

**LOCAL SWEATSHOP SEEKS GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY. PLANS TO INSTALL AIR CONDITIONERS TO IMPROVE IMAGE. BIG BANK PLANS TO INTRODUCE 'UNBALANCED MUTUAL FUND.' UNBALANCED BEHAVIOUR ON THE RISE ACCORDING TO ROYAL BANK CHIEF.**

**THE**

# WAREHOUSE

MAGAZINE *issue 1*

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SCRIPT TAG: The on-going adventures of a high-functioning autistic tweenager who blogs to help cope with life and society. Script ready upon request.

For more Ideas please contact our Content Director **Alessandro Nicolo**.

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE

*Welcome to The Warehouse. In this issue you will find articles, thoughts and ideas that will mean little to you. Ever get up in the morning with regret? Well, that's the feeling we aim to proudly recreate here at The Warehouse. We are the attics of magazines. Where forgettable junk lives comfortably with forgotten gems. Welcome. Explore the idea.*

### Published Features

## Dancing to His Own Beat

IF LUCA PATUELLI WAS SUPPOSED TO let life pass him by, someone forgot to leave him a memo. Born with a physical condition that could have negatively impacted his life, the remarkable Luca Patuelli instead chose to face this obstacle head on.

Luca was diagnosed with Arthrogyriposis Multiplex Congenita (AMC) which is a rare congenital disorder that is characterized by reduced mobility of many joints in the body including the arms and legs. Luca was fortunate enough to have the condition restricted only to his legs and walks with the aid of crutches. The cause is unknown and it is not thought to be genetic.

Nor is the condition degenerative. "It's not really something that affects the nerves. In fact, I vowed in 1995 that one day I would walk without crutches. As it stands I can't really walk without them. As for wheelchairs, I use them only after surgeries. I don't like getting pushed around. Not only are they physically uncomfortable, it's also a question of independence."

"I am inching towards my goal of walking everyday." Indeed, he has strengthened his legs, "...at least 20% to 40%," through his workout regimen. "I believe, therefore I can," is the way Luca looks at it.

## Dancing to His Own Beat

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Luca sets his crutches aside, and is also guided by a simple philosophy. "It's all in the way you take life. Everyday we learn new things. Just try to have fun." Not surprising for a young breakdancer with big plans.

Dance performer you say? How? "A friend of mine who was a breakdancer introduced me to it when I was 15 after I was unable to skateboard because of my surgeries. I fell in love with it right away. I learnt by practicing during lunch at school and watching breakdancing videos. It's now a dream of mine to make a name for myself."

One may indeed be surprised that breakdancing, which is a subset of hip-hop culture, remains a vibrant underground community. "Some trace it back to James Brown because he was the first to drop to his knees. Commercially, the Rock Steady Crew out of New York City popularized breakdancing in the late 70s and early 80s. It's now extremely popular in places like Europe and Korea."

Knowing history and the roots of whatever activity or job one participates in is something Luca takes seriously. "It's important to read up on things. Good or bad, it helps give a sense of purpose and direction."

"Gaining recognition didn't come all that quickly. It's taken me six or seven years to reach the point where people are slowly beginning to notice me. Now that I think about it, I kinda like being recognized," he adds with a boyish smile.

At 22 he's already turning his dreams into reality. He recently appeared on the 'Today Show' after the NBC program discovered him on YouTube (a consumer media company where people watch and share original videos). "It's pretty much how I was found. I put out a video on the Internet and people started noticing. A documentary crew from South Korea came to Montreal in February 2006, and followed me around for two days. They filmed me working out, interviewed friends and family. Stuff like that. It aired in South Korea. It was funny because I didn't understand anything they said."

Much Music aired a documentary called 'Music is my Life.' "It was about how music changed my life. It was part of a series that ran

for one week in October. They followed me to various events including the World Battles in Los Angeles and met my family. It lasted a week. It was pretty cool. It also ended up garnering the highest ratings of any of the shows aired." Luca attributed the success of the show to a couple of factors. "It helped that I had my video out on the Internet so people recognized me and tuned in. The editing process of the show was eye-catching. It probably helped that I had many friends watch it too."

With recognition comes increased media attention. "It can be overwhelming. They can be pretty demanding. Sometimes they want you to dance when you don't feel like it. But when you see the finished product it's all worth it. Especially when you get positive feedback from people. I've gotten emails and letters from all over. Japan, Korea, Sweden, Italy, France and South America to name a few places. I try not to segment my fan base. They came from all walks of life and ages. I like to keep contact with people. Some turn into friendships."

Luca is clear to point out that success does not come without persistence and dedication. "Hard work does pay off. People need to be reminded that sometimes good things comes to those who work with a sense of purpose."

And Luca can speak of this first hand. "It could have been a let down. But I didn't let it deter me," said Luca, on the 14 surgeries (16 in total) between the ages of 8 months and 17 years-old relating to his condition he has undergone. Two in particular were painful and demanded a long recuperation process. "I had a 9-hour Scoliosis surgery when I was 13 and an Osteotomy at 15. The Osteotomy cut my femur in half to create a wedge on both my legs. The aim was to allow my leg to fully extend. Prior to that I could not extend more than 130 degrees as a result of my tendons being too stiff. I was in the hospital for two and a half weeks in a hip-to-toes cast for over two months with a long bar between my legs. Having so many surgeries can be a drag so I've had to view them as extended vacations."

While the surgery was difficult, Luca was involved in a humorous situation. "I went to the movies with a friend and needed to go to the bathroom. But when my friend wheeled me to the bathroom, because there was a bar separ-

ating my legs I could not fit into the stall. My friend ended up wheeling me all the way home nearby! Needless to say, we did not get to see the conclusion of the movie."

According to Luca, one of the most important aspects of his success is the strong group of family and friends that surround him. "I draw inspiration from so many people. My parents, Flavio and Laura, were always pretty open with me. "My mother's sense of humour has always been a big help too. I remember after my Osteotomy, my friends wanted to take me out but it was cold outside and my mother was reluctant to have me leave the house. As anybody who has ever been in a cast would know, your toes are exposed and this was a concern for my mother. Anyway, she insisted I put hand gloves on my feet. It was pretty funny. She's always doing little things to make me laugh. As for my father, he once told me 'the first failure is not to try.' I've always tried to live by these words." They've always allowed me to explore new things.

"My brother Stefano was always around to be a big brother. We share similar interests. When I first started dancing my brother was a DJ and we would go to events together. Our relationship grew tighter as a result. It's hard to put into words what he means to me. He's played such a vital role in helping me be the person I am today. Of course, my best friends Jed, Dan and Ryan have played a huge part in my life. They always treated me as an equal. I forget I have crutches when I'm around them. This may not sound like much but it is."

If he has ever met with discrimination he was straightforward. "I've been asked this many times. I can't really say that I have. There was, however, one time when a kid called me 'handicapped' when I was five years old. I ran back to my father and told him about it. He looked at me and said, 'You tell that kid that he is handicapped in the brain.' If people want to be ignorant that's their problem. It's a waste of time to worry about such things."

What's more of a concern is getting around the city which is not always conducive to people with a disability. "Using elevators at Concordia University can be tough since they are always full. I normally try to avoid them. The Metro too has had its moments. People are not sure if they should give up their seat. I find it humour-

ous because I can tell when they are unsure. I don't want them to give up the seat—I'm usually only on for one or two stops—but I do look for the gesture. If it comes cool, if not, it's no big deal."

Luca, who was born in Montreal and lived in Maryland, is in his 3rd year of studying Marketing part-time at Concordia University and hopes to incorporate marketing into his breakdancing career. "I'm taking three courses this year and will probably have to trim it down to one next semester. Breakdancing is beginning to interfere with my studies."

"I like to organize events. I recently put together a Montreal crew for the City vs. City competition in Chicago where we finished in the top eight. The competition pits teams of 8-12 people from cities all over the world that battle for the title. I enjoy dealing with sponsors and believe it or not the stress that comes with it. Studying marketing can help me with this."

And a career it is. Luca—AKA Lazylegz. The name was given to him by a friend and is a loose copy of a famous breakdancer from the 80s called Crazylegs who was part of Rock Steady mentioned earlier - is the only one with a physical disability in an eight-man West Island crew called Illmatic Styles. They compete all over the continent as well as Europe. "We've done pretty well. Illmatic Style finished 4th at the World Finals in Los Angeles this summer."

By battling, Luca doesn't mean fighting. "Battling is another way of saying competing in breakdance lingo. The history of it is more a social one. Kids in the streets used to battle through breakdancing rather than fight. It kept kids off the streets."

"Montreal is not as advanced in terms of dance innovation as cities in Europe, Asia and the United States, but we hope to change this by traveling more to see what's out. We can then bring new ideas back and use them in our routine."

Breakdancing has indeed given Luca a chance to travel. "I have been to Italy and will be in France in November. I will be battling a kid on crutches with one leg. I've been to many North American cities including Los Angeles and Toronto many times."

"Traveling helps to keep us on our toes. It's important in hip-hop culture to look fresh. You always have to stand out. For example, if you dance on a black floor you have to make sure you

dress with colours that contrast with black. With baggy pants and bright colors for example."

If dress is important so is the need to have a signature move. "There's one where I fly off my crutches and land on my hands in a planch position. The planch position is basically when your legs and torso are parallel to the ground while you're in the air. From there I do all sorts of various moves. People seem to like that one a lot.

While Luca has met some short-term goals he is wise enough to consider his long-term objectives. "I want to be in a video game one day," he chuckled. "That would be cool." He pauses. "Seriously, I want to do some motivational speaking down the line. I've already done a few in Montreal including the Mackay Center recently. I once spoke to kids at a high school in Texas. I enjoy it a lot. But for now I still have five or ten good years of dancing in me. There are a limited amount of kilometers a dancer body can travel. With good training to maintain strength you can dance for a long time. But if you run into some physical obstacles or injuries it can easily prevent you from continuing to dance. You don't retire per se from dancing. You're body will tell you when it's the end of the line."

For now, Luca just wants to have fun. In his spare time he hangs out with his buddies, swims and works out.

What advice would he give to people faced with a disability? "Adapt yourself to whatever life gives you. There's no time to sulk. Never give up. If you want something

you have to go and get it. Anything is possible. I know it sounds like a cliché but it's the truth. I would also add don't make any excuses. Just go out and do what you love."

Dealt a difficult medical condition Luca rose above it the only way he knew how—by turning around and having fun. As a result, he now holds the right card in his hands.

Luca Patuelli is a person with ambitions and a competitive edge. These traits are carefully balanced with a congenial personality, a sense of history and a healthy optimism on life.

In the process, Luca gives his own original spin—excuse the break dance pun—to the old proverbial "places to go, people to see and papers to sign." Struck with an uncommon condition since birth, Luca has been defying the odds ever since.

The secret? "It's all about chilling and having fun." **-AN**



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An Inventory of Imagined Stories.  
Explore the Idea.

[exposrip.wordpress.com](http://exposrip.wordpress.com)

**W**ith one eye open I could see a thick blanket of frost had designed itself on the window of my bedroom. “Dreams can be so cruel,” I thought aloud, as I clamored out of bed.

The second my foot hit the wood floor, my knee reminded me that it was indifferent to sultry dreams about a sexy girl, sand, water and air. It was damaged and no amount of natural voodoo hocus-pocus was about to fix them.

After many weeks of ignoring the truth, it had become glaringly apparent to me that it was time to go under the knife. Conventional medicine beckoned!

I sat like a bump on a log in the examining

it. I asked the specialist if it could be rehabilitated through physiotherapy.

*That sound you hear is the exaggerated laugh of my doctor.*

Once he regained his composure he said curtly, “No. Judging by my examination it’s completely torn.”

*I tore it nine times.*

That was that. More impressively, he accurately deduced all this without the benefit of a MRI.

I was 18 years old and already washed up. A soccer player has-been before it ever began.

Nonetheless, if I wanted any shot at an active life the knee had to be sliced open, stapled and stitched. My decision was made.

“Maria! She went to Laval Catholic High School right?”

“Yes. So did I.”

“Wow. I knew her. She was going out with Joe, right?”

“Yeah. She married him. Not to sound like a smart ass but I’m about to lose a knee here and my ass is exposed.”

“Ha, ha. You’re sister was pretty funny, too. Ok, here’s how this is going to work. I need you to curl up and place your head between your knees. Whatever you do, don’t move. It can cause spinal damage. Ok?”

“Got it.”

I cracked. I looked back. I saw the needle. It was as big as a lobster. I fainted.

## WELL WORTH THE FAINT

*A marvelous blue sky clashed poetically with my off-white linen attire. The sand never felt softer as it comfortably formed itself under the soles of my feet. Walking along the shore, I observed that the water was much calmer than it was the previous day. Cool and assertive, it therapeutically surrounded my ankles. Wind and air were the next elements. This time, it was the contours of my face that benefited. My feet, ankles and face were all being seduced by earth’s finest elements. What could make this dream fresco perfect? Caravaggio painting the scene? I settled for the next best thing. A scantily dressed sensual lady showed herself as she jumped into my arms. I was set.*

room. My mind occupied by the fact that I was being yanked out of regular school and sent to prep school. I wasn’t a very reliable student. Just as I was about to pull out an apple from my pocket, the doctor walked in.

He asked two questions and said, “That’s an ACL tear.”

“What’s an ACL?” I meekly asked.

“You’re anterior cruciate ligament. You see, the ligaments that run...” I tuned out as he began to rub his knuckles together to explain how the ACL functions.

“Oh.”

“Let’s check you out.”

*Medically speaking.*

He took my leg and placed it between his arm and chest and began to push and bend the leg towards me.

“Feel that?”

“Yes.”

“That’s your ACL giving way,”

I tried every way to weasel my way out of

While wearing those girly gowns I had a choice of a full anaesthetic or an epidural. Italian or ranch?

“What’s the difference? I asked.

“Under a full anaesthetic you are asleep throughout the surgery. With an epidural we freeze from the waist down. You can witness the whole thing,” the doctor explained. I decided to go for the epidural. Ring side seats to my own repair. All I was missing were some peanut M&M’s.

“Ok, Alessandro. Here we go. It’s the right knee,” the doctor tells the nurse.

“What? It was the left knee! Is he mad?”

“Kidding,” he said. I was not amused by his childish wink.

The anesthesiologist was young and talkative. Reading my chart he asked, “Nicolo? Do you have a sister?”

“I have two.”

“What are their names?”

“Maria and Giovanna.”

“I told you not to look back.”

“I know. Sorry.”

A nurse came over and held my head down. I was now injected.

“Pretty soon you won’t feel a thing.”

“How will I know?”

“You won’t feel your penis,” Dr.Seinfeld interjected.

“Yeah right”

Within minutes he asks, “So, can you contract your penis?”

I tried. Boy did I try. I even burst some capillaries. My eyes turned purple I strained so hard. For some reason my fear entertained the nursing staff.

*I began to wonder what life would be like without the use of my penis. I secretly began to panic. Alternatively, I always dreamed of making love to a nurse on an operating table. Not today.*

“Ok, Alessandro. You can watch the whole thing on the screen up above and to your right. Sit back and relax.”

Just then he raised my leg. It didn't look like mine. It was orange and listless as he manipulated it however he saw fit. The iodine made it look like road kill. I fainted.

"Are you going to be ok?"

"Yeah, no sweat."

"Ok," the doctor said unconvincingly.

Lying back on my elbows I was sure the worse was over. So I fainted twice. *Big deal.* Until....

I swear there was blood everywhere. Like that scene in *The Shining* where Danny sees the twin girls. A flood of blood buckets. The nurse handed the doctor a tiny square shaped cloth to apply on the incision. I fainted.

I could overhear the doctor say, "Give him a sedative."

It was just what the doctor ordered. I never felt so composed in my life. I don't remember much about the surgery but I *do* remember him pointing to the torn ligament. It looked like a torn Kleenex.

Soon the doctor proclaimed, "That's it. We're done."

A couple of weeks later I visited the doctor to check up on my wound for the first time. The knee felt extremely tight and my leg had been reduced to a mere twig-like limb. He began to remove the bandages. I felt woozy. Finally, he reached the knee. One look was all it took. I fainted.

My mother looked at me as she handed me a glass of water. "You're such a wuss."

It took months of rehab, but fixing the knee gave back my athletic life. I was active once again. Psychologically, I'll never be the same but there is no doubt that if one plans to lead an active life surgery is a necessity when it comes to the ACL.

When I tore my right knee 16 years later it took me seconds to make my decision. On the operating table the anesthesiologist suggested an epidural. I chuckled and said no. I wanted to get out there with some dignity.

I may have even dreamt of that sweet girl as I frolicked with her on the beach.

Needless to say, I didn't faint. **-AN**



## ANDY KIM Hits all the Right Notes

I STUMBLED UPON ANDY KIM's web site a while ago and have come to appreciate a forgotten gem in Canadian rock. About a month ago, I even took in one of his concerts.

The one thing that struck me during Andy Kim's Christmas Special, which took place at the Mod Club Theatre in Toronto on Friday, December 2nd, 2005, was the sheer diversity of the guests who took part. And not just in style, but in age as well. Is this a renaissance of sorts for Andy Kim? You bet it is.

Let me begin with a refresher in the

school of Andy Kim. At the tender age of 16, with nothing but desire and raw talent in his pockets, Kim left his native Montreal for New York City in the late 60s in search of stardom. Many Canadians found themselves in the same predicament as Kim, as there was no Canadian music industry to speak of. In this light, Andy Kim is a true Canadian rock trailblazer.

Along with Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, The Guess Who and The Band, Andy Kim was part of a small but dynamic Canadian contin-

# Andy Kim

[CONT. FROM PAGE 5]

gent that found fame in the United States. All have left an undeniable mark on the rock'n roll landscape. Not bad for Crazy Canucks, eh?

With 30 million records sold, countless tours in the United States and a rock anthem under his belt—"Sugar, Sugar" was recently inducted into the Rock'n Roll Hall of Fame—Andy Kim has returned.

While Toronto and New York have welcomed him back, his native Montreal has ironically remained cool to his comeback. Far from keeping Andy Kim down, he will force people to notice him as he did when Jeff Barry discovered in him over 35 years ago.

This brings us back to the concert. In a sleek black suit, Kim kicked off the evening with a rousing rendition of "Rock me Gently"—a song that brought him a Juno Award in 1974. From that point forward, the tone and mood of the night were set. If there were any among the 550 plus people in attendance who were skeptical, he quickly made them a believer.

This set the stage for an impressive list of Canadian artists to showcase their music. The group included Esthero, Hayden Neale of Jack-soul, Shaye, The Hidden Cameras, Andy Stochansky, Danny Michel, Blair Packham and Jully Black.

Ron Sexsmith who performed and co-wrote "What Ever Happened to Christmas" alongside Kim also treated fans to a special guest appearance.

There was nothing formulaic to the evening. This much was clear as musicians moved on and off the stage with a flair of what I would call slight unprepared coolness. Whatever it was, when the music started, each of them brought with them a unique element to the concert. It was a magical night that reminded us how Canadian music continues to thrive and evolve.

Above all, for 2 1/2 hours, many of Canada's musicians, who were barely in existence when Andy Kim began writing music, had a

hearing this. This is exactly how Tony Bennett revived his career when he connected to a crowd outside his genre. Indeed, Andy Kim had the aura of a rock'n roll crooner.

The second thing that came to mind, and probably more important in the larger scheme of things, is that Andy Kim belonged. He did not seem displaced artistically or technically with this group of outstanding musicians. This, in my mind, is the greatest accomplishment of the night. Well, that and the fact that proceeds went to charity.

**"All truths passes through three stages. First it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as being self-evident." -Arthur Schopenhauer**

chance to perform with a rock legend. It had to be gratifying for Andy Kim—who influenced so many musicians—as he watched people of another generation connect to his music. Not only that, all are self-professed fans.

Of course, all good things must come to an end, and what better way to end the night than with "Sugar, Sugar?" With everyone on stage performing it in a jam session, it was reminiscent of The Band's *Last Waltz* or whenever great musicians congregate to perform a colleague's song. It was an awesome spectacle that was free of any tackiness that can dangerously make such things ghastly to watch.

As I listened, I observed a young pun-ker pass by and look at the stage. She turned and walked away, though not before giving her opinion to no one in particular, 'This is so cool.' I thought two things to myself after

"Sugar, Sugar" was the perfect climax for an excellent show. Or was it? Not wanting to call it a night, the performers debated with which song they should continue? They settled on "Rock me Gently", the song that began the whole affair.

This was, for those who pay attention to such things, symbolic of Andy Kim's career, which has come full circle as he connected with a whole new generation of musicians. If anything, he can watch with pride the vibrancy and brilliance of Canadian music he helped spawn.

Anyhow, check out his site—which includes his personal diary—and you may even be moved to purchase some of his music. His impressive latest EP 'I Forgot to Mention' includes contribution from Ed Robertson of the Barenaked Ladies, Timothy B. Schmidt of The Eagles and Kenny Aronoff among others. **-AN**



Without information,  
you're just like the rest.

Zandro

Information and Research Services

# ME, HARPER AND THE BLUE SKY

As I awoke this morning, I was greeted by a sky that had lowered slightly since the previous morning. The sooty atmosphere threatened to choke my senses before I could get to my espresso. In my inexplicable delirious state, I stumbled and clamored to the newspaper. There it was—a picture of Stephen Harper as a marionette being manipulated by George W. Bush!

The tanks were rolling in, a protective glass bubble sealed my area and little gnomes were giddily and fiendishly hopping down my street waving black flags with skulls while screaming “Beaver alienation is real!” Suddenly, my doorbell rings. A stunning woman with a lizard’s tongue is holding a clipboard. She avoids eye contact and curtly blurts out with a deep East-German autocratic voice; “We are rationing peanut butter. Sign.” Nervously, I jot down my name. As I turned to close the door she added, “Oh, and if you are gay, watch out. We do not like happy people.”

On a slightly more serious note, this is sadly how I distort my perception of modern politics to entertain myself. Nonetheless, this is what was supposed to happen if Stephen Harper and the Conservatives dared to get themselves elected to power. Since then, I got my first complimentary set of conservative vampire teeth and \$100 cheque in the mail!

Am I the only one who gets the feeling

that North America is in need of a massive political realignment? Business has the ‘Find your niche’ mantra. Will it ever apply to politics. Will North American politics ever become a niche human activity too? Something tells me there’s more goin on below the political surface than the liberal versus conservative thing.

They say we have choice in Canada. Assuming you consider the NDP a real choice. My sources tell me that they are about to change

**“Half-truths used to make you popular. Today, quarter-truths make you famous.” —Alessandro Nicolo**

their motto to “Always the usherette but never the bridesmaid.”

I’m not so sure. There’s a bulge of people on this continent who are dropping out of the social structure we’ve designed and they ain’t voting either.

The Liberals for their part are on an extended lunch break for now. While they avoided financial bankruptcy, they became insolvent in many other areas of governance.

As for the art of leadership itself, leaders claim to have the inside track on the ‘will of the people.’ The problem is that I just placed a loonie in the ‘will-o-meter’ at Tim Horton’s



**DAM YOU!!**

and got no response. Plato’s philosopher king concept is in a coma for now. Harper is at least trying to get my loonie back.

Canada is an intellectually stagnant society. We have become accustomed to cheesy self-righteous clichés and repackaged them as ‘values.’ Enough of this. many thoughtful Canadians demand true, enlightened debate.

Everyone has his or her own way of interpreting life. Me? I use a thin veil of thick imaginings to make sense of it all. It helps to put Harper’s mandate all into surreal perspective. Guess what? The sky remains blue. Or is it....?

**-AN**

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[www.friendlymisanthropist.blogspot.com](http://www.friendlymisanthropist.blogspot.com)

## BOOK REVIEW:

# LEONARDO

Written by: **Martin Kemp** Oxford University Press, 2004

Submitted to: **Author Mania**, November 2006

by: **Alessandro Nicolo**

In writing this abstract, with Leonardo Da Vinci as its centerpiece, it demanded a great deal of discipline, since it could have easily careened out into multiple directions. Indeed, I could have, and was tempted to, approach this in any number of ways. Let's not complicate things here.

Writing an abstract is not like Leonardo's *Comparison of the Heart with its Major Vessels on a Germinating Seed*. Nonetheless, I could not shake the feeling that Leonardo's shadow and spirit were looking over my shoulder demanding I use every ounce of my abilities in writing this review. I could just imagine the inner pressure Martin Kemp must have felt in gathering his facts and thoughts in order to write a historical biography regarding one of humanity's greatest figures.

It is not enough to merely collect and construct a timeline of his life. In order to fully understand Leonardo's majestically complex inner-workings, one must remove one's self from contemporary conceptions about him. For this, Kemp is to be commended. How does one convey such an elusive and magnificent mind?

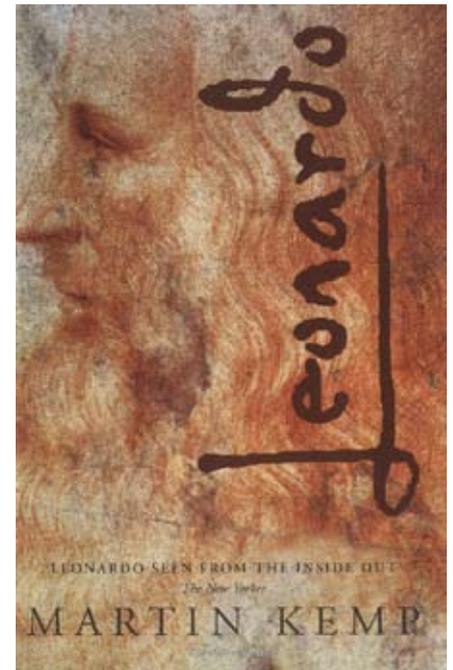
Less an autobiography and more a personal (both of the author and Leonardo himself) quest, Kemp carefully examines and treats the essence of a Renaissance giant with historical care. Filled with insightful quotes and passages from Leonardo himself, the reader takes a special journey into the realm of a man endowed with staggering observational powers.

Many interesting quotes are presented and I have selfishly selected one - if anything because it seems quite fitting and applicable to us today. "...truly it is impatience, moth-

er of all folly, which praises brevity." Lucky for Leonardo he is not present to witness the catchall, and short-attention spanned zeitgeist of our times. Had he been around, it is not hard to see how he would feel (or react) about the modern alchemist who uses media to a profiting advantage while circling around like a vulture waiting to prey on humanity's vulnerabilities. Today, we rush to get our studies, research and ideas out. The rigorous and painstakingly long efforts Leonardo employed are the exception rather than the norm in a society that wants a 'quick-fix' and even quicker answer.

Kemp does his best to shelter Leonardo from pop culture in exploring what the legend is all about. He succeeds in building a case that removes Leonardo from popular conceptions and places him back into his proper context. He fulfills this duty admirably. Kemp can rest easy in knowing he at least did his best to provide a proper intellectual service into Leonardo's life and times. The book is all the more relevant given the social phenomena of the 'Da Vinci Code'. Usually, historians and academics shy away from what is going on in the fish bowl known as pop culture.

Martin Kemp does not run away from this. He meets it straight on and offers his thoughts and opinions. While he does not condemn it, he does confirm that there is an inherent danger in accepting fiction as fact. Or put another way, where we embrace myth as fact. In the special case of Leonardo, it is all too easy to play games with the missing facts of his life. History is like laying bricks. It's how we treat the gaps that determine our intellectual honesty and integrity. In this light, he does a serv-



**"I'm stuck in every era  
except my own."**

**-Alessandro Nicolo**

ice to anyone who needs to be reminded of such things.

There are no simple answers with Leonardo. It is all too easy to pull something out of context or use a snap shot of a history to espouse a view. Leonardo is like a piece of music. You must listen to what is not playing. You must be attentive to where the music would like to take you. Like jazz is, Leonardo is. In my final comment, given the sheer gargantuan aura of the man, the book is valiant in its respect for what it was up against. If readers want something more than the prevailing idea of whom Leonardo was, or as I put it in the 'Code's Image', then this book should be considered as a true lesson in history. **-AN**