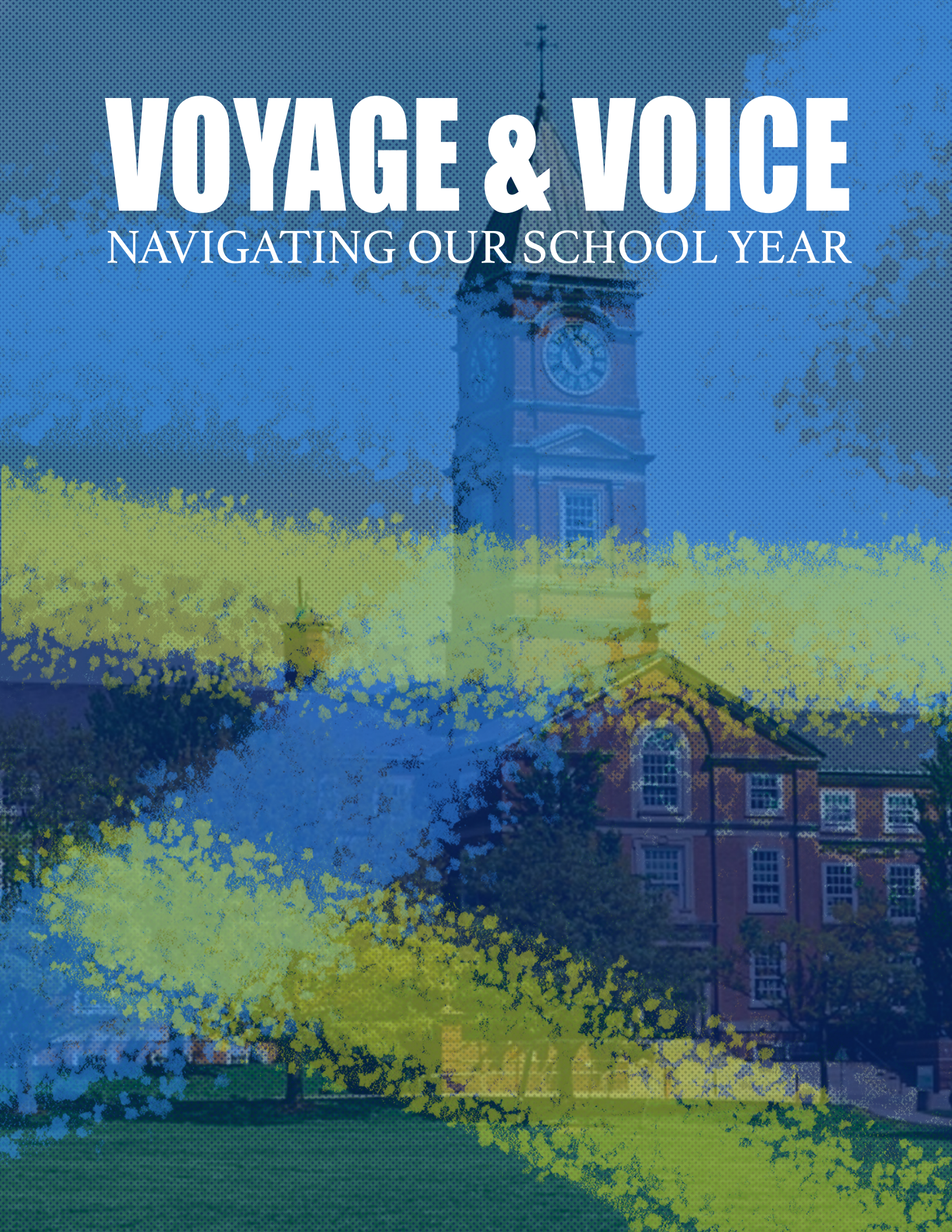


VOYAGE & VOICE

NAVIGATING OUR SCHOOL YEAR



UCC'S CHARLES FOUR



BENEDICT WANG SENIOR EDITOR

Every fall, the tranquil waters of the Charles River in Boston transform into a battleground for rowing teams worldwide. Yet the journey for UCC's Charles Four did not start there. UCC's Charles campaign started two weeks before the start of school, during selection camp. The Charles candidates were put through a battery of fitness and testing trials, including a grueling six-kilometre erg test and a two-kilometre race simulation. The main test, however, was seat racing. Candidates were split into two boats, racing side by side. Rowers alternated between boats until the fastest combination was identified. Through this process, UCC's Charles Four was named.

The Fall season started in earnest with the Head of the Welland Regatta. There, four rowers competed in a "Head" race for the first time - where crews race against the clock over a set distance (typically three to six kilometres). Unlike side-by-side sprint racing, head racing allows rowers to showcase their endurance, technique, and strategic prowess over an extended course. At the Head of the Welland, UCC's entry performed admirably, beating the previous year's time by a minute.

The Head of the Welland gave the crew many insights which were drilled coming into the Head of the Trent - one of the largest Head races in Ontario, with collegiate, club, and high-school crews. The course features a narrow canal, preparing crews for the difficult turns of the Charles River. Despite racing in an older and slower boat, the UCC Four gained almost 30 seconds on our hometown rivals, the Argonaut Rowing Club, finishing a narrow 0.5 seconds behind their entry. UCC also entered an eight which raced against much older and experienced club and university crews finishing a commendable fourth.

The following weekend marked a milestone in UCC Rowing with the opening of the Lindsay Boathouse, a new state-of-the-art rowing facility located in the Outer Harbour Marina. The new facilities will allow UCC rowers to take advantage of new erg-room facilities, a changeroom, and a better dock and boat storage location. The weekend marked UCC's Welland training camp, where the rowers were able to practice on the Welland canal, simulating the tight conditions of the Charles River.

As the Head of the Charles weekend dawned, the anticipation and excitement was palpable. The UCC Four, accompanied by faculty advisor Mr. Weekes flew to Bos-

ton on Thursday to rig the boat and to conduct two practice rows. The rows gave the boat a taste of what racing on the Charles would resemble. The racing environment was conspicuous, with over 11,000 athletes competing and trying to practice.

Many members of the UCC Community were racing at the Head of the Charles, including Michael Carmichael (Class of '97), Daniel Hong (Class of 2013), Eric Szonyi, Nigel Radhakrishnan (Class of 2022).

As race day rolled on, the air was charged with anticipation. The months of hard work, the early mornings, the sacrifices - everything had led to this moment. With every stroke, the UCC crew embodied the College's values. The UCC Charles Four was one of the fastest high-school crews in a Club event, and successfully requalified Upper Canada College for next year's Head of the Charles.

The UCC Charles Four would like to give a special thank you to Coach Manny for making us into the athletes and individuals that we are today, as well as Mr. Weekes for making sure we did not engage in any tomfoolery. The Charles Four would also like to thank the UCC Community for their support, without which our Charles campaign would not have been possible.

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MY EXPERIENCE IN FRANCE: PART I



FERRARI ZHANG STAFF REPORTER

Hello Readers of Convergence, I'm Ferrari Zhang. Chances are that you haven't heard of me at all, which is not surprising at all, I assure you; I haven't heard of you either. Witty retorts aside, it's time for me to dive into my whirlwind journey in France from September 8th up until October 14. Feeling confused about how I skipped school with much ease while writing this article? I've got a bunch of stories to tell.

i: The School and the Place

Before diving into my mini-stories, let me set the stage. I did not skip school([un]fortunately); the trip in France was a 5-week exchange program between UCC and École La Source, a quaint little private school in Meudon, France. It's a sleepy suburb of Paris around 8 kilometers to the southwest of Champ de Mars, which is, to put in perspective, the same distance between UCC and CN Tower.

When I say quaint and little, I mean it - both the town and the school. During the daily 30-minute walk to school, I will cross four out of five sections of town, and when I do arrive, concepts of space are truly different.

The school itself, though small, is well situated. It sits right next to the RER (train) station that takes you to Paris in half an hour, and in the other direction are two razed chateaus of the Ancien Régime.



Entering the school through a garden/bike rack/path below the kindergarten, you can see the primary division. It has a few buildings decked with quite some greenery surrounding a small square, with ping pong tables, a gym, a basketball court, and a soc-

cer field masterfully squeezed in between.

Once you walk past the ping pong table and the crazy quatrièmes ragequitting, you will see a cafeteria that's a serious work of art, but with adolescents scrambling for food nonetheless.

Finally, to the right of the cafeteria is the library and the art room. More importantly, you'll also see kids my age draining water lentils out of a pond, a part of a gardening & environmental awareness program, the Agenda '21. So, as you see, a chill bunch, unlike me.

My Arrival

The exchange program between La Source and UCC has been going on for two or three decades already, thanks in part to the late Mr. Lecerf. The program lasts five weeks in each country (Sep 8th-Oct 14th), with the correspondents going to school like normal. My correspondent, Louis, will come to Canada during April 2024.

However, disaster almost struck. You see, I did not know of the application deadline until the day of the deadline. That night, while furiously typing away on my computer as a desperate last attempt, I thought to myself, "Oh crap. Forgot again. Maybe I should have checked the Heads Up messages." Despite that, I finished on time without much fuss and therefore qualified for an interview.

To my surprise, I held my own in the entirely French interview, managing to piece together a paragraph or two. I was informed that it was just about good enough, so, on the 8th of September, I headed on flight AC872 to Paris CDG with Michael, Ryan, Charles, and Armaan.

My Famille d'Accueil

When I touched down in Paris, I was welcomed by the Chachereaus. Their son Louis is my exchange partner. The matriarch of the family, Catherine, plays in the Radio-France Philharmonic Orchestra, while the patriarch, Hubert, was a professor of violin at the Conservatoire de Paris before his retirement four years ago.

As a result, starting with the first day and

not ending until the day I leave, I am continuously subjected to a mixture of piano, keyboard, violin, flute, cello, and children crying and smashing their music. The children crying are, by the way, all three Chachereaus, and the person smashing music is obviously me.

The three children, Louis, Juliette, and Marie all go to La Source. Trust me, they are truly patient: My friends would be driven crazy if I spoke English like how I spoke French during my first week there.

Additionally, they helped me greatly with both my language skills and music, allowing me to use their books, giving me half a folder of music for me to play as I wished, and telling me stories and jokes that I can put into this article.

Lastly, their cooking is truly amazing, and precisely due to that reason, I forgot to sample it with a camera.

My Routine

Generally, my routine in France is quite similar to what one would also expect in Canada, but with a few caveats. There are random days where one can start at 10 am instead of 8:30. There is also a combined total of an hour of recess every day(!), which applies to most schools in France since the schedule in La Source is almost identical to that of a public school. Dinner is also always at 9 pm, so while most of my friends are sleeping, I am instead gorging on gratin.



On weekdays, my classes varied greatly. There are a whopping five different lan-

guage classes and at least four of them are mandatory according to the Ministry of Education: French, English, Section Européenne (Also English, but different), German/Spanish, and Latin/Chinese.

The choice between Chinese and Latin is a very hard dilemma. You either learn preschool-level Chinese and have the vocabulary of four-year-old Ferrari, or learn Latin and don't use it at all. Other subjects are essentially the same as in Canada.

During the weekends, courtesy of the Chachereaus, I would be brought to various sites like the Louvre and the Place des Vosges. These are stories I will tell later.



French Jokes

Here are some jokes that I either heard or made myself. If it's funny, it's funny; if it's not, it's still funny.

1. Disclaimer: Events here are not real, though based on a joke my famille d'accueil told me.

A Breton (A person living in the Bretagne region) invited some guests for a soirée. Everyone except one came, and everyone save for a Frenchman, named Louis, was also Breton.

After dinner, they decided to have macarons for dessert. Because one person didn't go there was one macaron left.



Suddenly the lights were turned off. People were mumbling to each other when suddenly a high-pitched scream reverberated across the room. When the lights were turned back on, the other people saw a grisly sight: a hand on the macaron and a fork penetrating the hands. Whose hand was it? Turns out, Louis had tried to grab the macaron by hand while at the same time, a Breton wanted to do the same thing with a fork. Oh là là!

2. Disclaimer: Events here are not real: based on an old Satan joke, where everyone's the butt.

It is the start of the second week of school. Satan kidnaps Louis, Matteo (a good friend of Louis at school), and I. He tells us, "Surprise me in a week! If not, I will eat you whole!" He then released us back to school. After a week, Louis had beaten me in tennis (in real life he doesn't know how to play at all) and got twenties in all tests (20 in France = 8 in UCC). Satan decides, "Not surprising enough! Mmm, his head is sweet and savory!"

Matteo had mastered Mandarin, won a ping pong tournament at school, and managed to cure all his acne. Satan decides, "Not surprising enough! But a head without acne tastes creamier, doesn't it?" And I? I fell asleep during every single class. Satan tries to swallow me, but a powerful force suddenly pulls him back. He explained, "I was truly surprised by your consistency and diligence."

3. My famille d'accueil told me this joke.

Two psychiatric hospital patients are playing cards when a nurse arrives with a syringe. A patient cried, "Voilà! I got the queen of spades!"

ENCUMBERING EGLINGTON



CEDRIC FURMAN
OPINION EDITOR

Internal documentation from last December warned Metrolinx had no “credible plan” to complete their long-awaited Eglinton Crosstown LRT. Meanwhile, in the 5 years since he was elected CEO in 2017, CEO Phil Verster’s salary increased by 70% to \$856,551. Although such a raise seems almost comedic, it speaks to the general sentiment regarding the 12-year project.

CP24 reported that time spent in congestion was 14 hours longer in 2022 than the year prior. In addition to Eglinton, Queen Street was closed off for traffic beginning last May due to the construction of the Ontario Line. Needless to say, an ever-expanding population and a more population-dense city should come with a proportionate increase in infrastructure.

Needless to say, an ever-expanding population and a more population-dense city should come with a proportionate increase in infrastructure.

Although it has often been regarded as pretentious to see Toronto as the centre of Canada, it is not a stretch to consider the

city the centre of our economy. Toronto contributes around 20% of national GDP, but receives just 0.3% of federal service spending, and 1.3% of provincial spending, whilst the province has been projecting a budgetary surplus. The failure of Line 5 Eglinton to open by 2020 is only a symptom of larger disregard for Toronto which appears to be regarded for its benefits, but ignored for its necessities.

Line 5 has a total of 25 planned stations, and would help unify the city across its ambitious 19 km of rail. With Mount Dennis to its West and Kennedy Station to its East, the Line was even supposed to unify with the now-decommissioned Line 3, which suffered from a train derailment earlier this year. Effectively, if Line 5 were to be constructed, it would enhance one of Toronto’s principal arteries, while relieving a stressed city, a stressed budget, and a stressed public transportation network.

Understanding the delays and debacles of the Eglinton Line takes some time itself. It has been mired in legal disputes and issues of quality control. However, all it takes to understand the consequences of delayed construction is to take a stroll down any major intersection on Eglinton, where nar-

rowed sidewalks and affected businesses have withstood a dozen years of disturbance. The building of Line 5 has been allocated between Metrolinx, as well as Crosslinx, an often problematic consortium, led by SNC Lavalin, which itself had a political scandal. Crosslinx was previously able to sue Ontario Infrastructure in 2021, with a settlement of \$325 million due to pandemic-related costs. Moreover, it was recently announced that it is planning to sue Metrolinx, for “seeking to be treated fairly,” for what it alleges are overly high demands, making construction a legal battle. Meanwhile, there are 260 quality control issues across the unfinished LRT, particularly alarming are millimeter-wide errors in tracks, which could even lead to the risk of derailment.

I try to be optimistic about the 2024 planned opening for the Eglinton Line, but I can’t help but question its likelihood given Metrolinx’s past record. Verster’s excuse for the Line’s opening date was to “give us some space.” The allocation of the Ontario Line’s contract to Metrolinx only seems to spell worse delays for the City of Toronto, and that simply should not be afforded.

CLUBS SPOTLIGHT: HELPING HANDS



MALEK ELHADDAD
COLLEGE LIFE REPORTER

The new school year is upon us! A time when the screeching chime of your alarm clock is merely a suggestion, and the only math you willingly embrace involves calculating how swiftly you can reach the coveted snooze button. But, let us not be mistaken in considering this new school year dull; for behold, there's always flex-time!

Yes, fret not, for the kind-hearted Helping Hands Club, the practically minded Medical Society, the inquisitive Science Society, and the indomitable MUN, stand resolute in their efforts to harmonize the zest and purpose we so verily need this year. So, while you master the art of snooze-button timing, remember that these remarkable clubs are here to add the 'zing' to your day from 8:30 to 3:40!

With over 340 individuals involved in the club, a club that preaches the virtues of volunteering and readily provides the entire school community with opportunities

to volunteer, Helping Hands serves as the largest club at the college. And so, I sat down with the head of the Helping Hands Club Memo Ozdincer and one of its executive members Lincoln Dugas-Nishisato for a 20-minute chat to see what's happening.

Can you describe the day-to-day activities of Helping Hands and how does it contribute to the mission?

Lincoln: The overarching mission of Helping Hands is simply to help all those in need with the support of the robust UCC community of people to make a positive difference and help out with many others.

Memo: Our club is all about daily activities and meetings that revolve around creating service opportunities for everyone. These range from large-scale events like sandwich packing and food drives to more fun initiatives such as fun runs and small business charity days. But our ultimate goal is to serve both our local and global communities, both as individuals and as a collective. We put a strong emphasis on student leadership, allowing our members

to take charge of events that address global issues, as well as local concerns that often go unnoticed in broader service efforts. Our niche is letting student leaders shine by serving niche causes.

What is the most unique or distinctive aspect of your clubs, meetings or events that set you apart from other clubs at the school?

Lincoln: Helping Hands is incredibly versatile. We're here to support and bring to life a wide range of service projects. Whether it's a niche endeavor aimed at a specific group of people or a broad, global cause that impacts everyone, our 200-plus members come together to make it happen. We're the incubator for all service ideas, and we're here to help them flourish.

Discuss the club's long-term vision and goals. Where do you see the club heading in the next few years, and how will you achieve those aspirations?

Memo: We want to keep building this framework that we've created. So goal number one is to build a new generation of student leaders and service at the school, and goal number two is to expound our service leadership framework at UCC. And I think we're definitely on track.

What would you say is the single biggest accomplishment up until now since the founding of the club?

Memo: In terms of concrete accomplishments, this club has had a genuine measurable impact that we can see with our own eyes on our communities. And the way we do that is by choosing our modes of helping communities. I guess in our smaller events, such as, you know, food drives or shelter drives and the smaller events that are in the Toronto or Forest Hill community, we always try to do drives or volunteering events, while in the bigger events, we fundraise.

ANTITRUST IN A FREE SOCIETY

ANTITRUST POLICY

The Case for Repeal

D.T. Armentano

SIMON MICHELL
STAFF REPORTER

Antitrust: The Case for Repeal by Dominick T. Armentano is not something you will find at any mainstream bookstore or library

I found it while browsing through various books on the website of the Mises Institute (which in full disclosure I am a member of). I briefly read parts of it in Year II, specifically the chapter on the break up of Standard Oil, but never got around to reading the full book until this past summer.

Its meticulous and well-researched arguments against antitrust law from heterodox economic theory, like its critique of Neo-classical competition theory and its analysis of specific cases from a legal perspective, proved to me what I had already heard in the *Heterodox Economic Zeitgeist*: Antitrust laws have been largely ineffective in their stated goals of promoting

a freer market through price and quality competition.

The book demonstrates the exact opposite has historically been the case; that Antitrust laws have in many cases reduced consumer welfare. Yet, it was the book's final portion, Chapter 7, "Antitrust In a Free Society", that caught my attention. Armentano makes the argument, based on a sound understanding of natural rights, that antitrust laws are antithetical to a free society. On the surface, this may seem bizarre, but the logic behind that proposition is entirely consistent.

Antitrust laws attempt to push firms that can change their prices and output at will (i.e. those that have "market power") back to equilibrium levels of production and price. Again, the economic logic for this is not very sound, although there are disagreements, as with any economic issue.

Morally, however, things take a different turn. Antitrust enforcement means the state can dictate what property its citizens sell, at what price, and in what quantities. Now this isn't property that has been gained through some coercive method, but in a market of voluntary exchange.

So what right does a government have to dictate what a sovereign citizen may do with their property? Why, from a perspective that respects the rights of citizens, should governments have any say in what price or quantity you sell a good for at all?

Indeed, to suggest governments should have the right to regulate this is to say that private ownership itself is conditional on some ultimately arbitrary distinction on what is too much market power and what is not. Nobody has the right to your property besides yourself, because the property owner either homesteaded that property themselves or achieved it in exchange.

If the owner of Dyson wants to suddenly raise prices and restrict production, or sell it at ridiculously cheap levels, why should

they not be able to? Not only do we not have a right to the labour and property of the owner of Dyson, but in a free market, nobody is forcing consumers to buy from Dyson.

The most ridiculous proposition from a natural rights perspective, is the notion that we must enforce antitrust on firms that engage in "predatory pricing". This term refers to when firms price a good or service below market clearing prices to rid themselves of competition who cannot afford to lower their prices. Then these firms raise said prices after the competition goes under.

The example of a firm that is most frequently cited as an example of predatory pricing is Standard Oil, which was in large part responsible for the decline in the price of oil throughout the late 19th century through economies of scale. Allow me to demonstrate why this particular enforcement is so morally strange. The so-called "predatory pricing" Standard Oil engaged in is:

1. Permissible with Natural rights; following an actor's right to sell their property at any price of quality they would like so long as there is a voluntary exchange.
2. Did not even happen! There is no hard evidence Standard Oil or any other firm has definitively engaged in this behaviour, nor any proof that it is even a profitable long-term business strategy for firms yielding market power.

The reason Standard Oil became so popular was because their product was of a higher quality, and cheaper than anyone else. They became so large because they satisfied the wants and needs of the highest value and largest number of people. One must wonder if that is a market that needs to be corrected or the moral case to be made for ridding people of the product they demanded for no other reason than it was too efficient.

The Blue Page

Blazer: A Eulogy

UCC's **Blazer**: Should it be brought back to its former glory?

CYRUS SARFATY
OPINION EDITOR

The day was November 18, 2020. Three months into the new academic year, the student body finally had started to adapt to a rapidly changing school environment.

Masks? Plentiful.

Desk wipes? Accessible.

House sports? A planking competition will do.

Assemblies? Live-streamed Google Meets with horrific audio quality, repetitive content, and the everpresent profile picture of the “presenter” on the right-hand side of the screen were ultimately better than nothing.

Students were even adjusting to the socially-isolating hybrid learning style; new friendships were being formed within small four-house cohorts despite the obligatory social distance.

On the global scale, this was a tremendous time. Just a week and a half earlier, former vice-president Joe Biden emerged victorious in a tight race with record turnout to clinch the U.S. presidency. Additionally, the same day, a Cardiff University study suggested that mouthwash was an effective antibiotic to COVID-19, a theory that was quickly disproven. The Chiefs were the defending Super Bowl champions, for the first time. The Capitol was untouchable.

But little did anyone know that this pleasant, optimistic Wednesday would forever live in infamy.

For this was the day that Nathan Hanam, a Convergence editor in his final year at the College, a member of Martland's House, and a devoted bearer of the “funniest” year-end superlative, typed his last sentence in a published edition of Blazer. Below a scathing satire of the College's confusing house logo-adorned face masks, read the line:

Wearing this mask, students can finally cosplay as Bane on a daily basis.



Blazer, a recurring epilogue to the then-monthly Convergence issues, was a joy to read for decades of UCC students. It took many self-deprecating slogans over the years, but perhaps its most fitting was “UCC's humour publication written by students who think they're way funnier than they actually are”. (And with pages upon pages of repetitive jokes about the Extended Essay, I think it's safe to say they outstayed their welcome.)

In retrospect, it kind of makes sense why Blazer is no more. The line between edgy comedy and offensive invective is the greatest, most daunting tightrope walk present on our planet— even more anxiety-ridden than walking between two skyscrapers on a piece of string. Classic columns like “DIY Steward Declaration”, “The COSSOT Manifesto”, and “UCC's Spirit Animals” found their way on the “acceptable” side of this dichotomy. However, many more, like “How to Deal with Year Ones”, “We Reviewed 5 UCC Students' Profile Pictures”, and endless derision of Mr. Terry Denstedt attempted that tightrope walk and fell to their deaths after deciding midway through the perilous trek to start hopping on one foot.

But comedy will inherently offend someone; what makes something funny is its ability to surprise an audience in one way or another. Is it a breach of student creativity to censor comedic talent? Or does withholding borderline content spare the mental health of the school community? Can light-hearted mockery raise spirits? Or can it reflect the school poorly, à la @ucc_memes, the dead Instagram account from 2018 that ridiculed relatable aspects of the College in a public setting? In true TOK fashion, the school chose the far-less-funny but ultimately understandable utilitarian approach. Blazer was no more.

In my opinion, comedy will always be effective if writers know their audience. If everyone in the school community were made aware that Blazer crosses the line for comedy's sake, I think the storied publication could continue. And those who would still take offence wouldn't have to read it.

Because three years' worth of LD jokes, Aramark jabs, and Denstedt burns have been waiting ever-so-patiently, right around the corner.



ARJUN SHAH OPINION WRITER

Look around you. Be very careful. You may be at risk of detention for reading this article.

The new 'no cell phone policy,' as it stands, is yet another attempt to subject UCC boys to the mental torture of speaking to others. What do they expect us to talk about? "How our days have been?" "Pretty bad, I have two 4000-word essays, 6 tests, and 4 projects due in a couple of weeks." Or worse, do they expect us to actually LEARN?!

What if I have to check my schedule, or send a quick email? Surely, those must all be school-related tasks, right? WRONG! There are ZERO exceptions to this absurd

rule. I can't begin to count the number of times I've had to take my backpack out, sit down, and turn on my laptop, all to see I have 'P2 French' next (it happened once). And, if you're late because you didn't know what class you had next, you still get marked late.

Are we supposed to actually take notes now? Can we not just take photos of the board, and pretend we were paying attention in class?

Let's say one day the internet is slow (which, let's be honest, is bound to happen). Are we not supposed to turn our hotspots on? Wouldn't you say that prevents us from learning?

Some 'glass half-empty' adults will argue that children will use their phones to play

games, which will 'disrupt' their learning. And to those naysayers, I say: what if I want to play WORDLE? Is it not educational to enrich my vocabulary?

I have come up with a fair solution to the 'anti-phone crisis'. What if—hear me out—we ban paper instead? If you think about it, paper is a lot worse than phones:

Paper kills trees. Fact.

Paper cuts. Fact.

Paper can get soaked with coffee. Fact.

Paper causes students to doodle, distracting them. Fact.

In conclusion, paper SUCKS.