

**Terrace Bay
Schreiber**

News

The Terrace Bay-Schreiber News is published every Wednesday by: Laurentian Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 579, Terrace Bay, Ontario, P0T 2W0. Telephone: (807) 825-3747.

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Single copies 35 cents
 Subscription rates per year
 in-town — \$14.00
 out-of-town — \$18.00
 Member of Ontario Community Newspapers Association and The Canadian Community Newspapers Association.



Editorial

PC's defined

invidious /in'veideus/ 1 a. likely to excite ill-will or indignation against the performer, possessor, etc. (*invidious task, position, honour*). 2 a. how one might describe Brian Mulroney and his Progressive Conservative government in Canada. [see also ALOOF, OBNOXIOUS]

Yes, if any government has been *invidious*, not to mention insidious, it would be our present one in Ottawa. Since the election, the PCs have done *nothing* but harm, and their decision to have a throne speech followed by a new session of Parliament in October won't change a thing.

Think about it. Inflation? It is the highest of any Western industrialized country. Compare ours to West Germany's, which is currently a *negative* inflation rate. Unemployment? It continues to grow, recently almost reaching the 10 per cent mark. Where are all the "jobs, jobs, jobs" that Mulroney promised during the election campaign two years ago?

The deficit? True, *some* cuts have been made, but they were negligible at best, and at the expense of some necessary programs. Taxes? The rich get richer while the poor get poorer. Scandals? The Conservatives have had their share of them, ranging from bad fish to bad political moves.

The worst part of all is that we are stuck with this *invidious* government for at least another two years. Perhaps our only way out is to pray that US President Ronald Reagan invades us next time!



Close To The Edge

By Conrad Felber

Someone recently said to me that this column of mine leaves the impression that I have a chip on my shoulder, that I present a cynical, pessimistic attitude, that I never have anything *good* to say. Well, *Ma*, (and the rest of you out there) how can I answer that except to say that you're right (as usual)?

Yes, I *do* come across as rather antagonistic in this space sometimes. I admit it. However, it is not really because I am that way as a person. There is more to it than that. As usual, somebody else said it much better, so allow me to quote something said by a character in *Dune Messiah* by Frank Herbert: "You see, I'm not really a cynic. I'm just an observer and commentator."

Since the world is, by and large, a negative place, much of what I write about is negative by consequence, filled with the horror of our times. In that way I am much like the rock group Joy Division (oddly enough, they are one of my personal favourites). I've included below some of the things the music critics wrote about the band five or six years ago, when Joy Division was still together. This should illustrate the comparison:

"Joy Division did not avoid severe actualities... Their music was neurotic and insecure, but that is because of the territory in which they dwelt..."

"They asked for answers from the impossible question, they obsessively sought justification for that for which they bore no responsibility,

they tried to understand the incomprehensible (with) cold outrage. Their purpose was not to convey a message, but to arouse strange feelings..."

"Bemused, bewildered acceptance, not despair, was central to Joy Division's ethos. Their songs were editorials, observations of the human condition on this world. Their music was confrontational; it looked life in the eye without flinching or retreating into fantasy. For them, reality--no matter how bleak or oppressive--is better than fantasy..."

(P.S.: All of the above may sound a bit like a Joy Division commercial... too bad, then, that you probably won't find a single one of their records for sale in Northern Ontario!)

So there you have it. I hope you can understand where I'm coming

from. I feel almost *compelled* to be brutally honest in this newspaper, especially when it comes to writing this very personal column of mine.

But I can *also* understand what you all mean about how I've become too much the "angry young man." From now on I will *try* to see the *good* things in life, few and far apart though they may be (*eeeps*, there I go *again*). But this column just would not be the same without my famous whining about this or that. It's almost like comedian Jay Leno's "What's My Beef" jokes. Speaking of which:

WHAT'S MY BEEF!!!

My beef this week is *you*. Welllllll, *some* of you. See, I've had a few complaints that this newspaper is not coming out as early as it once did. Instead of Tuesdays, you are all now



getting the *News* on Wednesdays at the earliest (and this week, because of the Labour Day holiday, you won't be reading this until *Thursday*).

I've explained this before, but I guess it's time to say it again...our press deadline was changed some time ago, so now we don't even get the paper here at the office until Wednesday morning at the earliest. Sometimes it doesn't arrive until noon, which was the case over the past few weeks, due to the bus strike in Thunder Bay (see, the *News* is published and shipped from there). Can you dig it? Good. Bye for now.

Black N' White

Supermarket has something for everyone

by Arthur Black

All the lonely people
 Where do they all belong
 from 'Eleanor Rigby' by The Beatles

Pssst! Hey you! Yeah, the one in the rose-coloured glasses. Come over here for a second. I want to talk to you about your attitude.

So you really think that the Universe is unfolding as it should? You firmly believe that mankind is cakewalking his way, millimetre by treacherous millimetre up the slippery slope towards that big door marked Enlightenment? You actually buy the notion that day by day, in every way, shaggy old Homo Sapiens is getting better and better?

Come with me you cock-eyed optimist. I want to take you on a shopping trip to Cherry Hill, New Jersey. We're going to hit the Shop 'N Bag, a supermarket on the outskirts of Cherry Hill. Be sure to wear your flashiest duds -- and don't worry about bringing along your wallet or you charge card because we're not

here to buy groceries.

At Shop 'N Bag, the clientele isn't looking to pick up bargains in rutabagas or ground chuck. At this place, the shoppers are trying to sell themselves.

Shop 'N Bag is the latest -- and when you think about it the utter logical -- extension of that pathetic institution, The Singles Bar, wherein legions of the lost and terminally lonely line up to sip wine spritzers while they surreptitiously ogle the other customers. They're hoping that the combination of alcohol fumes and indirect lighting can bring them what they think they want: at worst, a warm body. At best, a mate for life.

Booze is not one of the in-store specialss offered at Shop 'N Bag, but you don't get very far past the turnstile before you realize that this is not your average megagrocerteria. The first thing you run into is a lady with a smile and a magic marker in her hand. She is ahnding out name tags to all incoming clientele -- the better to start conversations over the fresh

fruit counter. "Ahhh...excuse me...Edna Mae, is it? Can you help me out? I'm looking for an eggplant that's really fresh..."

There are other contributing factors to the Find-Someone-Before-Closing-Time ambience. The live disc jockey for instance. He takes requests -- as long as they're romantic. There are special door prizes too, and every once in a while the store puts on in-aisle facsimiles of the Dating Game TV show, not to mention aerobics demonstrations, free cosmetic consultations and even a card-carrying astrologer who can whip up your personal erotic horoscope in less time than it takes you to squeeze the Charmin.

Singles Shopping. It's a bizarre concept, but does it work? Depends on which side of the cash register you view it from. Prince Choppers Supermarkets, the grocery chain that launched the singles concept a year ago, are certainly laughing all the way to the Brinks Truck. A company spokesman says: "There are so many

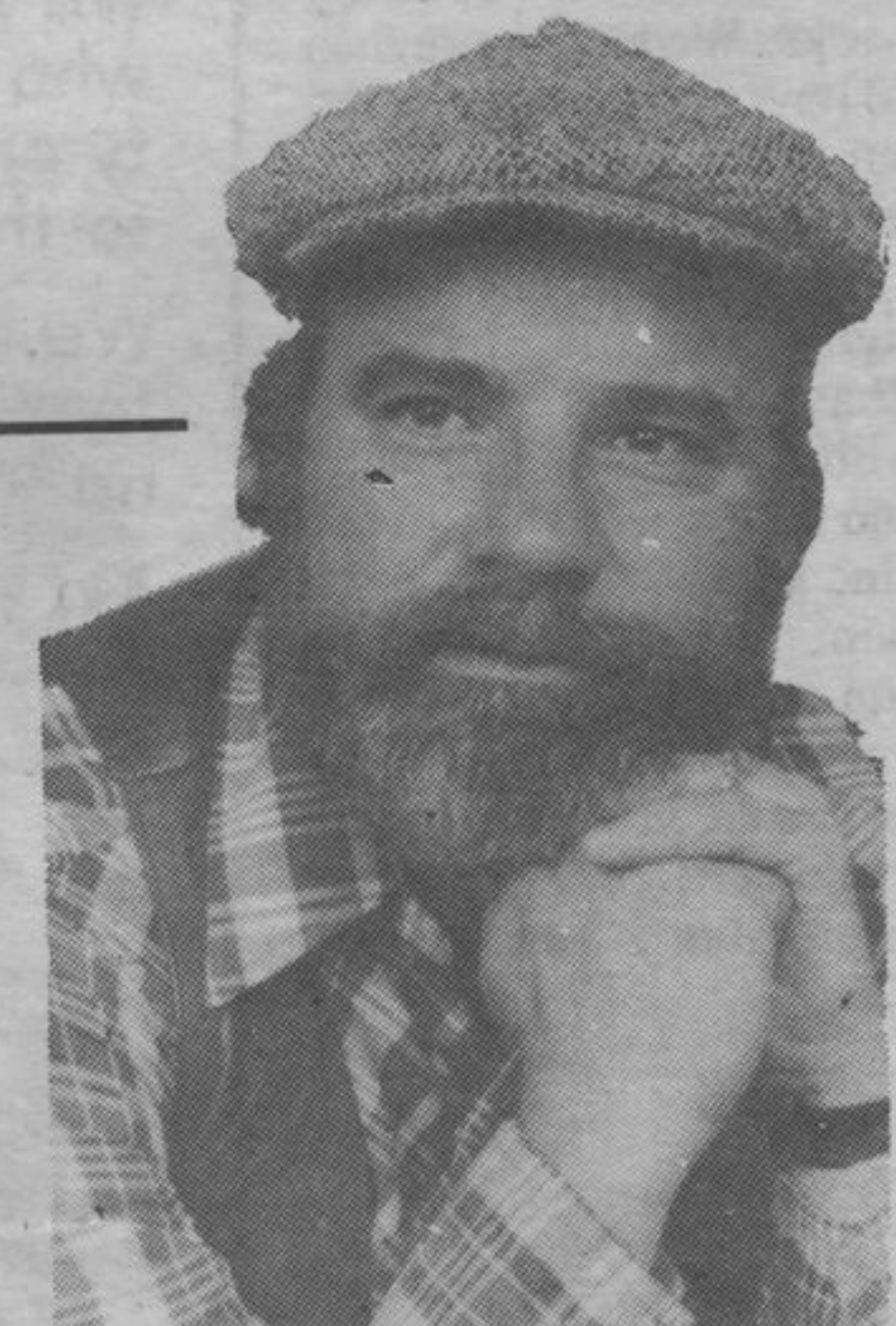
people in the stores you can't even park. sometimes police have to be called to direct traffic."

Other supermarket chains have noticed the crowds and followed suit. There's a Thriftway store in nearby Plainsboro that's been running a singles promotion every Thursday evening since last spring. The owner says business has umm...picked up, some.

By an average of 80 percent per Thursday.

Those are the kind of sales figures that no supermarket exec is likely to ignore. Chances are very good that they Singles Shopping phenomenon will spread across the US like...well, like Disco, or Madonna fever. Chances are even pretty good that the fad will slop over the 49th parallel and sluice down the aisles of the somewhat more sober and staid supermarkets of Canada.

Chances are that one of these Saturday mornings you'll be piloting your cart down the Sugar, Salt and Flour



aisle only to be rear-ended by some bouffant-ed and eyelinered cruiser sporting a HI! I'M MITZI! name tag. Chance are, I guess...but I sure hope not. Personally, I find the experience of supermarket shopping altogether too harrowing already. The prospect of encountering sex amidst the spinach, salad dressing and salami slices is more than this creaky libido cares to contemplate.

I think until this Singles Shopping fad blows over, you'll find me cowering behind a cart in the lane marked Express: Six Items Or Less.

I'll be the guy who isn't wearing a name tag.