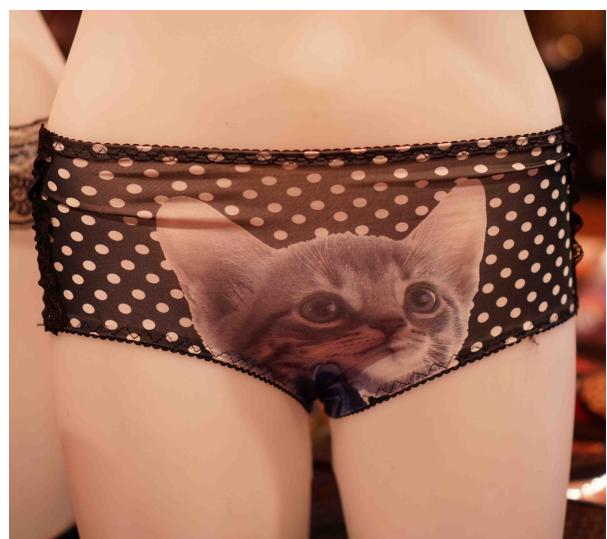


TABOO IN REGINA

BY RACHEL POPA

Taboo, that which we are forbidden to speak about. It encompasses subjects that may awkwardly silence a party or provoke a fight. I attended the *Regina Taboo Show* on February 23rd at the Conexus Art Centre in order to uncover what a trade show related to the culturally prohibited would entail for our city. Would there be a panel on the etiquette of discussing property lines with your avid gardener of a neighbour, or maybe how to navigate life in Saskatchewan if you're not really into football? I've been known to blurt out a sentence or two, only to notice awkward shifting eyes as each person in the room makes eye contact with anyone else but me, oops...

Upon entry I gazed out at the main area of the show, in awe of the lights shining above all of the morally forbidden wares for sale. No longer would I have to meet up with a shadowy figure behind the movie theatre, or correctly time an Amazon purchase, in order to indulge in the culturally unacceptable. I am here with my untraceable crumpled fives, *Taboo*!



Wear these proudly cat owners!

However, as I started making my way along the stalls, I became confused. Where were the seminars on telling your fixed-income grandmother she needs to cut back on her textile spending? No book of conversation-ending excuses to get yourself out of babysitting a kid you don't like? I wasn't even able to find a poster of the characters from Heroes in season two (What? I really like Kristen Bell). Nothing I saw made any sense to me, until I started to look closer and pieced together the evidence.

Cats were a common theme at the event; at almost every shop stand you could find items that either depicted them or referred to them, such as the underwear and mug pictured here. I'm personally allergic and I know that some people have strong feelings about their impact on local ecosystems, but I had no idea they were considered taboo. There were numerous products targeted towards cat owners and their partners. I don't own a cat, so I wasn't interested, but I did learn a great deal about the creatures. Did you know they like to be coated in warming gels? I would have thought that would be bad for a cat.

Medieval instruments of torture were one of the more shocking things I saw at *Taboo*, as they were brazenly laid out on display for sale. Personally, this is a subject that I believe should stay forbidden, as torture is not conducive to creating or maintaining a progressive society. I am appalled that there is a fringe group of people in Saskatchewan who want to see these barbaric methods of punishment brought back into mainstream use; the Sask Party needs to take a stand on this. Whips, paddles, racks, and painful looking leather restraints are in no way acceptable for use in our justice system! I couldn't believe that they had these devices out in the open like that, but I had to accept that coming to *Taboo* might leave me offended, so I pressed on and managed to complete my circuit of the event.

I ended up purchasing two rather oblong dog toys, a mystery bag, and some gel for my aunt's cats, then I got out of there. All in all, the experience was enlightening and made me realize that your cultural subgroup within Saskatchewan can really affect what is considered taboo. While cats are fair game in my group of friends, it seems that others find them offensive. I highly recommend the event for anyone who is looking to broaden their horizons and experience points of view that may differ from their own. Sometimes it's good to feel offended. I believe I am a little less naive from the experience and plan to attend again next year.



This mug was from a mystery bag I bought, because 55 dollars for a loot bag full of verboten stuff was too good a deal to pass up. I don't own a cat though, so I might gift it to my aunt, as she owns three.



These lovingly handcrafted, unjust instruments of torture are made by Star Creations, based out of Montreal.



Dog toys. I know my dogs can be loud, but I didn't think that made them taboo.

Disclaimer: This is a satirical article. *Taboo... The Naughty but Nice Sex Show* is an annual trade show that runs in various cities across Canada. It is a very sex-positive and entertaining event and well worth attending. Make sure you pick up a mystery bag when you go!



CALORIE WISE RECIPES: BUFFALO CAULIFLOWER BITES!

BY JESSICA MITTEN-MOORE



When I am on a healthy eating kick, I love cauliflower buffalo bites. No, it doesn't completely replace buffalo wings, but not much can. Everyone I know who has tried the bites has thought they are a nice, spicy treat. The recipe I am including is a one or two person appetizer and the entire recipe is only around 200 calories.

Ingredients:

- 1 small head of cauliflower
- 4 tbsp. Franks Red Hot Buffalo Wing Sauce
- 1 tsp. Garlic powder
- 1 tsp. Olive oil
(can be replaced with avocado oil, melted butter, coconut oil)
- ½ tsp. Crushed red chili flakes
- ½ tsp. Hot paprika
- Sea salt to taste

Directions:

Preheat your oven to 400° F (205° C).

1. Wash your cauliflower and break it up into small florets. You can make these any size you want but be aware that if they are quite small they will cook faster. Dry your cauliflower before you bake it.

2. Mix olive oil with the cauliflower. You can do this in a mixing bowl, but I prefer to put the ingredients in a large zip lock bag and shake them around to make sure the ingredients are applied evenly.

3. Once you have mixed the olive oil and the cauliflower, add your spices into the bag or mixing bowl with the florets. The measurements for the spices do not need to be precise; they can all be to taste. If you love garlic, then add more garlic. Also, I know not everyone has hot paprika. I was lucky enough to find Hungarian Style hot paprika at a local shop called Italian Star Deli. You can add regular paprika if you cannot find hot.

4. After all the spices have been mixed in, add the hot sauce. I used Franks Red Hot Buffalo Wing Sauce since I really enjoy it but if you have another hot sauce that you like better, then by all means use that sauce. Also, if you like things very spicy or very saucy then I would suggest adding more than 4 tbsp. of sauce.

5. Mix everything well and spread it all out onto a baking sheet. The cauliflower should be placed in one layer.

6. Bake for 15-20 minutes, depending on how large your florets are.

I like to put one extra tablespoon of hot sauce on the cauliflower once it comes out of the oven. You can serve them with ranch or blue cheese dressing, but I prefer them without. Plate up and eat them while they are hot!



MADILeI MADISON: THE COUP

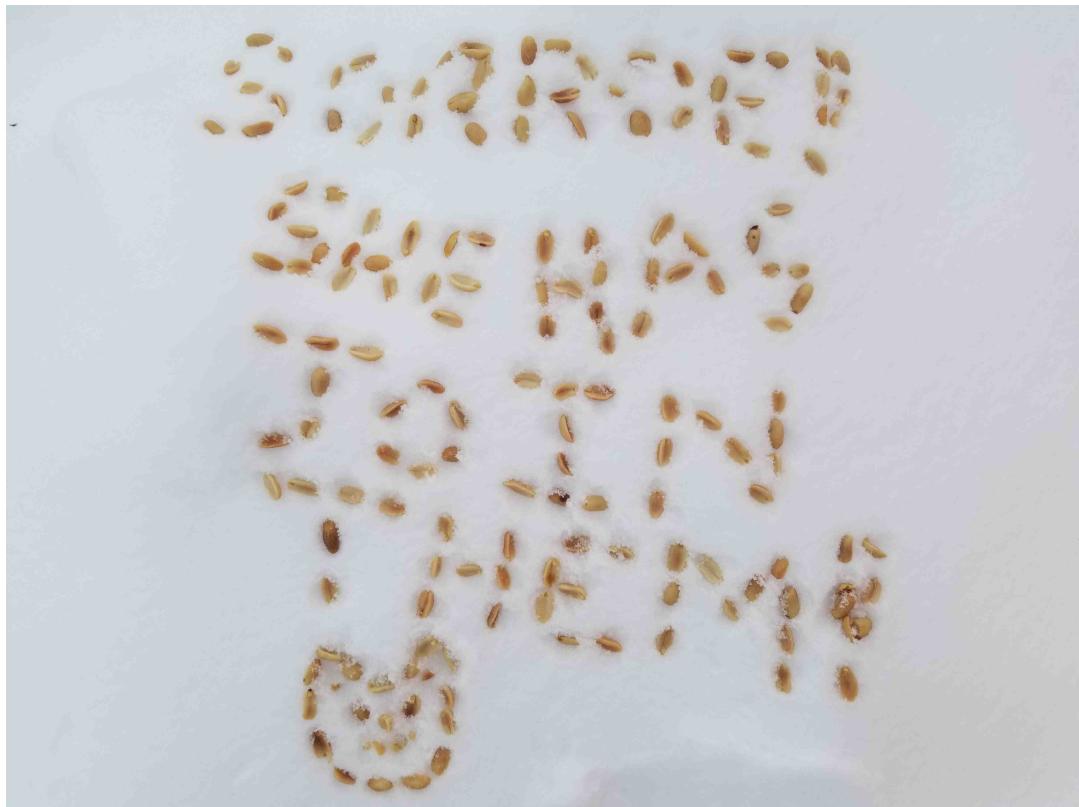
Ariadne BISSETT

Readers may be confused, once again, by this next piece. If you have come here expecting another lifestyle column written by reclusive lifestyle guru MadiLei Madison, you may be disappointed. I find that it is necessary to first recount this strange occurrence from my own life in order to properly explain what has become of her. Hopefully, avid reader, you will forgive this autobiographical intrusion.

When I last had contact with MadiLei Madison, it was at her forest retreat in an undisclosed location many kilometres from populated areas. I had recently attempted to get in contact with her, since her last article with this publication has, sadly, received much positive feedback. I wanted to understand the fascination with this “back to nature” philosophy, which has been so eagerly consumed by our readers. MadiLei had, by all accounts, amassed a significant following of disciples who flocked to her abode, tribute of peanuts in hand for her beady-eyed and quick-to-attack squirrel servants.

However, I found her isolated sod hut almost totally burned to the ground. Shocked, I looked for clues amidst the ashes, finding nothing but shards of poorly baked clay vessels and the putrid smell of inexpertly buried garbage. Thankfully, given the state of the place, there was no one inside. I pressed on with my search and found a strangely untouched woven stick box in what looked like the nest of a small rodent. This assumption was verified as I reached in to retrieve it, when a skinny, ravenous-looking squirrel jumped out onto my chest. Panicking, I cried out. The squirrel screamed back. Then I remembered: my pocket was full of peanuts for just such an eventuality. Tossing them to the ground, I retreated as the emaciated little creature fell on the nuts.

“What the hell happened to you . . . ” I spoke aloud to myself. To my astonishment, the rodent looked up, alert, its nose twitching. Then it began rearranging the nuts into the shapes of letters. Here is a picture of what I saw:



MadiLei's squirrels had always seemed unusually intelligent. Despite the fact that this one had atrocious spelling, this was still fairly unbelievable. I said, "I think that it would be best if you just got out of here. Whatever you're guarding, MadiLei doesn't seem to be coming back for it." The squirrel gave me one last look that, as far as I could tell, might have been sorrowful, gathered several peanuts in its mouth, and scrambled out the window. I felt a bit sad myself. And apprehensive.

My apprehension only increased as I opened the twig box and found it full of wallets, IDs, even a passport. A collection that couldn't bode well. I grabbed the whole box and headed back to my car. I drove to the nearest town with decent Wi-Fi and sat down at a café. I started googling the names on the driver's licenses. To my surprise, no missing persons reports had been filed, and many of the driver's license owners had recent Twitter and Facebook posts. I needed to contact these people. Perhaps they had been among the last to see MadiLei. I sent several messages to a few of the people. The two who returned my missives asked not to be named in this article, and I can certainly understand why, given their experiences. I had chosen those I reached out to based on the recent gaps in their social media presence, which had resumed roughly one week ago. One of the two who answered me had also spoken out on social media against a certain "popular Saskatchewan survivalist". The poster, a man who we will call "Greg", called this person a "fraud" and "nothing but a cult leader after all." upon hearing this, I felt gratified that MadiLei's followers seemed to finally see what I saw in her. However, Greg and, let's call her "Candace", were not amenable to suggestions that they had "woken up" whatsoever. MadiLei had left them.

We met at my favourite coffee shop, though I was the only one who ordered anything. They seemed uncomfortable with the atmosphere; Candace complained about the "enslaved" potted flowers which decorated the table. However, the two were determined to recount their ordeal. They had joined MadiLei's group several months before, seeking "a natural return to nature - free of toxins and mind control", according to Greg.

I asked about his return to social media, given MadiLei's past disdain for the medium. He shook his head; "It takes a lot of detoxing to make up for the screen time I need to spread the word, but it's the only way to reach the opiated masses. As Natural as the squirrel system was, Twitter reaches the people who need to hear our message. It is our burden to bear."

Greg and Candace then recounted to me just why MadiLei's group had broken up. Two weeks ago, she had begun to act "super weird", as Greg put it. "She would just not talk to anybody for hours on end." Par for the course when you put your life in the hands of someone who makes you surrender all means of escape at the door, I thought. But the two insisted that it was strange. "Usually, she never stopped talking," said Candace. "She knew how to naturalize your whole life. She was always telling me how to do everything, which is really all I have ever wanted, I realized." Candace sighed. "Then it all changed."

The horrifying discovery of a dismembered squirrel cast a shadow over the "joyful" tree bark tea hour in which they indulged during the evenings. The squirrel was artfully posed with all the little pieces back in squirrel shape, but . . . two dimensional. Candace drew this on a napkin. I'm not sure how true to life this sketch can possibly be.

As Candace said, death did not horrify MadiLei's disciples, as this is "all part of Nature". But none of the squirrel had been eaten, or used; this was murder.

Greg woke the next morning to find that all of his tree bark rope apparel, including the handwoven bark boxer briefs which had taken him a solid month to craft, had been meticulously shredded and urinated upon. Over the next few days, similar acts of vandalism and "terror" took place. Spoiled and scattered peanuts, "fELINEZ OwN U" scratched on all the meditation rugs, and fur, just everywhere.



During all of this, MadiLei was eerily unresponsive. Her disciples looked to her to lead “The Hunt” to bring “The Justice of the Pack” (don’t ask) to the culprits. But MadiLei was “sleeping long hours throughout the day” and “would just turn away from you and show you her butt when you tried to get her to talk to you,” according to Greg.

“Finally,” said Greg, “she gathered us all together for a speech. She said, ‘I have found the true apex predator. It is not the Wolf, it is not Humankind. My children, it is the Cat. I have vowed to follow the ways of Misspurrfection. My Muse.’ And then this big fat one just lazes on up there looking super happy with itself, the bourgeois fat . . . um . . . cat.”

MadiLei had apparently retrieved all the cars of her disciples, which had been abandoned in the woods. They were ready to drive, and full of cats.

“It was really scary, like that bird show.” said Candace.

“The Birds?” I asked.

“No. I was thinking of Donald Duck. I hated that show as a kid. Some of those cats were like, wearing things - hats and things, but it was just like Donald Duck because none of them were wearing pants. That is super unsettling to me.”

“What happened then?” I asked. Candace and Greg seemed uncomfortable. Then Candace nodded to Greg, “The world needs to know,” he said. “That fraud. She has this latte. I don’t know where she got it from. She says ‘Drink. Drink, children, and know the truth.’” Greg looked close to tears now. “You could see which of the disciples were just her puppets, ready to follow her anywhere, and which were really afraid as they consumed the poisonous caffeine stimulant . . . and changed!”

I felt irrationally self-conscious as I sipped my poisonous caffeine stimulant.

“Most of them went with her,” said Greg, and then Candace began to cry in earnest. “If the squirrels hadn’t saved me . . .” she said. “They knocked it out of my hand just in time . . . and so many paid the price.” I tried to hand her a tissue, but she recoiled in horror, “No thank you . . . They interlace those things with submission-inducing toxins which enter your brain directly when inhaled.”

“Where did all the squirrels go?” I asked, finally.

“They fought for us,” said Candace. “The one that saved me... a cat got her in the end. The squirrels tried to stop us from drinking, but the cats went after them. Some scattered to the woods, some were killed. That’s when the fire started.”

“Who started it?” I asked. Candace shook her head and shrugged. Then Greg began to weep. “It was our sanctuary . . . The horror of this world we returned to!”

At that exclamation, an adorable toddler with ice cream all over her face pointed at Greg and pulled on her father’s sleeve.

“Look at what they do to children here . . . that dairy is seeping its hormones into her face.” The girl’s father, who had possibly heard Greg, gave him a cold look.

Trying to get the conversation back on track, I asked the two to tell me how they had escaped. “We were forced to commandeer one of the Death Machines [cars] to escape. There were just way too many cats . . . I don’t blame the squirrels for fleeing . . . we did,” Candace said.

“So, the two of you have had no contact with MadiLei Madison since?”

Candace looked nervous. “Not entirely . . . I know where she went.” She went on, “Some of the squirrels still look out for her, and they’ll talk to you, if you know how to entice them . . .” She looked at me slyly.

“Is it peanuts?” I asked.

Candace glared at me. “Just look for the ‘School of Feline Patterning’ over in the East end, and you shall find what you seek.” She just stared at me after that, eyes wide. She didn’t blink or move for a solid two minutes. Greg nodded sagely and said nothing. I couldn’t get any response out of the two after that, so I just got up and paid the bill. I looked back at our table and saw that she and Greg were gone, along with the cutlery and potted flower that had decorated the table. Cursing, I paid for those as well. I liked the coffee shop and wanted to be able to go back there.

had something of an answer. Or, I had something, that was for certain. Next, I would try to find MadiLei, and delve the depths of this new and sudden ailuromania.

A SPOILER-FREE LOOK AT SEASON TWO OF JESSICA JONES

BY RACHEL POPA

The second season of Marvel's *Jessica Jones* was just released on Netflix on March 8th. We are coming up on ten years since the release of the first *Iron Man* film, which was around the time when superheroes started dominating our movies and TV shows. Despite the huge amount of superhero media we've seen since then, the selection of shows and films featuring a female lead has been sparse, and of those that dare to cast a woman in the lead role, there is a tendency to keep every other aspect of the project safe by avoiding controversial or risky plotlines. *Jessica Jones* stands out from the crowd because not only does it manage to both feature a woman in the lead and take a ton of risks, it is also one of the best TV shows Marvel has put out. The atmosphere of the show is a sordid noir affair, set in the Marvel universe. It stars Krysten Ritter—known for her roles in *Breaking Bad* and *Don't Trust the B---- in Apartment 23*—as Jessica Jones, a former superhero turned private eye with an alcohol addiction brought on by a traumatic past. If that interests you and you haven't seen season one, stop here and go watch it.

For those who are caught up on the show, prepare for some disappointment if David Tennant's Kilgrave was your main draw. He was a spectacular villain, so rather than try to top him with a new one, the second season is written as more of a scattered character exploration. In some ways this is great, as we get a better picture of most of the side characters, fitting the show's apparent aim to be more about human problems than heroics. I personally found the number of showdowns with Kilgrave to be getting a bit tedious by the end of season one; it felt like one boss fight after another, so the change was welcome. However, without a main villain to focus on, these new episodes can feel disjointed at times.

The main purpose of this season is to take another look into Jessica's past, specifically the stuff that came before Kilgrave; this includes her relationship with her biological and adoptive families, as well as the origin of her powers. In some ways this is frustrating, because my patience for origin stories can only go so far, but for Jessica it makes sense. She is a character borne of trauma, so her past is necessary to get a full understanding of why she is plagued by PTSD and alcoholism. There were also some elements that were too much like a soap opera for my taste, but I had to remind myself that this is a superhero series and not exclusively a noir.

Of the various subplots, I was surprised to find that I really enjoyed Jeri Hogarth's. I didn't think much more could be done with her after she betrayed everyone in season one, but the writers came up with one of the most engaging plotlines in season two just for her. Whether you sympathize with Hogarth or loathe her, you will get something out of seeing her character pushed to the edge this time around. Trish Walker's subplot, by comparison, came off as a bit strange at times.

The best thing I took away from this season is that it seems like Jessica's past is now fully uncovered, so the only direction she can go is forward. I hope we get some truly intricate and gritty writing in season three, full of connecting subplots and "aha!" moments. The potential is there for this to be an amazing superhero-meets-noir show going forward, as long as the writers really nail down their plot elements and focus on the P.I. work. All in all, season two was not quite on the level of season one, but this bumpy ride has me both hopeful and curious about where *Jessica Jones* will go next.



BENDIS
GAYDOS



Serial Bits

The 17th Century: Serialized Fiction Before Serial Fiction

by Megan Negrych

Early serial fiction, that is to say primarily serial fiction published in the 17th century, was very different from the type of serial fiction we have become accustomed to, such as that of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or even Tom Wolfe. Indeed, it is even quite different from what was previously described in our introduction. However, it is very important to look at the precursors to the development of serial fiction as we have come to know it, or be left without a full understanding and appreciation of what it meant for the history of literature.

In the 17th century, serialized fiction took on three forms. The first form was very small pieces published in magazines and periodicals, few of which survived or made a lasting impact. The second form of serialization involved taking larger, pre-existing texts and breaking them down into smaller pieces for publication;¹ this method of serialization would later be reversed, and longer serials would be compiled and published as a single novel. The prime example of this is *Don Quixote* by Cervantes. Originally written as a whole between 1605 and 1615, the famous windmill tilting tale was divided and republished in English periodical publications in the 1670s.² Aside from massive works being republished, a trend that continued into the 18th century, the serial publication game also involved the release of “composite series [.] made up of separate plays by the same individual[s],” such as Otway (1692), Shadwell (1693), and Dryden (1695).³



The third form is what varies the most radically from what we think serial fiction is. Many works of fiction in the 17th century were published as a series; by this I mean that it would take many years for the story to resolve, and along the way the author would release volumes.

The best examples of this are, as far as literary history is concerned, attributed to the French. As prolific works of fiction the French serial novels of the 17th century are some of the longest on record, sometimes taking tens of thousands of pages, and a large number of volumes, before reaching any sort of conclusion. Most notable of these types of serial publications are *L'Astrée*, a pastoral novel published in three parts (1607, 1610, and 1619) by Honoré d'Urfé. This was arguably the most influential romantic *roman* (novel) of the time in France, and even after the death of d'Urfé, subsequent volumes were added to the story (respectively by Balthazar Baro and Pierre Boitel, bringing the final number of volumes to five in 1627). Even more prolific than *L'Astrée* were the ten volumes that comprised *Artamène*, sometimes called *Le Grand Cyrus*, which were published between 1649 and 1653. Written by either Georges de Scudéry, or his sister Madeleine, this is considered to be the longest novel ever written; at almost two million words, it involves a considerable amount of deviation from the main plot, and a massive number of characters, which by this time was falling out of favour with readers of French novel sequences.

While serial fiction did not see its rise to popularity in the 17th century, the works that were produced sowed the seeds for its future success. Between massive works that took years to complete and were released in parts, to the fragmentation and republication of longer stories into more manageable pieces, 17th century literary practice set the stage for the serial fiction trends that would later emerge in the 18th century.

ARTAMENE

OV

LE GRAND CYRVS.

DEDIE

A MADAME LA DVCHESSE
DE LONGVEVILLE.

PAR M^E DE SCUDERY
Gouverneur de Notre Dame de la Garde.

TROISIEME PARTIE.



Imprimé à Rouen, & frappé

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AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROI.

Next time: We dive right into the heart of things with “The True Birth of Serial Fiction in the 18th Century”.



Donny in the Dark: Shadows

by Megan Negrych



Francine's funeral was a tense affair, but it meant that there was a chance to get off work, so many colleagues had taken advantage of that. Of course, they had dabbed at their eyes, sniffled a little, and over their morning coffee had said that it was the right thing to do. She'd been part of the office for so long that it would have seemed disrespectful not to go.

Donny sat awkwardly near the back, fiddling with his tie and buttoning and unbuttoning his coat jacket. Aside from the various and sundry from their floor at the office, it seemed that the turnout was relatively small. Donny noted one grey-haired woman, who must have been Francine's mother or aunt, sitting near the front. She did not seem to be too troubled, but she accepted the comforting pats on her shoulder and engaged in hushed conversation with those around her. Donny figured she must have been putting on a brave face.

Donny did recognize one individual apart from the office masses, and that was Francine's teenage daughter, Helen. He only recognized her because various photographs of her had littered Francine's desk, which he had been charged with packing up for the family in the days following her death. Even Helen looked as if she had better things to do; she sat in the front, playing on her phone, barely looking up. Teenagers were strange, Donny thought, but he could remember himself being equally detached at that age, both emotionless and emotional at all the wrong times.

The eulogy was cut and dry, the pastor who delivered it obviously well-rehearsed in the words. To Donny they seemed to lack the necessary emotion that should follow them, especially given the circumstances. A few of Francine's office friends stood to talk about her; Frank from accounting spoke about how Francine had once played a prank on him by misfiling the department expenditure reports, and how it had taken weeks to solve the puzzle she had created. "What a card, that Francine, playing her April Fools office prank weeks early to catch me when I would least expect it. Good times, good times." Though Frank threw in a tearful laugh, his tone seemed to fluctuate between anger and relief, which was understandable, given how much havoc the prank must have created.

The reception was, to Donny, the most moving portion of the entire affair. Most moving in that it saw most of the people moving to get their hands on the assorted cold cuts, cheeses, and buns that were offered to the grieving friends and relations of the dearly departed. Donny sipped at his own cup of bitter coffee near the door to the room, waiting for the proper moment to leave without causing any gossip. While he and Francine had not been on friendly terms, Donny was not petty enough to try to insult her death by stepping out of line or 'behaving in a manner unbecoming to a senior employee.'

Leaning against the wall, he let himself slip into the background. He attempted to tune out the conversation and reflect on recent events. After the shock of her death had worn off, Ms. Wyner had called him into her office. At first, he had expected to hear the absolute worst, that 'due to the circumstances, we've had to push off the implementation of your idea while we sort through things'. He had known that if those words left her mouth, it would mean that all his work would be indefinitely turfed or shunted off and put into a closet never to be seen again.



"Donny, I just wanted to have a word with you." she had begun, sitting behind her desk and looking at him with sympathy. Donny hated that look; it never meant anything good. "Would you be willing to take on a promotion to fill Francine's position? Until we can go through the proper processes of course, it would only be temporary. With what's happened, we've been left with a hole in our structure. I know, it seems like a callous thing to do at such a time, but we really don't have much of a choice, given the position we're currently in."

Donny had looked at Ms. Wyner in disbelief for all of two minutes, or so it seemed to him, not knowing what to say. If he responded too quickly, would it seem like he was glad that Francine was gone, never to threaten him or breathe down his neck ever again? Should he be pleased with the fact that he was the one they were turning to the moment she was gone, that her death was suddenly the reason for his hard work being rewarded?

Dumbfounded, Donny had explained to her that while he was shocked and saddened by Francine's sudden passing, he would do his best to see that the department would not suffer more than necessary when it came to their work, especially during "this difficult transitional period." The ease with which the words had flowed surprised him, but Donny could not argue that they sounded smooth, confident, caring, and still focused on the task at hand. He had promised to be a steady rudder to steer his colleagues through the sea of turmoil ahead.

Donny snapped out of his reverie as Helen, Francine's daughter, passed by him, stopping to throw her empty plate in the trash as she talked on her phone.

"No, dad. I swear what I told the detective was true. All mom said when she was on the phone before the crash was that someone was looking at her from her back seat. I'm not lying, and if they're telling you that I am, they're the ones who are wrong. They weren't on the phone with her when it happened." Her tone was almost flat, as if she was talking about the death of some fictional character from a trash novel instead of her mother. She seemed more concerned with being called a liar than having been on the phone while her mother crashed.

Both the content of her words and her tone shocked Donny. Were they thinking that someone had actively caused the car to crash? Word at the office, passed down from above, had been that it was a tragic accident, caused by faulty brakes and a car with a very low rollover threshold. Donny quickly finished his coffee, glanced around at the rest of his colleagues, who looked as though they could have been at a convention luncheon instead of a funeral, and left. Suddenly he did not feel like sticking around as Francine's death became a passing topic at her own funeral.

Donny sighed and ran his hands down his face, feeling as if he had aged ten years in a matter of days. It was well after 10PM on a Thursday and he was only then getting through his doorway. He dropped his keys in the bowl by the door and toed off his shoes. He could hear the sound of the shower running in the bathroom, making it obvious that Jenny, his girlfriend, was still home. With an exhausted sigh he took off his messenger bag and jacket, dropped them to the floor near his shoes, and all but dragged himself to the couch to sit down amidst the soft, welcoming cushions.

For the past two weeks, acting in Francine's former position, Donny had to wonder if her whole attitude had been influenced by the sheer stress that she must have been under, working directly beneath Ms. Wyner and managing the entire unit. Donny had always prided himself on being organized, on getting his work done in a timely manner, and he had never in his life had trouble fulfilling those commitments and meeting his own personal standards. However, it certainly seemed as if Ms. Wyner, or Angela as she insisted he call her during their near daily meetings, had no true concept of human limitations. Since stepping up into the offered promotion, Donny had not left the office before 8PM a single night and had even been pulled into impromptu meetings on Saturdays and Sundays that literally dragged on for hours. Other days, just when he was absolutely certain that he had finished a project and was ready to head home, a whole new heap of work would be shuffled into the piles on his desk by Angela, and she would smile, pat his shoulder, and tell him that she expected it all to be in order for their board meeting the next morning. It was a never-ending cycle of work; while he had never been one to complain about his job before, he had been sorely tempted to heave the files onto the floor and walk out by the third time it happened to him.

He was lucky that he was still able to put one foot in front of the other by the end of the day. Just that past Monday, Jenny had to wake him up as he stood at the stove attempting to cook eggs, without having turned the element on. Leaning back into the couch, he closed his eyes, letting the plush pillow cradle his neck.

It couldn't have been long, but he must have dozed off, because the next thing Donny knew, Jenny was shaking him awake, a concerned look on her face as she sat down on the corner of the couch next to him.

"Hey," she said, her voice soft as she took his hand, "are you alright Don?"

Donny blinked his eyes, squeezed her hand in his and used the other to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Yeah, fine Jen. Just a little out of it I guess. Haven't been sleeping too well, you know?" He tried his best at a smile, but by the look on her face, she wasn't buying it.

"Fine? You just spent twenty minutes staring at me silently. I know you're tired and stressed, Don, but this has got to stop." Jenny didn't let go of his hand, but her tone was firm.

"What do you mean, Jenny? I've been sitting here since I got in." There was perhaps a bit more bite in his voice than he intended, and Donny sat forward and took a breath, using his other hand to reach forward and stroke her cheek, a silent apology for his tone.

Her firm look wavered slightly, but she couldn't quite let it drop. "Well, you were looking at me from the bedroom. I could see your reflection in the mirror, but you wouldn't even answer me." She paused briefly, exhaling and turning into his hand, "Maybe you were sleepwalking. I really think you should turn off your phone and just sleep tonight, okay? All this work and no rest is doing something to you, and it can't be good."

Donny nodded, smiling at her sadly, but in agreement. No matter how much he wanted to prove himself able to fill the position, if it was causing him to freak out his girlfriend and snap at her, it was not worth all the hassle.

"You're right, Jenny. Always looking out for me. I'll do something about it, but not tonight. Tonight, I'll just grab a quick shower, and shuffle myself right to bed."

She kept looking at him, not backing down, and he leaned in to kiss her forehead.
"Cell phone completely off. I won't even set the alarm. I promise."

Jenny smiled at him and stood up, pulling him along. She was dressed in her scrubs, and looked ready to head out, but she took him to the bedroom, grabbing his pajamas and towel before pushing him toward the still warm bathroom.

"You better, mister. I'm on call so I have to go in for a little while. Shouldn't be too long; it's been quiet lately, and I doubt they are going to need me once everyone is in bed. I expect you to be sound asleep, snoring like a freight train when I come home."

Donny smiled, a true smile, which he felt he had not had in days, and took the proffered towel and clothes, nodding his agreement and saluting.

After his shower, Donny wiped the steam from the bathroom mirror, leaning against the vanity. Looking up, he took in his appearance, forcing himself to examine his reflection closely. There were deep bags under his eyes, pronounced and puffy. Tilting his head back he could see the hard set of his jaw, still holding all his stress despite the hot, relaxing shower. The mental tap dance he had done with himself in the shower to work up the conviction to commit to turning off his phone completely, not just putting it on vibrate for the night, motivated him to stick to his guns. He had promised Jenny he would shut work out completely and get some rest. He was not going to break that promise, even if part of his mind was convinced that if he missed a single call from Angela, it would be the end of his career.

His eyes looked colder, and much harder, than he remembered them looking in the past. Hollow almost, without any inkling of feeling. Taking a deep breath, he let it all out, trying to dispel the tension that was already threatening to creep back in.

"You can do this, Donny. You can be firm. If she calls while your phone is off, that's just how it's going to be. Put your foot down. You have a life too, and it's more than just the job. If she can't see that you're a valuable asset without working you into the ground, then she doesn't deserve to have you as an employee, right?"

There was an imperceptible nod of his head, his own agreement, and Donny nodded once more to solidify his stance. He would leave his phone off all weekend, and come Monday, if Angela had a problem with it, they would just have to talk about boundaries and reasonable work expectations. He would not become some corporate drone.

Shutting off the light, Donny debated turning on the television for a little while, but quickly shut that down, slipping into bed instead. Jenny was right, he really needed to get some solid rest in. Reaching towards his bedside table, he picked up his phone and held down the power button until it prompted him to turn it off completely. With a final self-empowering nod, he shut it down, and then took the extra step of slipping it into the bedside table drawer, fully out of sight, and out of mind. Grabbing the blankets, he pulled them up and closed his eyes.



He must have been asleep for some time, but something shook him awake. The room was dark and quiet, the only light coming from the alarm clock on the nightstand. Its green glow reflected that it was 3AM. Behind him, Donny felt the bed dip down; her shift over, Jenny must be home. To keep her from thinking she had woken him up, Donny closed his eyes again, and rolled slowly onto his back; her weight stayed shifted to the side. It was only a matter of seconds, but Donny was already drifting off, wrapped in the warm embrace of the blankets, and the still, silent night.

The sun streamed in through the open window, and for once, Donny woke feeling refreshed. Stretching his arms above his head and arching his back in the most pleasant morning stretch he had had in a while, he rolled himself over to face Jenny's side of the bed, expecting to find her there. Instead, as he rolled, he noted that her spot was empty, the blanket pulled towards the centre of the bed, closer to him. In the background, he could hear the beeping of the toaster and smell the sizzle of bacon. With a grin, he continued his roll until he was at the edge of the bed and popped up.

Quietly, Donny padded along the hallway through their small open living area and into the kitchen. There was Jenny, buttering toast, dressed in her scrubs. Donny felt a little sad seeing her dressed for work; someone must have phoned in, unable to make their shift. He sighed a bit but set aside his disappointment. He couldn't be angry at Jenny for picking up the shift; it meant more hours towards her practicum, and toward her dream. Though, it seemed quite unfair to him that they would call her in again after only a few short hours. He would just have to figure out another way to spend the day, away from his phone and without thinking about work. Moving up behind her, Donny wrapped his arms around Jenny and leaned on her shoulder, playfully poking at her. Kissing her cheek, he grabbed two plates and took the toast from the toaster.

"You didn't have to make anything, I can fend for myself, you know."

Jenny didn't immediately respond, flipping the bacon and stifling a yawn.

"Hey, if you're still tired, you can tell them you aren't going in. Aren't there standards of practice about calling in again after finishing an on-call shift?" He tried his best to keep his tone light, the worry playing just behind it.

"No games now, Don. I just got home. Had an L1 Trauma and we were in the OR almost all night. I can barely raise my arms right now, let alone carry a conversation."

"You don't need to lie," Donny said, moving away and setting the plates down, "I know you came to bed. You tried not to wake me up. If you want to go in, I'm not going to stop you. I trust you to know your limits when it comes to that stuff."

"Seriously, Don, I just got in. It was a shit night and I'm ready to crash." Jenny took the bacon from the pan and laid it on her slice of toast, completing her sandwich before biting into it and passing him by. She stopped for a moment and kissed his cheek. "I'm going to pass out for a bit. I expect you to relax, okay? I think you still need more sleep, you look dazed. Take it easy today, okay? And stay away from your phone."

She left him standing there, perplexed, as she passed him by. He wanted to follow her, to tell her to stop playing jokes on him. It was fine, and he didn't want her to feel as if he was holding her back. He especially didn't want her to lie to him to do it. She had come in at 3AM; he was absolutely certain of it. As he stood in the kitchen, he heard the bedroom door close, and knew she would not be out until the afternoon.

Appetite forgotten, Donny left his toast and bacon in the kitchen. Running his hands forcefully through his hair, he exhaled deeply. Getting upset wouldn't do him any good. She was likely right, he needed more sleep too. As he was making his way to the couch, thinking of blowing a few hours watching the news, there was a knock on the door.

Puzzled, Donny made his way over to their apartment door. Usually, when someone was coming to visit, they needed to be buzzed in. Then again, maybe it was their neighbour, Mrs. Jenkins. Frail and elderly, she sometimes needed help, and Donny was always more than happy to assist, as she reminded him of his grandmother. Or it could be Jack, locking himself out of his apartment yet again after taking his dog out. Without hesitation, Donny unlocked and unchained the door, opening it. Before he could even get a "good morning, how are you" out, he was forced to take a step back. Outside his door stood a stern block of a man dressed in suit and tie, presenting a flipped pocket folio. Donny blinked and looked between the man and what he was holding.

"Good morning, sorry to intrude, but we couldn't reach you on the phone. I'm Detective Stovik, with the metro precinct, and I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions. You are Donny Umbra, right?"

Deja EXCITE!

Here is what the team at DeJa-VISITe is looking forward to in the coming weeks.

Ariadne Bissett



- I'm excited to sing in the concert "Whisper" with Halcyon chamber choir on Sunday, March 18th at 7:30 PM, at Knox Metropolitan United Church. The concert features Bach's challenging "Magnificat". It's shaping up to be an awesome performance!

- I'm cheating a bit, because season four of the podcast **Dragon Friends** (Planet Broadcasting Network) has already begun (we're two episodes in) but I am quite excited to see the idiocy of their story continue. The podcast is improv-ers playing Dungeons and Dragons (to begin with). Start in season 2 if you have little patience for technical difficulties and want to jump right in.

Jessica Mitten-Moore



- An Evening with Former First Lady Michelle Obama**

March 22nd: Taking place in the Sasktel Centre in Saskatoon, SK

- Pacific Rim Uprising**

March 23rd

The first Pacific Rim was a fun action movie and I am hoping that the second is more of the same.

- A Way Out** -March 23rd -

A video game by Josef Fares, known for the game Brothers: A Tale of Two Sons. A Way Out is a split-screen co-op prison escape.

- Far Cry 5**

March 27th

A video game developed by Ubisoft. The newest Far Cry seems to have very organic gameplay and I am excited to try this experience.

- Tomb Raider**

March 16th

This movie is based on the 2013 Tomb Raider video game.

- The Decemberists'**

- I'll be your Girl* March 16th.

Really like the lyric story quality of their previous work, this sounds good too.

- The Crow: Momento Mori**

#1, comic from IDW. New story, New Crow. Interested to see where this will go. Due out sometime in March.



Megan Negrych

- Letterkenny Live** March 29th: Excited to see them live, loved Letterkenny Problems and Letterkenny on CraveTV



Jocelyn Anderson

- Us:** Opens February 28th A new musical at the Globe Theatre, written by Kelly Jo Burke and with music by Jeffery Straker. From the Globe's description, "Us is an uplifting play about 'coming in.'" I'm a huge fan of musicals and this one looks like it will be both fun and thoughtful.

- Isle of Dogs:** March 23rd

This film looks awesome. If you haven't seen the trailer for it, I can't say anything else until you do. Go now. I will wait.

- I and You :** Opens April 11th

Another Globe Theatre performance. I and You, by Lauren Gunderson, is a play about a sick seventeen-year-old, a homework assignment, and a new friend. It sounds adorable and I can't wait.



Rachel Popa

- I'm excited to see **Ready Player One**, which is coming to theatres on March 29th. VR has become a mainstream concept, so a film that explores a world where it has become so ubiquitous will be interesting.

- Adult Science Night** is going to be at the Science Centre again on March 29th at 7pm, and the theme is Carnival. This is to celebrate their latest IMAX documentary, Amazon Adventure.



Citations, Further Reading, and Credits for this issue of Deja-VISITE

This month's cover page is an original painting by Jocelyn Anderson

Saskatchewan Books to be Proud Of

Graphic credit to Jocelyn Anderson

The Gold

Image credit to Coteau Books

1. David Carpenter, "Knock Wood," in *The Gold: A Novel* (Regina, Saskatchewan: Coteau Books, 2017).

Island of Grass

1. Trevor Herriot. Accessed March 03, 2018.

<https://www.trevorherriot.com/bio>.

2. About Branimir Gjetvaj, biography. Accessed March 03, 2018.

<http://www.branimirphoto.ca/info/biography.html>.

Glass Beads

Image credit to Thistledown Press

1. Dawn Dumont. Accessed March 05, 2018.

https://www.thistledownpress.com/html/search/authors/Dawn_Dumont/index.cfm.

Overwatch

All image and graphics credits to Blizzard Press packs

1. Kirk McKeand "Twice the number of women play Overwatch than any other," PC Games, last modified July 14, 2017, <https://www.pcgamesn.com/overwatch/overwatch-female-player-count>.
2. Nathan Grayson "No Overwatch League Team Signed The Game's Most Notable Female Pro To Their Roster," Gizmodo Media Group, last modified January 10, 2018 <https://Compete.kotaku.com/no-overwatch-league-team-signed-the-games-most-notable-1821968992>.
3. Erik Kain "Blizzard Courts Controversy with New 'Overwatch' Anti-Toxicity Measures," Forbes, last modified January 29, 2018, <https://www.forbes.com/sites/erikkain/2018/01/29/blizzard-courts-controversy-with-new-overwatch-anti-toxicity-measures/#e2ac5ff3ad6b>.

Horror Hideout

1. Berg, Steven, The Horror Film Genre. www.Criticalcommon.org/memebers/stevenberg/clips/george-melies/view
2. Frederic Tabet, Pierre Traillfert. "Influenace de l'occulte sur les formes magique; l'anti-spiritisme spectaculaire des Spectres d'Henri Robin au Spiritisme abacadabrant de Georges Melies." in *1895: revue d'Histoire du Cinéma* no. 76, Feb 2015.
3. If you want to know a bit more about Georges Melies himself, but are more film inclined, check out Hugo, a marvellous account (thought it does take some major creative liberties)

Professional Development: Effective Java (3rd edition by Joshua Bloch

Image credits to Pearson Education

1. Joshua Bloch, *Effective Java* (Pearson Education Inc, 2018), Ch. 7, Item 42.

Bloch, Joshua. *Effective Java*. 3rd Ed. Pearson Education Inc. 2018.

A Brief History of St. Patrick's Day

All Graphics credits to Jocelyn Anderson

1. John B. Bury, *The Life of St. Patrick and his Place in History* (London: Dover Publications, Inc., 1998), 27-47.
2. Mike Cronin & Daryl Adair, *The Wearing of Green: A History of St. Patrick's Day* (London: Routledge, 2002), 1-2.
3. Ibid., 3-6.
4. Ibid., 9.
5. Claire Suddath "10 Things You Didn't Know About St. Patrick's Day: Irish Bars Were Closed," Time, last modified March 16, 2010, http://content.time.com/time/packages/article/0,28804,1972553_1972551_1972550,00.html

Black Panther Movie Review

All Image credits to Marvel Films and Disney



Travel Moore of the World: Peruvian Incan Tradition

1. "Cochineal," Encyclopedia Britannica, last modified February 1, 2001, <https://www.britannica.com/technology/cochineal>.

A Wrinkle in Time Review

All image credits to Disney's

Project Chrysopoeia

All art credit to Jocelyn Anderson

Learn to Code: They Day The Prairies got Tourists

All graphics credits to Jocelyn Anderson

Thrice Fated: The Triad Goddesses of Fate and Destiny

1. An exchange between the hero Sigurd and the dragon Fafnir. "Regin and Sigurd go Riding" in *The Saga of the Volsungs*. Trans Jesse L. Byock (Penguin Books, London, 1990), 64.
2. A combination for clarify of two different popular translations of this verse from the *Poetic Edda*.
3. Ibid., "Sigmund and Sinfjotli Don the Skins, 47
4. Ibid., "The Otter's Ransom", 58
5. Snorri Sturlson, *The Prose Edda*, trans. Jesse L Byock (Penguin Books; London, 2005), 45.
6. Such as in the *Nafnáplur*.
7. Such as in the *Poetic Völuspá*.
8. Éiru is often linked with Badb, Banba with Macha, ad Fóndla with Morrigan.
9. *The Táin*, trans. Thomas Kinsella. (Oxford; Oxford University press, 1969), 132-133
10. Ibid, 98.
11. Ibid. 155.
12. Ibid., 141-142.
13. Ibid., 223.

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Taboo in Regina

All photographic credit to Rachel Popa

Cauliflower Bites

All photographic credits to Jessica Mitten-Moore

MediLei Madison: The Coup

All photographic credits to Ariadne Bissett

Jessica Jones Review

All images credits to Marvel Comics and Netflix

Donny in the Dark

All photographic credits to Jocelyn Anderson

