

DEJA-VISITE

PRAIRIE PASSIONS WITH A FRESH PERSPECTIVE

ISSUE ONE
FEBRUARY 2018

COOKING MOONSHINE WITH
TEAM JUNK!

VISIT BEAUTIFUL PRAGUE WITH
TRAVEL MOORE OF THE WORLD

INCUBATE YOUR
INTEREST IN KEFIR WITH
THE EXPERIMENTAL
KITCHEN

LOVE AND MYTH: TALES
OF TRANSFORMATION

SOFTWARE IN
SASKATCHEWAN:
StudioMDHR's CUPHEAD

LEARN TO
CODE: PRAIRIE
DOG PANIC!

FICTION

REVIEWS

AND MUCH MORE



HELLO!

Let me say welcome, and thank you for taking the time to join us for our debut issue. What you have before you is the product of a small group of incredible women, working long hours to bring to life a labour of love. Starting this project has presented us with quite a few challenges, but the process of overcoming them has sparked our inspiration, brought us together as a team, and brought you something fantastic to read this February, and hopefully for a long time to come. Between these covers you will find humour, passion, dedication, and a lot of information.

Deja-VISITE began as an inkling; a small, spur-of-the-moment thought that quickly blossomed into something much larger, and much more exciting than I had originally anticipated. It began as a call-to-arms to my friends. Would any of us be willing to contribute some interest pieces and articles to a small zine? It quickly caught fire. I could not have anticipated the energy with which the project would move. Before we could blink, we were already rolling out article ideas, names, and discussing web content and design. From nothing sprang our creation.

Within the monthly pages of Deja-VISITE you will find articles of all varieties; from software development, professional growth, and technology, to spotlights on local events, to creative writing and satire. There will be a little something for everyone.

Over the following months you will follow our adventures, learn something new, and share in our laughter and discovery. We are very glad to have you along for the ride.

Sincerely,

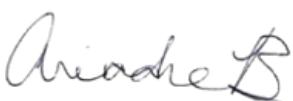


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3: COOKING MOONSHINE WITH TEAM JUNK

5: EXPERIMENTAL KITCHEN:
INCUBATING YOUR INTEREST IN KEFIR

9: CHANGED BY LOVE: MYTHS &
THE TRANSFORMATIVE POWER OF LOVE

11: Software in Saskatchewan:
Cuphead by StudioMDHR

13: TRAVEL MOORE OF THE WORLD: PRAGUE

15: Professional Development: *Clean Code* by Robert C. Martin

17: PAINT NITE: WHAT'S NOT TO LOVE?

18: THIS FEBRUARY, CURL UP WITH YOUR SWEETIE, SOME CHOCOLATES AND THE SELF DESTRUCTION THAT IS LOVING ANOTHER PERSON COMPLETELY, IN TWO LOVERS AND A BEAR

19: THE UNIQUE FLAVOURS OF LA KASBAH DU MAROC CREPERIE

20: WINCHESTER: THE HOUSE THAT SPIRITS BUILT

21: Learn to Code: *Prairie Dog Panic*

22: SERIAL BITS: THE HISTORY OF SERIAL FICTION PART ONE

23: Donny in the Dark: Beginnings

26: BURROWING: A NATURAL TECHNIQUE
REDISCOVERED FROM NATURE BY MADILEI MASON

28: UPCOMING EXCITEMENT

29: SASKATCHEWAN OLYMPIANS IN SOUTH KOREA

31: BIBLIOGRAPHY, CITATIONS, GRAPHICS & PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS

COOKING MOONSHINE WITH TEAM JUNK

- JOCELYN ANDERSON

Disclaimer: I am in no way an authority on moonshine and this is not a recipe or detailed instructions to help you make your own moonshine.

... THERE ARE HIGH
HOPES FOR THE
BLUEBERRY MASH
THAT HAS BEEN
MAKING MY HOUSE
SMELL LIKE SOMEONE
HAS BEEN BAKING
BREAD FOR THE PAST
WEEK AND A HALF.



When you think about moonshine what image do you come up with? Hillbilly bootleggers smuggling their shine under the Smokey's nose maybe? Coveralled rednecks hiding their still in the old outhouse? I would bet money that you don't imagine my very average kitchen in the city. I would also wager that your moonshiners don't include an RCMP officer, an engineer, or a couple of mechanics. But that is who can be found on the evening of January 27th, sitting in my garage, having a beer while they keep watch over their homemade still made from an old beer keg. Dave, Tom and Mack, all members of the club they call 'Team Junk', are experimenting with moonshine. That evening they were joined by our friend and neighbour Dustin who, like me, was a little curious as to exactly what was going on in my garage.

Quickly, I will explain the basic process behind distilling moonshine. First, one must make a mash. There are numerous variations on what goes into a mash but generally it is water, sugar, and yeast. Team Junk has made five different mashes in my kitchen so far: strawberry, frozen mixed berry, rhubarb, white sugar (no fruit), and blueberry. The blueberry mash hasn't quite finished its reaction yet but of the other four, the consensus between the bootleggers is that the mashes that used fruit definitely worked better. The simple sugar mash did not want to start the yeast, and took a lot longer to finish than any of the solutions that included fruit. The favourite in taste so far is the mixed berry, however there are high hopes for the

blueberry mash that has been making my house smell like someone has been baking bread for the past week and a half. After a week or two, the yeast in the mash is finished eating the sugar, creating alcohol. To make moonshine you let the yeast finish its cycle and, like wine, you get about 14% to 16% alcohol before you distill. If you simply strained the mash you would have a fruit wine but if you are making moonshine, you must put it into your still and distill it down. In order to distill your mash you get it just hot enough that the alcohol, specifically the ethanol, evaporates out, but not so hot that all the water and other things left in the still evaporate with it. The still is an instrument which heats everything up, catches the evaporated methanol before it escapes into the air, and turns it back into a liquid which can be bottled and enjoyed whenever the mood strikes. Depending on the efficiency of your still you can get up to 95% alcohol after distilling.



The still that resides in my garage is an interesting contraption made from an old beer keg, some copper tubing, a generic electronic thermometer, a turkey fryer, steel wool, a big bucket full of ice and snow, and duct tape. It is not a particularly efficient still and produces moonshine that is approximately 70% alcohol. It was not made by Team Junk, instead it was reportedly constructed by a friend and then sold to the club for one box of homemade bullets. The barter system is alive and well.

Some may be leery of consuming homemade shine. Moonshine has a bad rep, for causing really bad hangovers or even blindness in extreme cases. The negative side effects that are sometimes reported are the work of methanol and incautious bootleggers. With modern stills however, bad moonshine is quite easy to avoid. Methanol has a lower boiling point than ethanol so with a simple electronic thermometer, you can make sure that you don't start collecting your moonshine until all the methanol has evaporated out.

Moonshine is not something I would normally think of making in my garage. Asking the guys why they decided to make themselves some shine Mack answered "Because we can". I get the impression that they simply like the challenge of making something themselves. They have a number of different ways to mix the moonshine to make it a little more exciting. On the occasion of the distilling, Mack and Tom brought in a new recipe to taste test. They added apple juice, a cinnamon stick and some other spices to make what they called Apple Pie Moonshine. I tried it out and found myself impressed. I particularly enjoyed it in my evening cup of tea.

While cooking moonshine isn't something I would normally decide to do with my free time, I can see how it could be a fun, productive way to spend a Saturday night. The product isn't half bad either.

ASKING THE GUYS WHY
THEY DECIDED TO
MAKE THEMSELVES
SOME SHINE MACK
ANSWERED "BECAUSE
WE CAN".



THE EXPERIMENTAL KITCHEN

INCUBATING YOUR INTEREST IN KEFIR

- ARIADNE BISSETT

Hello my companions in gastronomical exploration! We're in for a journey today. In this inceptional edition of Experimental Kitchen we're travelling right to your intestines! It's a bit like the Magic School Bus, but a lot more food focused, and I will probably encourage you to drink more than the Frizz ever did.

Guess what? You're kind of a sentient planet. You are home to billions of microorganisms whose effect on your physical and mental health is, at best, only at the verge of being understood by medical science! Your body is a wonderland! Okay . . . stay with me on this one. I know that it isn't pretty to imagine three pounds of microbes (an amount equal to the weight of your brain) proliferating about your person. Those of us who grew up in the 90s may have lived (and are possibly still living) the culture of hospital room level disinfection. Killing 99.9% of germs was the standard for 90s middle class bathrooms and kitchens. While my mother jokes that she kept my immune system in shape as a child by never over-cleaning the house, I'm still a product of my time, and 90s children were taught to fear microbes. Therefore, it's no surprise that as grown-ups there seems to be a certain desire among our generation to control the microbial aspect of our physiology.

Enter probiotics: the superheroes of the intestines, the little army of friendlies that we are told will kick all those bad bacteria out the back door. Well, kind of. Microbes are neither good nor bad, they're just living their life. So-called "probiotic eating" is the attempt to colonize your cozy intestines with the kind of microbes who just naturally jibe with our personal needs; promoting their human host's health as well as their colony's health. Probiotic eating as a trend has the same ring to it as many past health food trends. It comes with the promise of weight loss, increased energy, better skin, and better overall health. They have been touted as an old-is-new-again superfood, while not actually being a food at all. The "probiotic" are actually strains of bacteria, and fungi, which live in the food, just as they live in your body. Probiotics, while currently being lumped together as one food with one effect on the body, can vary wildly as to their medium (the actual food they live in) and microbial composition. This category is made up of different foods fermented in different regions of the world, and some are made with special starters. They can be culturally unique (no, I'm not ashamed of myself). Rapidly proliferating research on that front seems to be producing encouraging results as to many strains of probiotics' benefits and safety.^{1, 2, 3} A prominent Canadian probiotic researcher, Dr Gregor Reid, has even recommended to Health Canada that probiotics be made a category on Canada's Food Guide!⁴



Kefir is a really unique and interesting probiotic, and one receiving increasing attention from researchers. It is the so-called "champagne" of probiotics. Kefir is a fermented milk drink, believed to have originated in the Caucasus Mountains. It supposedly remained a secret closely guarded from outsiders for centuries. The famous kefir legend is that the kefir "grains" which are the medium by which the drink is made, were a gift from the Prophet Mohammed to the Orthodox people of the Mountains, never to be given to others, lest they lose their potency. In the early 20th century, a daring plot to obtain some of these miraculous "Grains of the Prophet" was supposedly hatched by the All Russian Physician's Society. A beautiful female employee, Irina Sakharova was charged with charming the grains out of a mountain prince. How romantic, right? After a kidnapping attempt by said prince, the lady in question was awarded the grains by the Tsar as recompense for the insult, though it seems that she wasn't the one who primarily profited from it. Her boss seems to have reaped all the benefits. I hope she got a bonus. While the first story seems fairly steeped in legend, the second is purported to be true. However, I can't find a way to verify the existence of the people involved in the second story, so I'll have to settle for analysing the story as legend as well. These tales then serve to show how highly regarded this drink is in cultures where it is commonly sold and consumed.

Kefir is smooth, creamy, and slightly tart. It is likely to be a new favourite for any plain yogurt lover. The taste is great and it lends itself easily to smoothies, given its liquid consistency. Its 10-20 types of active bacterial cultures, several of which have proven probiotic qualities, makes it attractive to those looking to add a probiotic to their diet. Kefir includes various strains which have been shown to provide resistance to many pathogenic bacteria,^{5 6}
^{7 8} and many strains which consume lactose! Commercial kefir at least, is not lactose free, therefore it is not guaranteed safe for the lactose intolerant.⁹ Being consumed within the medium of dairy gives these powerful bacteria a protective medium, ensuring that most reach the intestinal section of your digestive tract intact, where they can establish a lovely protective colony, and maintain it as long as their numbers are replenished sufficiently frequently by you.

I love many of the commercial varieties of kefir I've picked up as they pop up around the city. However, I'm the kind of person who will try a delicious food; whether it's something I pick up at the grocery store, or eat at an amazing restaurant and say to myself "I could make some of this!" This is, of course, without any culinary training, or experience that might make that likely. However, if you are like me, my people of the Experimental Kitchen, then you know that this is NO barrier in the Age Of Information. If you can't find it on the internet, then you probably imagined it during that sugar coma, borne of ill-fated attempt #17 to recreate the Starbucks Unicorn Frappuccino.

Making your own kefir is deceptively simple. The complexity of the food itself doesn't come about from any hard work you're putting in, rather it's the microbes, and the process of fermentation. Anyone who has tried to make yogurt knows that there are a billion ways that you can mess that process up. The end result is usually a bowl of gross cooked milk product, with no tangy zest whatsoever. And possibly your purchase of a yogurt-maker, (i.e. yet another item of kitchen junk which will reside at the back of your cupboard, to be dragged out for its semi-annual usage). Kefir requires no specialized equipment, and very little effort. The trade off is a measure of commitment,. For centuries, the difficult part of kefir-making was obtaining those mythical kefir "grains", the medium by which the "magical" fermentation occurs. Kefir grains are semi-opaque globules that can range in size from rice grain to almond-sized. The "grains" themselves are simply bacterial and fungal colonies, living in symbiotic harmony (aww).

These days, obtaining those mythical grains is as easy as a google search. A few online retailers will provide live grains, shipped in dried form to your door. The alternative is to buy powdered medium. The difference between the two is that powdered medium is a one-time use product, while kefir grains are reusable, with the downside that they must be constantly fed and maintained. Your little grains are alive, and if they starve for too long, they will actually die. I chose to buy live grains for this experiment, but rather than buying what seemed to me to be a somewhat

marked up "kefir starter kit" online, I consulted my good old friends UsedRegina and Kijiji. Lo and behold, at least two people were selling them quite cheap! Once I started making my own kefir, and my own grains started proliferating, I would understand why! If you're just making this stuff for your own personal use, and especially if you have a husband and son, for example, who taste it and go "meh" you really don't need as many grains as you will end up with after a few weeks!

I bought my grains from a lovely lady who let me come to her house, and taught me all about how to not kill my kefir grains, all for the low, low price of \$2 a tablespoon! (Since then, I've even seen someone offering them for free). I understand the reluctance of many to buy food products on a buy and sell site. Just because I had a great experience doesn't mean that you will, I'm simply giving you my own cost-benefit analysis. I also felt fairly confident, given my research that it would be easy to identify bad kefir grains before I bought them. The grains should be whitish, or yellowish and semi-transparent. They are squishy rather than hard when in their usual hydrated state. They shouldn't have a foul smell. Finally, if they ferment your milk into a nice smelling, effervescent drink, instead of letting it go bad, then they are good. Given that online kits can cost upwards of \$30, I was ready to make the experiment with local grains.

Note, before we start the section on making and eating, most probiotics will do most people no harm, but consider the following:

Individuals who are immunocompromised or seriously ill should NEVER take probiotics without the advice of their doctor.

Individuals with IBS and other digestive difficulties should consult their doctor before starting any kind of probiotic regimen.

Hygiene is key with any cooking project, always use clean instruments to make and incubate your kefir. Washing in warm soapy water should be sufficient.

Also note: Some people tend to get a lot of gas within the first few days of using probiotics. Apparently they should go away within those few days. If you still think it might be worth it, don't overdo it in the first week. If you are still having problems after that, it may be time to give it a rest, or try switching to water kefir if you think your issue might be with dairy.¹⁰

I had the magic grains, and was ready to go! Here are the basics of kefir-making, obtained in combination, by more traditional means (instructions from the nice Kijiji lady), and by comparing all the kefir tutorials I could find online.

1. Once you've obtained your grains, they need somewhere to live. Choose a milk with nutritional requirements that meet your dietary requirements. Milk kefir grains can make nut or seed milk kefir temporarily, but require added sugar to ferment, and you must rest them in animal milk for 24 hours afterwards to recover.
2. Always keep them in milk, constantly making Kefir. Any kind of

animal milk will do, with the exception of UHT (Ultra-High-Temperature treated milk) since it is cooked and will produce unpredictable results.

3. Choose non-metallic containers in which to store your kefir. Prolonged contact with metal by the acidic kefir may leach metals into the drink.. Glass mason jars are a great choice for storage.
4. Use about a tablespoon of grains per cup to make mild kefir in 12-24 hours. Use more grains, or ferment for longer to get a fizzier, more sour drink.
5. Leaving your grains in the kefir more than 24 hours will result in the development of curds, and a sort of "kefir cheese" which when separated from the whey gives a quite tart sour-

cream like substance.

6. You can also make kefir cheese by simply straining your mild kefir with a cheesecloth or coffee filters for 24 hours.
7. Get a secondary fermentation by straining the grains out of your kefir and adding fruit, or fruit peels, or really almost anything with sugar to the strained kefir.
8. If your grains somehow get dirty, you can gently wash them in tepid water, but it's best not to wash them at all, if possible.
9. To slow down production, store some in milk in the fridge, changing the milk about once a week.

Week 1:

With the rules in place, I set out to grow my tiny internal army. I chose whole milk to start, because I'd read that fatty milk was the best medium for the health of your grains. This upped the calorie count significantly from about 90 calories when fermented, using a skim milk, to about 140 calories per cup. This info is based on commercial kefir. A longer ferment should result in less sugar and therefore fewer calories but it seemed better overall to estimate on the high side, and not overdo the kefir consumption. About half a cup of kefir a day seemed correct. Out of some misplaced optimism that my husband and child would like to share in the bounty, I bought two tablespoons of kefir grains, which meant that I was fermenting 2 cups of milk every night. Not knowing what my flavor preference was, I tasted the first batch after twelve hours, the minimum ferment time, and found it about in line with the commercial stuff I'd tried, but I wanted more! Back into the milk they went! At 24 hours fermented I was rewarded with a tangy, fizzy concoction that delighted my little sour-puss heart. I was ecstatic. But I had a cup and a half more kefir to use up, and the little guys needed to feed again.

Into another 2 cups of milk they went! Surely I wasn't going to get sick of this!

I decided that the rest would go into a 24-hour secondary ferment. I peeled a 10cm section of apple peel off and threw it in the bowl! There! Minimal effort!

The next day I had delightful secondary-fermented kefir, that not only had a sweeter apple-tinged profile, but was even more effervescent. However, I still had a full 2-cup jar of fresh new kefir to deal with. Having already prodded my family into having a taste, and upon receiving a firm "shrug" from the two of them, I had an issue to deal with. I was still flying high on the success of my efforts, so I

resolved to make some cheese. I lined my plastic colander with the only coffee filters in the house, the fancy coffee-cone bamboo drip filters, while resolving to buy some cheaper, larger ones for the future. I dumped the excess kefir into the colander, stuck it in the fridge and left it to drip out whey for 24 hours. Time to feed the little beasts again.



Week 2:



The process was starting to get on my nerves. I'd also received some subtle eye-rolling from the spousal unit about the space all this kefir-cheese making and storage was taking up in the fridge. Basically half a shelf by itself. Then, to my horror, I went to strain out my grains and a huge goopy glop of kefir plops out of my mason jar into the colander. Well, part of me thinks, you had a good run. But the part of me that isn't ready to quit wins out. After some depressed googling I discover that my grains are stressed. While some people seem to think that the kefir is more nutritious this way, I am not impressed. I want the effervescent magic back. I do not wish to consume tepid snot. One suggestion which strikes a chord is that my grains may have gotten clogged with fat. I remembered noting that they seemed to have a hard, crusty outer coating lately which was unsettling me. I decided to wash them in warm water, rubbing off the crust, as suggested. I also decided to switch to 2% milk. I hoped that I wouldn't see a repeat of the goopy consistency.

Feed the grains... feeeeед them.

It was hard not to give up this week, as the goopy consistency remained for the rest of week 2. I decided to give my grains a consistent washing every time I started a new batch. I tried making cheese out of the goopy batches, and the results were not great. The substance was rubbery and less than tasty. I must admit that I tossed a few of the resultant products.

Week 3:

Things were starting to look better. I was getting a nicer consistency back. I was happy that I stuck it out, and allowed my grains to recover. I also discovered by accident that leaving your grains in the kefir for 48, even 72 hours is fine, if you're a real fan of sour, and a bit of booziness to be honest. Not sure how long it would take to make a truly alcoholic product, but perhaps that's a project for another article! This also seemed to solve my problem of running through a jug of milk every few days. Over-fermenting allowed me to solve my oversupply problem as well!

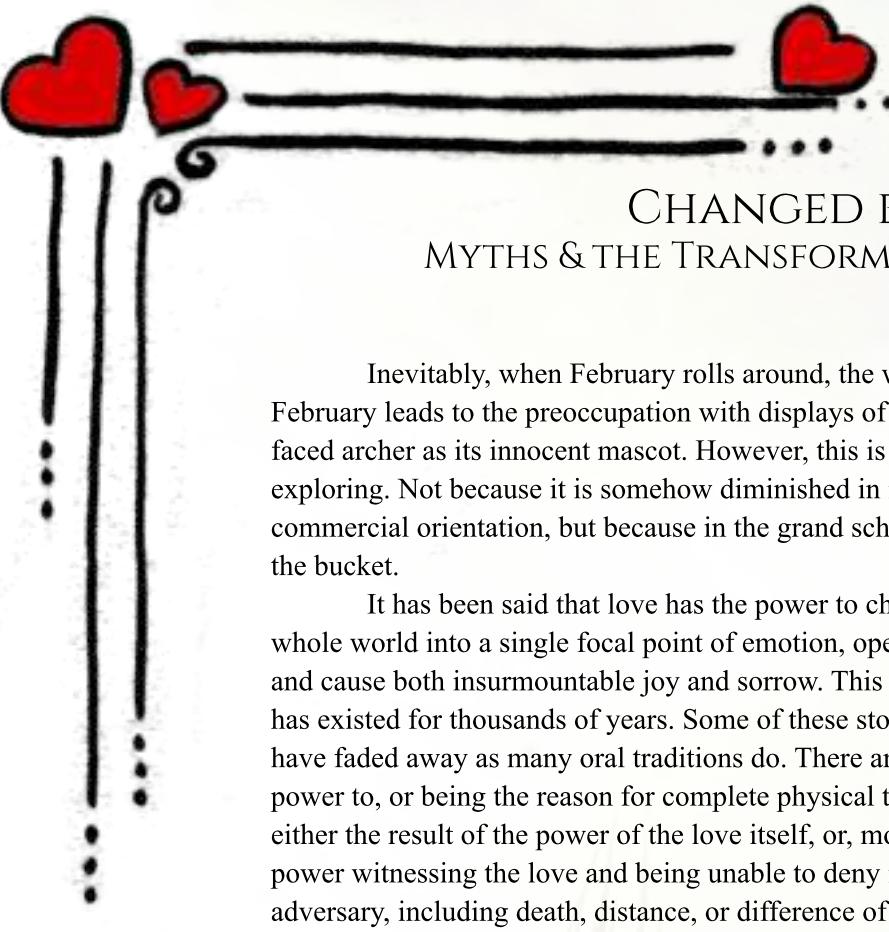
Week 4:

Yay! I seem to have fallen into a sustainable pattern of kefir making, while not taking up too much counter space or fridge space anymore. I've noticed my kefir grains have also reproduced significantly. I have about 3 1/2 tablespoons now. I'm not as worried about feeding them 3 1/2 cups of milk to match, since I like the over-fermentation.



We'll call that a successful experiment. I've since tried storing some grains in the fridge because I'm still seeing them reproduce, and that is way too many. This has also been successful. Time will tell whether it gives me more energy, immunity to all kinds of diseases, and glowing skin, but I'm loving it as a drink all the same. Here's to your health!

... Anyone want to adopt some kefir grains?



CHANGED BY LOVE: MYTHS & THE TRANSFORMATIVE POWER OF LOVE

- MEGAN NEGRYCH

Inevitably, when February rolls around, the world becomes obsessed with love. February leads to the preoccupation with displays of outward love, and touts a cherub-faced archer as its innocent mascot. However, this is not the kind of love I will be exploring. Not because it is somehow diminished in importance by its increasingly commercial orientation, but because in the grand scheme of things it is only a drop in the bucket.

It has been said that love has the power to change a person; it can collapse the whole world into a single focal point of emotion, open eyes once closed to the world, and cause both insurmountable joy and sorrow. This concept of love as transformative has existed for thousands of years. Some of these stories are very well known, and some have faded away as many oral traditions do. There are many tales of love having the power to, or being the reason for complete physical transformation. This change is either the result of the power of the love itself, or, more often, the result of some divine power witnessing the love and being unable to deny it the power to overcome any adversary, including death, distance, or difference of station or nature. This article will focus on two major divisions of the transformative power of love. First it will examine those who loved each other so fiercely that the gods themselves were swayed to make their union last. Second it will look at tales where the love between two individuals was so strong, the very fabric of nature was altered to accommodate their devotion to one another.

There are two categories that I want to present when looking at tales where lovers are physically changed. These tales can be divided between those where the change is a result of tragedy, and where change is a gift or reward. As tragic stories, I present the Greek tale of Alcyone and Ceyx, and the Aztec tale of Princess Iztaccíhuatl and the warrior Popocatépetl.

It is said that Alcyone and Ceyx loved each other very much, but it is their pride that brings them ruin. In the privacy of their marital chamber they refer to each other as Zeus and Hera. As in most Greek myths in which mortals compare themselves to the gods, this act of hubris brings down the wrath of the pantheon's chief god Zeus on them. When Ceyx sails from home to consult an oracle (an important duty for any Greek leader in times of uncertainty), Zeus strikes down his ship in a mighty storm. Alcyone waits for the return of her husband, and pleads to the Goddess Hera to bring him home. As the goddess of marriage she will surely understand a wife's desire to be with her husband. Hera takes pity on Alcyone and sends a messenger (by way of the lesser pantheon gods) to bring her the horrible news of Ceyx's death. Told of the tragedy, Alcyone runs immediately to the shore of the ocean and sees his corpse. In true Greek fashion, she wails and tears at her hair and clothing, giving Ceyx proper funerary rites before throwing herself to her death. However, this does not end in tragedy; the gods, moved by Alcyone's devotion, turn the couple into a pair of Halcyon birds, better known as kingfishers, so that they could forever be together by the sea. In this case, Ceyx and Alcyone's love was so strong and so pure, that even though their pride angered the gods, even the gods could not see a world where the two were not together, and granted them the eternal partnership that their love deserved.

Similar to the tale of Alcyone and Ceyx is the Aztec myth of Iztaccíhuatl and Popocatepetl. The difference between the stories is that there is no prideful boasting to set the gods against the couple. Their tragedy is brought about through lies and betrayal. It is said that in order to be worthy of the princess Iztaccíhuatl, Popocatépetl is tasked with waging war on a neighbouring enemy clan. While Popocatépetl was away, the head of the enemy tribe sent a messenger, bearing the news that the great warrior had been killed in battle and would not be returning. Distraught, Iztaccíhuatl could not bear the thought of living without her love, and dies as a result of a broken heart. Returning victorious, and ready to claim his prize and take the princess to be his wife, Popocatepetl is instead greeted by her corpse. Rather than continue on living without her, Popocatepetl carries the princess up to the top of a mountain, and throws both her body and his own into a fire. Witnessing the strength of their love, the gods intervene and turn the lovers into volcanos, setting them near each other for all eternity as a testament to the strength and passion of their love. Once again, rather than see such devotion be extinguished, the universe created the necessary change to allow for their love to continue.

The second type of tale illustrating the transformative power of love is that in which the transformation is a reward. In this case I will present the tales of Baucis and Philemon, and the tale of Iphis.

In the tale of Baucis and Philemon the couple's devotion both to each other and to the gods is rewarded with their transformation. It is said that one day Zeus and Hermes decide that they should disguise themselves as peasants and go among the mortals. Down in the villages they are turned away from every home, chastised and disregarded as being unworthy. However, Baucis and Philemon, an older couple without very much themselves, welcome them into their home. Instead of turning the gods away, they offer to kill their only goose to feed the guests. As reward for their hospitality, Zeus and Hermes warn the couple to leave the town, as the gods plan to flood it to punish all those mortals who had turned them away. After the flood, Baucis and Philemon return to their home, which transforms into a temple, and they promise the gods that they will remain and tend the temple, asking only that they never have to live without the other. After many years, the couple come to the end of their lives, and Zeus returns. He changes them into a pair of intertwined trees, where they would stay and watch over the temple for the rest of time, their love never ending.

LOVE IS AN UNDENIABLE PART OF THE MORTAL WORLD.

The final tale I present is that of Iphis, as written by Ovid in *Metamorphoses*. Among all of these stories, this tale is unique. Iphis's transformation for love does not occur at the end of life. It does not require the loss of life or any tragedy or death. It is said that Lidgus warns his wife that he will only accept a male child, and that any daughter born would not be allowed to live. Iphis's mother, Telethusa, prays to the goddess Isis that she might have a son in order to please her husband. Instead, Isis and her attendants descend, and tell her not to worry and that she will have a daughter, and that this daughter will be safe. When Iphis is born, Telethusa tells the nurse to let Lidgus know that they have a healthy son. With the aid of the nurse, Iphis's sex is successfully hidden from her father for many years, and he believes he has a perfect, if not entirely normal, son. When Iphis comes of age, Lidgus finds a wife for his 'son', and Iphis falls madly in love with the young girl. Knowing that her secret will prove very difficult to conceal for much longer, and that the love between Iphis and her bride to be is already strong, Telethus seeks out the aid of Isis once more. Called upon, Isis descends and transforms Iphis into a man. As a man she is now able to marry her love, and her secret remains safe. Again, the universe allowed for love to overcome the barriers presented to it. Rather than disallow or punish someone for the love they feel, the universe changes the world to allow for that love to continue. There are of course some deeper issues with the tale of Iphis, but at its core it is a tale of how far one will go in the pursuit of being with the one they love, even when the world around them might not be ready to accept what that love means.

In these myths, the love between a mortal couple is so strong that even the gods cannot bear to think of the world without it. Instead of allowing the couple to be parted, everything is changed so that the very best things about them survive in another form. This is a testament that their love is a concrete touchstone to all of nature, and an undeniable part of the mortal world. In these tales we see that love has a power beyond what we assign to it as a commercial power to sell teddy bears and diamonds. Love, quite literally, can literally transform us into someone, or even something, different.

Software In Saskatchewan: Cuphead and StudioMDHR

- Rachel Popa



Cuphead is an action run-and-gun indie game from Canadian developer team StudioMDHR. You play the game as either Cuphead or Mughead, a pair of brothers on a quest to collect the souls of bosses to satisfy the devil's quota and save their own skin. Its unique art style, inspired by cel animation from 1930s cartoons, combined with its challenging gameplay have made it a huge hit. As of this publication it is sitting at over two million copies sold since its release in September 2017. While StudioMDHR is a remote-work Canadian company with employees from all over Canada and the United States, one of the founders of Cuphead is their lead developer, Jared Moldenhauer, who worked on the game out of his home in Regina, Saskatchewan.

Development for the game began in 2010 after its creators saw the success of Team Meat's Super Meat Boy that same year. It was their second attempt at a game in this style, as they had tried to start the project in 2000, but lacked the tools to complete it. They developed it using the Unity game engine, which at over 770 million users playing games made on it, has had a huge impact on mobile and indie game development since its release in 2005. Although Unity can target 27 platforms, Cuphead is currently playable on PC or Xbox One. It is distributed via Steam, GOG, and Microsoft's store.

Upon hearing that the game had roots in Saskatchewan, I knew I would be purchasing a copy on PC. I watched my spouse, a huge fan of FromSoftware's Souls series and Bloodborne, try the game first, as I was curious what he would think of it. Like every other difficult game that comes out, Cuphead is often compared to Dark Souls and its related IPs. He managed to down a boss after a few attempts but then felt the need to relax and play some Dark Souls 3. His summation of the game: "frustrating". He has yet to take me up on a Cuphead co-op attempt.

Despite our trouble with progressing in the game, the beautiful storybook intro with film camera effects immediately captured both of our attention. The art alone makes the game worth trying or at least viewing a playthrough, as it is drawn out in pencil, then inked by hand, and finally coloured with watercolour effects in Photoshop, cel by cel. The result is an eye-catching reproduction of the style of animation that Fleischer Studios—the group behind iconic animations such as Betty Boop and Popeye the Sailor—was known for. This effort was undertaken by Chad Moldenhauer, the studio's other founder based out of Oakville, Ontario and the animators on his team.

...the beautiful storybook intro with film camera effects immediately captured both of our attention.



The animation is surreal, gritty, and more unnerving than cute. The uneasy feeling that I get when I experience this style of art complements the tone of Cuphead since you play as a kid who has lost ownership of his soul in a game of craps against the devil. It reminds me of when I watched *Popeye in Goonland* (1938) as a kid. The animation was silly and exaggerated, implying fun, but then you are greeted by inauthentic characters with soulless eyes and it was jarring compared to the more saccharine stuff available to kids in the 90s. I watched Popeye contort his body unnaturally to trick some goons, followed by his father twisting himself into a corkscrew in order to fire a rock up at them, crushing them against a cliff. Seeing this sticks with you because it is so physical and surreal, but it is void of any lessons about love or friendship to complement the violence and strangeness. It is such a raw way to tell a story.

By comparison, *Space Jam* (1996) was packed with cartoon violence, yet we still get to walk away from it remembering Michael Jordan telling the Looney Toons that they “had the special stuff inside of [them] all along” (1996; Burbank, CA: Warner Bros). It taught kids that you don’t need a magic formula or another person’s abilities to become great; you just have to believe in yourself and work hard. Popeye maybe convinced kids to eat spinach.



I still haven't beaten this boss as I am admittedly pretty bad at the game, but I can't say I haven't found it fun.



So expect things to get weird when you play this game. A cute flower suddenly morphs its face into a gatling gun and starts cranking away at its own head. A pair of boxing toads perform a fusion dance in which one swallows the other in order to enter their final phase, where they become an infuriating slot machine shooting its arsenal at you. I still haven't beaten this boss as I am admittedly pretty bad at the game, but I can't say I haven't found it fun.

Music lovers will also get a lot of out Cuphead. The creators did not hold back on achieving an authentic sound for the game's soundtrack. It features original jazz, early big band, and ragtime music played by live musicians. This can be purchased digitally on iTunes, Steam, GOG, and other music retailers. They also released a vinyl album which is so popular it is sold out in most stores.

The Cuphead team is still actively working on the game today. They released a large patch in December that fixed a number of bugs and exploits. Their website also currently says that they are hiring a senior Unity developer, so hopefully there are more bosses and run-and-guns in the game's future.

If you can handle some challenge in your games, Cuphead is worth picking up as it is a truly unique and rewarding gaming experience. Even if you hate run-and-guns or side-scrollers you should watch a gameplay walkthrough so you don't miss out on the game's beautiful cel animation and unforgettable original music.

TRAVEL MOORE OF THE WORLD: PRAGUE

WITH JESSICA MITTEN-MOORE



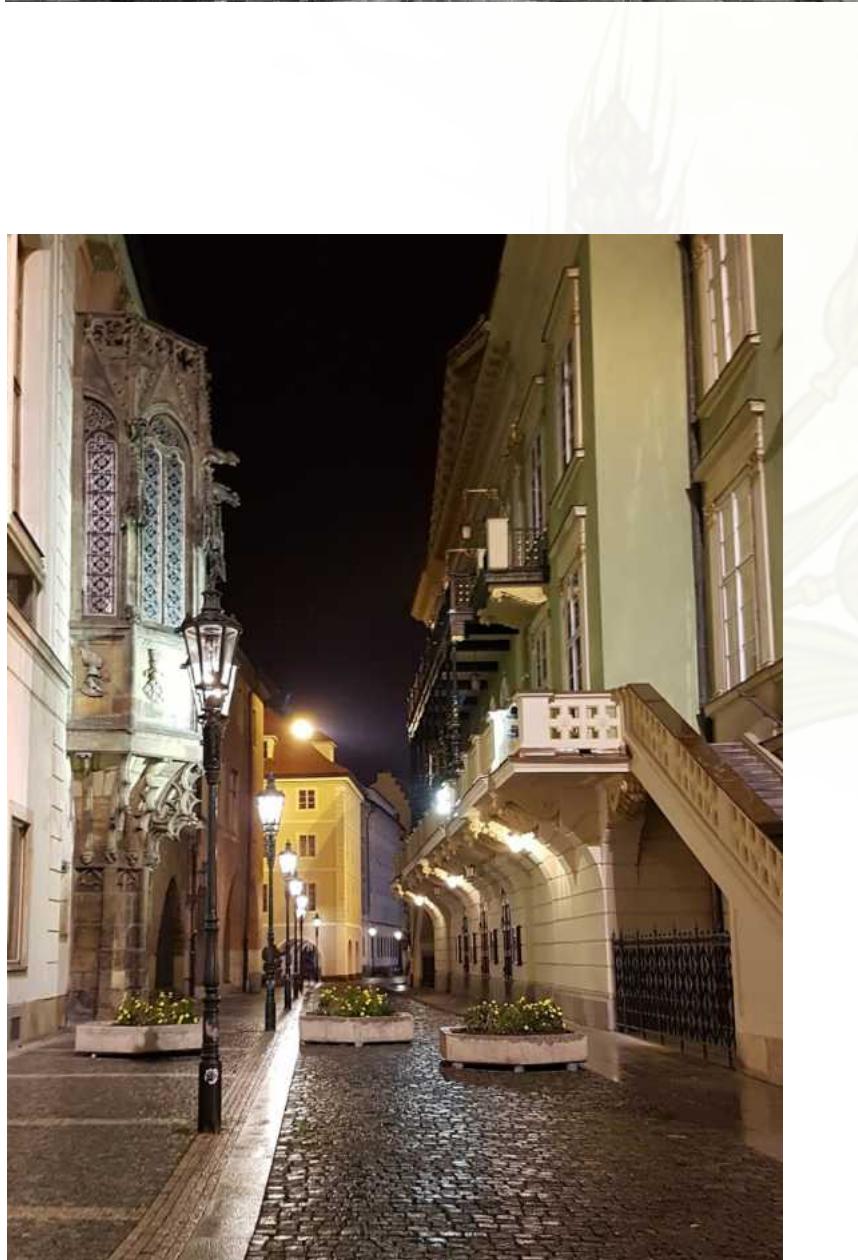
In September and October of 2017 I was traveling through Europe with five friends. We found ourselves in several different countries, but the third city we decided to go to was Prague in the Czech Republic. This stop had been on my bucket list for years. I have wanted to see Prague ever since I was little. The stunning photographs of the 14th century architecture and the numerous descriptions of an astounding city have stayed with me since the first time I heard them. Most of our travel group considered Prague to be the most enjoyable stop on our adventures. I fell in love with the mixture of Gothic, Renaissance and Baroque era architecture, the delicious and rich cuisine, the magical atmosphere and the breathtaking countryside. It does feel like a piece of my heart was left in the city of Prague.

One of the most iconic images of Prague is that of St. Vitus Cathedral within Prague Castle. One's first impression of the cathedral is an intimidating 14th century building that looks late-Gothic in architectural style. In truth, the cathedral was not finished until the 20th century and throughout the years has had Renaissance and Baroque details added to it. The cathedral is breathtaking, both inside its walls and out. When I first stepped inside this architectural masterpiece I was truly captivated by the rainbows of colour made by the many stained glass windows that lined the walls. I was also speechless due to the vaulting ceilings and exquisite alters that are dotted

throughout the building. There is even a solid silver tomb for St. John of Nepomuk, the saint of Bohemia, in the Cathedral.

If you can pull yourself away from the cathedral, I would recommend that you explore the castle grounds. There are several other historical buildings, such as the old royal palace and St. George's Basilica, that you can gain access to. The gardens within the palace walls contain countless types of almost otherworldly flora. The palace is on a tall crest, giving you the opportunity to take in a magnificent view of the city, and its impressive architectural sites. One of the most notable views that Prague affords is of the many bridges that cross the Vltava River.

Our group spent most of our time in Old Town, which I know is not an all-encompassing experience of Prague, but we only had a limited amount of time. In this area of Prague there was always something new to see. Even if we had already walked down the same street multiple times, we always noticed new features or buildings. One traveller even commented that it felt as if the city was like a video game that was constantly rendering, since we constantly saw new details that we had previously missed. We were lucky enough to get an apartment, via Airbnb, right near Old Town.



This apartment was gorgeous and the building was tall enough to overlook the city. Half of the entire wall of our very large living room was a window with a direct view of Prague Castle. This window was also facing West, so we were able to get an amazing view of the sunset as it was melting behind the hills which surround Prague.

Near Old Town there were many well run restaurants and the food in Prague ended up being my favorite of the trip. Czech goulash is comparable to a creamy beef stew. It is very rich and thick and is served with tasty bread dumplings. I had a stuffed rabbit dish with a lemon cream sauce and dumplings, great late night eats, and the best pulled pork I have ever tasted. In addition, the Czech Republic produces some flavourful local beers which go very well with their goulash. I was also lucky enough to find a cup of full bodied mulled wine, sold at an outdoor market, to warm me during a fall day. I can't mention food and drink in Prague and not comment on the amazing Cafe Louvre that was across the street from our apartment. The cuisine and espresso at this restaurant was so rich and the venue had a wonderfully comfortable atmosphere.

It was not only the city and experiences within Prague that made this an amazing spot, it was also who I was with. I was travelling with five friends, and one of those friends is my spouse. Prague is an amazing city to visit with a person that you love. He and I were able to stroll across the magnificent bridges at night while the city sparkled around us. We enjoyed a delightful Italian dinner at La Piccola Perla that featured amazing food, fantastic service and very good wine. We both adored Prague and the fact that I was able to experience this city for the first time with him was the icing on the proverbial cake. Of course, I think that those of you considering travelling solo to Prague would have an incredible adventure as well. Everyone should experience the magic that Prague holds at some point in their life.

I already miss Prague. I need to return one day to explore more of the city and the countryside. I was not able to see as many regions outside of the city as I would have liked. Even so, Prague has toppled Rome from its former position as my favourite city in Europe. I know it seems silly to say that I left a piece of my heart in a city or country, but the amount of fun, beauty, and inspiration I found in Prague astounded me. Needless to say, Prague is a genuinely romantic, vibrant, unique and charming city.

Professional Development: Clean Code by Robert C. Martin

- Rachel Popa

Clean Code: A Handbook of Agile Software Craftsmanship (2008)

was written by Robert C. Martin, an American software engineer, to act as a guide for developers who wish to write more readable and maintainable software. The book is quite famous at this point, yet Martin is even more well known for co-authoring the *Manifesto for Agile Software Development* in 2001, which was the first consolidation of agile methodologies into a body of writing. Today agile has become so widely adopted that it has replaced waterfall as the norm. Given Martin's impact on the nature of software engineering, his books and professional blog are worth checking out.

Often when developers speak of clean code they mean code that follows their own personal style preferences. Things like tabs or spaces, whether the opening bracket should be on the same line as the if statement's conditional, or adapter vs converter vs transformer fall under this. These are all important topics to reach a consensus on in your organization's style guide, but picking one or the other is not going to improve the code you write. Thankfully, Martin isn't trying to sell you a style guide, as his book explores more general rules that can be adopted when you approach any new or existing software project.

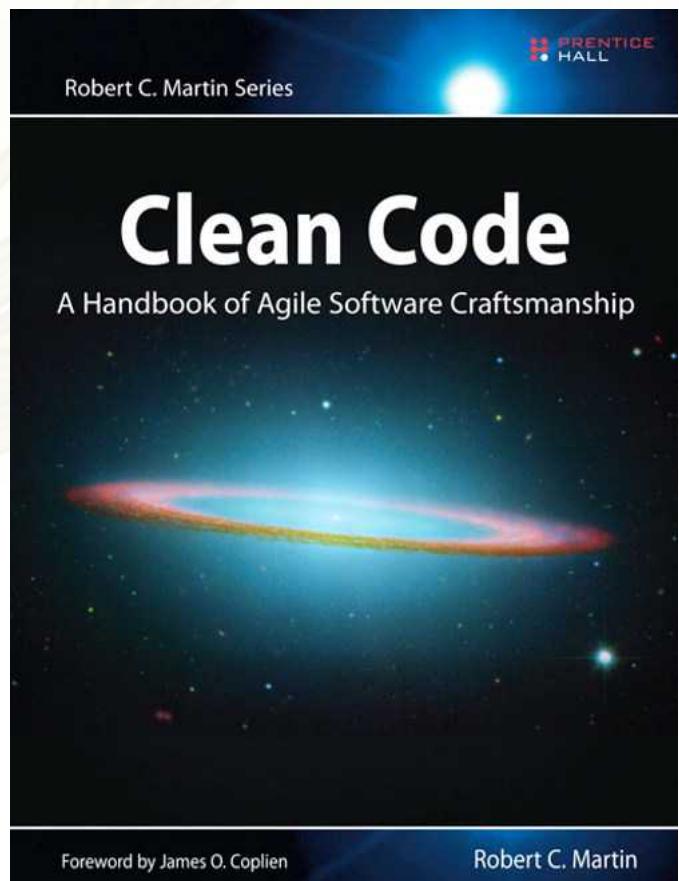
I was a late joiner to the programming world, having not written a real line of non-markup code until my first year of university. Yet from that first "hello world" in 2009 until my current role at FCC I have heard a lot of dogma about comments. I have been told to:

- keep a journal entry with my initials and date at the top of any file I edit,
- Write sentence or two above each function,
- post a paragraph to accompany any class,
- write so many detailed comments that the code can be understood by reading them alone,
- and also to generate a separate javadoc (or worse, a regular document) that outlines every class, member variable, and method within the code.

It is only in the last couple years, as I have sought more modern dev environments, that I have heard people warn that comments are not necessarily updated when the code is changed. That means that comments frequently become liars, and liars are dangerous. Even knowing this

going into the book, Martin does a great job of explaining and backing this idea up. He touches on old commented-out code that everyone is afraid to delete, comments that are out of date and irrelevant to the code in its current form, and redundant comments like the following example. The comments below are worthless because the variable names are self-explanatory. Furthermore there is a copy-and-paste error on the comment above editionYear.

```
class Book {  
    //Author of the book  
    String author;  
    //Title of the book  
    String title;  
    //Name of publishing company of book  
    String publisher;  
    //Year the book was published  
    int yearOfPublication;  
    //Year the book was published  
    int editionYear  
    //Genre of the book  
    BookGenre genre;  
}
```



That isn't to say that you should go through your code and delete all the comments without a care. Your code needs to make up for the expressiveness that the comments were supposed to provide, so Martin gives us some guidelines for writing code that do not need them. Most of this comes down to giving things good names, writing functions that are short and only do one thing, and limiting your classes to a single responsibility. You must adopt a new attitude towards how you write your code, as Martin says “[e]very time you write a comment, you should grimace and feel the failure of your ability of expression.”¹ I highly recommend these early chapters, as his examples are presented in the form of code snippets that show a solution before and after applying each principal.

Another thing that stood out for me in the book was Martin's explanation of Test-Driven Development. It had always been described to me as writing all of your test cases before you start writing the code, but that is not his definition. Martin breaks up TDD into three laws:

- 1) You may not write production code until you have written a failing unit test;
- 2) You may not write more of a unit test than is sufficient to fail, and not compiling is failing;
- 3) You may not write more production code than is sufficient to pass the currently failing test.

Many people misinterpret this, thinking it means you should write out an entire test suite before you start writing the actual code. What you should be doing is working in a cycle where you write one unit test, write only enough code to make it pass, then write another unit test. Learning this was a huge revelation to me and has changed my outlook on TDD. This alone has given me my money's worth in buying Martin's book.

I do have two complaints about Clean Code. The first is that it has a heavy bias towards Java development. All of the examples are written in Java and many of the clean code solutions in the later, meatier chapters are specific to Java. The book would have lived up to its title better if it had made use of pseudocode, or at least examples in multiple languages. My second complaint is that the book is not a good format for some of the heavier cleanup exercises near the end. Considering the emphasis on formatting code for readability, it was an oversight to not take into consideration that pages of black and white printed code with word wrapping are hard to follow. A companion website or file

download would have been useful here. Regardless, I think the value the book provides far outweighs these issues.

Going beyond the rules and examples within the book, I loved the philosophy that Martin tries to impart to his readers. He wants developers to strive for professionalism, collaboration, and pride in their work. On code reviews he says:

No, this is not an activity of nastiness or arrogance. What I am about to do is nothing more and nothing less than a professional review. It is something that we should all be comfortable doing. And it is something we should welcome when it is done for us. It is only through critiques like these that we will learn. Doctors do it. Pilots do it. Lawyers do it. And we programmers need to learn how to do it too.²

Developers often silo themselves off and avoid working collaboratively, meaning their code is only reviewed for functionality by testers and users. This can let bad practices slip into the code unnoticed. By opening your code up and having every developer on your team examine and review it, you increase the quality of the code as it is today and the code you will write in the future. Adopting humility and the will to learn from and assist your peers is the biggest step you can take towards professionalism and better software. It means going beyond banging out working code just to get your manager off your back. It is mastering your craft the way any other specialist would. The book sums it up with a quote from Michael Feathers when it says “Clean code always looks like it was written by someone who cares.”³

PAINT NITE: WHAT'S NOT TO LOVE?

- JESSICA MITTEN-MOORE

At first glance, Paint Nite looks like a fantastic opportunity to liberate your creative side, spend time with friends, meet new people, or just kick back and have a drink. It is true that Paint Nite can be all of these things, but I am on the fence when it comes to these events. I find these evenings enjoyable, but at the same time, sometimes mediocre. I am not an expert on Paint Nite or painting in general. I have only been to three of these events, though I will probably go to others in the future. This is a personal opinion, with contributions from other participants I have spoken with. None are affiliated with Paint Nite.

Paint Nite advertises an exciting atmosphere, a fun evening to get together with your friends while throwing paint on a canvas. The result of your painting should not matter and it is about the experience. This is true in a sense, but I feel that one will most likely enjoy the experience more if the painting turns out well. You are not supposed to judge your work harshly, or compare your painting to your neighbours'. You are not allowed to put yourself down as a reaction if your painting doesn't turn out well. I like this philosophy. It means that people are not going to be too hard on themselves, especially those who are not extremely artistic, like myself. Hopefully everyone at the Paint Nite remains positive about the whole experience. Unfortunately, it is hard not to compare your art to others, especially when some works other "amateurs" create look extraordinary. This can cause one to feel a little down about their own painting.

Furthermore, the enjoyment you get from Paint Nite really depends on the venue. You can end up at a fun venue with a private room, and tasty food and drinks, or you can be stuck at an awful bar venue. It might have horrible drinks, shoddy seating, slow servers, or a loud football game in the background. I really think that the venues should be vetted more appropriately for a Paint Nite atmosphere.

Then there are the finished paintings themselves. The paintings I have finished are not something that I want to put on my wall or give to someone. Spending money for two to three hours of paint time to create a piece of art that won't be used feels wasteful. It seems others feel the same way since Paint Nites are consistently 40% off.

I am not all doom and gloom about Paint Nite and the artists that have run the Paint Nites that I've gone to have been very good. They have been helpful, funny, and really try to make it a better time for everyone. I also do enjoy spending time with friends and having a drink while doing something creative, but I could also set something like this up in my own home. Others have suggested it as a good way to find a shared interest and start conversations with people you may normally not have much in common with. I also like the idea of Paint Nite as a fundraiser, team building exercise with your co-workers, or a casual way to learn basic painting techniques.

The Paint Nite franchise has created a new type of event, called Plant Nite. This intrigues me more than a Paint

Nite because I feel as if I could actually make a succulent arrangement that would be an attractive addition to my decor. However, I have not been able to try this option yet. I also think that if Paint Nite switched it up and had different artistic themes it would make it fresh. Maybe change it from acrylic paints to watercolours, charcoal, or any other medium. Different creative options could push me over the fence to fully enjoying these evenings. What I truly wonder is how many people are currently sitting on the fence about Paint Nite as I am? Yes, it's fun and the first experience can be very neat but when you start to go multiple times it loses its magic. Hopefully Paint Nite looks at the feedback of everyone attending their events and continues to create unique options in the future.



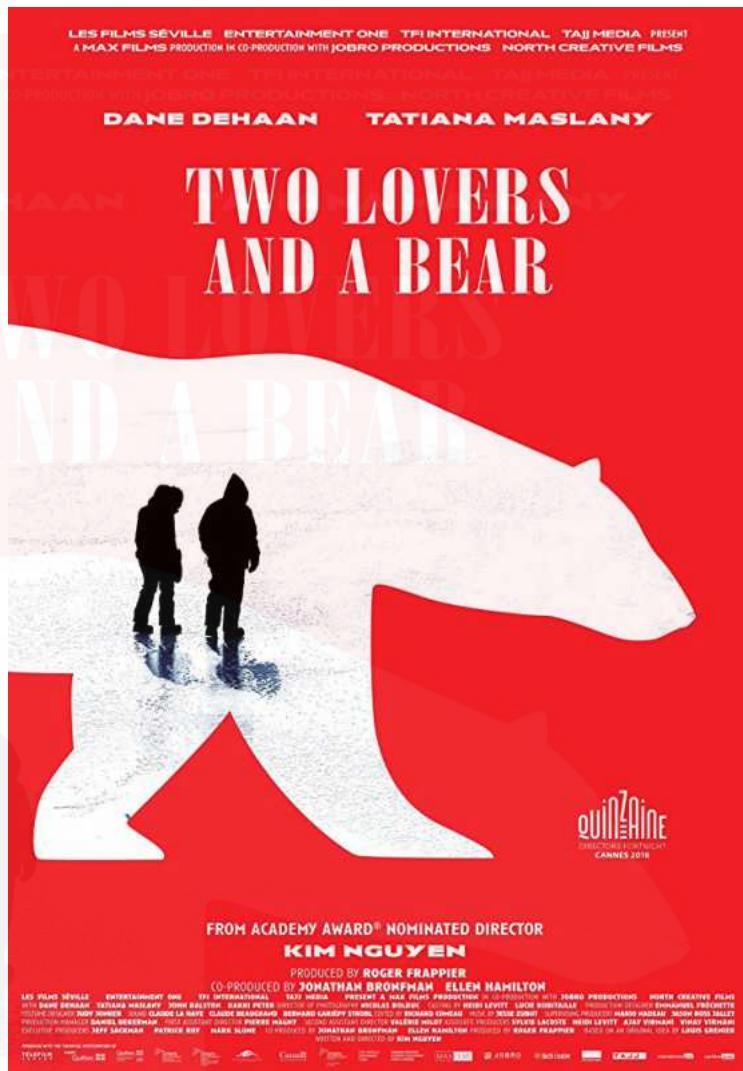
THIS FEBRUARY, CURL UP WITH YOUR SWEETIE, SOME CHOCOLATES AND THE SELF DESTRUCTION THAT IS LOVING ANOTHER PERSON COMPLETELY, IN TWO LOVERS AND A BEAR

2016, DIR. KIM NGUYEN. TATIANA MASLANY, DANE DEHAAN. (IHR 36MIN)
- ARIADNE BISSETT

During this month of true love, and fireplace-illuminated rendezvous, or alternately, loneliness, I was looking for a Saskatchewan-made film or connected film with a love story, to recommend for your enjoyment. The pickings were slim, and the prospect of watching *Just Friends* made me despair of the idea altogether. Then, as in so many situations in my life, the filmography of Tatiana Maslany came to my entertainment rescue. She and co-star Dane Dean (*The Amazing Spider-Man 2*) make up most of the speaking cast of *Two Lovers and a Bear*, a film by director Kim Nguyen (written by Kim Nguyen and Louis-François Grenier). It is a film to satisfy the hearts of not only the sincerely, deeply in love, but also the melancholy and lonely who look upon February's best known holiday with illness-inducing dread. The film primarily is a love story, but with an additional "magic realism" quality. It is set in an unnamed remote northern town sometime in the dead of winter. Maslany plays Lucy, a woman with a dreadful figure stalking her relentlessly. She is desperate to leave the North as she feels her demons have followed her there. However, DeHaan's character, Roman, dreads the south, where he has left the painful memories of his past. Eventually the two decide that they must set out on a risky trek across the tundra, where the landscape makes for a compelling additional character, in fabulous long shots of the icy terrain. It also provides the film with an effective secondary antagonist to drive the action. The movie looks fantastic, and transports viewers to a locale that is perhaps unfamiliar, and mystical feeling (though this depiction is somewhat questionable, perhaps exoticist, since the premise revolves around the remote North as an escape for the two troubled, white protagonists).

The romantic storyline, however, sometimes feels as bare as the landscape, while at the same time feeling overblown. While I understand the drive toward minimalism in storytelling, at times the backstory and motivation behind the romance doesn't seem to be there, making the heights of their mutual adulation seem as exaggerated.

Then there's the Bear. The sage-talking bear, voiced by Gordon Pinsent, is the best part of the movie, while only showing up a handful of times. He projects the supernatural power of an old god, while grumbling like an old man, and stealing booze and fish. The movie leaves open to interpretation whether the Bear and other mystical elements of the movie are real, or hallucinatory, making



many elements of the story of the two lovers compelling and incredibly sad. Despite my criticism of the romance, I still feel that the mystical elements of the movie draw you in, while the psychological implications of the human story they suggest, lingers long after the credits roll.

So, if you want to take in either an atmospheric and atypical love story, or bask in the loneliness of the stunning northern wilderness, *Two Lovers and a Bear* is certainly a worthy journey to take this February.

KIM NGUYEN

PRODUCED BY ROGER FRAPPIER

COPRODUCED BY JONATHAN BRONFMAN, ELLEN HAMILTON

WITH DAENE DEHAAN, TATIANA MASLANY, GORDON PINSENT, MARK PETERS, MICHAEL POLKOVNIK, CHRISTIAN LE BLAIS, LUCIE BOISSELIER, ROBERT PRECHTE, PETER MARCHAND, PATRICK RAYMOND, JEAN-CHRISTOPHE BOURGEOIS, MARIE-ÈVE NÉGRON, GREGORY LAMBERT, MARIO HADDOCK, NICOLE COUDREAU, INÉS LAROCHE, DANIEL BISSETT, PATRICK BOY, HELEN SLOANE, STEPHEN MCGOWAN, ROBERT LALONDE, VALERIE HÉLÉNÉ, ASSOCIATE PRODUCER SYLVIE LACÔTE, HEIDI LEVITT, ATAY VENHARI, VINCENT VERNET, CLAUDIO RODRIGUEZ, PRODUCED BY ROGER FRAPPIER, WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY KIM NGUYEN



THE UNIQUE FLAVOURS OF LA KASBAH DU MAROC CRÊPERIE

- JESSICA MITTEN-MOORE

350 UNIVERSITY PARK DR, REGINA



I have recently learnt of a little gem in East Regina called La Kasbah Du Maroc. This business is a crêperie with a cozy atmosphere and amazing food. La Kasbah Du Maroc opened in 2016, but I did not have the privilege of tasting their food until January of 2018.

When several friends and I arrived at our destination, we walked into a quaint restaurant with a warm atmosphere. Gauzy curtains covered the windows and the walls were decorated with art and Moroccan teapots. We began our experience with a flavourful Moroccan mint tea. It came in an exquisite silver teapot which served five of us generously, but watch out for the hot handle! The cups the tea was served with were colourful and unique Moroccan style glassware. As we lounged in our comfortable chairs, we ordered a diverse selection of food. I had the pleasure of having the Moroccan sausage and sun-dried tomato crêpe. This crêpe was so flavourful, and each ingredient that was inside it complemented the other perfectly. I have to say that it was one of the best savoury crêpes I have ever had.

After enjoying the fabulous savoury crêpes, we decided on some sweet crêpes to share. We ordered the crème brûlée, and the lemon and icing sugar crêpe. Both of these crêpes were fairly light, rich and perfect for a shared dessert. There were many other options available for savoury and sweet crêpes, including a crêpe of the day. If you get to the crêperie before 11:00 a.m. you can order a breakfast crêpe option. The breakfast crêpe can be filled with two scrambled eggs, your choice of meat and cheese, and then topped with hollandaise sauce. This sounds quite tempting and I plan to try it next time I go. The owners of La Kasbah seem considerate since they also offer gluten free options for someone who has a restricted diet.

Our group ended up staying in the restaurant far longer than originally planned just because we enjoyed the atmosphere and the food so much. I highly recommend this crêperie; make sure you try both a savoury and sweet crêpe!

SO DELICIOUS,
THERE WAS NO TIME
FOR PICTURES!



WINCHESTER: THE HOUSE THAT SPIRITS BUILT

2018, LIONSGATE, DIR. MICHAEL & PETER SPIERIG. HELEN MIRREN. (IHR, 39M)

- MEGAN NEGRYCH



When it comes to hauntings and horror, I am obsessed. When I heard that they were launching a movie based on one of my favourite pieces of Americana horror, I knew that I would be in the audience on opening weekend. I have to say that *Winchester* gave me everything I expected when I hyped it up to myself. For those not in the know, *Winchester* is based on the tale of the Winchester Mansion; a maze of a house built by Sarah Winchester, the widow of William Winchester and heir to the fortune that was created by the Winchester Repeating Rifle. Sarah believed that the ghosts of all those killed by the rifles made by her husband's company had cursed her family and were haunting her. Driven by spiritualist inclinations, the widow Winchester designed room after room in order to confuse the spirits. Sarah brought in workers to construct the house around the clock, expanding the mansion without any discernible master plan. As the film states, construction continued right up to the time of the widow's death in 1922, only ever interrupted by the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.¹

The movie was exceedingly well paced, drawing the tension in and out to effectively keep you on the edge of your seat. Renowned queen of the screen, Dame Helen Mirren, gives an absolutely emotional and convincing performance as Sarah Winchester, and though small, the supporting cast plays well off of her. Opposite Mirren is Jason Clarke as Dr. Eric Price, a doctor employed by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company to evaluate the mental state of Sarah Winchester, who they believe is no longer fit to have major control over the company, as she spends the company's profits on the continual demolition and construction of her home. At this point the movie plot diverges from reality. We discover that rather than to confuse and escape the spirits that she believed were pursuing her, the purpose of the endless construction is to contain and pacify the ghosts. Without spoiling anything, it can be said that Dr. Price is set up as the foil to Sarah, the skeptic to the believer, and that the tension between the two serves a dual purpose, acting as both internal driver and external witness for change.

If you are looking for an interesting horror movie, with great atmosphere, intriguing story, and kernels of true American history sprinkled in, I suggest you go and see *Winchester*. If you are intrigued by the story presented, I also suggest doing a little bit of reading in regard to Sarah Winchester and the Winchester Mansion, a piece of haunted America that is still in existence today, drawing believers and skeptics to its doors every year.

Learn to Code: Prairie Dog Panic!

- Designed by Rachel Popa



The problem:

The prairie dogs at the University of Regina are getting out of hand. Their cute antics have charmed the students into providing them with an unlimited supply of food, so their population is growing without interruption. The massive colony is slowly destroying the campus but no one wants to be the person to pull the trigger on the situation and get rid of them. You have been brought on as a consultant to provide indisputable evidence that the population is not sustainable and needs to be dealt with.

Prairie dog facts (Not real facts):

- The natural lifespan of a prairie dog is ten months
- Prairie dogs have a gestation period of two months
- Assume that prairie dogs only become pregnant on the first of the month
- Prairie dogs reach sexual maturity at one month, at which point they are considered adults, and remain that way until their death
- Every prairie dog born has a 40% chance of being male and a 60% chance of being female
- Prairie dogs give live birth and average three pups per litter
- As of January 2018, the month you were hired, there were 30 female prairie dogs and 20 male prairie dogs. All of them have only just become one month in age at the start of January.
- Every month, each female prairie dog has a 0.5(M:F) chance of getting pregnant where (M:F) is the ratio of sexually mature male prairie dogs to sexually mature female prairie dogs.
- For example, in January the ratio is $(20:30) = 0.667$ (Feel free to go to as many decimal places as you want in your program.)
- $(0.5)0.667 = 0.3335$ resulting in a 33.33% chance of pregnancy

This is a series of simple self-guided programming assignments beginners should be able to complete. Please email your submissions, suggestions, or questions to rachel@dejavise.ca



Your mission:

Simulate the prairie dog population for the next five years and print the results for each month in the following format. Since it is a simulation you should generate random numbers based on the given probabilities to get your results, meaning that each time you run the program your results will vary a bit:

Jan 2018: 20 Adult Males -- 30 Adult Females -- 0 Pup Males -- 0 Pup Females

Feb 2018: 20 Adult Males -- 30 Adult Females -- 0 Pup Males -- 0 Pup Females

Mar 2018: 20 Adult Males -- 30 Adult Females -- 12 Pup Males -- 18 Pup Females

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, variable, string, integer, double, If statement, for loop / while loop, constant, function, generating random numbers, array, class.

Languages / Environments:

Use whatever 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

SERIAL BITS: THE HISTORY OF SERIAL LITERATURE

PART ONE: INTRODUCTION

- MEGAN NEGRYCH

Episodic entertainment has been around for centuries. Starting as early as the 17th century, authors were publishing works of fiction in an inventive fashion. While literacy rates were rising, the truth was that books, published and bound as a whole, were still expensive enough to be out of the budget of many individuals. Instead, magazines and newspapers were more widespread, easier to acquire and produce, and came at a lower cost. As a result, many of the modern world's best known major works were released as smaller instalments in weekly or monthly publications. Among its many works, serial fiction is the originating format of classics such as Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*, Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, just to name a few.

Serialized fiction had its start in Europe, but reached audiences in North America, Russia, and Asia as the phenomenon spread. Most notably, it became a major delivery platform for detective fiction; readers would wait in anticipation to find out what would happen next, which complemented tension inherent in the genre. Over the coming issues, we will take a look at various elements of serialized fiction; from the history of the serial literature publication industry, to the history of the various stories, characters, and authors who saw their rise through this method of dissemination. We will examine each just as they came to us, in small instalments, chapter by chapter. I will examine how this format was driven by the voracious and growing desire for the literary, for fiction of escape and discovery, and how it influenced readers and authors alike.

Serial fiction only saw its decline with the emergence of radio and television which, while removing serial fiction from the spotlight, drew on the same episodic format that had made print serials popular. From *The Amazing Interplanetary Adventures of Flash Gordon*, a radio drama from 1935, to today's ever-growing catalogue of television series; like *Supernatural* and *Hannibal*, these larger stories are divided into smaller, more manageable pieces for viewers. As the internet continues to grow, so does a return to the serial format. Any inclined to can try their hand at serial fiction to an almost limitless audience, working either with original ideas, or inspired by pre-existing characters and worlds. Services like fanfiction, fictionpress, mediaminer, and wattpad exist and thrive solely on a chapter by chapter publishing system, where readers wait with bated breath for the next instalment from their favourite author, or search endlessly for that perfect story.

We are hungry in our desire for the written word. While a paperback novel has its appeal and its place, sometimes we are unable to fully commit to the undertaking of reading a long novel. With less free time and shorter attention spans, we just need a smaller piece to whet out literary appetites, and scratch that reading itch. Serialized literature is still alive and well, continuing to evolve and grow through the ages. Let's explore its history together.

Next up: Early Serial Fiction of the 17th Century.

Donny in the Dark: Beginnings

Megan Negrych



As he leaned over the sink, cool water dripping down the arch of his nose, two things passed through Donny's mind in quick succession. The first was that he had blown his best chance to move up the ladder, and the second was that he was going to look like a fool with a soaking wet tie. Carefully, he reached for his tie. His eyes snapped open when his hand met his dry shirt, and he tapped around to try and feel where his tie should be. Glancing up in the mirror, he was surprised to find that it was thrown expertly over his shoulder, well out of the way of the water that now dripped off his chin. He couldn't remember moving it out of the way, yet there it was, dry as a bone.

With a sigh, Donny reflected internally that this was the only good thing to have happened to him all day, even though he had woken up with every intention of making today a day for the books. He had practiced his pitch in front of the mirror all weekend; he had gone over every point as to why his approach would decrease overshot deadlines, and greatly benefit morale. It was solid, absolutely perfect, and it would have been the moment where he could truly make his mark and set himself apart from the rest of the corporate herd. It would especially show his direct area manager, Francine, that he wasn't the weakest link on the team.

"You need to keep up, Donny boy, or you'll miss out," was how Francine has phrased it to him the last time something had passed him by. That time, her berating had been due to his unwillingness to cut down his direct competitor for a promotion. One of their forever coworkers, who had been neck and neck with Donny for ages in the promotion pool, had unwisely left his planner out on his desk, report visible and all, and Donny had refused to look at it. Francine had had no such qualms. She had taken the report, read it, and waltzed right into the department head's office and pitched the idea as her own. Not long after that, she had been promoted. The colleague whose work she had stolen had been hung out to dry, accused of stealing the idea, and let go.

"Donny, pluck up. Get it together. Just because you missed your chance at the meeting, doesn't mean that you can't just walk right into Ms. Wyner's office and lay it all out." Donny spoke quietly to his reflection. He took a deep breath as he looked himself in the eye. With a firm nod of his head, he pulled his tie back into place, straightening the knot smartly, and squaring his shoulders. Sucking in a deep breath, he threw on a winning smile and gave himself a wink, resolved to fix his mistake as he left the washroom. First, it was lunch time, so he would grab a quick bite to fortify himself, and then he would take the plunge.

After lunch, Ms. Wyner's office door remained closed, but Donny could see that she was inside, pacing back and forth behind the glass walls. She was on the phone, in heated conversation. Leaning over his keyboard he cursed himself for not foregoing lunch in favour of committing to his plan. He had felt so confident, so ready, but after two hours of glancing up from his keyboard sporadically, only to observe the closed door, his resolve was failing. He watched her now, leaning over her computer, typing as she spoke, packing her meeting bag, and multitasking like the devil. Things were not looking good for there being an opening for him to take advantage of.

Resigning himself to putting his plan on the back-burner until the next meeting, Donny returned to his reports. He ignored the new mail notification and focused on his work, giving himself something to do besides berate himself for his inability to commit to his plans. There was a bubbling of conversation popping up around him, but he ignored it, trying to focus on getting his work done instead. If he couldn't be on the ball with his proposal, at least he could be ahead of the deadline. He continued to work even as he noticed Francine walking toward him with her usual group of office cronies, her voice raised.

"I know, I figured I would let him take this one. Give him something to add to his resume, you know. It's not like he gets that many breaks anyway, it was the least I could do." Her voice was bubbly, with just a hint of pity thrown in for effect. At her words Donny had a keen feeling of foreboding, as she continued toward his desk, losing her entourage on the way. Glancing around, she waited for the others to pass before taking Donny's chair by the arms and spinning it around to face her. She leaned in close and let her voice drop to a whisper.

"You've done it now, Donny. I really don't appreciate it when people go above my head. All your proposals for the department head need to come to me first for approval. So we don't waste any time." Her words were clipped, hard, and made absolutely no sense to him. Francine must have picked up on the clueless expression on his face, as she gave him no time to reply.

"The boss has been in her office all afternoon with corporate, running through the approvals needed to get this thing rolling." Jerking his chair back around she pulled up his email inbox and opened the message he had ignored. As Donny read, his confusion only grew. Right

there, in front of his eyes, was the plan to implement his idea the very next week, full approval for trial next quarter with permanent continuation for the future if the results improved by the end of the quarter. At the bottom, the boss commended Donny by name. Pulling his hand from under Francine's, he opened the next message, which came straight from the boss, congratulating him for his initiative and telling him that he was needed in her office the next morning to speak about it. She reiterated that her door was always open for forward thinkers, and that he shouldn't be nervous about approaching her.

Francine's hand on the arm on his chair moved up to his shoulder, and she pinched down hard.

"So, how are you going to fix this, Donny? I really do not like being left out of the loop. Monday morning I want you to walk straight into her office and apologize for going to her without first talking to me, and then you are going to tell her that we came up with this together, but you were too much of a selfish ass to admit it. If you don't, I will make you wish you had quit instead." Her threat was hot in his ear. Then, just as quickly as she had appeared, she was walking away, smiling and wishing those around them a wonderful evening. Donny was shocked for many reasons. For one, he couldn't remember speaking with the boss, yet there was his idea, right there in the email to the whole department, and with full credit to him. He spent the rest of the day in a daze, trying to figure out how Ms. Wyner, the department head, had gotten his idea. Upon investigation, the folder outlining his idea was missing from his top drawer, so someone had taken it to the boss, but he couldn't for the life of him think of anyone who would have done that, or who would have even known about the plan.

Donny arrived at home that evening to darkness, which suited him fine. The whole bus ride home had given him time to stew over Francine's outburst, and to realize how absolutely loathsome she truly was. He had known that she was underhanded, that she spread malicious rumours about co-workers who stood out or stepped up, but he had never thought that she would sink to threats or blackmail. Opening the fridge to grab a beer in the hope of letting go of his mounting anger and disbelief, Donny saw a pre-made, plastic wrapped plate with a note on it.

'Donny', the note read, 'Was called in for overtime. Made meatloaf. Love Sam.' He didn't feel much like eating, but the very fact that his girlfriend had made dinner and left some for him even though she had been called in to work hours early, lightened his heart. He resolved to take a quick shower to cool off and relax before eating, to ensure that her efforts didn't go unappreciated.

Entering the bathroom Donny flicked on the shower before turning on the lights. Setting his beer down on the vanity, he glanced in the mirror. He noticed tight lines around his mouth, and a cold, angry glint in his eyes that he was uncomfortably unfamiliar with. Frustrated, he loosened his tie and leaned his forehead against the cool surface of the glass as steam from the shower began to fill the small bathroom.

"I will not give in to her. I can tell the boss tomorrow that she threatened me, let HR handle the whole thing. She needs to be dealt with, or she'll just keep doing this over and over again whenever she pleases." He tried to relax some more, to let that plan sink in, but it sat wrong in his gut. HR would be too lenient, it was his word against hers. She had been with the company longer, and if she was threatening him, she no doubt had others she was holding by their short and curlies as well. His jaw tightening, Donny pulled his tie off and gripped the neck of his beer bottle, resisting the rising urge to throw it against the wall. With another healthy swig he set the bottle aside and finished undressing before hopping into the shower. He didn't bother to finish the beer afterward, or go back to the kitchen, instead falling straight into bed in an attempt to sleep away his foul mood.

The next morning Donny walked into the office, shoulders back and resolved. He was going to meet with the boss, and after they had finished talking about the reality of his idea being implemented, he was going to hand her his incident report on the altercation the previous day. Hopefully, his careful and detailed account, and his past character would hold some weight with HR.

The elevator ride up to his floor was quiet, devoid of any other workers, which struck Donny as a little odd. When he exited and nodded his good morning to the receptionist, he got a somber nod back. Passing the break room, he noted a small group of coworkers speaking quietly, only glancing up at him in passing, or to offer a nod. Normally, in the morning the coffee room was the place to be, but this morning there was something off. Arriving at his desk, he noted that Susan, his cubicle neighbour was checking her cell phone, her computer still off, which was definitely not how Susan operated. In an attempt to change the atmosphere, and break the unusual silence, Donny leaned over the low cubicle wall.

"Any idea who died? It's never this quiet in here."

Susan looked up at him and slowly blinked. "Didn't see the news this morning?"

As a matter of fact, Donny had not, he'd been so absorbed in writing his report for HR that he hadn't even taken the time to make coffee, let alone turn on the television.

"No, was there an attack or something?"

"Oh, dear. So you didn't hear about that big accident on the freeway last night?" Donny shook his head, and Susan continued, "Francine's car flipped, she passed away on the way to the hospital. Ms. Wyner just let us know ten minutes ago."



BURROWING: A NATURAL TECHNIQUE, REDISCOVERED FROM NATURE

BY ME- MADILEI MADISON

MadiLei Madison is a sought-after “lifestyle coach” who styles herself “The Interpreter of Nature”, her thesis being that: “every interaction with life, and the Earth, is an attempt by Nature to speak to us” and that her lifestyle lived

“In Nature” brings her close enough to “hear clearly.” When I asked her, “What constitutes Nature, where does Nature supposedly end and, where do we begin?”, she simply said “Precisely.”

When I asked her, “No, really, what about a city, built by humans, organisms who live on this planet, is ‘unnatural’?” she just ignored me and

began to approach some nearby pigeons, soon mimicking their head movements, seemingly in an attempt to communicate. When I first met MadiLei,

she was a successful food blogger, marketing her own line of green juices. Then she moved to organic farming. That however, was six months ago. I had been unable to contact her, until just recently, when

a series of rough notes were delivered to me,

apparently via trained squirrel. Many of them ended up stuck in trees in and around my yard, but

the few I was able to retrieve gave me sufficient clues as to her location. I was able to make contact this past week, and MadiLei wishes to reach out

with her “wisdom gained by osmosis with unadulterated Nature.” MadiLei insists on penning her column on her own handmade dandelion fluff parchment, with dandelion head ink, since I am not permitted to bring any manufactured goods to her country “refuge.” It is very difficult to read. It has mostly fallen apart. This is my best attempt to piece

together her various, wandering thoughts and declarations for this month.

Disclaimer: I in no way recommend following the technique outlined in this article, as I believe that it could very well result in freezing to death, or at least, frostbite in truly inconvenient places, but due to popular demand, I will, nevertheless relay her statement.



* REVISED AND EDITED FOR COHERENCE BY ARIADNE BISSETT

We're past the Winter Solstice my dear Children of Gaia, Fruit of the Cosmic Womb, but doesn't the world still feel dark, cold, and full of the negative junk vibes that get us down? The jubilation that the sun is slowly returning to us should fill our hearts, and lift us from sleepy, technology-induced torpor. Alas, for some of you the pull of those glowing screens will prove too strong. Like the deadly, bioluminescent lure of the cuttlefish, hypnotizing and trapping its prey.

What is then to be done? What shall we do with the instinct to curl into a ball of meaningless half-sleep while false images of unattainable and fictional interpretations of human existence seep into our eyeballs, along with the accompanying HEV light? Shall we resist the sluggish pull of hibernation? Must we tear ourselves from the lap of warmth and sleep? Those of you who have sought me out in my wilderness refuge (those clever enough to piece together the scattered clues left on notes in various Little Free Library boxes, and stuck to tree branches throughout the city by my tiny but noble companions) and braved the snowy woods to find me and learn from my wisdom, may be shocked to hear my answer, given that after a dose of dandelion tea in my inner sanctum, many of you have awoken naked in the snow, armed only with a piece of bark rope as defence against the cruel frost of Nature's winter. And the nearby den of Nature's wolves. I say, that this urge to rest is not an Unnatural urge. The Human Body In Balance is naturally scarce of resources in winter. We live in harmony with the cold Earth in winter. In fierce hunger. When we live in Nature we kill to survive, and feel the warm blood of prey spill over our own cold flesh. We paint ourselves with the blood and dance for warmth as we consume the mana of the kill. We seek the energy to continue our own life.

In between hunts, however, energy conservation is crucial, therefore we must have rest, and darkness. But not in front of the glowing screen, bathed in deadly blue light do we find rest! The Earth, Gaia our Mother, will give us sanctuary.



Burrowing is Nature's way of returning us to her Womb. It is the way of animals in winter, and when humans return to Gaia, she gives us her strength.

Even in the midst of the noise and interference of the city, which blind us to the call of The Mother, you too can have the sustenance of rest in her bosom. When your energy is low and you feel the sucking lure of vampire technology and sugary cancer food, you must leave the false haven of your toxic, mould-filled manufactured housing, and dig a haven in snow.

First, strip your body of all toxin-laden manufactured cloth, then lock the door to your toxic-energy-steeped house. Then throw the key down the nearest sewer drain, or at least as far away as possible, with your eyes closed, humming the call of the porcupine loudly and spinning in a circle. This must be done, first of all to cleanse you of the Fog of the Mind caused by chemical seepage from poisonous polymer-based fabrics and the psychically vampiric energy waves of technology, and secondly to give you the Urgency of Survival needed to collect and dig sufficient snow to

cover your body in a warming cocoon. The Urgency of Survival will take hold of even the most sluggish, sheep-like brain soon enough. Be as the gopher. Thirst to live, and soon enough you will have your safe haven.

Ignore the biting cold. Ignore the tingling numbness of your skin. Ignore the mewling protests of your small and petty neighbours. One day perhaps, they will join you in your revelation, but for now let them howl at the wind and the sky. You have found a cocoon deep in the snow. Rest the night, in silence, renewing your connection with the Earth. In the Morning, emerge rested, refreshed, butterfly-like to a spiritual springtime. You are a new budding plant. You are the fierce squirrel, who, having found shelter in the night, emerges to the sun's warmth to seek the day's sustenance once more.

Stand tall and proud as the first golden rays of the day caress your unpolluted form and display to the world the fundamant of your person: your living relationship with the raw, natural state of the universe.





Rachel Popa

- Season two of Jessica Jones! I love everything Krysten Ritter does.
- Regina Taboo Show is going to be at the Conexus Arts Centre from February 23rd to 25th. I will be checking it out as it's always a fun and enlightening time. More details can be found at tabooshow.com/regina



Jessica Mitten-Moore

- Cirque de la Symphonie - Feb. 17 at the Conexus Arts Centre
- Joel McHale Show with Joel McHale - Netflix Original - Feb. 19, 2018
- The Frankenstein Chronicles - Season 1 & 2 - Netflix Original starring Sean Bean and Vanessa Kirby - Feb. 20
- Overwatch League - Stage 2 - February 21st - Watch for more articles about Overwatch League if you would like more information.

WHAT THE TEAM AT Deja-VISITE IS EXCITED FOR FEBRUARY EDITION



Ariadne Bissett

- I'm very excited about the Regina Farmers Market indoor market starting up March 3rd at 2065 Hamilton St (the Wa Wa Shrine Centre). It's a great way to force Saturday morning you out of bed, not too early, but maybe by 10 or so, so that Saturday you can buy some cake, and mead (maybe for Saturday night you?)
- I'm also excited to check out Seedy Saturday at St Paul's Anglican Cathedral for the first time! It is also March 3rd. Seedy Saturday is an annual seed sharing, trading, and selling event. I can't wait to see what everyone has to trade!
- And of course the release of Fifty Shades Freed!... Just kidding, it's Black Panther, definitely Black Panther. I mean, the Fifty Shades series ain't got nothin' on Twilight... am I right ladies? Hello?



Jocelyn Anderson

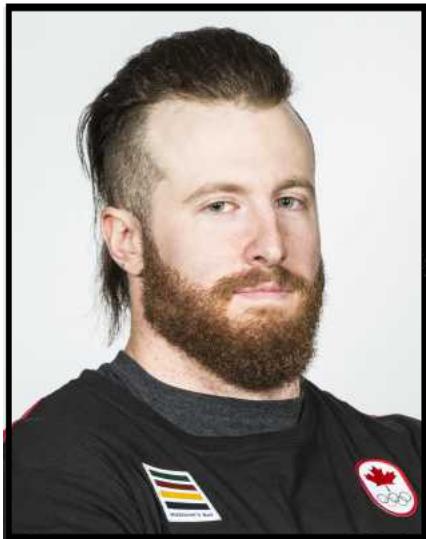
- I have been obsessed with the stage show STOMP, along with its counterpart Blast that uses wind instruments, since I was in high school. I got the opportunity to go on a trip to see Blast in grade 12 but hadn't had an opportunity to see Stomp. Till next month March 12th, at Conexus Arts Centre. So excited
- Which awesome books from Saskatchewan should I read? I am going to go find out at the Saskatchewan Book Awards Shortlist on February 16th at the Regina Public Library.



Megan Negrych

- Annihilation. Recently picked up the book, part of the Southern Reach trilogy. The premise is intriguing, and the trailer just has me excited for an all-female cast movie. (February 23rd)
- A Wrinkle in Time: Extremely excited to see this movie, based off one of my favourite childhood books by Madeleine L'Engle. I was always tickled pink that the protagonist was named Meg! (March 9th)

SASKATCHEWAN ATHLETES TO WATCH OUT FOR AT THE 2018 OLYMPICS IN SOUTH KOREA!



BEN COAKWELL

Resident of Saskatoon, Ben Coakwell is a member of the four-man bobsleigh team. He started as a football running back, and played for the University of Saskatchewan Huskies. He was first introduced to bobsledding in 2012. He competed in the 2014 Olympics, but due to a crash in the second heat he was unable to finish the competition. He was not injured. He has a number of World Cup medals, the most recent of which was silver in November 2017 in Park City, USA.



EMILY CLARK

Emily Clark is one of the players on the Women's Ice Hockey Team. She grew up in Saskatoon. She started skating at the age of three, and started playing hockey at five. Although this is her first Olympic Games, she began playing hockey internationally for Canada in 2011. She is passionate about introducing hockey to others, and volunteers as a hockey instructor for families that are new to Canada.

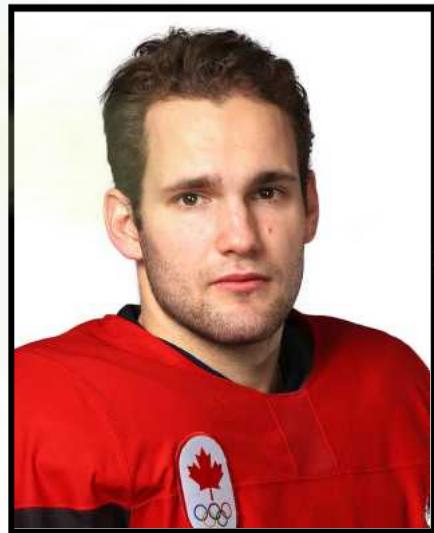


KALI CHRIST

Kali Christ, a long track speed skater, calls Regina home. She began skating at the age of three! Kali has several national medals and she was at the 2014 Olympic Games where she placed fifth. She missed most of the 2016-2017 season because she was going through prolotherapy to address a medical condition causing her early fatigue in her races, but she was back and won bronze at the World Cup in Calgary in December 2017.

LINDEN VEY

Linden Vey of Wakaw, Saskatchewan, is a forward for the Men's Ice Hockey Team. He started playing hockey at the age of four with his older brothers and was drafted by the Los Angeles Kings in 2009. He played with their AHL affiliate team until his NHL debut in 2013-2014. Since then, he has played with the Vancouver Canucks and the Calgary Flames.



MARSHA HUDEY

Long track speed skater Marsha Hudey, who was raised in White City, comes from a whole family of speed skaters. In the off-season, she works as a physiotherapy assistant in Regina. Marsha competed in the Sochi 2014 Olympic Games, but her first medal placement on the world stage was in November 2017 in Stavanger, Norway, where she won silver for the 500m event.

MARK MCMORRIS

Mark McMorris is participating in his second Olympic Games in Snowboarding. Born and raised in Regina, he still lives there today. He started competing nationally when he was 16 years old, and won a bronze medal in the 2014 Olympic Games. Mark has had several injuries over the past two years, including a broken femur, but he has bounced back, and in November 2017 he won the Big Air World Cup in Beijing.



**BEST OF LUCK TO ALL
THE ATHLETES TAKING
PART IN THE GAMES!**

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Cooking Moonshine with Team Junk

Photograph credits.

Appearing on Page 3: Cooling Down the Coil - Taken by Jocelyn Anderson, In photo - Tom Cooper; Still Setup - Taken by Jocelyn Anderson, In photo - David Mills

Appearing on Page 4: Burning the Moonshine - Taken by Jocelyn Anderson, In photo - David Mills; Trying out the Shine - Taken by Mack Cooper, In photo (left to right) - Jocelyn Anderson, David Mills

Experimental Kitchen: Incubating your Interest in Kefir

All photography credits to Ariadne Bissett.

1. Paula Carasi, Mariangeles Diaz, Silvia M. Racedo, Graciela De Antoni, Maria C. Urdaci, and Maria de los Angeles Serradell, "Safety characterization and antimicrobial properties of kefir-isolated Lactobacillus kefiri" BioMed Research International Annual 2014,(2014)

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Graphic credits to Jocelyn Anderson

Software in Saskatchewan: Cuphead by StudioMDHR

All Graphics from the StudioMDHR Cuphead Press package.

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All photography credits to Jessica Mitten-Moore

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Image cover of Clean Code, property of Prentice Hill Publishers.

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Paint Nite: What's Not to love?

Appearing in photograph (left to right):Koryn Ortiz, Jessica Mitten-Moore, Rachel Popa

The Unique Flavours of La Kasbah du Maroc Creperie

All photography credits to Jessica Mitten Moore

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Image courtesy of Lionsgate Films.

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All graphic credits to Jocelyn Anderson

Donny in the Dark: Beginnings

All photography credits to Jocelyn Anderson

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All photography credits to Ariadne Bissett

Upcoming Excitement

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Saskatchewan Olympians in South Korea

All images and information taken from the Official Canadian Olympic Team Press packages:

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