Law school is expensive.
THIS ACADEMIC YEAR, each of us will pay Osgoode somewhere in the neighborhood of $22,000. That's more than 75% of the median Canadian's income. When you do the math, each of us effectively pays Osgoode about $50 per hour of class time \( \text{At 17 credits, } $43/\text{hour (17 \text{ hrs x 15 weeks x 2 semesters}) and at 13 credits, } $56/\text{hour (13 hours x 15 weeks x 2 semesters)}} \]. And keep in mind that this $22,000 only covers tuition and fees. When you add books and conservative living expenses (as budgeted by the Osgoode Office of Financial Services), the total cost of a three-year Osgoode JD easily exceeds $120,000.

The rising cost of law school is an issue that should matter to everyone.
Osgoode's current tuition costs reduce the meritocracy of the admissions system. It cuts down the diversity of our classes and ultimately, the legal profession, without reference to a candidate's academics or other qualifications. In a way, Osgoode's tuition is like those amusement park ride warning signs that require that "you must be THIS tall to ride", except the Osgoode warning sign would say that "your personal wealth and/or acceptance of potentially life-altering debt must be THIS big to attend the law school."

Moreover, Osgoode's current tuition rates also limit the career and life choices of students. Students who might have otherwise pursued areas of practice such as social justice or the public service are pulled towards higher-paying options in order to pay off their debt loads. This in turn reduces the public's access to legal services while disproportionately affecting vulnerable groups. The steep price of law school tuition has contributed to the sad irony of our legal system: where average Canadians can't afford to use a lawyer when they need one, but simultaneously there is underemployment of articling students and legal professionals.

Student Caucus April 2013 Report
The following bullets hit on key points from an investigation done by a Student Caucus member and published by the Obiter Dicta in April 2013. If you are interested in why you are asked to pay $22,000 and where that money goes, I strongly urge you to read the full article. A link is provided below.
Obiter Dicta remembers Professor Michael Mandel

ON OCTOBER 27, 2013, the Osgoode community experienced the significant and tragic loss of an alum and cherished professor, Michael Mandel.

Many students received an email from the Dean, Twitter and Facebook headlines soon followed. Within hours, the Osgoode community reacted. Lawyers, academics, alumni and current students began to express their feelings of loss across various outlets. An industry, not known for its ability to communicate genuine sentiment, was very honest in this moment. Professor Mandel inspired honesty, dare I say demanded it, by his own admissions. He never missed a moment to inject a critical perspective or critique. In a society that is so often self-censoring, fearful of being part of the unpopular opinion, afraid to step on someone’s proverbial toes, and apprehensive (or apathetic) to take a stance on anything; Professor Mandel broke the silence, on every issue.

This type of vocalism, driven by what can only be explained as the product of intellect and passion, was not just a personal preference, and not just a lifestyle; but had become a unique Osgoode experience. It was an experience that connected 59 years worth of students through an unspoken understanding that their legal education was marked by something special, memorable, and distinct. For many, Professor Mandel introduced first year students to criminal law. But of course, he did much more than that. He presented an entire new paradigm to a room of neo-phytes. He challenged everything, including, and especially, the things that young law students were not prepared to challenge. It was through this vigorous and constant influence that the minds of many were shaped, influenced, encouraged and forever affected.

Whether or not you agreed or disagreed with Professor Mandel’s annunciated politics, whether or not you shared the same perspective about the Charter, war, or activism; we can all find common ground in his impartiality in light of his often-polarizing effect. Regardless of where you stood on an ideological quadrant, and regardless of how distant those coordinates were from his own ideological stance, you could always trust that Professor Mandel would read your paper, your exam, hear your comment, with the same respect and interest as any other individual in the class. He was dedicated to the craft of teaching, and more importantly, dedicated to his students; this is (one part of) his legacy.

Activist and academic accolades aside, albeit incredibly impressive and definitely noteworthy, Professor Mandel, in a way that only larger than life figures can, shaped what it means to be law professor. He was passionate, but impartial; fiery, but fair; and critical, but considerate. He often confused, outraged, antagonized, entertained, inspired, edified and educated his students in ways that spurred conversation outside the classroom, that promoted the pursuit of knowledge in a specific field, and that incited individuals to begin to ask the hard questions, not just of criminal law, but also of the “Law” and our space within that institution.

In his memory and to commemorate his very important legacy, we implore of you, Osgoode students, do not be complacent. Do not be apathetic. Do not settle. Do not accept anything as the status quo. Do not be downtrodden by the realities of law and its limitations, but rather push its boundaries. Use your education to share knowledge. Do not write people off on the basis of their position on the ideological quadrant. Engage in healthy debate with an open mind and reserve personal judgment for the sake of argument. Find common ground. Do not fall in line, fall in step, or fall in place; and if you fall, get back up with vigour and a sense of humour. Recognize and take ownership of your unique academic and financial privilege, and then do something meaningful because you are in the unique position to affect change.

There are few people who will come into your life and who will leave a long-lasting impression. Often these people are personal friends, family members, or significant others — their memories marred by strong affectionate or romantic emotions. There are even fewer people who will come to represent a time in your life and who will profoundly change your perspective on anything, much less your proposed career path. Lastly, there is only a small subset of people in the world who will do this on only the edge. Do not write people off on the basis of their position on the ideological quadrant. Engage in healthy debate with an open mind and reserve personal judgment for the sake of argument. Find common ground. Do not fall in line, fall in step, or fall in place; and if you fall, get back up with vigour and a sense of humour. Recognize and take ownership of your unique academic and financial privilege, and then do something meaningful because you are in the unique position to affect change.

The Obiter Dicta is a member of Canadian University Press.
One student’s tribute to the late Professor Michael Mandel

JAIME MOR
Contributor

I CAN’T TELL you what Professor Michael Mandel meant to each of the approximately 4000 students he had a hand in educating over his lengthy 39-year academic career; I can, however, tell you what he meant to me. Through this, those of you who had the chance to learn from him might remember something about the experience, and those of you who didn’t might perhaps be able to get some idea of what it was like to be his student.

I met Professor Mandel on the day of my first criminal law class. With his trademark smile and sense of humour, he proceeded to introduce us to the topic of law with a single, simple statement: “Law is not a thing,” he said, “but a way of arguing about things.”

The intellect of the man was such that, frankly speaking, none of us could keep up with him that first day. Heck, he navigated through the complexities and abstractions of criminal law with such speed and ease that I’m not sure it’s entirely possible for anyone to be equal to that task. Nevertheless, he taught us what we needed to know, and he was perennially humorous and approachable (most delightfully peculiar was his use of an illustrated chart full of cartoonish happy and sad faces to teach us about the different standards of mens rea).

While it is undoubtedly true that over the years many have found his teaching style to be a bit too complex for introductory classes, his love for teaching us was abundantly clear, and for this we loved him right back.

The consummate critic, we were far more likely to hear a lecture on the logical fallacies and inconsistencies of a major democratic philosophy than one that introduced us to the topic of law with a single, smile and sense of humour, he proceeded to introduce us to the topic of law with a single, simple statement: “Law is not a thing,” he said, “but a way of arguing about things.”

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While it is undoubtedly true that over the years many have found his teaching style to be a bit too complex for introductory classes, his love for teaching us was abundantly clear, and for this we loved him right back.

Always the consummate critic, we were far more likely to hear a lecture on the logical fallacies and inconsistencies of a major Supreme Court of Canada decision than we were to learn its most practical applications. This is a man who would unashamedly craft exam questions like: “Which one of the following two major decisions was worse, and why?”

For him, the point wasn’t to blindly teach us what the law was, rather, it was to teach us to critically think on the law, question it, and decide for ourselves whether or not we agreed with it. In hindsight, I can’t imagine a more useful class – law school is not as much about teaching substantive law as it is about teaching students a way of thinking. After all, law is not a thing, but rather a way of arguing about things.

By semester’s end, I decided that I hadn’t had enough, and signed up for his Legal Politics class (first years at Osgoode get to select an optional course for their winter semester). It wasn’t until a few weeks later that I would come to learn of the title that he jokingly claimed would provide a much more fitting description of the course: “Why I Hate the Charter’ with Michael Mandel.”

It was in this class, as in his other seminars, that one really got the full dose of the man’s abilities. Each week, we would read from his seminal work, “The Charter of Rights and the Legalization of Politics in Canada,” and we would discuss his principled criticisms of our beloved Charter. Law students tend to bring strong opinions into the classroom about human rights and the legal system, and Professor Mandel was all too happy to moderate the week’s spirited discussion, whilst injecting some of his own views from time to time. Each class was filled with passionate debate, plenty of laughter, and most importantly, the chance to learn something new and interesting.

Like many others, I can’t claim to have agreed with all of his views. The striking thing about his work, however, is that it is every bit as meticulously researched and logically presented as its arguments are radical. This combination of radical views and well-reasoned argumentation left me feeling something that countless others have felt before: you may have disagreed with him, but you were simply never going to win a principled argument with the man. He was simply too passionate, too well prepared, and most of all, too ferociously intelligent.

There are many who have prematurely judged him based on the content of his views. Instead he should be judged, and indeed remembered, by the content of his character. Professor Mandel was an incredibly bright, curious and friendly educator, with an insatiable passion for truth, and a principled respect for democracy and human rights. It takes a courageous man to adopt views that run contrary to the status quo in pursuit of truth and justice, but it takes an immeasurably more impressive man to use his intellect to show others the veracity of those views.

Most of all, Professor Mandel should be remembered as someone with a boundless appetite for life, who devoured task after task, and who always finished what he started. I didn’t quite realize the extent to which he embodied these qualities until recently when, while attending his funeral, I learned that I had unknowingly played witness to the most incredible story. Like many students, I record most of my lectures for the purpose of reviewing them later in preparation for exams or final papers. When I go back and review my recordings of Legal Politics, each session is titled only with the course name and date, save for the very last class on which I added the words “Best Lecture.”

That last class, I can tell you, was vintage Mandel. At the end, he was given a warm round of applause, and a customized T-shirt with the words “1 Person = 1 Vote” written on it; an allusion to one of his central democratic philosophies. While we all knew this was his last class of the year, what we didn’t know was that he was already quite sick, and shouldn’t have been teaching at all. In fact, it was later determined that he had taught the entirety of that final class in a state of almost complete heart failure, and had to drive himself directly to the hospital upon its completion.

That is the legacy of Michael Mandel: a passionate educator, an astonishing intellect, and a willpower for the ages. I am as thankful for the year I got to spend with him as I am sad for the immense loss to future generations of Osgoode Hall law students.

Thanks for changing the way we see the world professor; you will be missed, and never forgotten.
Remembering Professor Michael Mandel

CITLALLY MACIEL
News Editor

LAST YEAR, before starting my first year of law school, I received from Osgoode information concerning my courses and the professors who were teaching them. I eagerly searched each of them on Osgoode’s website. I remember reading Professor Mandel’s bio and thinking how interestingly odd it was (odd in a good way of course). I am not able to recall the details and could not go back to the website to refresh my mind (it seems like it has been taken down). However, anyone who knew Professor Mandel would probably agree with me that he was anything but conventional.

Indeed, his class ended up being the most interesting one of all. For one, it was the only one in my section where heated debates took place. Despite the crudeness of the cases covered, there is nothing about criminal law that is notoriously more controversial than other courses. Whether a course instigates debate or not is pretty much dependent on the way the topics are presented. That is to say, courses can be taught mechanically or they can be taught polemically. After all, this is law school. Any issue, no matter how simple, can be turned into a big debate.

And that is how Professor Mandel taught his class. He was daring, critical and sometimes eccentric. However, despite its wittiness, his teaching style was not of the like of everyone. Certainly, I would often find myself wishing that his class were a little more straightforward. However, Professor Mandel was a man with complex ideas and he was not one who would make the material simple. Eventually, I learned to appreciate his style. I approached him a few times to discuss some of the course materials. Despite the fact that he would sometimes challenge my ideas, he was always incredibly kind.

One day in class, he talked about an article published on the Toronto Star. It was published after a number of sexual assaults had occurred in Toronto’s Christie Pitts area. The author of the article was critical about the adoption of the term “sexual assault” in criminal law and was calling for a re-examination of the language used in this context. Professor Mandel was not in agreement with the article and, as per his usual style, he fervently explained the class why. While some seemed puzzled by his state-ments, others expressed some criticism. As usual, Professor Mandel had accomplished to instigate controversy. In the end, however, he cleverly confronted his opponents.

A few days before that class, I had read the article and I instantly knew that he would have something to say about it. I decided to email him the link and asked him what he thought about it. To my surprise, he actually responded and said: “You know, I clipped that article this morning for possible discussion in class, since we’re talking about sexual assault. I think there’s a lot of confusion on the part of journalists and police about the reasons for and implications of the change... it’s worth a minute to talk about in class when we talk about the change in the law.” After class, him and I had a further discussion about it. Not only did he explain to me why he thought the journalist’s point of view was mistaken, but he also told me about the fallacies he had repeatedly found on her newspaper articles. For example, he told me about this article she wrote once, and pointed out that, in spite of her Italian background, she had no idea about Italian grammar.

This episode is personally memorable for a number of reasons, but overall, I think it says a lot about who Professor Mandel was. As an academic, it shows the profoundness of his intellect. Indeed, I was certainly not expecting a lesson in Italian grammar. As a teacher, it shows how approachable he was and his dedication to his students. Although he could have done otherwise, he took the time to read my email and share his ideas with me, personally, and with the rest of the class.

In fact, Professor Mandel’s dedication was nothing short of extreme. He was answering emails from students up to the night before our final exam.

Regrettably, it is during the days after his passing that I have learned more about the person he was. A piece published on the Toronto Star by Dean Sossin, talks about his love for music and his service to the Osgoode community for almost 40 years. I now know that he formed a group called Lawyers Against the War and that he wrote a somewhat controversial book. I have also seen interviews he gave where he expressed some of his political ideas and read that letter he sent to our Prime Minister requesting that President Bush were not let into the country. I have also read the messages from many of his students and colleagues expressing their sadness and sharing stories that depict how much he was admired and esteemed.

Michael Bryant, former Attorney General, tweeted: “Michael Mandel... An original. Extraordinary. Changed me...” Learning about his passing was a total shock. I was not personally aware of his health condition, although it seems like not many people were. While it is understandable why his condition was not made publicly known, it is certainly regrettable to find out about it now. I do not pretend to possess a special entitlement. On the contrary, I cannot help but feel like we, as part of the Osgoode community, had a duty to show him our support and esteem during this difficult time. Be that as it may, I feel very lucky to have been his student. This is far from the homage Professor Mandel deserves. Yet, I hope that those who did not get to meet him know, through this piece, what a remarkable person he was and how much he will be missed.
Quebec’s Charter of Values has electoral consequences

NICK BANERD  
Contributor

AT FIRST, I was somewhat ambivalent about my stance on the Quebec Charter of Values.

I have always fervently supported the idea of a secular state. The Parti Québécois’ ban on religious symbols would only apply to state-workers, and citizens seeking government services. The ban does not go so far as restrictions in France, which bans face coverings in all public areas and restricts religious symbols among pupils in schools. However, I question whether a postman wearing a turban or a nurse wearing a hijab would indeed convey the pernicious message that the relevant religion is sponsored or supported by the state. In a heavily-criticized open letter by a group of female Québec public figures dubbed “the Janettes,” the authors suggested that they “would be afraid to be treated by a Muslim doctor wearing a veil.” Thus, despite their so-called secularist agenda, and the equal burden on the Judeo-Christian populace to remove their “conspicuous” kippahs and crucifixes, the PQ is again tainted by claims of racism and intolerance (à la Jacques Parizeau, circa 1995). Ironically, a doctor wearing a kippah recently treated Mme. Marois herself at Montreal’s Jewish Hospital. The PQ would need to call a new election, and win a majority in order to pass the Charter of Values, or else negotiate with the CAQ powerbrokers, who have called for significant revisions to the original draft.

Either way, the Charter of Values would almost certainly be ruled unconstitutional by the Supreme Court under s.15. Subject to popular support and the views of her caucus, Marois could invoke the notwithstanding clause (an override even Liberal Premiers such as Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Charest have used on the subjects of public schools and language); defying the Supreme Court while partaking in the now-banal fact that Quebec never signed CA 1982. Mr. Mulcair tried his best to rectify this, as the skeletons of Meech and Charlottetown still lie un-exhumed in the bone yard of Canadian constitutional amendments. I don’t think the Quebec Charter is as terrible and wretched as some claim, but we can probably all agree that in such cases, believers forced to remove their garb would be harmed much more (deleterious effects) than the public benefit the ban would create, if any (salutatory effects). These terms were added to the Oakes test to determine whether an abrogation of rights is justifiable under s.1 of the Canadian Charter.

Furthermore, enforcement would be a nightmare. How could one possibly determine whether a crucifix is “conspicuous” enough to constitute a violation? NewMontreal police recruits are equipped with a handgun, a badge, and now, a measuring tape. Third party polls draw mixed conclusions: while popular support for the Quebec Liberal party has increased past that of the PQ, fifty-four per cent of respondents say they support the religious symbol aspect of the ban, while 38 per cent said they are against it. The stakes are high for Marois, and I doubt she’d risk a December election, when many of her supporters would likely be snowed-in their Sagueneay log cabins huddled around the fireplace.

The ban would likely bear negative economic consequences, discouraging immigration from French-speaking Christian/Muslim countries which the province seeks to attract. Most of the international community and the rest of Canada oppose the ban; Toronto-based columnists have made a hobby of berating Marois. One side screams racism, the other, sexism. Surprisingly, the winner in all this appears to me to be a federal party: Justin Trudeau’s platform has increased past that of the PQ, party has increased fifty-four per cent of respondents say they respond to the religious symbol aspect of the ban, while 38 per cent said they are against it. The stakes are high for Marois, and I doubt she’d risk a December election, when many of her supporters would likely be snowed-in their Sagueneay log cabins huddled around the fireplace.

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Big time lawyer, small time lawyer

DYLAN MCGUINTY
Contributor

THERE IS A certain kind of rivalry among siblings that is hard to describe. Perhaps it takes having siblings to truly understand experiencing un-vocalized love and very-vocalized competition, especially when your siblings make it to “high” places. So my dad and I often joke that he is the family’s parish priest, whose brothers have been made cardinals. While the priest has his ear to the ground, he advises those who are higher up and is careful to remind them on whose shoulders they really stand.

My first exposure to the law was when I was a child. It mainly involved getting candy from my father’s secretary. I remember the smell of his old office on Kilborn Avenue in Ottawa – a dry smell that I will always associate with rows of legal textbooks, grey carpet, melamine desks – and crayons. To be honest, in the early years the office was located on top of a fruit market in a Class C commercial rental unit, in a Class C building, from a Class D landlord – and my dad is the first to admit it. As an 8-year-old, I was garbage-boy, paper-shredder, photocopier, pencil-sharpener, secretary-pleaser, filer and all-round office… gofer. As a teenager, I recall spending hours in the dimly-lit, concrete-floored and concrete-walled basement filled with row upon row of shelving units, where I would file away yellowed files into boxes as stale as the underground air. Oh, and the cobwebs. Over the years it got harder and harder for me to coax my friends into joining me for a Saturday afternoon in the “dungeon” with pizza and pop. And the boxes you were looking for were somehow never the ones that sat within easy reach on the middle shelves. I remember one thing that stood out about the law from those days. It was boring. And I didn’t want to have anything to do with it.

It took me until I was in my early twenties to appreciate the blue-chip machine my father and his brother had built, set in motion and his brother had built, set in motion and they landed on the unforgiving soil of Renfrew, Ontario. (While researching my family’s ancestry, I once came across the 1841 census for the Ottawa Valley. The census administrator actually wrote in one of the columns: “land is cold, hard clay.” So much for Irish luck. We were not so much immigrants to Canada as excrements from Ireland, and we were bound for farmland that needed lots of it in order to grow anything).

The Obiter Dicta

THE NEW OFFICES AT BANK AND ROCKINGHAM, IN ALTA VISTA, OTTAWA.

The new offices at Bank and Rockingham, in Alta Vista, Ottawa.

Dylan McGuinty

Contributor

Opinions

THERE IS A certain kind of rivalry among siblings that is hard to describe. Perhaps it takes having siblings to truly understand experiencing un-vocalized love and very-vocalized competition, especially when your siblings make it to “high” places. So my dad and I often joke that he is the family’s parish priest, whose brothers have been made cardinals. While the priest has his ear to the ground, he advises those who are higher up and is careful to remind them on whose shoulders they really stand.

My first exposure to the law was when I was a child. It mainly involved getting candy from my father’s secretary. I remember the smell of his old office on Kilborn Avenue in Ottawa – a dry smell that I will always associate with rows of legal textbooks, grey carpet, melamine desks – and crayons. To be honest, in the early years the office was located on top of a fruit market in a Class C commercial rental unit, in a Class C building, from a Class D landlord – and my dad is the first to admit it. As an 8-year-old, I was garbage-boy, paper-shredder, photocopier, pencil-sharpener, secretary-pleaser, filer and all-round office… gofer. As a teenager, I recall spending hours in the dimly-lit, concrete-floored and concrete-walled basement filled with row upon row of shelving units, where I would file away yellowed files into boxes as stale as the underground air. Oh, and the cobwebs. Over the years it got harder and harder for me to coax my friends into joining me for a Saturday afternoon in the “dungeon” with pizza and pop. And the boxes you were looking for were somehow never the ones that sat within easy reach on the middle shelves. I remember one thing that stood out about the law from those days. It was boring. And I didn’t want to have anything to do with it.

It took me until I was in my early twenties to appreciate the blue-chip machine my father and his brother had built, set in motion and he was moving locations and we were all very proud of it. He had just finished gutting and renovating an old brick house and automobile body shop at the corner of Bank St. and Rockingham Ave. We called it The Rock, for short. Given my father’s fondness of calling himself “just a small-time lawyer,” an expression that evoked the idea of being part of the “bedrock” of the legal industry, the street name was apt. It was then that I decided there was something particularly rewarding about the law – about solving people-problems for problem-people. And I liked the work enough to pursue it full-time instead of flying from book to book sampling the nectar of Philosophy.

Like I said, my father revels in calling himself “just a small-time lawyer” despite his successes. So fond was he of the nomenclature that he once called himself that when testifying before a provincial legislative committee under-taking reforms to legal services in Ontario. He likes that it humbles him, and it helps keep the memory alive of our poor Irish forefathers. Hear it enough as a child and that’s what you’re ready to call him, without realizing the potential sting of it. Besides, my family has a dark, self-deprecating sense of humour that many people don’t understand. I reckon it’s what helped my forefathers get by on their once-forsaken island under the then-unforgiving thumb of England. And I guess it continued to help them when they landed on the unforgiving soil of Renfrew, Ontario. (While researching my family’s ancestry, I once came across the 1841 census for the Ottawa Valley. The census administrator actually wrote in one of the columns: “land is cold, hard clay.” So much for Irish luck. We were not so much immigrants to Canada as excrements from Ireland, and we were bound for farmland that needed lots of it in order to grow anything).

When ever the topic came up, my father discouraged me from becoming a lawyer. “I don’t think you would like it. But maybe.” Well, when I told him I had made up my mind that I would apply to law school anyway, he beamed. “Email this fellow and tell him you’re interested in applying to law school. He practices Supreme Court law.” Knowing I was more the egg-head type who would enjoy settling arguments about unsettled law, he handed me an index of law...
yres that had the name Eugene Meehan Q.C. highlighted in yellow (not that Eugene, or anyone else working with him, is an egg-head).

If there is such a thing as contacting someone cold-turkey – and not just anyone, but someone who works at a big-time, mahogany-lined law firm – this was it. I still have his response:

Dear Dr. Meehan, [Mr. Meehan has a Ph.D., as does his colleague Marie-France]

After having been advised against it by a number of relatives (all lawyers), I have decided to pursue a career in law. Would you be willing to meet with me to share your advice about your practice area?

Yours very truly,

Dylan

Eugene’s response?

Dylan,

1. Not sure if we have met, so not sure why you are writing to me and no one else - but maybe you’re writing to a whole ton of other people.

2. I don’t give advice (outside of a legal context). People don’t want advice, they want corroboration.

3. But if you want to have a quick café latte, I can tell you some of my own experiences and give you some pros and cons, happy to do so as a courtesy.

Yours very truly,

EUGENE MEEHAN, Q.C.

Yikes! Almost made an ass of myself. I wasn’t exactly home safe though, because making an ass of myself would follow in due course. The day we met I wore my only suit and good pair of shoes. The pant legs were a little high, but I hemmed the pant legs). But this time, wearing the same blue suit and pair of shoes. (No, I hadn’t hemmed the pant legs). But this time, I wasn’t as sure how to wear a name tag. And it never gets any less jarring.

So, confronted with this question by someone you are trying to impress is like being one step away from incriminating yourself – and knowing it too. Besides, I wanted to meet Eugene on my own merits. So I twisted and stumper painfully with many “ums” and “uh’s.” Finally I replied, “oh, my father is a small-time lawyer in Ottawa, you wouldn’t know him.”

I’m pretty sure I heard storm clouds close over me. And then a pin drop. Eugene, standing at me sharply from across his desk, got up off his chair, walked deliberately around his desk and past me towards the door, and closed it slowly until it clicked shut. Then he slowly walked back to his chair, sat down and looked at me severely from his large office suite. “It’s not small-time law, it’s front-line law, and don’t you forget it! It’s real law, for real people.” Now I really needed the tracksuit.

Throughout my legal studies Eugene and I have stayed in touch so he can provide his “corroboration”. But when I phoned him in January of 2012 from my campus apartment, the lovely voice on the other end of the line explained that Eugene and his immediate staff had left the wide mahogany suites of his well-respected law firm – for good. He had renovated and set up shop inside an old brick house at the corner of Bank St. and Gladstone Ave., right across the street from an automobile body shop. Still the same sought-after lawyer who provides first-rate legal services. The venue may have changed and the office may be smaller (“front-line, shall we say?!”) but it forms an integral part of the stonework that makes up the legal industry. How apt then, that it is located on a street named Gladstone.

One of Heraclitus’ mysterious fragments from the 5th-4th centuries B.C. states “the way up is the same as the way down.” Its utter simplicity is suggestive of greater meaning. Perhaps what he meant to convey was that one doesn’t know for sure whether one is heading up or heading down; towards success or towards defeat; towards richness or towards poverty; towards happiness or towards bitterness; towards greatness or towards smallness. Because when all bets are off, and the pains and pleasures of experience are tallied up, sometimes the small is big, the big is small and the last are first. So I do not have my eyes on the bigness or smallness of law firms, as I once did – just the lawyers who run them.
Jurisfoodence: Grand Electric

DAN MOWAT-ROSE and LUKE JOHNSTON
Staff Writers

MID-SEMESTER DOLDRUMS? Spice it up. Grand Electric, the largely abandoned hipster stronghold of 2011 is past the line-up insanity of its infancy, yet remains an excellent setting to gorge on tacos.

Venue: Grand Electric - 1330 Queen Street West (1 Block West of Osgoode's Parkdale Legal Services Clinic)

Cuisine: Tacos, generally speaking

Food: Tacos $3.60 per, 3 each

Luke: Fried Fish, Chicken Tinga, Carne Asada (beef)

Dan: Pork Tinga, Scrapple, Fried Cauliflower

Shared: Pig-Face Fries $4 (actually made out of pig face meat)


The Pick:

Luke: We’re going to one of my favourite Mexican spots, located in the heart of Parkdale. You see, Dan, you’re blowing this west side/east side thing way out of proportion!

Dan: You are hilarious. Constant hipster bashing and you chose Grand Electric? Love it.

Luke: Yup. I might even bust out some glasses without lenses for the occasion.

Dan: Whatever. Queen Streetcar be damned. Sweet Brown has a quote that applies here, I’m sure... I demand you drive.

At the Restaurant:

Luke: Alright, so loud hip hop and brusque staff are a bit much in the cold light of day. I usually come here for dinner, seeing the same vibe during the day is somewhat jarring. I assume this vibe works for you 24/7?

Dan: Typical Toronto scenester decor - tattooed staff and customer base, and no uniforms = no idea which attractive person walking around is actually your server. Plenty of taxi-denny and kitsch; grimy rap blasting on the stereo; this is pretty much exactly what I think Luke thinks my scene is.

Luke: I notice you didn’t deny that this is your scene! I think we can both agree that the HUGE bourbon selection and long list of bottled beer (priced from $4 to $40) is a major attraction.

The Food:

Luke: We definitely started on a high note with the pig-face fries. No omnivore’s dilemma here. I was definitely wondering what was coming next - cow ass nachos? Seriously though, those “fries” were delicious. There is a hint of maple syrup in there and just the right amount of kosher salt. I also loved the dipping sauce: somehow creamy, sweet and spicy all at once!

Dan: I am still speechless over those “fries” and likely won’t be able to string thoughts together for a little while. To clarify, this starter plate was meat formed into batons, then deep-fried. I have seen the future! On to the topic of the mains, my pork taco was very good. It was very fresh, very solid, but standard fare. Lunch went a bit weird after that, in a good way. I didn’t know what to expect out of the Scrapple, and I still don’t really know what happened. For the enlightenment of our kind readers, scrapple, or pon haus – a traditional Pennsylvania Dutch dish, is a tasty fried treat comprised of minced pork, flour, and cornmeal. Sounds bland/gross, but laid atop a sweet apple-based sauce, and topped with chunks of fresh avocado, all barely contained by a tortilla, this dish really blew my mind. It was seriously unlike anything I’ve had before.

Luke: My fried fish taco was also very good. I really got the sense that I was eating fresh caught fish here, or at least never-frozen. The toppings weren’t spectacular, however. Like you, I was blown away by my second taco. The chicken tinga was so out-of-this-world that I’m reaching into the wayback machine for an adjective. In the words of Will Ferrell as James Lipton (readers under 25 should youtube immediately), it was scrumtrulescent! I’m not sure exactly what was in that sauce, but it was excellent and the homestyle-pickled veg added a wonderful zing. Arriba!

Dan: This column may have just transcended the realm of reason. Just saying. My last taco was the cauliflower. Let me preface this by saying that I love cauliflower. I had ‘called dibs’ (with zero objection from my esteemed co-contributor) when we decided to order one of every taco available (easily feeding 2 for just over $20). I felt compelled to eat a vegetable dish, if only to offset the pig face “fries”, if that is even possible. The florets were pan seared, then piled high with green onion, and what I think was a bit of fennel. The texture was amazing; crispy outside and tender inside.

The Obiter Dicta
Luke: After recovering from watching you squirt hot sauce into your mouth (there are self serve bottles at every table), I devoured my final selection - shredded beef. Initially, I was unsure because the meat is formed into a perfect square shape. I definitely detected some SPAM® irony here. But the meat was tender and perfectly balanced with fresh chopped herbs.

Amenities & Service:
Dan: Oh you want to talk hot sauce? Let’s talk hot sauce baby. I know it’s technically food, and omnipotent ruler of the condiment family, but I feel like self-serve hot sauce is a essential amenity alongside tacos, and Grand E did not let me down. Both sauces were clearly made fresh in house, which is a great start. The green sauce had a cooling effect on the palate, while still holding it’s own in terms of chili flavour; however, it was the red sauce that stole the show. Oh man. So much flavour complexity, and just the right amount of heat. I was in heaven. Nearly was tempted into stealing the little squirt bottle too, but decided to just quit cold turkey right then and there. Also the law society something something honesty…

Luke: When you eat here (and you definitely should), do not expect friendly service. The servers are attractive and well coiffed, but far from congenial. I also found the no split bills policy a bit obnoxious and unnecessary in the 21st century. On the plus side, the food arrives promptly and is plated nicely. I also appreciated the bottle of water for the table.

Dan: Agreed, love the water on the table.

Luke: Yeah those stairs were a trip (heyooo). I also did not like that they used the same type of bottle for the bathroom soap and the hot sauce. Germophobes need a clean break in imagery between bathroom and table!

I’m a big boy. Service was a bit curt, you’re right, but they’re efficient. What surprised and impressed me was the food knowledge the server dropped on us when I asked about what scrapple is. Be warned though, this place has a death trap of a basement, with typical Toronto dungeon bathroom. My favourite part is the “custom” steel railing they’ve added that is perfectly positioned to stab you in the hip/gut as you go back upstairs.

Score: Grand Electric

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¡That’s 3.5 soss bosses (rounding down) out of a possible cinco! #muchososss
**Road House: the stakes have never been lower**

**DANIEL STYLER**  
*Staff Writer*

ROAD HOUSE stars Patrick Swayze as James Dalton, a professional “cooler” – an elite-level bouncer – hired to bring structure and sanity to a road-side bar in Missouri that is replete with short-tempered heavy drinkers prone to violent outbursts. This, I suppose, makes sense. The resulting conflict between Dalton and Brad Wesley, the corrupt businessman who provides the bar with its alcohol, does not. Through two hours of explosions, acts of extreme violence, and murder, I was never really able to understand why everyone was so mad. But they were mad, and it made the movie - though completely illogical – hilarious.

At random intervals throughout the movie, we learn moderately interesting (read: not interesting at all) facts about Dalton that serve as some sort of character building exercise, a way for the viewer to understand this mysterious, quiet, elite-level bouncer who always takes his coffee as black as the day is long. For example, we find out that Dalton has a doctorate degree from NYU in Philosophy, which I suppose answers the question asked by many exasperated parents: “What the hell are you going to do with a degree in Philosophy?” We also find out that Dalton avidly practices Tai Chi (this is an obvious ploy to get Swayze shirtless) and has a fascination with cars (there is no explanation for this at all, other than that I suppose all men with any muscle at all like cars). There is also a subtle hint that Dalton may have pulled someone’s trachea out during a past job – yes, a doctorate degree in Philosophy, which I suppose answers the question asked by many exasperated parents: “What the hell are you going to do with a degree in Philosophy?”

Eventually, the Tai Chi-loving shirtless wonder cleans up the bar he was hired to clean up.

Wesley lacks any of the redeemable, Zen-like qualities possessed by Dalton. He is a businessman, focused on bringing big-box stores to Jasper, the small Missouri town. The fact that he regularly drives a monster truck around town is a clear indication that he runs Jasper, though it is difficult to take him seriously as some sort of millionaire mogul given how much time he spends focused on what is going on at shitty businesses in a small town. Dalton’s intervention in his business does not please him. When Dalton refuses to join forces and work for Wesley (Dalton works for justice, idiot), all hell breaks loose.

Much of the hell breaks loose at the hands of Wesley’s henchmen. The leader of the henchmen appears to be Jimmy, a man clearly made up to look like an evil version of Patrick Swayze, with flowing black hair (he is the Scar to Swayze’s Mufasa). Bad Swayze is responsible for the best line in the movie, when he tells Dalton that he “used to fuck guys like you in prison.” Wesley, Bad Swayze and the rest of the henchmen carry out a series of attacks on those closest to Dalton and those who refuse to submit to Wesley’s authority. The attacks become progressively more extreme as the movie moves along.

Following another explosion at the house Dalton was staying at, Dalton sees Bad Swayze fleeing the scene by way of motorcycle. Dalton somehow manages to chase Bad Swayze down on foot. The two fight – oh, do they fight – and, as rumoured, Dalton’s finishing move on Bad Swayze is a hand to the throat. That’s right, Dalton tears Bad Swayze’s trachea out. “Doc” quickly arrives, checks on Bad Swayze, and pushes Dalton away. It is clear that his violence disturbs her, which isn’t surprising; he pulls people’s tracheas out, for God’s sake.

The final act of violence is the crudest of all. After an alarming phone conversation with Dalton about the goings-on in Jasper, Dalton’s mentor arrives at the scene. Played by Sam Elliott (that guy with the famous voice who always tries to sell you Dodge Rams), Wade Garrett has long been considered the elite of the elite in terms of coolers (yes, in the movie Road House there is a hierarchy of coolers and, for whatever reason, these glorified bouncers are well-known by seemingly everyone); he looks ragged, though. Tragically, Wade is killed, presumably by Wesley’s henchmen; leaned over a bar, Dalton thinks that this is just classic Wade, having had a little too much to drink. Upon closer inspection, though, Wade had a knife lodged through his chest and was dead.

This sends Dalton into a rage. After disposing of Wesley’s henchmen, he comes face to face with Wesley. Dalton has him in the ideal position for his patented Trachea Tear-out; his hand shakes furiously, as if he can’t control it. He does, though, and backs off. This is a mistake, as Wesley grabs a gun. Prepared to kill Dalton, Wesley is shot and killed by Dalton’s friends.

In the late Roger Ebert’s review of this film, he said the following: “Road House’ exists right on the edge between the ‘good-bad movie’ and the merely bad. I hesitate to recommend it, because so much depends on the ironic vision of the viewer. This is not a good movie. But viewed in the right frame of mind, it is not a boring one, either.”

Roger is right. This movie makes no sense, but it is this nonsense that makes it worth watching. It’s this nonsense that compels me to review a 1989 film and to urge you to sign up for Netflix and watch it this second. If you’ve already viewed in the right frame of mind, it is not a boring one, either.”

**ROGER EBERT**
A trio of film reviews, currently in theaters

KENDALL GRANT
Contributor

Blue Jasmine (2013) 3/4

DELIGHTFUL, tonally sound, and uncomfortably hilarious, Blue Jasmine finds Woody Allen back in fine form after a schizophrenically inconsistent string of films that ranged the gamut between pleasantly diverting (see: Midnight in Paris) and maddeningly sketchy (see: To Rome with Love).

Much of the film’s success has to do with Cate Blanchett’s marvelous performance as the neurotic, Xanax-popping title character. Fragile, anxious, infuriating, showy and vindictive, her anti-hero makes the film mesmerizing even when Allen loses his focus. Undeniably, she sets a new standard for dysfunctional people. Blanchett’s work is Oscar-calibre, and may snag her the golden statue itself.

Each member of the supporting cast has the opportunity to do something memorable, and established talents and new faces rise to the occasion. They are wonderful almost without exception: Michael Stuhlbarg as the leering dentist, Peter Sarsgaard as the aspiring politician, Sally Hawkins as the grumpy sister, Louis C.K. as the doting lover. The lovely and dynamic surprises are the unknowns that jump off the screen: Alden Ehrenreich as the divorced husband, and Bobby Cannavale as the eternal target of Jasmine’s biting attacks.

Restructuring Tennessee Williams’ timeless “A Streetcar Named Desire” somewhat problematically, Allen nevertheless pulls off an impressive screenplay laced with dark, scathing humour and compelling characters. The film also acts as the most effective and naturalistic ode to San Francisco as anything Allen has done on his “world tour.”

If it remains partially saddled with typical Allen flourishes and shortcomings (a lack of refinement, some clunky narrative unevenness, a hard-to-swallow dose of cynicism), and never reaches the heights of its brilliant inspirational material, Blue Jasmine finds Allen – like Jasmine – out of his comfort zone, and the result is one of the nerviest, freshest films of the year.

Gravity (2013) 3/4

Efficient, gorgeous, and thrilling, Gravity delivers exactly what it promises: a suspense tale in space with dazzling visuals. Is it better than 2001: A Space Odyssey? Is it better than director Alfonso Cuarón’s Y Tu Mamá También or Children of Men? No and no. But is a roaring good time. A short running time of less than 90 minutes and a series of (slightly) implausible narrative twists ratchets up the tension until it’s nearly unbearable, holding most audience members on the edge of their seats until the credits. It will wind you up and wring you out.

George Clooney and Sandra Bullock do more than solid work, although Clooney dabbles in some celebrity-speak and Bullock struggles to break free from the pesky rom-com image that haunts her like a determined and demented ghost.

However, it is an immersive experience, brought to life by the genius of Emmanuel Lubezki, whose cinematography is beyond reproach. Yes, he should have won Academy Awards for Children of Men and The Tree of Life. But a win here would be well-deserved. You feel as if you’ve taken a ride through the stars. There are some heart-stopping stills.

The reason for the film’s lack of resonance, compared to Cuarón’s previous Mexican roadtrip extravaganza and dystopian adaptation, is the film’s fleeting impact. It grips you for every second that it lasts, and then it lets you go. You leave satisfied, but not challenged. You leave invigorated, but not moved. The story and the script are simplistic, almost window dressing meant to prop up the brilliance of the effects.

Gravity is a rousing crowd-pleaser from someone with serious filmmaking talent. Everyone should see it in IMAX 3D. Lubezki should probably win the Oscar. Just don’t go calling it the best movie of the year.

12 Years a Slave (2013) 3.5/4

Excruciatingly brutal yet undeniably powerful, 12 Years a Slave is a soul-splintering descent into hell, a harrowing journey through the inner workings of an institution that robbed people of freedom, family, and dignity.

Chiwetel Ejofor gives an astonishing performance, following up his fine work in Children of Men by embodying Solomon Northup through heart-breaking effect. The man is persistent, hardworking, committed, sure, but he is also angry and broken and torn between survival and how far to push a system that constantly works against him. With unparalleled rage, malice, and obsession, Michael Fassbender disappears into Edwin Epps and handles the toughest scenes in the film (the dehumanization of Ejofor, Lupita Nyongo, and others through rape, lashing, and verbal tirades) with fierce tenacity and a terrifying absence of conscience. Benedict Cumberbatch and Sarah Paulson prove their mettle and are faultless in their portrayals, and Paulson has several devastating moments.

The film is not without its shortcomings.

» continued on page 15
A Little Sheep Told Me: shed those pounds with clothes

ANGIE SHEEP
Art & Culture Editor

IF YOU’RE LIKE me and are packing on some pounds due to all the fall-winter treats (yet not motivated enough to enter the gym doors), try incorporating some of these tips into your daily wardrobe. Finding the drive to hit the workout room is especially difficult at this time of year. The weather outside is freezing and there is no longer the pressure of bikini bodies. So my take on the winter pounds is simply tweaking my current style, at least until the temperature hits T-shirt weather again.

Black is NOT the answer
Yes, black has a sliming effect. However, if you opt for darkness all over, you can appear overwhelmingly lifeless. It’s important to remember that black is not your only option; colors can do great wonders for your figure. Black also tends to hide the person underneath and your goal should not be to disappear, but to be flattered by your clothing regardless of your current state. One of the greatest ways to incorporate this shade is to wear back leggings with an attention-grabbing, somewhat oversized top. Many of you already sport these comfortable sweaters and should no doubt continue doing so; they provide not only a focal point but in contrast with the leggings, also make your bottom half seem much thinner.

Look Fresh
Increased weight can often be exacerbated by frumpy scarves and necklaces. Accessories of solid colors can be especially detrimental as they don’t create layers or a contrasting effect. Therefore, opt for fun patterns and prints that allow a fresher look. This is especially noteworthy as people tend to bundle up in this weather. You certainly don’t have to forgo comfort for style, but if you are picking a scarf anyway, why not select one that will flatter yourself most? It is a very easy step to go from drab to fab; all you need is the right flare.

Don’t forget the face
When the pounds go up, it’s hard to not solely obsess over the body. But everything above the neck is what you’re literally ‘facing’ the world with, so don’t neglect it. Besides using bronzer, shimmer, and other makeup enhancers to contour your features, add elongated earrings to extend your jawline and make your neck appear slimmer. This is another easy step to bring out the fashionista within you at this difficult time. It can be hard to find the exact length and style that works best for your face, but that’s why trial (and error) is a must.

Wear Them Angles
Structured tops such as button-ups and blouses can go great lengths in slimming the figure. They counteract the roundness your body may have taken on and are complementary to all body types. These shirts are also perfect for professional settings and holiday events. The enhanced boyish flare also provides an edginess that suits the harsh winter. There are numerous accessories that can be worn with these tops, especially if you opted for a white one. This is another category of clothing that works wonderfully with black leggings and has been featured among designer runways such as Chanel, Dolce & Gabbana and Prada.

There you have it Ozzies: some quick tips to drive away the winter frump that involves no ‘gym-ing’. Of course this is not a permanent solution, but hopefully it provides you some comfort on those days when you are just not feeling your best. These steps are incredibly simple so it won’t take away from your much needed sleeping and exam-prep time. Dressing better surely leads to feeling better, more confidence and greater self-esteem. So don’t underestimate the power a little necklace may have on your day and your winter overall.

Declan Hill
Expert in Gambling and Corruption in International Sport

Declan Hill is a journalist, academic and consultant. He is one of the world’s foremost experts on match-fixing and corruption in international sports. In 2008, Hill obtained his doctorate in Sociology at the University of Oxford as a Chevening Scholar. His book, “The Fix: Organized Crime and Soccer”, outlines the new danger to international sport posed by the globalization of the gambling market and possible match-fixing at the highest levels of professional soccer. Hill has also published a number of academic articles, is a reviewer for Global Integrity, and has probed the impact of the Russian mafia on professional ice hockey. Hill’s second book, an academic textbook “How To Fix a Soccer Match”, is set to be released in October 2013.
Avant Garde - the Obiter guide for artists Vol 1: Pamela Hinman, JD 2014

MARIE PARK
Layout Editor

THERE IS no longer the notion of a ‘typical law school applicant’ - the Osgoode student body represents an increasingly assorted lot of personal and academic backgrounds. Among these diverse pre-law histories are those who come from fine arts programs - so many of our classmates bring with them their musical, theatrical, and other artistic talents. This is in many regards thanks to the school’s emphasis of a selection process in recent years, aimed at improving the diversity of the entering classes. Despite the diversity, the talents of those who bring their creative capabilities, through professional training or by self-achievement, are too understated in our community. As a regular column in our beloved Obiter, I propose to highlight the talents and achievements of our artist-students.

Pamela Hinman, now in her third year of law school, is a professionally trained violinist. She started playing as young as three years of age, pursuing it very seriously as she grew up. It was natural for her to consider this as her career, and she studied at the Conservatory at Mount Royal University, as well as at the University of Calgary. She received her Masters of Music Degree in Violin Performance at the University of Toronto. She has been performing and teaching for the past 10 years, performing solo and in orchestra across Canada as well as on the international level.

With such an amazing portfolio, including playing regularly for the Canadian Opera Company Orchestra and the National Ballet of Canada Orchestra, one can naturally wonder why she wanted to come to law school. "There are number of reasons why I decided to go to law school," she goes on to express.

Working and maintaining a career in the performing arts can be very difficult, and sometimes those difficulties can negatively affect the passion that one has for their craft. I wanted to develop another career that would be equally fulfilling and challenging, and one that would allow me to be free from the pressures of working as a musician so that I could continue to enjoy and love playing the violin.

Pamela also noticed the struggle of arts education initiatives, dwindling audiences, and orchestras going under. She began to think about how to better advocate of the arts and artists in our society. "Law school seemed like a good place to start," she says. She explains that she had always thought about going to law school - in learning how the law is shaped, and how policies are created and implemented. "Osgoode turned out to be the perfect place for me to pursue these interests. I think that the large and diverse student body here, along with the exceptional faculty and administration, create an open environment for a student to pursue an original and personalized career path in law."

How does one apply the skills of a musician to the study of law? Pamela commented that in many ways, her music background was helpful for law school. As the business of music is incredibly competitive, her years of experience in the field prepared her for many of the adversarial aspects of law school. For instance, in mooting - the skills of performing on stage gives one an edge in their ability to present to an audience. As well, musicians are trained to persevere through intensive practicing, for hours on end. Pamela recalls forcing herself into practice rooms for 4 to 8 hours a day. In many respects, this helped her in focusing on her studying for her classes.

Pamela also takes an active role to promote the arts at Osgoode. She started the Osgoode Fine Arts Collective, a group intent to bring together Osgoode students through their common experiences and appreciation in the fine arts, and to raise awareness and appreciation within the Osgoode (and the legal communities at large) of the valuable individual and social benefits that the fine arts provide.

“I know that all of our members realize the benefits of the arts, and we want to make sure that the arts remain present in the minds of our friends and colleagues at law school as they go out into the world and start their careers,” she says.

Pamela has a unique perspective and vision of the role of law and the lawyer:

“Many law students will have opportunities to shape law and policy, and to be influential in various social and public initiatives. In difficult economic climates, the arts are sometimes seen as extraneous, and frivolous. We want everyone to understand that this is not the case. Many studies support the position that engagement with the arts helps to create healthy communities, and helps to foster tolerance and understanding between communities. Arts education in youth is linked to increased cognitive development, success in employment, and creativity in solving problems. These are just a few of the benefits!”

As one of OFAC’s first organized events, Pamela has gathered a string quartet for an inaugural performance on November 13. This performance is the first of a concert series, which hopes to offer the Osgoode community a chance to hear a range of types of performances by Osgoode students and outside guests, and to gain insight into the ways in which performers use their tools to effectively convey their ideas through music. Pamela is joined by fellow Osgoode student, Nadia Klein on the Cello, as well as Carolyn Blackwell on the Viola and Ivan Ivanovich on the violin.

You can get involved with the OFAC by e-mailing osgoodefinearts@gmail.com. OFAC is open to any student initiatives and presently, it is specifically looking for written support for Osgoode’s Arts Initiative. Additionally, OFAC welcomes anyone interested in performing in their concert series.
**Sports**

**Guardians of the gold: Obiter’s Team Canada picks**

**Andrew Cyr**  
Sports Editor

LIKE MANY CANADIANS, I can remember exactly where I was when Sidney Crosby scored the “golden goal,” propelling the Canadian men’s Olympic hockey team victory over the United States at the 2010 Vancouver Olympics (it was at a hotel in the Dominican Republic, in case anyone is curious). The 2010 Olympic hockey tournament was by far the most invested I have ever been in a sporting event in which I was not myself a participant.

Once the thrill of the 2010 victory wore off, the executives at Hockey Canada surely turned their attention to one thing: defending gold at the 2014 Sochi Olympics. Well, that time is almost upon us. And with it comes one question: Who will be called upon to don the Canadian sweater? Who will be selected as a guardian of the gold?

It is not an easy task to select the Olympic team, as there is no shortage of qualified applicants. Over 50% of the National Hockey League consists of Canadian players, including many of its top athletes. Hockey Canada is not going to release its roster until New Year’s Eve. However, the Obiter is going to spare you the wait. Based on the form of meticulous analysis that only law students can engage in, I have determined who Hockey Canada will (or at least should) select to represent the country in Sochi.

**Forwards**

**Line 1:** John Tavares – Sidney Crosby – Martin St. Louis  
While there is not a lot of certainty surrounding the Team Canada roster, one thing is for certain: Sidney Crosby will center the top line. The undisputed best player in the world will be relied on in all situations and will most likely captain the team. As for his linemates? There was speculation that Crosby was going to play alongside sniper Steven Stamkos, however, Stamkos recently suffered a gruesome leg injury and his status for the Games is in doubt. Instead, Crosby should be flanked by Stamkos’ Tampa Bay Lightning teammate Martin St. Louis, and New York Islanders superstar John Tavares.

**Line 2:** Taylor Hall – Ryan Getzlaf – Corey Perry  
The Anaheim Ducks are one of the NHL’s top teams early in the season, and they are driven largely by the efforts of two players who were critical to Team Canada’s success in 2010. Ryan Getzlaf and Corey Perry form a dynamic one-two punch for the Ducks, and they should be able to carry that success overseas. Joining the pair would be Edmonton Oilers power forward Taylor Hall. Hall would inject some much-needed speed into the line while Getzlaf and Perry bring the size and physicality that is not evident elsewhere in the lineup.

**Line 3:** Matt Duchene – Jonathan Toews – Patrick Sharp  
The trend of teammates playing together continues, as 2010 top forward Jonathan Toews centers a line alongside his Chicago Blackhawks teammate Patrick Sharp. The duo is joined by the speedy Matt Duchene. Considered a long-shot to make the team coming into the season, Duchene’s play in propelling the Colorado Avalanche to the top of the Western Conference cannot be ignored. Duchene’s game is also well-suited for the big international ice surface. While this unit has no shortage of offensive pop, it can also be relied upon to play a sound defensive game, as evidenced by Toews’ selection as the 2012-13 Selke Trophy winner as the NHL’s best defensive forward.

**Line 4:** Eric Staal – Patrice Bergeron – Logan Couture  
The fourth line also features players who are known for their two-way game, and may be designated as the team’s “shutdown unit,” tasked with slowing down opponents’ top offensive threats. Patrice Bergeron is an absolute ace on face-offs and his two-way game is unparalleled. Natural centers Staal and Couture play defensively responsible games, but are also apt to fill the net given the opportunity.

**Extras:** Rick Nash, Claude Giroux  
Rick Nash and Claude Giroux, considered locks to make the team this summer, have seen their stock plummet due to injury (Nash) and poor production (Giroux). If either player picks up their play over the next month and a half they stand a good chance to make the roster (likely at the expense of Taylor Hall or Patrick Sharp). As it stands now, the two players have the track record to make the team as extras.

**Defencemen**

Several of Canada’s top defenders from the 2010 Olympics should return in 2014, including tournament all-star Shea Weber. Weber is likely to form one-half of the top pairing alongside Duncan Keith. Drew Doughty was an integral part of the 2010 team, and he is joined by a new face: Marc-Edouard Vlasic. The underrated Vlasic is one of the biggest reasons for the San Jose Sharks’ early season success, and his speed and intelligence lends itself to the international game. The third pairing features a couple players who play together in the NHL, logging heavy minutes for the St. Louis Blues. Jay Bouwmeester and Alex Pietrangelo will bring the combination of speed and toughness that makes them one of the NHL’s best pairings to Sochi.

**Defensive pairings:**  
1: Duncan Keith – Shea Weber  
2: Marc-Edouard Vlasic – Drew Doughty  
3: Jay Bouwmeester – Alex Pietrangelo  
Extras: Marc Stall, Dan Boyle

**Goalies**

Historically, goaltending has been a position of strength for Canada, with the world’s best goalies suiting up for the national team. Now, none of Canada’s options can make a realistic claim as the world’s best. However, there are still some steady if unspectacular options available to tend Canada pipes in Sochi. Roberto Luongo replaced Martin Brodeur as Canada’s number one netminder in 2010, and he is likely to be on the team again. However, he is likely to enter the tournament in his familiar backup role. In the starter’s role should be Montreal Canadiens’ goalie Carey Price whose solid play has kept Montreal competitive this year. Drawing in as the third goalie is the team’s fourth Chicago Blackhawk, Corey Crawford. Crawford has demonstrated that he is a pressure-performer who can make the big save when called upon.

**Goalies:**  
1. Carey Price  
2. Roberto Luongo  
3. Corey Crawford
What you can do about how much we pay for law school

» continued from cover

• Osgoode’s tuition currently increases at 5% per year, which the maximum rate permitted by statute. This rate exceeds inflation. At this rate of increase, tuition will surpass $33,000 in 9 years.
• Osgoode’s tuition has three main drivers: 1) enhancement of academic programs and the student experience, 2) increasing the number of full-time faculty, and 3) to pay for rising salary and benefit costs.
• Osgoode’s annual operating expenses are $23 million; of this amount, 81.67% went to salaries and benefits while the remaining percentage was spent on operating costs, utilities, scholarships and bursaries. Full-time faculty receive $10.7 million of this pie, while support staff receive $6 million.
• Osgoode possesses the fourth highest ratio of students-to-professors in Canada, at 16.2 – in comparison, the University of Toronto has the lowest ratio at 10.
• Financial aid per student as a percentage of student cost was found to be similar at the four schools that were compared, namely Osgoode, U of T, Ottawa (civil law), and Western – all four schools allocated total financial aid that was between 16% and 20% of total student cost, per student.

So what can you do about it?

To study tuition issues further, Student Caucus has formed a working group to study the causes of high tuition and ultimately, to develop work product aimed at reducing the financial barriers of entry into law school in Ontario and increasing the capability of students to pursue career alternatives that may be less financially remunerative than practice at a large firm. All Osgoode students with an interest in these issues are invited to join this working group. Please email Tuition.at.Osgoode@gmail.com for more information. If you would like further reading on Ontario law school tuition, the following may be of interest:

• Starting the Conversation on Tuition, the aforementioned Obiter Dicta article from April 2013: http://obiter-dicta.ca/2013/04/06/starting-the-conversation-on-tuition/
• A recent Globe and Mail article from a U of T student: http://goo.gl/rB3wBI
• Ultra Vires’ articles on tuition: http://ultra-vires.ca/tag/tuition/
• The UT Law Tuition Petition: http://tuition-petition.ca
• The Windsor Star’s coverage of tuition research done by a Windsor Law student: http://goo.gl/sB845x
• An article from the Canadian Bar Association: http://www.cba.org/cba/national/Students/Student01.aspx
• The LSUC’s Career Choices Study (starts on page 34): http://goo.gl/pcjqiQ

Film reviews

» continued from page 11

The string of star cameos, including Paul Giamatti, is distracting in some cases. Paul Dano is saddled with lines of borderline-ludicrous hysteria, scenes which do not rise to the brilliance of There Will Be Blood. Brad Pitt as the rights-spouting saviour is a bit too on-the-nose, although the message is heard loud and clear.

There have also been allegations that Steve McQueen’s austere directorial style comes into conflict with the narrative, and it is true that DP Sean Bobbitt’s ravishing formal beauty and crisp sense of composition may deprive audiences of a degree of engagement with the horrors on screen. But McQueen is working with gripping material and great actors that punch their way through these constraints. They should be given credit for presenting everything at face value, rather than dipping into sensationalism.

12 Years a Slave is a stunning work that tramples doubts, champions courage, and leaves a river of tears in its wake.

Kendall has a blog! For more film reviews, check out Absurdity & Serenity at http://absurdities.wordpress.com/.
This issue’s Sudoku

```
7   2   
   1   3
5   1   3
6   7
4   3
   5   2
   1   7
2   7   6
   5   3
1   7
   8   4
```

Puzzle by websudoku.com

Last issue’s solution

```
1   3   4
9   6   7
2   8   5
7   1   8
4   5   3
6   9   2
3   8   5
1   4   7
9   2   8
5   7   6
4   1   5
3   2   9
6   4
8   7
5   1
```

Puzzle by websudoku.com

Puzzles courtesy of Canadian University Press: cupwire.ca.

The Davies summer experience?

Ask your Osgoode classmates.

Visit us at dwpv.com to learn more.

Jonathan Bilyk
Class of 2015

David Kim
Class of 2014

Marc Pontone
Class of 2015

Shubham Sindhani
Class of 2015

Emily Uza
Class of 2014

Alysha Virani
Class of 2014