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PRO TEM

Le premier journal étudiant de l'Université York
Glendon's Student Weekly



Collège • Glendon • College

le 31 mars 1988

Final Edition

Volume 27, No.22



EDITORIAL

I hate writing editorials

It's customary, at the end of the year, for the editor to either write an editorial with excessive back-patting or excessive complaining on how shitty and difficult the year was. I wasn't going to do that. Well, maybe...

I also wanted to write a mean-kick-ass-condemning-the-world-and-those-in-it editorial. But after 21 issues, why break with tradition?

Actually, what I really wanted to do all year, but "THEY" wouldn't let me, is to respond to all the letters we received throughout the year. That would be impossible but I will try to address most major issues that were discussed in *Pro Tem*:

RE: Balls (or lack thereof) (7 letters)
The title says it all!

RE: Ugly art in the Quad (5 letters)
All there is to say is that I'm glad it's gone. It sure was ugly!

RE: Carnival Team called A.I.D.S. (7 Letters)
"What's in a name?"

RE: Tobacco (7 letters)
Come on! This is getting ridiculous! It started with a comment on the new Toronto anti-smoking bylaw and turned into a philosophical debate on the merits of tobacco farming. People shouldn't be forced to smoke just to keep farmers working nor should we stop those who freely chose to smoke. If tobacco is truly harmful, then it should be banned completely, otherwise there will always be non-smokers complaining about smokers and smokers complaining about non-smokers. Maybe a complete ban would not be so bad after all.

RE: Y'en a marre (5 lettres)
Tous le temps qu'on a passé à écrire et répondre aux lettres. M. Archeray aurait pu venir nous aider.

RE: Pro Femme (7 letters)
I'm sure that Karyn was only exaggerating in her article ("Chicks" and "Pricks") to emphasize the bias against women in the everyday use of

language. At least, I hope so.

RE: Darryl Singer (Yes, he is a real person) (11 letters)

I want to thank Darryl for all of his contributions to *Pro Tem*. He sure has made the "Letters to the Editor" section interesting reading. Now, it's time for Darryl to get out in the real world.

Don't get me wrong, I appreciate every letter received (even those critical of *Pro Tem*). After all, that's what a student newspaper is suppose to do: sponsor debate. I would like to thank all those who took time out to respond to us and to enrich the intellectual aspect of our community.

J'aimerais remercier toute l'équipe de *Pro Tem*, car sans eux, il n'y aurait jamais eu de journal.

Letters/Lettres

Rocky

The End

À tous ceux qui ont pris *Pro Tem* pour un ring, nos plumes pour des gants de boxe, qui on vu sous des sarcasmes des coups-de-poing et sous des métaphores, des K.O... désolés. Fervents de Rocky, il vous faudra repasser. Car l'échange joyeusement assaisonné et fort lu, d'après les multiples commentaires reçus, devant tirer à sa fin, c'est sur une note pacifique que nous avons décidé d'achever ce "Lance et Compte" littéraire.

Ainsi... même si ma faible et amicale lanterne semble

s'averer trop chétive pour éclairer l'obscurité infinie cosmique dans laquelle Christophe semble galoper dangereusement... j'avoue avoir bien apprécié ladite infinie cosmique. Même si l'esprit de mon partenaire de colonnes me semble parfois n'être ni ouvert, ni étroit, ni entrebâillé, mais Grands Dieux, scellé!... j'aime bien les défis. Même si je frissonne devant son interprétation de "l'effort-anglophone-pour-apprendre-le-français-comme-étant-peut-être-le-résultat-d'une-MODE." J'admire la téméraire naïveté qui mélange hardiment Brian Mulroney et Christian Dior. Même s'il ne semble donc pas saisir la subtile nuance entre le Lac Meech et le Lac des cygnes... Allez! L'erreur est humaine... et puisqu'on s'y tremousse vigoureusement dans les deux...

Car aussi enrichissant que fut l'échange, il me faut l'achever à regret. Et si j'ai nié et critiqué, j'ai aussi appris et grandi. À vous d'en tirer la morale!

Marie-France Berthiaume

"Fair Play"

On fume le calumet!

Non, ce n'est pas un rêve, ni même un cauchemar d'ailleurs! Ne vous pincez donc si cruellement! Oui, oui c'est bien nous les cousins ennemis, tendrement réunis dans les colonnes de *Pro Tem*, notre champ de bataille favori.

Quand je dis tendrement, il ne faut quand-même pas exagérer car il semblerait que nous ne soyons toujours pas d'accord sur bon nombre de choses. Que Marie-France s'enlise désespérément dans un faux-débat demeure une évidence noire et point n'est besoin

de le rappeler.

Mais l'heure n'est pas à la reprise des débats. Les circonstances, en l'occurrence, la parution du dernier numéro de *Pro Tem*, nous contraignent à trouver un compromis, à signer un cessez-le-feu en quelque sorte. Sachant que je ne pourrais répondre à sa lettre, ma douce antagoniste, faisant preuve d'un indéniable "fair-play" (ciel, un anglicisme!), a bien voulu me remettre "sa réponse à ma réponse à sa réponse à mon article" afin que je puisse réagir si l'envie me prenait. C'est chose faite!

Ainsi donc, c'est la fin provisoire d'un différent qui nous aura pour le moins bien amusé. J'espère que nous ne sommes pas les seuls. Toujours est-il que l'on peut tirer une modeste morale de cette histoire: Québécois ou français, nous partageons au moins deux choses, l'amour de notre langue commune et un sens incontestable de la querelle...

Christophe

Pro Femme

Letter to *Pro Tem* Editor:
Re: Pro Femme, March 7/88

Thanks to all the contributors of this excellent section, for bringing us into reality of facts and feelings. If Pro Femme appeared as a regular section, I'd pick up a copy each week and look forward to it, and yes, write articles too. The "Do You Know..." article could run for another twenty-five years, easily! Articles such as Mark's "My Father in Me" help to break the

• See p.11

Pro Tem

You missed it — All year!!!

Glendon College 2275 Baviere Ave Toronto, Ont. M4N 3M6

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Édition finale

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Rosita

R.A. Greene

M.P.—G.

E. Spotpoppy

Hetta Fisiks

R.K.C.

Rémi Chrobe

The Intelligence (?) dept. of CSIS

Cover photo by Patrick Banville

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The purpose of the Forum page is to elicit various viewpoints on a variety of topics. We encourage controversy and responses to the articles. Also, the views expressed in the section are those of the contributor and not necessarily those of Pro Tem.

FORUM

La page Forum a pour objectif de faire connaître différentes opinions sur des sujets variés. Vos réponses et commentaires sont plus que les bienvenus. Veuillez prendre note que les opinions exprimées dans cette rubrique représentent le point de vue de l'auteur et non pas nécessairement celui de Pro Tem

Useless system

Food Meeting March 21, 1988
To Glendon Students,

The next-to-last food meeting has just been held. There were the usual meaningless assurances, empty excuses and pass-it-on reasoning. A guaranteed income from residence students has *not* led to an acceptable level of food quality.

This meeting has brought several questions to mind:

1. Why have a food committee?
2. Why have a food Ombudsman
3. Is Gerry Kniehl really a manager or just a façade?

Throughout the meeting, complaints and comments from the house food representatives encountered a brick wall of unconcern which is now familiar to them. Gerry's responses to different topics were: "It is *not* my concern"; "I have told my employees to do that"; "People have different tastes"; "I will look into it" or questions were thrown back in people's faces as unreasonable or none of their business.

Well then we may well ask:

Whose concern is it? Let us know the alternatives, don't avoid the question and become defensive. Food meetings are for the purpose of hearing student's concerns. Instead, students are made to feel alienated and helpless.

Can't Gerry control and monitor his own employees? Making sure employees carry out instructions is part of being a manager. Several statements about service and food quality (*i.e.* cold; raw; frozen) surprised Gerry. *He is not even aware of his own business.*

Do you like raw/frozen food? Tastes may differ, but raw meat (unless it's sushi!) is *not* a question of personal tastes. Of course, Gerry *denies* the possibility, but then he doesn't monitor the cooked (?) food either.

Look into it? That's a nice meaningless phrase. Sure, make us 'happy' and throw it in once in a while. Nice try.

Also during the meeting, our Food Ombudsman Geoffrey Eden contradicted the meaning of 'liaison'. Liaison, to quote the dictionary, means "an instance or means of communication *between* bodies, groups or ideas." Geoff acts like Gerry's 'watch-dog' supporter. He defends Gerry, scorns people's comments or just doesn't fully pay attention to people's ideas. There were a few exceptions to this, but generally speaking I did not find Geoff an impartial mediator between students' concerns and Gerry's "I am a businessman" position.

How much of a businessman Gerry is, is unquestionable. Complaints of high prices not being justified, because the cafe-

teria can buy in bulk, were met with "I can buy meat at the supermarket for less than what I pay for it here. We do not get bulk prices." Get serious Gerry! If you are not paying bulk prices, you should be. Maybe you *could* make a profit. Better management and awareness of your own business would help.

As well, Gerry is not sure of the quality and cut of the meat he serves. This ignorance on the part of a manager is not acceptable. Of course, it may be a good way to avoid questions that he hopes he won't be asked again.

And why have portions diminished over the last month? "The employees were serving too much before." For *six months* Gerry was not aware of this? Bad management.

Once in a while Gerry makes attempts at winning people over so that these people will support him and this will divide students concerning the cafeteria. For example, he mentioned charging *some* students half price for their heavy potato salad. Someone asked "Why not institute this as a general policy?" Answer: "I don't know how to go about it." It doesn't seem to difficult to me, just charge 45 cents/100 g. But this would cut down on revenue that is needed to make up for all that bad management. I'm sure a lot of money is lost on rejected/returned food, or trial-and-error serving by untrained cooks at the grill.

You may ask, am I demanding too much from Gerry? I don't think so. Apparently

Gerry feels "I can take time off and leave early, that's what this job is for." This comment was made to a Petit-Café waitress while Gerry hung around "downstairs." If he spent less time hiding downstairs he might discover that he could make a profit, serve better food, and therefore not go through student questioning. It's time he came "upstairs" and looked at the food and *regularly* monitored the servers, stockers and cooks, for his own benefit and ours.

Gerry's response to comments in general? "If you know it all that well, show me. I've been in this business for 25 years and I'm just now seeing a *possible* profit on the horizon." After 25 years Gerry can't control his own employees, shop

wisely or run a profitable business, even with the outrageous prices charged!!!

Since September, food quality has gone down and prices up; portions have gotten smaller, and management response has stayed the same — smooth talking with empty assurances and unjustified excuses.

All the students want is good food at reasonable prices. Impossible with the system the way it was run this year. Beware next year — voice your complaints whenever possible and don't hold back or nothing will be done. The cafeteria's income is largely guaranteed because of students in residence and no change will occur without constant criticisms *and* suggestions.

A frustrated and angry student

The truth about A.I.D.S.

by Darryl Singer

The time has come for someone - anyone - to possess the courage to stand up and tell the world (or at least Glendon College) the terrible truth about AIDS. Morton Shulman told us the entire graphic story in his SUN column a few weeks back, but I am assuming that university educated socialists do not read the SUN. Nonetheless, I will not recount all of the medical evidence that Dr. Shulman presented. That information is readily available to anybody seeking the truth. Obviously our politicians are also not interested in the grim reality. They know it and just choose to avoid it. The recently released commercials promoting awareness about AIDS also fail to recognize the obvious.

Nobody will dispute that intravenous drug users are among those in the population most likely to contract Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. But the reality is, and always has been, that AIDS is primarily a homosexual disease. Certainly, as a result of bisexuality, AIDS can creep into the heterosexual population, but one should certainly not be caught up in the mass hysteria concerning one's chances for contracting AIDS as a result of regular "straight" sex. This exaggerated hyperbole about the

potential for promiscuous heterosexuals to drop like flies is merely a myth thrust upon an unsuspecting and mostly ignorant public by a very well organized, tight-knit subculture that does not wish to accept the consequences of their actions. There are two reasons why the gay community wishes to let us think that "we're all in this together," even though we are not. Both of these reasons are very understandable and indeed go a long way toward justifying their perpetuation of incomplete truths.

First of all, if AIDS continues to be seen as a "gay disease," then the doors have been opened to accommodate prejudice, discrimination, and perhaps violent retribution. Secondly, "straight" society will not tolerate supporting state-funded health and education programs directed at the gay community. Hence, it becomes necessary for people to believe that although many gays suffer from AIDS it is not a predominantly homosexually-discriminating disease. If AIDS is all of our problem, then money will be thrown at it in the hopes that a solution can be bought. And this is exactly what is happening. Unfortunately, it is hardly the best approach.

Take, for example, the new and much trumpeted commer-

cial on the subject. The majority of these commercials are directed at unworldly, easily excitable teenyboppers of the normal sexual persuasion. The upside to such misdirected propaganda is that it will increase the use of contraception among those who need it most. At best, these commercials are a long overdue sex education message. The downside, however, is that none of these commercials is directed at those who need it most - gay males.

Let us not worry about offending the gay community.

It is our responsibility to help them, and it is their responsibility to accept reality for what it is. All of this political sidestepping by both sides serves a short term purpose. It ensures that the politicians are handling a political firecracker with little risk that it will explode. It further ensures that the gay community does not become more isolated, thus avoiding a possible outburst of Klan-like anti-homo activity. The sad truth is that in the long term nothing is being done to help those who need it most.



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NEWS

Where do we go from here?

by Stefan Caunter
and Patrick Barville

It appeared that the Dean of Students was determined to force the *Pro Tem* offices out of their present Glendon Hall situation; this should not be surprising to those students familiar with the gradual closing of the mansion to students which has been going on for the past twenty years, and it should come as no surprise to students familiar with the rapid acceleration which this process has undergone since the present Dean of Students, Professor Yvette Szmidt, acceded to her post six years ago.

Students had the run of the mansion when York University was created, until the main campus was opened in 1965. Classes were held throughout the building, and common rooms were populated with students and professors regularly.

The closing of the mansion began in 1965, with the arrival of the newly created Glendon College's first principal Escott Reid. A diplomat by vocation, Mr. Reid's decision to move into the mansion was vociferously opposed by students, who

saw the move denying them use of university facilities and reducing the space available for students for classrooms.

To compound his decidedly undiplomatic introduction to the college, Mr. Reid began to chain off the circular driveway in front of Glendon Hall, but was forced to retreat from this policy as a gesture of good will after a violent denunciation from the editorial page of the *Pro Tem*.

Mr. Reid was able to justify his taking up residence in the mansion because at the time, the idea was for Glendon to be an entirely residential college with four residences housing 1 000 students. It made sense for the principal of such a college to be ensconced in the mansion among his fellow scholars; was enough sense, at least, to override significant criticism from students.

Until Mme. Szmidt took over as Dean, the situation remained largely the same in Glendon Hall insofar as student access remained relatively secure. Although the Career and Counselling Centre moved into the mansion in Sept. 1977, displacing *Pro Tem's* offices in the process to their present position in the mansion, the development of the modest "Pipe Room" coffee shop into the Café de la Terrasse, licensed in 1974 and expanded and renovated in 1980, and the establishment of Radio Glendon on the main floor of Glendon Hall during the summer of 1975 kept the mansion largely within



photo: Patrick Barville

The cottage by the South Gate - Final student ghetto?

the student domain.

The invasion of non-student occupants into the mansion began in earnest in late 1982. The C.D. Howe Institute appeared on the second floor of Glendon Hall in 1982, staying for approximately five years. Professor Szmidt was appointed Dean of Student Services at the start of the 1982 academic year by then principal Phillippe Garigue. Soon after, Radio Glendon's move to the basement of the mansion was announced. The station was virtually powerless against the wishes of the Dean, having lost

its FM license bid to CFNY; within a year, it was reported in the *Pro Tem* that "the space currently occupied by RG, above the pub in Glendon Hall, will be taken over by the *Maison de la Culture*," under the direction of Madame Szmidt.

Pro Tem was also in danger of losing its precious student space in the mansion. Early in February, 1988, rumours were circulating that the present space occupied by *Pro Tem* would be either transformed into offices or be taken over by *la Maison de la Culture*. After sending a letter to Acting Principle Hopkins asking for information regarding these rumours, Dean Szmidt approached *Pro Tem* with a proposal for rearranging the present student space plan.

The plan included moving *Pro Tem* to the little cottage or "gatehouse" by the south gate along with the GCSU council offices. The Council would have had its present offices cut in half (or what they were 2 years ago when the computer center was still controlled by the GCSU) and would have gained significant office space in the cottage. *Pro Tem* would have shared the other half.

The present *Pro Tem* space would have housed the Glendon Gallery. The back half of Glendon Gallery space would have been given to Theatre Glendon as a dressing room and the front half would have been a student lounge or reception area for the theatre.

The office of Student Services would have moved into the present Health Services space. Since Doctor Johnston has indicated that he will not return to do his daily hour at Glendon next year and Nurse Bremner is retiring, health service will

be significantly reduced if not totally eliminated. Jacques Aubin-Roy would have also moved his office into Glendon Hall to assume his new position in charge of conferences and food services at Glendon.

The cottage is ideal for the GCSU and other clubs. Not only would it increase its office space, other deserving clubs, such as Trait d'Union and the Debating Society, could have gained much needed and desired offices.

Unfortunately, the proposed plan did not come even close to satisfying *Pro Tem's* basic needs. Not only would it have significantly reduced *Pro Tem's* present space, it would have rendered production work practically impossible. The production area would have been in two different rooms and would have easily added another four to six hours to the 12 to 14 hour production day. Furthermore, it would have been peculiar to say the least to house the student press under the same roof as the student government; it is difficult to imagine the *Pro Tem* cat and GCSU dog sharing the same litter box.

At the weekly staff meeting of March 14th, the *Pro Tem* staff unanimously voted to reject the plan and expressed its desires to remain in Glendon Hall. At the same meeting, *Pro Tem* welcomed the use of the cottage for students with its total control given to the GCSU council.

According to Dean Szmidt, *Pro Tem's* move is now "case closed." Unfortunately, the once-promised cottage for student space has been given over for academic offices. There are no real reasons why the cottage

• See Screwed p.9

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FRONT PAGE

FOR ROSITA WHEED,

ROSITA MY LOVE,
I OPENED THE PAGE
YOUR POEM WAS LIKE A BREATH OF FIRE
I INHALED IT AND IT SINGED MY HEART

IT BEAT FASTER, FASTER,
LIKE RUNAWAY ROLLING STOCK
THROUGH THE NIGHT BLACK TUNNEL
OF YOUR ACCEPTANCE

ROSITA YOUR BREASTS ARE LIKE SUN—RIPENED PLUMS
LET ME PLUCK THEM
I CAN BARELY RESTRAIN MY SURGING PASSION
MY HEART IN ITS FRAIL CAGE IS BASHING.

FROM PETER (PETE) MOSS.

To Pete

I felt you thrashing about in my soft thoughts
Your anger and love were aflame!
I listened while your dew stung my thighs
My mouth is like fear
Nude in front of your poetry
I weep with joy of our being

I touch you with my mind
You touch me with your pen
We are but two poets
Lost in a sea of lovers
I kiss you darling

Love Rosita

Remembrance by Reginald A. Greene

In the Springtime of my life
All was danger, toil and strife...
I sought and searched for beauty's flame,
found only ashes; only night.

But then one day, one summer's eve
I saw you sitting on a bench
Your head was held with simple grace,
your clothes and hair, like silk or lace...

The Sun's last rays fell on your head
while kindly little squirrels you fed
Your face was sweet as golden honey;
You even gave a bum some money.

My dear, though years have passed since then
and springtime's fire has slipped away,
I treasure still that fateful day...
and show my love, here — with this Pen.

Autumn Afternoon — for Reginald

I stand on the bank of a little brook.
I am not alone, but am afraid to look
Into your eyes, for they might say
That what I feel is for just today.
You hold me close and do not speak.
My breath comes quick; my knees are weak.
You touch my hair with your woolen glove
And whisper soft — this must be love.

Millicent Parker-Greenstone

Come Live With Me and Be My Love Millicent Parker Greenstone

Your fingers through my hair
Like the refreshing gust of air
From my new electric fan —
Oh, won't you be my man?
Your breath warm on my neck
As I write another cheque.
Your voice gives me the chills —
Please darling, pay my bills.
You wipe away my tears
And leave mascara smears
You use up all my ice
But I think you're really nice.
You make the best hors d'œuvres
But still get on my nerves.
Still, I look past all that —
You're more fun than a cat.

for Millie, who understood

A Spring Sick Love Poem

Woe I see in the flower's bloom
Woe I feel — a sort of gloom
It seems not to matter that winter's gone
When the only song that sings is "DOOM DOOM DOOM"

Speak to me (pause) thunder crashing
Oh my love! my heart you're thrashing
How can you live without my presence?
Don't you feel weary, tired, in essence?

Come back and stay a while longer
Stop this sorrow I feel, or are you stronger?
Do you pretend to sense no pain?
While my tears are falling - kin to the rain,

There can be no spring born in my soul
There can be no laughter, I must pay my toll
While others around me raise cheers together
I slice my soul, alone, and scatter it to the wind ... like a feather.

Millicent Parker-Greenstone's cousin's maid's husband's brother-in-law

What will become of Bloom?

Only Stephen is to know.

Might he remain unclassed, tribeless;

Ever wandering in thoughtpaths?

New Gerties attend ambulatorily.

Are we to veil the sphynx?

Repeatedly ruining the breath's accord?

Essence inexorably entwined impels

Me toward your mouth. Glue 'em well.

Ever from beyond the veil, then

Now, after, we are one, wandering.

Eve Spotpoppy

Philosophers recognized

by *Hetta Fisiks*

Stanley Tweyman, Chairman of Glendon's philosophy department, has been nominated for the prestigious "Phillip's Award," for his recent treatise entitled *Philosophy in the 80's - Where is it, where has it been, where will it go, how, and why? In which way does it apply, to what, and what for? What, When, How, Where, and Why?*

The candidates are chosen on the basis of previous academic contributions as well as the specific work in question.

Anne McKenzie, Glendon Logician, was given honou-
 ble mention for her recent work *There's no God, You know! I can prove it, Yes I can, I can, I can.*

In addition, J. Gonda was nominated for the honorary "Out on a Limb" Award for his daring attempt to reconcile the music of Elvis Presley with the Aristotelian doctrine of Forms in a recent work entitled *You all bore me a lot.*

The three colleagues will meet on March 29 at the Annual meeting of the Ontario Philosophical Society for the Awards Presentation.

Pro Tem readers may remember that we published a report card critical of the GCSU at Christmas. Bear with us as we mark ourselves without sarcasm, integrity, nor meaning:

PRO TEM'S REPORT CARD

by *Raymond Cheng*

We start off with a tip of our Blue Jays cap to Mike Loop, Shirley Bryant and the other typesetters. They worked late nights/early mornings. You'll identify them with difficulty at future Glendon reunions - they will be wearing glasses. Staring at that green monitor does that to you.

Le rédacteur en chef Patrick Banville co-invented with Neal Stephenson indoor volleyball with balloons in the office. He may have shown imagination, authority and firmness - but only when ordering bagels in the cafeteria.

Assistant Editor George Browne was his usual efficient snooping self as well as being *Pro Tem's* transportation with Beastie the Wundercar. As next year's editor, nothing will change except you, the students, start to pay for his gas. Do you know what kind?

John Sullivan wrote at length and depth on many Glendon issues, particularly Chedington. His activist approach added colour to our news coverage. He's next year's Assistant Editor

Assistante à la rédaction Claudia Damecour and I are not talking at the moment. Hey, you gotta make enemies around here or it wouldn't be fun. (tee-hee, Clô)

Entertainment Editor Ernie Vlasics's staffers, particularly C.E. Loewen and Sara-jane Milne kept the section hopping along very well even without ALL the lurid details. Blair O'Connor reviewed the CHFI playlist all the time. Tim Inkpen revealed entire movie plots and saved me money. And who can forget the last-moment intervention each week by Mo McCall and Chris Bennett (now departed for GCSU purgatory) that kept Radio Glendon's music chart up to the month?

Rédactrice des divertissements Jeanne Corriveau found a more pleasant diversion this year in one of the two Co-Photography Editors. Both she and Chris Reed undertook their responsibilities with zest.

Sports Editor Scott Parsonson was far more likely to be found one floor down from *Pro Tem's* office.

Ramona Maged shot two punks for last week. yep, and she survived. Nice photos came from her this year.

Mike DenTandt and Kristen Dolenko co-edited The Back Page. It provided an almost-weekly source of literary output of the Glendon community. Anyone who saw either of them evaluating what was to be published can only marvel at their levels of emotional expression.

Ross Slater was the Administrative Assistant. He gallantly charted our financial progression - or regression, as engineers call it. He prints neatly. Will he stick this on his résumé?

Neal Stephenson created the impression to Pizza Pizza that he lived in Glendon Hall. At least every production night. Make sure he returns to school next year - buy from him at Yorkdale's Radio Shack this summer. Photo elsewhere will identify him.

Nathalie Tousignant was a terrible failure as the *Pro Tem* snoop at the GCSU office. Tsk, tsk, Nathalie.

Paul Flint was the other half of the agents à la publicité. At least we thought so. Now, we're not sure.

Jeff Broadbent was the Darkroom supervisor. He took some photos, too. We like the *Pro Tem* mug shots of the staff. Thanks, Jeff. Do you do passports?

Réviser Danielle Cliche did a fine job this year. Even if she did fundamentally disagree with us about pizza. Truly a pro.

Caroline Kjellberg was our CUP (Canadian University Press) representative this year. Next year, she'll be Production Manager. The rest of my comments about her are in the *Pro Tem* minutes. (Ho ho, Caroline).

Me - I take the mail, and I write essential truthful minutes. Trust me.

If you weren't mentioned, you passed. Congratulations!

Devine Delicacy

by *Mike DenTandt*

Theatre Glendon's own Steve Devine was skinned, cooked, and eaten late yesterday at the annual convention of W.A.S.P.G.C., the Society of White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Gypsy Cannibals. The Group meets at this time every year in the woods across the river from Proctor Field House.

In recent years, there has been some controversy over the group because of their practice of eating passersby. There has been a lobby formed on North York Municipal Council to protest the SOCIETY's actions, but results have been few and far between.

Pro Tem reached the "Clearing of the Feast" as it is called, soon after Mr. Devine had been polished off and digested.

Bystanders commented that he had been "well spiced, but rather stringy." Ranking members of the Society told me that "he went down rather roughly but had a delicate flavour."

The meal was accompanied by several cases of Pouilly-Fuissé, which admirably complemented the main course with its rich bouquet and exquisite aftertaste.

I asked Arthur P. Greene, President of the Society, and

Head Chef, how he could have done such a thing. He replied, "First you skin 'em. Then you cut the slices thinly and place them in a big bowl. You add one pound of finely chopped garlic, but make sure it's nice and fresh. Next, you dice up two large green onions, and mix them in. Okay. Now, we put in two large bottles of Soya Sauce. Add fifteen tablespoons of sesame oil, and a dash of salt; ten tablespoons of sugar, and 12 teaspoons of pepper. Right. Then, you squish it all around with your fingers, you know, to get the meat really soaked. You marinate it for at least 10 minutes, but preferably for four to six hours. After that, you can keep it in the fridge for quite some time, and just fry it up quickly in a large oiled pan. We used to use a traditional big black kettle, you know, we thought that's how it was done. Now we've got a specially designed wok that does the trick quite nicely. I..."

I interrupted and explained that I had actually meant to ask him how he could bring himself to cook and eat another human being. He called his wife over, and introduced her. "This is my wife, Ariel" he said, "she's better at this sort of thing."

Barratt on TV?

by *R.K. Cheung*

Jennifer Barratt's election as GCSU President this month undoubtedly was a personal highlight for her. However, it also dims a possible career in the bright lights of Hollywood for this second-year student. An informed talent agent, who spoke to *Scro Tem* on the condition that she be identified as often as possible (*fat chance - Ed.*) said that Barratt, 20, who was recently spotted in the Eaton Centre while shopping with friends, was asked to take a screen test - and then was asked to return for an audition early next month. Apparently, Jennifer's startling resemblance

to a younger Mary Tyler Moore was just what the questing agent wanted for the role of one Laurie Petrie.

Yes - caught up in the nostalgia wave of the sixties, CBS has decided to revive "The Dick Van Dyke Show," with production to begin in Toronto by this summer. This popular sitcom, which ran from 1961-7, gave Moore her first starring role on TV, and obviously would have been a golden opportunity any other Glendon liberal arts student would have leapt at.

Ms. Barratt gladly bought a *Pro Tem* T-shirt but had no comment.

Chiros Shanghaied

by *Gus Wohler*

A near tragedy was averted last Wednesday after police negotiated the surrender of three terrorists affiliated with the outlawed paramilitary organization S.L.O.T.H., the Society for the Liquidation of The Healthy. The criminals, allegedly Glendon Residents, abducted seven residents of C house Wood, and forced them at gun-point to smoke cigarettes without a filter, eat french fries and onion rings, and drink bad coffee from unwashed mugs.

In addition, the victims were

coerced into spreading soiled underwear on their bedroom floors, scattering dust and lint into the rooms' corners, and were required to lounge about, doing nothing. All barbells, stretching machines, massage benches, and exercise bicycles were removed from the victims' rooms, and kept under lock and key by guards armed with submachine guns.

The seven chiros emerged from the ordeal pale and shaken, and have been admitted to Sunnybrook Hospital's psychiatric wing for rest and rehabilitation.

"Well, you know," she said, "we were like, on the commune thing in the 60's, and, hey, that just wasn't cool, you know. I mean, the back to earth thing and all that."

"So, we decided to split, you know. There's vibes in a body, you know, no soul, get it? No soul, so like, the body's all there is, and you've got to save it, right? So, like, we eat someone, we capture their essence, you know. I mean, why should people go to worms, man, go to worms? Eat them, they're a part of you, you know, their flowers are your flowers... You know what I mean?"

Mrs. Greene then burst into a whimsical ballet among the tall grasses and shrubbery in the clearing.

We reached John Erskine-Kelly early this morning and informed him of the tragedy. He coughed, was silent for a few moments, then called out, "Hey Mike! Someone ate Steve!" after which the line went dead.

Skip Shand, Director of Theatre Glendon, said this afternoon in a telephone interview that the theatre group is considering legal action over the incident.

HORREURS!

par *Rémi Chrobe*

Les essais sont, à chaque fin d'année universitaire, la cause de bien des maux: maux de tête, maux de dos, fatigue et un peu de folie se font sentir chez un grand nombre d'étudiants. Mais cette année, les essais causent des horreurs.

Taper des essais. Cela semble assez simple. Enfin, on voit le fruit de nos recherches sur papier, noir sur blanc. Pour Guy Dhon, qui tapait son quatrième essai en deux jours sur une vieille machine à écrire, la page vingt-trois de son travail lui a coûté l'usage de ses mains. Tous ses doigts se sont cassés en tapant anticonstitutionnellement "heureusement", nous explique un Guy toujours optimiste, "le professeur m'a accordé trois jours de sursis pour que je puisse apprendre à taper avec mes orsels et mon nez." Bravo, Guy, bravo.

Un clavier d'ordinateur n'a pas été aussi benévolaire pour mademoiselle Mona Moore qui, dans un geste d'inattention, s'est cassé un ongle sur la lettre D. Mademoiselle Moore nous a confessé sa détresse: "Je ne sors plus de chez moi" a-t-elle dit au téléphone. "Ma mère est venue me voir et mes professeurs ont été si compréhensifs!" Quel courage démontre cette jeune femme!

Un étudiant, pris de désespoir, tue son poisson rouge. "J'écrivais un essai sur Sartre, et je ne me sentais plus exister... pris de panique, j'ai étranglé Georges!"

For the last time Men, get our ~~0%~~ name right.

The CA Women

PEOPLE'S DAILY

Chedington condo developer repents

by John Bean

All those Glendon students who were concerned about the ethical propriety of building million dollar condos in a city crying for low cost housing can breathe easily.

The Chedington Corporation, seeing the concern of Glendonites for both the Environment and the Homeless, has agreed to turn the property into an ultra-low cost, environmentally pure housing complex.

John Neal, President of the Chedington Development Corporation, explained the change in policy to *Pro Tem* in an exclusive interview;

"Yes, of course we had planned to make about 70 million dollars from the sale of the condominiums. But when I read *Pro Tem's* editorial last week, heard the words of my social conscience ringing in my head, I said to myself; 'John, you can't do this.' Not only that; Harry Forbes, the architect, read the editorial and threatened to resign, kill his family, and commit suicide unless the project was abandoned. To top it off, every man in the construction company we had hired to do the job walked into my office and threw their hammers on the floor in front of my desk; These men have families! Their commitment to *Pro Tem's* ideals was amazing. You know, many cynics think that heads of big corporations are necessarily ruthless and unconcerned. Not so. Many cynics think that to oppose an essentially legal, above-board housing development in a huge metropolis is ludicrous; Not so. Many cynics

think that the Glendon students opposed to Chedington are a bunch of bored middle-class idiots searching for an easy cause to prove their social conscience to themselves and their friends, while the actual problem of Toronto's homeless and the Environment get trumpeted as convenient, high sounding cloaks for the real reason, which is that the condos will spoil our pretty skyline. Not so! These people *Really Care!* So, we're going to build a non-profit refuge for Toronto's Street People right outside Glendon's gates. We'll dig a few holes for people to sleep in, since that won't harm the environment. And the rich lawyers who live on the Bridlepath and have joined Glendon's socially conscious students will be happy! Glendon students will be happy! It's a perfect solution!"

When asked if he was serious, Mr. Neal said, "Of course I'm serious! Glendon wants low cost housing that won't harm the environment! And, since reading *Pro Tem's* editorial, and hearing the words of the Chedington committee, I agree one hundred percent."

I asked Neal if he thought Glendonites might object to the prospect of drifters, vagrants, and alcoholics living in little holes just outside Glendon's gates.

"No," he said, "I believe that all the concerns people have raised are in good faith, and as a sign of my good faith, I'm willing to give up 69 million dollars, and maybe lose my job. But my conscience is clear, and so is the conscience of Glendon."

Swmidt: Cover revealed

by Justin Fordough

It was revealed yesterday that Yvette Swmidt, Dean of Students at Glendon College, is a man.

Yves Lamontagnes, Chief of *Scro Tem's* European Bureau, broke the story in a controversial interview on "La couille," a French prime-time production that centers on important political and social issues.

Lamontagnes, who consulted with *Pro Tem* lameduck editor Patrick Bainville before making the story public, has stressed that his sources are unimpeachable.

French president François Mitterrand has reportedly expressed shock and outrage at the allegation, in a strongly worded statement that read, "C'est une honte!, un scandale! Que cette crapule Lamontagnes puisse dire de choses pareilles, en plus à la télévision, est lamentable. Mlle Swmidt est respectée universellement dans le monde francophone. Si j'avais mon choix, Lamontagnes serait étranglé! Je lui cache desus! Je lui pisse dessus! Qu'il y vienne! Je l'égorgerai, je le massacrerai!"

Despite this, and statements from the Dean's office that court action may be in the offing, Lamontagnes has refused to recant. Miss Swmidt, he claims, was originally named Yves St. Mark, known by his close friends as "Yvy." The young man spent some time in a Quebec City orphanage, after being abandoned near the Chateau Frontenac as a three year old. Mr. St. Mark developed a passion for the arts during his stay at the orphanage, and resolved to acquire an education. He spent some time selling souvenirs at St. Anne's



The Man in the Mirror

Cathedral, after which he gained entrance to Laval University.

Mr. Lamontagnes's research shows that St. Mark read French literature, with a specialization in 18th century enlightenment philosophy.

After receiving his M.A. degree, honours, St. Mark reportedly dropped from sight, but reliable sources say he was admitted to an exclusive hospital in Ithaca, New York that specializes in plastic surgery and sex change operations.

Lamontagnes then traces St. Mark, renamed Miss Swmidt through her P.H.D. studies at Nipissing University, and finally to Glendon College, where she taught French, and eventually became Dean of Students.

Miss Swmidt, when asked for a statement, said "The whole story is ridiculous, and besides, my private life is my own concern. It's a good thing this Lamontagnes does not live in Residence."

Squirrel Nuked

by Chuck de Cob

An alarming number of dead squirrels have been turning up in recent weeks in and around Wood Residence.

Henry DooLittle, investigator for the S.P.C.A., is reportedly following up on recent rumours that Glendon's squirrel population is being systematically destroyed.

Apparently, a Glendon student was seen in Lawrence Park saying "Skat! Skeddadle! Shoo!" to a pack of hungry squirrels that seemed to be hissing and gnashing their teeth.

Scro Tem reached the individual in question late last night in her B-house residence room.

"Silly little things!" she said. "Rat poison! Kill the little things! Their little bodies and their little round heads! Shoo! Go home!"

Lotta Bullsher, of the International Socialists, believes the dead squirrels to be a direct product of the alienation that occurs as a result of the capitalist mode of production.

"People feel angry. They're

dehumanized by their jobs, and they sublimate this rage and frustration. The inevitable result is random violence of the kind we're seeing here."

Darryl Singer, Glendon's most outspoken capitalist ideologue, replied to the charges in this way;

"It's typical of the socialist mentality to blame this kind of tragedy on the capitalist system. What you're seeing here is the balance of nature. There is an obvious surplus of squirrels here, and those unable to fend for themselves are suffering from a shortage of food supplies. Lowering taxes will give people more ready cash with which to buy delicacies and this will result in more leftovers. The inevitable product, then, of true supply-side economics will be an increased readiness among the population to throw scraps to the squirrels. Therefore, you can stop the destruction of the squirrels by dismantling the welfare state."



P.B.: "Boy! Who made this coffee?"

N.J.: "In five minutes, I'll be making all editorial decisions"

PRAVDA

Toothless & bald

by Lawrence Parke

We have it from a reliable source that D'Arcy Butler, President of Glendon College Student Union wears a toupee, and has three sets of false teeth.

The story surfaced when Vice-President Bill Keays was confronted with evidence that Butler had bought the teeth and wig with G.C.S.U. funds normally allocated to Clubs and Services.

In addition, the manufacturer of the wig, Reynolds Better Hair Inc., is controlled by a member of Mr. Butler's immediate family.

Asked if he thought this might

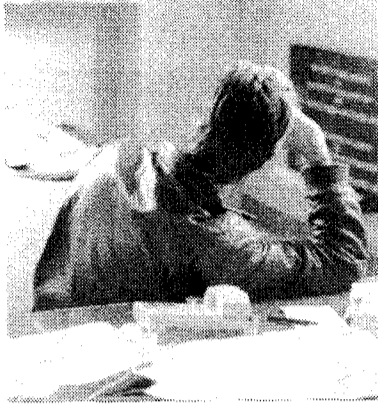


photo: Patrick Barville

Hair club success story

something should be done!"

Others feel that Mr. Butler is the victim of a vendetta. Debbie Manger, whom we reached

Steve Black says "It's True!!"

constitute a conflict of interest violation, Mr. Keays said, "It's only horsehair, for Christ's sake! What's the big deal?"

Some students, however, feel that Mr. Keays is being cavalier in his dismissal of the issue. Steve Black, for one, is outraged;

"When I was Vice-President, there was never any question about the authenticity of my hair, or my teeth, for that matter; I did a good job.

We've got misappropriation of funds here, we've got conflict of interest, and I think

at her California Ranch, said, "You people really make me mad! Okay, he wears a wig, and he had periodontitis as a teenager! How do you expect a man to function with no teeth? Should he gum all his food, is that it? I mean, how would you feel if you were bald? I've seen him in the morning, and let me tell you, it's not a pretty sight! Without that hair and those teeth, he would never have won the election! You're all being really unfair, why don't you mind your own beeswax!"

Dog likes Chicks

by Ian Randall

Pro Tem has recently learned that ad hoc Principal Beth Hopkins's dog is actually a chicken.

Suspicion was first aroused at a recent dinner party held for Pro Tem's staff by Beth and Tony Hopkins in Glendon Hall. The small white animal was observed lying on its back, waving its little legs in the air in a manner that was both indelicate and distasteful. Ramona Maged, photographic editor of Pro Tem, commented to investigative reporters on the scene that the animal's legs closely resembled a pair of nicely fattened chicken wings.

Closer observation revealed that the so-called canine often exhibited chicken-like qualities, and very rarely behaved in a manner suitable for dogs. At the reception in question, the brute waved its legs, jiggled its private parts, and made several inappropriate sexual advances to Pro Tem reporter C.E. Loewen.

Pro Tem Editor-elect George Browne managed to acquire several candid photos of the beast, which were subsequently analyzed by a team of top bone specialists from Sunnybrook Hospital.

The tests prove conclusively that the alleged animal is a cleverly disguised laying hen of the type found in many barn-

yards across south-western Ontario.

With respect, it seems highly inappropriate for a woman in Mrs. Hopkins's position to be harbouring an animal under false pretenses. If one desires a pet chicken, one should build a coop and allow the bird to live in a manner consistent with its species and upbringing. In addition, the bird's safety is now in question. A small but committed group of Glendon radicals, outraged and appalled

by the deception, has vowed to pop the little thing in a microwave and serve it up at the earliest opportunity.

The situation as it stands is unacceptable, and could have been averted, had Mrs. Hopkins approached the issue with honesty, openness, and candour. This incident, hopefully, will bring home to the Hopkins, and indeed all Glendonites, that deception and subterfuge inevitably lead to disaster.

Where's dat Witt?

by CSIS

Katarina Witt, the reigning Olympic and world female figure skating champion, has vanished in Budapest after the world championships concluded last Sunday, Scro Tem has learned. Glendon College's link to the Winter Olympics, Dr. Peter Jensen, has left the Canadian entourage as well, creating rumours floating around the Hungarian capital this week.

Dr. Jensen was formerly Glendon's Proctor Field House Director, but is currently on leave as a sports psychologist with the Canadian Figure Skating Association. He has been

working with Olympic silver medalists Brian Orser and Elizabeth Manley. Because of Jensen's association with Manley, he is thought to have taken part in spiriting Witt away from her coach and entourage.

Manley is known to be close to her East German competitor. The stunning 22-year old is thought to have had second thoughts about spending the rest of her life behind the opaque Iron Curtain. Did she ask Jensen for assistance to flee to the West? This is indeed a web of political and athletic intrigue surrounding two skating beauties. Scro Tem will attempt to keep Glendonites up to date.

Evil Smurf Commie Commandos

by Yoshi Backayauro

"Oh no, it's the Evil Smurf Commies" screamed the Emergency Task Force as they fled in terror. Suddenly abandoned on the darkened stretch of parking lot and seeing no nearby parking bollard that I could cower under I faced the approaching, red jacketed mass with apprehension. Mentally I reviewed the facts that had brought me here, to the lower lot in a failed police attempt to ticket the Evil Smurf Commies

and sieze their yield left signs.

The Evil Smurf Commies or Student Security Hit Squad. The red jacketed scourge of honest students everywhere. Formed to oppress student opposition, extort large sums of money and recover overdue library books.

One of their favorite methods to obtain funds is to force students to patronize businesses that they control. On Thursday nights, the "red Peril" can be seen dragging protesting students to the pub and forcing them to drink large quantities of beer. They also own all the condom machines on campus.

The E.S.C. seem to be led by a small band of troublemakers that dominate the rest of the Student Security Hit Squad, terrorize the student bodies at large (or small) and randomly substitute the word smurf for verbs, nouns and adjectives. This group is composed of long time security squad members, Julia "Killer" Jarzenbowski, Elisa "the Animal" Ciccone and newcomer Kerri "Rabid Elfin" Elston. One terrified E.S.C. member, speaking on condition that he not be identified, said that the three rule the E.S.C. with an "iron flashlight."

The sobbing 6'4" skinhead claimed that they threatened "to take me bowling" if he talked.

Robby "the Commandant" Waarbroek, spoke on condition that he didn't know who he was. Amazed when informed that there was a security van he exclaimed "that's why there are so many lost people driving around and around all night in the same style of van." When assured that the van was his he replied, "oh yeah, and we use our flashlights to see in the dark as well." (Later, after talking to Scro Tem, he was found by police, apparently having run over himself with the van... frankly, I believe he did.)

Finally, the "Knee High Menace" was upon me. Ciccone, also external affairs misdirector, demanded money in a drunken drawl. When offered scrip, she reached up to the kneecaps of this 4'7" reporter and shook him saying, "What do I want that garbage for!?" and continued "watch it or you'll be eating at the cafe!?" I took her seriously and gave her some melted down shoepolish to drink which seemed to appease her. While she was happily occupied, I made my

get away.

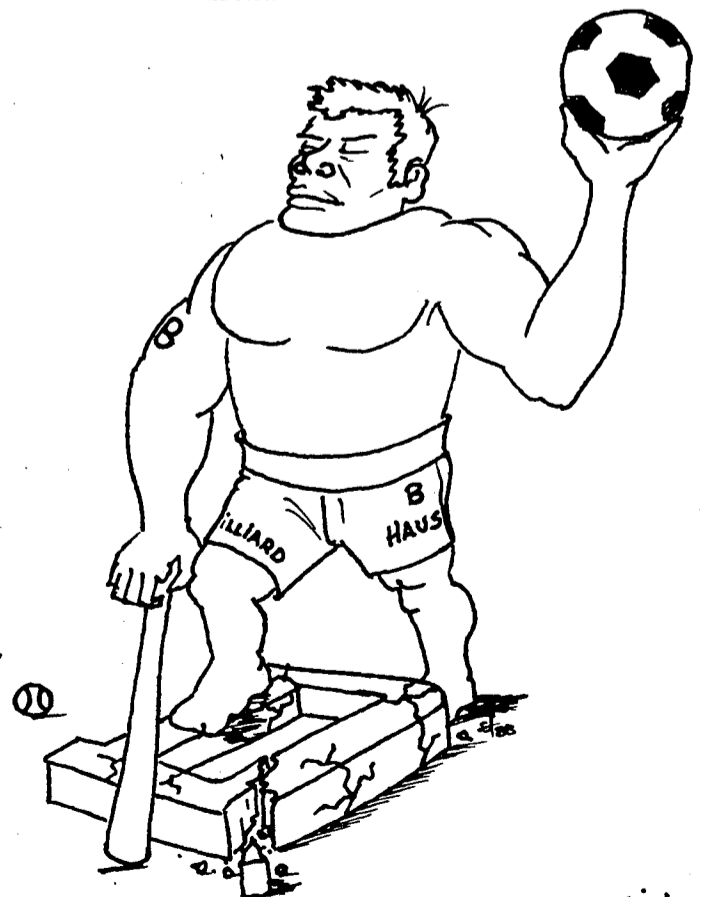
Sitting down at my typewriter now, I see there is no other option but to turn to that paragon of virtue for help. Yes no other than the administra-

tion of York University who I know have the best interests of students at heart. Hmmm... maybe I'll just stay with the Evil Smurf Commies and their not-so-tender mercies.

Like WOW!!!!

by C.E. again

Sunday, March 20th, at the Dufferin subway station, I heard a man playing his harmonica. I didn't catch his name, but as it was a "pay-what-you-can" extravaganza, I thought I would stop and listen for a while. His skill was amazing. The nuances of his music echoed majestically in the subway corridors and were very enjoyable, although his rapport with the audience did not appear to be very good, since people paid admission but left immediately. If you can catch this man around town, stick around and listen, it's a real must-see show.



D HOUSE ...

... WIPED OUT AGAIN. (naturally)

NOUVELLES

Residence fees raised

by Tanya M. Gulliver

The Board of Governors (BOG) met in the Senate Chambers on Monday March 28th 1988. A financial report was being presented which included a proposed 9.9% residence fee increase.

Marg Evans, a student representative on BOG asked that Allan Greenbaum (member of York Tenants Association and Residence Budget Committee) be allowed to present the recommendations of the Residence Budget Committee.

The first recommendation was that:

"Whereas students in residence already subsidize many operations on the University Campus separate from housing, and

Whereas it is abhorrent that the University Administration seeks to take a profit from student renters,

The Residence Budget Committee recommends that no

Several members of the Board of Governors expressed sympathy for the students (some even said it with sincerity!!) Comments were made to the effect that student residence budgeted surplus be generated by Housing Services... and that the rent increases in the proposed budget be reduced by 2% accordingly."

The second recommendation dealt with the use of residences in summer as Conference Centres.

"Whereas Conference Centre's primary original purpose is to support the operation of housing students, the RBC recommends that any surplus generated by the Conference Centre be directed to the Housing budget, for the purpose of reducing rent increases and/or improving residence building conditions."

The financial committee responded to Greenbaum's remarks, but it doesn't plan to accept the recommendations.

The financial committee said that the Conference Centre began in 1969 as an attempt to generate extra money. They said that an appropriate portion of the costs of residence overhead is given back to the residences.

Also, they said that the 2% surplus is not actually surplus but represents something less than breaking even. The money, approximately \$150 000 for 1988/89, goes into central revenues and is used;

- a) to improve the "general shabbiness of facilities"
 - b) to pay for increasing maintenance, maintenance staff and supervision
 - c) to pay for personnel charges
 - d) to pay for physical plant overheads and direct charges.
- increases have always kept to

inflation increases and that the 9.9% increase "seems pretty heavy."

There were approximately 12 to 15 Glendon students in attendance - none of whom were allowed to speak - which made the BOG realize the importance of this issue to us.

Marg Evans proposed a motion that the section of the financial committee's report dealing with residence to be tabled until the next meeting to allow for further discussion with students. This was seconded by David Morgan. Several members of BOG felt that this delay would be unnecessary and would cause problems because information booklets about residences and fees need to be printed as soon as possible.

The motion was defeated, however the financial committee must provide details about where the money goes for the students. The motions for the acceptance of the financial report as a whole was carried.

So... where does that leave residence students?

Our fees will be going up by about \$300 and we're probably not going to see much improvement around residence.

Our choices are limited.

- a) We can all rent apartments next year as a protest (and all starve from lack of money to buy food!)
- b) We can all live with our parents and go to our home town universities (Yeah, what a choice!)
- c) Wait until the financial committee provides a detailed report and make sure all the services they claim to provide are provided. (Probably the best plan.)
- d) Pay the extra money and hope the rent does not increase much next year.

Ched. ref. passed!

The Glendon opposition to condominiums at Chedington received a major boost last night with the referendum results producing a 70% majority of students in favour of funding the Chedington appeal.

Glendon students, faculty and administration will be making an appeal at the Ontario Municipal Board opposing the construction of the condominiums. The legal costs will be covered by the \$5 FFTE levy for the next three years, which the students have agreed to accept as a worthwhile investment. The issue still must be approved by the York Board of Governors and it is unknown whether they would try to oppose student will after a referendum.

John Sullivan, a Chedington Committee member, said "I'm obviously elated by the

overwhelming support from students, however I'm not surprised because the "cost factor" is nominal when we're trying to preserve 'The Glendon Experience'." He also said that the committee will likely be lobbying BOG very hard in order to ensure they don't block the student momentum. In addition, Mr. Sullivan believes that Glendon is now in a position to negotiate with the developers and have them address Glendon concerns. "An appeal is a difficult process and if Glendon can find a happy medium with the developers without going to court, then I think we should utilize the bargaining process."

D'Arcy Butler, putative leader of the opposition, refused to comment on the results of the referendum.

Chedington Student Levy

	Votes	% of Total
Yes	158	70.2%
No	66	29.3%
Abstentions	1	0.4%
Spoiled	0	0%
Total	225	

Student Security

	Votes	% of Total
Yes	186	84.2%
No	12	5.4%
Abstentions	20	9.0%
Spoiled	3	1.4%
Total	221	

Screwed

• From p.4

cannot be for students only. Students also have more needs for space, as much as the faculty.

Students have been getting screwed for space, and it's not getting better. Not only does the Principal live on the decidedly non-residential Glendon campus, the Dean, and now the Assistant to the Dean reside on campus. The Café de la Terrasse has to fight tooth and nail to be able to keep regular Ontario bar hours one or two nights a week in the basement of the mansion. Radio Glendon got a screwing in '82; it has only now recovered from after an enormous amount of work to make its cramped area usable.

Students must also fight tooth and nail to retain what little space they have, and even harder to just increase it a little bit. In Glendon Hall and in York Hall, students have to be on the defensive in order to preserve what they have. Once we are shut out of Glendon Hall, York Hall is next. Unless we fight back, there is a strong possibility of losing all good student space allocations and being pushed to the side to make room for academic and administrative space.

Not only would the proposed removal of the *Pro Tem* have completed the elimination of student-occupied space from the mansion, save the basement, it would have completed an astonishingly bold takeover of the mansion by the Dean. Students would have become back-door people, allowed into the mansion as long as they went in the back door and stayed in the basement.

Pilgrimage to The Fluke's mausoleum, April 8 1988; see Him rise again. Congregate at the Pro Temple at 3:00 pm BYOS (sacraments). May The Fluke Be With You.

A CAREER IN JOURNALISM

The Media Studies Department of Ottawa's Algonquin College is offering a limited number of seats in the final year of its Journalism Program to university graduates. The program consists mainly of print journalism courses. Other program courses are Editing, Broadcasting (Radio and Television), and Photography. The program also includes about 10 weeks of field work.

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Letter from the Middle East

by A. Mohammed

Special Pro Tem International Correspondent

The Middle East is a chauvinist's paradise. Perhaps nowhere else in the world has the degradation and dehumanization of women been institutionalized to such grand degree. Though the area may be famous for its kindness and hospitality it is also infamous for the totally archaic manner with which it treats its women. In this regard the Muslims are second to none. According to this religion women are obliged to wear the veil and "chador" (an ominous black garment that is quite the "fashion" rage in Muslim countries) for purposes of chastity and modesty. Career options, though expanding, are still quite limited. Basically, women are expected to stay at home and be good wives and mothers. The old "barefoot and pregnant" syndrome is quite literally interpreted over here.

The cities and town of the Muslim world, though more liberal than the rural areas are definitely not going to be escaping the Dark Ages anytime soon. The city of Cairo in Egypt, for instance, could be described as a man's city. Men are everywhere; in the marketplaces hawking their goods, in the streets, sidewalks, coffee-shops, bars, cinemas. All you see are men, men, men with nary a woman in sight. And the few women you see tend to be like fleeting shadows obscured under all their clothing. They hurry along looking neither right nor left and they quickly avert their eyes should you happen to catch their gaze. Not all of the women are like that. Quite a few attempt to look Western, although their choice and application of clothes and make-up would give nightmares to any Western fashion designer. Some of them even have good careers and very modern lifestyles, but the overall trend is depressingly similar. Women are an oppressed and suppressed species in the Muslim world. In my 3 months out here in Egypt and Israel I have spoken socially to exactly 3 women, and even them for no more than 20 minutes each. And heaven forbid should I try to date one of them. That would be like asking to have my little peepee cut off and fed to me. (Still a common practice from what I hear!)

And then there are the white women. Freed from the suffocating bonds of a patriarchal society (at least moreso than over here) they stroll along in their skimpy short and halter tops, their mini skirts and their tight revealing shirts. Dipped in denim ink they saunter along leaving behind a wake of lust so thick as to constitute a physical presence. (The above presence was slightly exaggerated!)

And the men look; Oh how they look. You can see hunger in their eyes; the drool almost drips out of their salivating

mouths. A white woman walks by and the lecherous bastards lose their minds. Should the unwary female step aboard a crowded bus they will quite deliberately press themselves against her for a furtive feel-up. In fact, almost any contact, social or not, between a Muslim man and Western woman becomes an excuse to grasp, grope, fondle, squeeze, pinch or otherwise manhandle any zone, erogenous or not on her body. (The above paragraph was *not* exaggerated.)

I remember on Christmas Eve night travelling by bus to Bethlehem. There were 3 of us, myself and two "lively" English lasses. Unholy spirits had added our brains (*i.e.* we were pissed drunk!) and as a result we soon began singing or trying to sing Xmas Carols way back there in the back seat. Suddenly, like worms crawling out of the woodwork, almost a dozen Arab men slithered over and took all the remaining seats in our area. At first they just sat there leering away at the 2 singing girls. Then they began the usual touchie-feelie antics while suggesting things that even I will not repeat. They only moved away when we screamed for the bus driver and even then they took their good sweet time about it.

Its not as though I am condemning horny or lustful behaviour per se. Those of you who know me will realise that would be like the Pope condemning chastity or T.V. Evangelist Jerry Falwell denouncing marital fidelity. (Though his cohorts Jimmy Bakker and Jimmy Swaggart might beg to differ!) Sex in all its squishy, sticky forms and permutations is the ultimate social lubricant. (Sorry, that pun just sort of slipped out [or in?]) Though AIDS and Herpes paranoia may have dampened our amorous ardour somewhat, we still live in a relatively tropical sexual climate where good old-fashioned humping can be enjoyed within or without marital confines. Over here in the real tropics however, the relations between the sexes and sexual relations can best be thought of as a wound in the body of their society that it bound so tightly that it rots and festers. And the bondage that does such and exemplary job of stifling the wound is of course religion.

Islam, though it has many merits, is fundamentally flawed in this respect. Just like most of the world's patriarchal religions it causes men to regard women with a curious mixture of desire and disgust peculiar to men raised in a puritanical environment. Like the story of Eve, a woman is seen as the temptress leading men astray from the path of righteousness. Even who are not avowedly religious, they still inherit strains of this attitude. This is why the macho "fuck 'em and leave

'em" philosophy still predominates in conservatively religious countries like those in the Muslim world, Italy, Greece, and so on. Men tend to desire women only for the moment and then it's back to the business of being men and doing manly things.

Of course, not all of the Middle East is as bad as the picture I painted. One can find a number of men, and women for that matter, who are quite feminist in their outlook. But, like gold dust in a manure field these cases are few and far between. The men of the Middle East need a good hard jolt to bring them in tune with modern reality. One almost wishes for about a million hardcore radical Amazon butch-dyke feminists to go marching en masse through the streets of Cairo stomping, smashing and pulverizing every chauvinist pair of testicles as well as the men who are attached to them. And for those of you who would offer excuses for this patriarchal bullshit by saying, "It's part of their culture, we have no right to interfere," I would ask you to consider the case of the Nubians of Egypt.

The Nubians are an ethnic Muslim people who are concentrated in the Southern part of Egypt. Black skinned unlike other Egyptians they exude a charm and warmth that one seldom finds in such generous measures. Then you find out that these wonderful people have a quaint little practice of circumcising their females. It's quite easy really. All you need is



photo: A. Mohammed

Young Nubian girls: only a cut away from womanhood

some kind of cutting instrument; a knife, a razor, or a bit of broken glass will do. Hygiene is not really a problem here since almost everything is dirty anyway. The object of the circumcision is of course to get rid of the clitoris, thus depriving the woman of one of the few sources of pleasure available to her. This is done by simply laying the victim spreadeagled on the floor with a couple of sheets or rag cloths and well, cutting it off with one of the aforementioned implements. The wound is then sewn up leaving just a small opening for urinary purposes and presto, yet another woman has been ruined. I could go on with further sickening accounts of how the female's stomach bloats up with menstrual matter when she has her period; I could describe very graphically the bloodbath that her future babies will be born in. I could even tell you about the excruciating agony that she goes through on her honeymoon

night when her husband rips her open with his... but I will not. Exams are coming up so you guys and gals must be sick enough already.

It was with twisted mirth that we listened to one Nubian chap defend with such utter eloquence, though in halting English, why they still committed such heinous atrocities upon their womenfolk:

"The sun is hot; it make the woman hot. This (practice) make them not so hot." Ahhhh, the joys of multiculturalism!

What we are talking about is not Western values versus Eastern values: we are talking about Universal human rights. Women in the Muslim world enjoy a status just slightly higher than camel dung and, until the imbalance between the sexes is redressed, both will continue to exist in a state of caged repression. Captor and captive have both become prisoners — to themselves and to each other.

In defence of Islam

by Afsun Qureshi

Mohammed included a letter with this article he sent to me. In it, he wrote, "Overall, it is an awkward article because it was written in rage. Nevertheless, try not to censor any of the bad bits. Touch them up if you have to. I know that you have Muslim heritage, so you might find some of my comments offensive, but, Ms Qureshi, you of all people should understand my anger."

It is true. I am of "Muslim heritage," but it is not the reason I am writing this defence for Islam. I am writing this in order to dispel myths about Islam, myths that are perpetuated in Mohammed's article.

Mohammed is only partly correct when he states that the chador, the "ominous black veil" is worn for purposes of "chastity and modesty." More accurately it is worn for the purpose of modesty. The Islamic reasoning is simple. Fundamental Moslems do not want the women judged by their prettiness or sexuality. The chador prevents this from happening. Mohammed neglects to mention in his article that men also in this part of the world, are covered.

Mohammed goes on to call Middle Eastern men "lecherous bastards" for goggling at women who are "dipped in denim ink," or wearing "mini-skirts, skimpy shorts and halter tops." This I find incomprehensible. While "copping a feel" is repugnant, I find it odd how Mohammed could criticize men men who stare at these displays of flesh. It is certainly something that they never see in their own women, and it would be quite natural that the seminaked "white women" are objects of curiosity. Wouldn't our heads turn if we saw Middle Eastern women in the chador in downtown Toronto? My dear friend Mohammed should be a tad more tolerant.

Perhaps Mohammed has encountered Moslem men who "regard women with a curious mixture of desire and disgust peculiar to men raised in puritanical environments." but I myself have not experienced this. As a Moslem woman who has been in third world and the Middle East, I can assure you that I have been treated with the utmost in respect by Moslem men. Misogyny is not particular to Islam.

Lastly, Mohammed criticizes

Nubians, an ethnic Moslem people, for their practice of genital mutilation. Let me make one thing clear: Genital mutilation is an abhorrent and cruel practice, one that makes bile come to my throat, yet it is *not* a muslim practice. With the Nubians, genital mutilation is purely a traditional act, completely separated from Islam. Genital mutilation is common in many non-Islamic African tribes as well as third world countries.

I do believe Mohammed was far too quick to criticize Islam in this undeserving fashion. There is a great difference between Islamic Feminism (no, it's *not* an oxymoron) and Western Feminism. While Western Feminists argue that women should not be afraid of their sexuality, Islamic feminists argue that their femininity should not impair a male's judgement or manner with a woman. Both are valid, but very different women subscribe to each. If some thought was applied to this criticism, perhaps Mohammed would not be so quick in condemning a religion that, by birthright, he should respect.

• From p.2
vicious circle of silence and can lead to empowerment and resolution.

The Judith Posner Gallery presentation was powerful stuff (re sex and violence in advertising); her early 1980's show here at Glendon, however, included many more examples on the subject. At that time, my daughter looked at one ad I'd removed from a magazine: full-page size glossy red female lips, poised ready to devour (I mean use) as fully erect (I mean extended) tube of lipstick (glossy red, too) — and she said, quietly — “that looks like a penis.” She was 8 or 9 at that time. ...Powerful stuff, indeed.

Congratulations, Glendon Women's Action Network. Please, may we have more?

Carol Clark

Security

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank Bill Keays and George Browne for their articles in which they mention the referendum issues as written in the March 21 issue of *Pro Tem*. However, the following statement, which was made in Mr. Browne's article, is incorrect:

The second referendum will allow for council to submit candidates from the position of Student Security Coordinator to Security and Safety services. The reason behind this is to make sure any future Student Security Coordinators will be a Glendon student with at least one year of schooling at Glendon.

Because I am responsible for this amendment, I feel that this statement should be corrected. The primary reason for this change in the Constitution was to clear up some very disturbing areas of conflict with regard to the supervisory powers of the GCSU over the co-ordinator. Student Security has not been part of the GCSU's responsibility since I have been here (three years); therefore, the Constitution needed to be updated in order to place the position under the direct control of the Department of Security and Parking Services, as it is in practice. Furthermore, the amendment is making it clear that future co-ordinators will have one academic year of experience as a student security officer here at Glendon College or suitable experience as documented in a résumé.

Whether or not the applicant has “one year of schooling at Glendon” is irrelevant. Thank you for allowing me to clarify this issue.

Sincerely
Robert Waarbroek.
Student Security Co-ordinator.

Multi-reply

To the Editor:

Three points I would like to clear up:

(1) Re: “Shocked” letter by Stefan Caunter and “Chedington Phenomenon” article in Forum by Carey Nieuwhof (both March 21)

Yes, it's that time again. Once more the Chedington controversy has reared its ugly head in the form of two bits of information from Carey Nieuwhof and Stefan Caunter. Both are essentially of the same nature since both decry the (mis)handling of student money towards saving a project that has an 80% chance of being executed anyway.

Don't get me wrong. Ultimately those sky-high Chedington condos will indeed be built, thereby rendering Glendon's 20% likelihood of stopping the

whole thing futile. Yet the apparent self-resigned attitude of both gentlemen in question here (ie. education for the sake of “fruitful scholarship” alone) prompts me to set forth a scenario which has undoubtedly been foreseen already, but one which I feel I must repeat in order to hammer the implications all the way home.

You are a Glendon graduate who decides to visit the campus ten years after you have graduated. You approach the front gates (let's say you are walking) and straight away you notice something drastically different.

It's a crisp, golden day in October and the sunlight cast on the lovely batch of trees which still stand to the right of the gates sends back shafts of light from the yellowed leaves to your eyes. They admire and take delight in what they see.

Meanwhile, on the left side of the gates, where you see the drastic change, the sunlight brings back to your eyes only a painful and horrendous glare from the windows of two eleven-storey-tall steel towers.

You remember that these were the condomini-

iums which were to be built just after you left. Well, here they are in all their concrete splendour - along with masses of cars coming in off Bayview and Lawrence into the parking lots at the bases of these two buildings, and vice versa.

You are now yourself “shocked and appalled.” Yet you knew of it all along, just as sure as you knew that most of the students now attending Glendon won't even remember what the entrance used to look like, and definitely don't care, and the same goes for most of the Glendon staff and faculty who have probably forgotten its old appearance by now.

It really makes you wonder, doesn't it?

(2) Re: “Abolishing Singerism” by Stefan Molyneux (Mar. 21) (“Taxation” letter)

All I can say to this is the following HEAR, HEAR

The rantings and ravings of Darryl Singer over this past year have been nothing but a sham and an abomination to your paper. This person does not write about “politics” in the true sense of the word; no this is a misno-

mer. “Sensationalism” might be more appropriate and accurate. In his chatter about “democracy,” Mr. Singer is hardly ever, if at all, concerned with the rights of the individual as with taking away from the individual.

Maybe it really would do him better if he took a look at the quote by Che Gueverra used by Carey Nieuwhof in the opening of his “Chedington Phenomenon” article, a long and hard look:

“The question is one of fighting causes, not just getting rid of the effects.”

(3) Re: “Stage Fright” article by Michelle Blanchette (March 21 — Forum)

Well, Michelle, being a fourth-year Glendon student who expects to graduate (i.e. “make the big break”) very soon (barring the fact that I am but one credit shy of an Honours B.A.), I can safely say that this past year has been anything but “an elongated version of April.” Come to think of it, my “Junior Year” was anything but a “year of great arrogance.”

So have I then “achieved the great academic or-

gasm” this year, my last? Not *exactly*, but Michelle, I will point out to you one thing: Glendon is an extraordinarily beautiful campus and this along with all the wonderful people I've met and gotten to know here have made my educational experience more than just a mere accumulation of knowledge. Yes, I honestly do love this campus and my timespent here will surely be recollected later on with fond memories.

Just thought I'd include my own exception to your academic “theory.”

Sincerely Yours
Chris Wroe

Apology

To the Editor,

I want to apologize to Cathy da Costa for the aggressive tone of my last letter. Although we had different versions of what was said at the debate, I shouldn't assume that anyone with a different opinion from mine has automatically compromised their integrity. Again, Cathy my apologies.

Yours in blush,
Stefan Molyneux

UNTAPPED WEALTH

THE GOLDEN THROAT CHARMER, NOW ON DRAUGHT.

MORE NEWS

Confidential papers left unattended

by George D. Browne

Responding to a tip on Sat. Mar. 19th, 1988, *Pro Tem* found many confidential documents relating to students in an open bin inside Rill Foods's loading dock.

The documents, left in an open bin marked "Fine Paper for Recycling/No Garbage," included carbon copies of "Report of FINAL Grades" from the fall term just ended, financial information on students; showing how much each person named owed the University, and food order lists from the S.C.R., showing that Profs pay \$1.20 for a bottle of domestic beer. Most disturbing, was the Alumni lists. On these computer lists such information as current home and business addresses, phone numbers, birth dates and marital status was shown. If such lists were to fall into the wrong hands, especially rapists, the effects could be devastating.

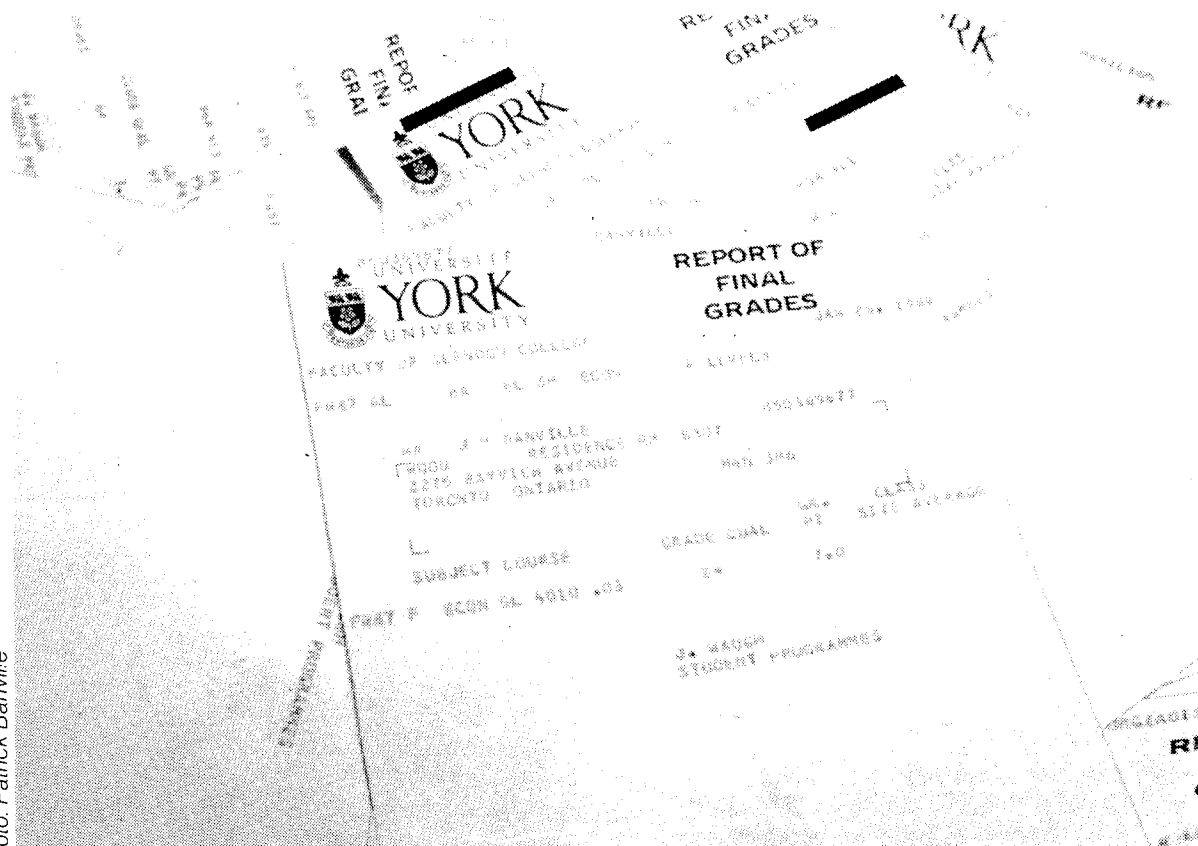
This area, Rill's loading dock, is quite accessible to anyone when York Hall is open, as one of the doors leading to this area

is unlockable.

When Ms. Jennifer Waugh, head of Student Programmes was contacted her reaction was "Oh God, I don't know how that stuff got there." She then went on to explain that recycling had been going on for a few weeks now but that her office staff had been careful to separate confidential papers from papers to be recycled. But there is no method to separate ordinary and confidential waste, meaning that bottles, cans and report cards go in together.

When Mr. Ed Parker, head of Physical Plant, was contacted he explained that "there is no policy" to destroy confidential waste. "We have never been asked to dispose of confidential documents," said Mr. Parker, who went on to say, quite ironically, that confidential documents should not be tossed out with the ordinary trash as a bag could "maybe fall out of the truck along the way and get scattered."

This differed from Ms. Waugh's view that all office garbage was considered confidential. Acting



Sample report cards found in recycling bin - Find out what your friends' marks are

principal Beth Hopkins thought that all waste was incinerated and that her staff "twisted or tore up" all confidential waste as a stop-gap measure until the waste was incinerated.

But this is not the case. Unless a specific request is made to do so, waste is not incinerated but simply buried in a land fill site along with the rest of York University's waste, according to Mr. VanGinkel (in charge of Garbage Removal at York Campus). Departments at York University "from time to time," specifically request that confidential papers be disposed of in a special manner. Occasionally, this involves incineration but "most (departments) find it alright (for confidential papers) to be just thrown in directly" to the garbage bins. This was echoed by Mr. Brian Laing, Associate Registrar (records) who said "as I understand it, the onus is on the department head to phone physical plant to request pick up and determine what needs to be incinerated."

There is a policy in effect that deals with the confidentiality of student records but it doesn't deal with how the records are to be destroyed. Or it seems that the hope is that the mechanical action of the garbage trucks compactor will render the documents unreadable.

Unfortunately, even this very basic security failed, as documents were placed in an accessible place in an open fashion. The blame for this lapse, of an already lax policy, is moot, and probably hard to place, as regular day shift staff at Physical Plant is responsible for collecting recyclable paper and the contract, night cleaners are responsible for throwing out confidential and other garbage, mixed together. It is only hoped that some more effective, method of disposing of our secrets is found, before some-

one is embarrassed, or worse.

Post Script — When contacted by *Pro Tem* on Friday Mar 25, Ms. Waugh and Mr. Parker went down to the loading docks and rummaged through the container. According to Ms. Waugh, no documents were found. This is strange because I checked the container that same morning and found some financial information but I could not find the report cards. This means that our confidential documents have disappeared to parts unknown.



photo: P. Barville

Open for business

The Canada Employment Centre for Students has opened its doors at 399 Church Street, 2nd Floor (just east of the College subway station). The Toronto Centre location can assist students (including the Glendon community) in securing employment for the summer as well as provide information on federal and provincial government programs. The Toronto Centre office is the only centre in the Toronto district which provides a full bilingual service. The centre has a French Services Unit which provides an exclusive service to francophone students as well as francophone employers. French Services are available now by appointment. Full services will be available in late April. The Centre can assist Glendon students in seeking bilingual, English or French only positions. Because the Toronto economy is booming, many jobs are expected to be available for students. Students are encouraged to visit the Centre to complete a registration card and to check the job

boards. For further information, students are invited to call the Hotline at 971-4200 or for French Services 973-5293. The Centre is open from 8:30 - 4:30 weekdays.

Classifieds

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Caroline

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Steven Roberts
Student Senator — Glendon College

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Friends of Glendon Annual General Meeting. April 7, 1988, Fireside Room, 12 noon - 1 p.m.

Les Amis de Glendon Réunion annuelle générale. Le 7 avril 1988, dans le foyer, Pavillon York, de midi à 13 h.

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