

PROTEMI

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"Love is also which comes from the eyes of a child".

See our Valentine's feature on pp. 6 and 7.



MODEL PARLIAMENT SHOWS NEW TRENDS

Frank Monozlai

Two weekends ago, I had the opportunity to act as Clerk and Sergeant at Arms for the U. of T.'s annual model parliament. It was a most interesting experience that gave insights into parliamentary procedure and present political trends. As well, it had many humorous moments. Elections held at the U. of T. resulted in a Liberal government of 52 seats with 30 Tory seats, 11 NDP seats, 7 Reform and several independent seats which included quasi-official PQ and Pat Buchanan supporters. Several highlights of the weekend included:

1. The passing of several Liberal bills to kickstart the economy which were also supported by the NDP.

2. The extension of refugee status to women persecuted because of their sex. However, it barely passed by a vote of 36-34.

3. Two crime bills were passed that greatly strengthened the power of courts to deal with young offenders along with a slightly amended version of a Reform Party's crime proposal which would only deport illegal aliens.

4. The extension of veterans benefits to Canadians who volunteered for duty in

the Vietnam war.

5. The dismal failure of NDP motions to drop the GST and FTA. An NDP bill to grant spousal status to homosexual couples in the Income Tax Act was passed by a huge majority. It was first amended by a Liberal backbencher, however, to define spouses as couples of the opposite sex forever, thus reinforcing family values and stifling the NDP's plans.

6. The failure of the Liberals to pass their throne speech at the end of the weekend. The PM stalled the vote and announced to universal applause that as a result of an attack from St. Pierre and

Miquelon, Canada was at war with France. The attempt to form a coalition government whose armed forces would be headed by right-winged MPs failed, however, when the MP for St. John's said that the attack was just a Greenpeace documentary film crew that was quickly repelled.

7. The awarding of the Pol Pot-Pierre Trudeau award to the leader of the NDP, on condition that news of it be sent to The Varsity.

The model parliament was a wonderful success and particularly interesting in this election year. The election of a Liberal majority government back in 1985 was seen as a sign of growing Liberal support for David Peterson. Interestingly enough, he headed the next two provincial governments. The outcomes of the weekend were a bit inconclusive, but it would be interesting to see how such an event would fare at Glendon or York.

TRAITER LA RUMEUR

François Lizotte

Les plus grands scandales commencent par de simples rumeurs. En tant que journaliste, je dois être à l'affût de toute information susceptible de déboucher sur un article à sensation. Dans le métier, on rêve tous de faire la une.

Cependant, ces rumeurs que l'on entend dans un corridor de Glendon Hall ou au Café de la Terrasse sont souvent de grossières faussetés dont il faut toujours vérifier la source. On ne sait jamais, un scandale est si vite arrivé!

Remonter à la source peut parfois être une opération fort délicate. J'en sais quelque chose parce que j'ai eu l'air d'un beau "twit" la semaine dernière en vérifiant une information selon laquelle la Galerie Glendon aurait déboursé au-delà de 20 000\$ pour l'exposition en cours. On m'avait conseillé d'aller en parler à la Principale. Non merci! Je me suis contenté de poser

quelques questions à Mme Sylviane de Roquebrune, qui est directrice de la Galerie.

Je savais que j'aurais l'air con avec cette rumeur débile provenant de je ne sais exactement où. Pourtant, je voulais mettre l'affaire au clair. Mme de Roquebrune m'a gentiment expliqué le fonctionnement de la Galerie, en m'assurant que toutes les expositions étaient financées par des organismes externes. Et je la crois sur parole. Non, les étudiants n'ont pas payé pour les monuments de feuilles mortes autour du campus. La prochaine fois, avant de faire circuler une rumeur, allez donc vérifier les faits vous-même.

EDITORIAL



NEVER DIES

Etienne Le Beau

Love, amour, amor, amoré, liebe... all different languages to express the same state of heart. Love Was, Is and Will Be. Now that St-Valentine's Day is approaching, the time has come to take our pulse.

In order to find out what place love takes in our day to day life, a couple of students, both men and women, were asked three questions. Eventhough it was an informal survey of only a few students, we still got the point.

First of all, love had to be defined. At my surprise, the answers came quickly. Most of the people interviewed saw love as a whole, something precious and fragile. Also, respect, confidence and honesty seemed to be important. A serious lover is somebody who is there for you and with whom you can share everything.

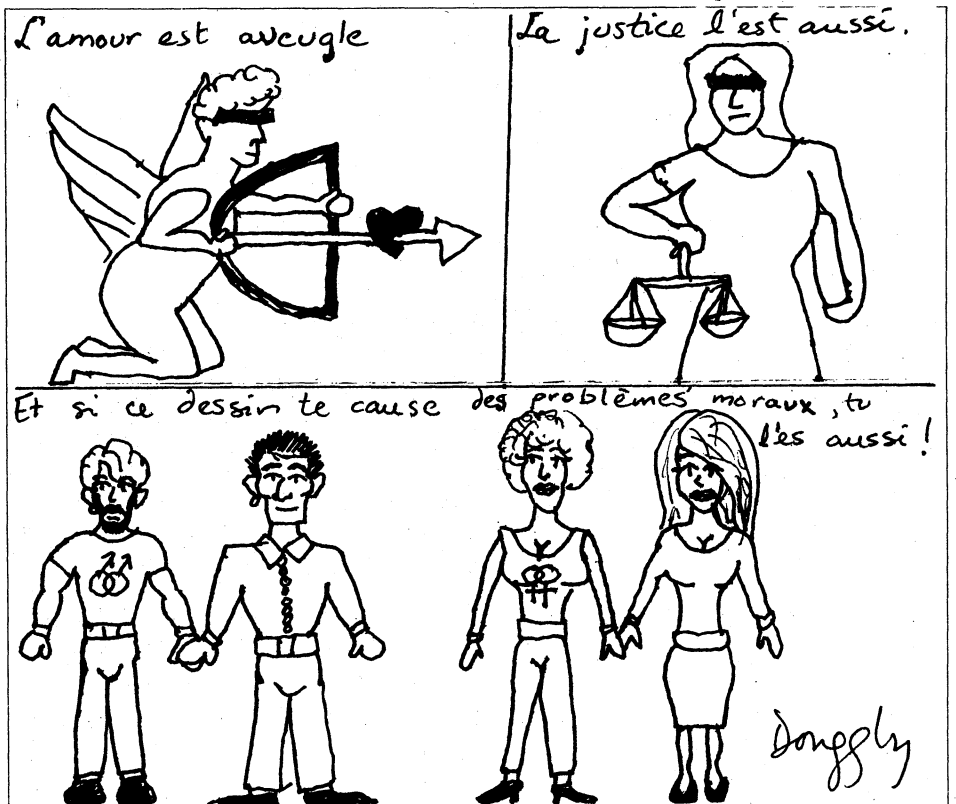
The face of love has changed with the times. One

said: "It's not easy as it used to be. Now, you have to earn love". If we compare the way love used to be with how it is now, we can see the difference. Then, it was a "give and take". For example, you sing and you play guitar under your lover's window. After seven hours, frozen, you might be loved in return. Now, even when you can pick up love (on the phone or at Jarvis and Carleton), most people expect respect and understanding.

The concept of love has not really changed since the beginning of the world. But as one noted, it is the scale of our moral and social values that has changed. The traditional models have disappeared for modern ones which

are more adapted to our crazy end of century!

The third question was asking people about the futur of love; the next 10-20 years. Here, the opinions diverged. Some believed the future will be hard, since everybody is getting more busy. But apparently, the "hopeless romantic" will survive. Others think the true love will come back. Another person, a Jean-Paul Sartre fan, said that love in the future will depend if... there is a future!



Briefly, love is unique and will always be there. Some think that friendly, sex, or living together is love. I think love is probably deeper than that. You don't need words, just feel it... and be it. Happy Valentine's day everyone!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MICHAEL FLIGHTY JURSIK - WHAT GIVES?

To the editors,

This is an open letter to Michael F. Jursic. Please excuse the title's direct question Mr. Jursic, but a cardinal rule of journalism (as you well know) is to address one's audience (and since we're in an academic milieu, the intellectual audience will suffice).

With your letters to the editor, you have placed yourself on the side of the hard-working, well-heeled, CONSCIENTIOUS student endowed with literary talents. With pen in hand and prose at the tip of your tongue, you have earned our academic admiration (you know how much of that exists around here) as a public defender of the truth.

But, I was reading your last letter meticulously. I laughed. I cried. I thought. I thought, "Who is Mr. F. Jursic kidding?"

My thoughts crystallized when through a Glendon College Student Union (GCSU) member, I received a copy of a recent letter you wrote the GCSU (in early September of last term by most accounts). It seems that the cafeteria that you defend in the February 1 issue of Pro Tem is the one and the same you attacked in a letter to the

GCSU. What gives?

Paraphrasing your letter which was addressed to the GCSU and brought up at a GCSU meeting, you believed that the cafeteria had high prices for milk, yogurt, pop and juice. Furthermore, you found this unacceptable and were prepared to stand up against these high prices.

Contrast this with your February letter to the editor: "We're threatening... [to lose the services of] Restauronics... where else can you get a whole dinner for five dollars and a quarter?... Food Quality?... It's a cafeteria, not fine dining... Juice and yogurt too expensive? Grow up, and go buy that stuff at the Dominion."

Qué Pasa? Do you like the cafeteria or not, Mr. Jursic? I apologise for not being an apologist (and I thank you for teaching me this word) but you can see how difficult it would be to reconcile your

two arguments while maintaining your INTELLECTUAL integrity.

I spoke to you on the phone, Mr. Jursic. Despite the pompous nature of your letters (a form of wit perhaps), I found you to be extremely cordial on the phone. However, I would probably be cordial myself if I had sent contradictory letters to two public organisations, one being a newspaper.

I'm not suggesting that you bring your letter to the cafeteria each day hoping for a discount. I understand now that the reason for the first letter was that you were under the belief that the cafeteria was subsidised by York. you now believe that it is not, so you wrote the second letter. Changing one's mind is an ongoing, and sometimes necessary, process of intellectual development.

This letter is not, nor was it intended to be, a personal attack on you or your intelligence. Please remember, Mr. Jursic, that I am laughing with you.

Alexander E. Limion

TO THE EDITORS,

RE: Jason's Cook's boot laces. I wear white ones because they're flashy. I used to wear red ones for the same reason until it got unsafe to do so.

Lace culture, and other covert methods of identifying membership in select clubs is a thing that has existed since time out of mind. One need only think of the New York Handkerchief system, or the other in which you wear your keys on your body, both as systems of identification of sexual orientation, preferences, and foibles.

More on the 'lace culture'. It came to be that white laces symbolized 'White supremacy' over the formerly popular 'anarchist' tag, and similarly, that the colour of laces you would wear in your Docs meant the symbolic colour of the targeted race. Blue did and still does mean ACAB, or All Cops are Bastards. Some homosexually-oriented punk-rockers now wear rainbow laces in their Docs. If I'm not wrong, filmmaker and musician (Fifth

Column) Bruce LaBruce also does this.

I say to you, Jason, if it feels good, do it and forget what other people say. If they bug you about it, tell them patiently that No, you are not a Nazi, and try not to be too condescending. In the words of Oscar Wilde, "I would rather have fifty unnatural vices than one unnatural virtue." So I repeat; if it feels good, do it.

Michael F. Jursic

Letters to the editor must not exceed 200 words. Pro Tem reserves the right to edit all copy. The letters that contain libellous, sexist or racist material will not be published.

Les lettres à l'éditeur ne doivent pas excéder 200 mots. Pro Tem se réserve le droit d'apporter tout changement. Les lettres dont le contenu est diffamatoire, sexiste ou raciste ne seront pas publiées.

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PRO TEM**

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Drop your applications, addressed to Etienne Le Beau, at Pro Tem, Glendon Hall, room 117.

Campaigning period:

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**GENERAL ELECTIONS:
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The following positions are available:

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Staff members with any questions regarding the voter's list, please contact Etienne Le Beau: 487-6736

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

THANK YOU MR. SALEM

To the editors,

In response to the 83.9% of residents and 77% of off-campus students who are dissatisfied with Restauronics, we would like to say a few words in favour of the management skills of Lou Salem.

Criticising our cafeteria has become such a tradition at Glendon that we often neglect to give credit where it is due. Since Mr. Salem's arrival at Glendon, we have seen many improvements in the cafeteria, l'Arcade, and the Bistro (the frozen yogurt machine, chicken and veggie burgers, additional vegetarian dishes, the new cappuccino machines, daily special at the Bistro, magazines in the Arcade... just to name a few). As Mr. M. Jursic wrote in his letter to the editor last week, you're fooling yourself if you think that any other caterer (including a non-profit, student run organisation) could possibly provide better service. We are fortunate to have someone like Lou who is open to suggestion and devoted to meeting the students' concerns. Therefore, instead of complaining about all that you don't like, take the time to give recognition for the things that have improved.

Kristina Santi and
Andrea Marsan



FORUM

GLENDON ADMINISTRATION FOR STUDENTS?

If this is a university, why do I feel like I'm in high school? As a member of an ever-growing number of mature students returning to post-secondary education, I'm puzzled by the sometimes infantile treatment I've received at the hands of certain professors and some members of the university bureaucracy.

As a result of several negative encounters, I've come to the sad realization that a student at Glendon is expected to pay up and shut up. Don't dare make waves or you will drown in a sea of professors and staff prepared to do anything to maintain the status-quo. A Glendon student has no rights, no voice and no adequate channel open to him/her to air grievances without the threat and fear of reprisal. Threatening students with blacklisting is a successful Glendon method used to

muffle legitimate complaints.

Everyone on the university payroll, be it professors, library staff or student programmes staff, needs to realise that students must be treated with respect. After all, we are contributing to your wages.

Students must have a greater voice and role within the university. Relegating student power to cafeteria matters, while of some importance, does not give them a role in the major function of a university, which is learning.

I was shocked to discover that as a matter of policy, professors at Glendon are given a choice as to whether or not the results of student evaluations of their courses will be published! How are students expected to make informed choices in course selection, when professors may choose to be free from scrutiny? Such a situation breeds incompetence.

Student evaluations of all professors should be a priority. Complete results of such evaluations should be public and freely available. During my days at another university, student council published evaluations of all professors which were made easily available all over campus. This allowed students to

make wise choices. Why should I spend my hard-earned money on a loser? (Indeed, the whole question of tenure opens up a whole other can of worms.)

I JUST WANT SOME CONTROL OVER MY OWN EDUCATION. Picking good courses taught by dedicated, competent professors at Glendon is a bit like playing the lottery. You pay a lot of money in hopes of winning, but if you lose, you lose big. Dropping the course is the only real option since student programmes and professors make it nearly impossible at times to switch to another section taught by a more competent professor. As I said previously, it's pay up and shut up.

Glendon has some wonderful professors who deserve to be openly praised by their students, but unfortunately, covering up the mediocre ones also covers up the brilliant one.

It is a real shame that Glendon chooses to function more like a high-school than a true university. The Glendon campus could be very special if it would only break out of its juvenile mould to allow students, professors and staff to function in an ADULT environment based on respect for the importance of learning and for each other.

Student Name withheld upon request

GERMANY: MORE THAN THE MYTHS

Johanna Wolf

Last week Glendon students had the opportunity to attend a symposium on the "Franco-German Co-operation as seen from Canada".

You might have heard that the co-operation between France and Germany in a lot of important fields such as technology, security, education and culture is considered to be one of the basic factors which is leading the integration process of the European Community.

In order to understand the meaning of a co-operation between two countries it would be a good idea to first know more about each of these countries.

Coming from Germany myself, I am sometimes surprised by what Canadians think about "that" country somewhere in Europe".

Here are some facts which might answer some of your question.

The Federal Republic of Germany is situated in the heart of Europe. It has nine neighbours: France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands to the west, Denmark to the north, Switzerland and Austria to the south, and the Czech Republic as well as Poland in the east. After its reunification in 1990, its function as a link between North, South, East and West has

become even more important than before.

The longest distance you will find in Germany, from the very north to the very south, is about 876 km (in comparison: Chicago - Toronto is 801 km). Germany's population density is about 222 people per sq/km. It is one of the most densely populated countries in Europe, which is a real contrast to some regions in France and to Canada as a whole. You can imagine that this causes a lot of problems with traffic, housing and the environment.

However, concerning population increase, it is remarkable that in the 1990's, Germany has one of the lowest birth rates in the world. If you take a closer look at our day-care system for children, you will understand why a lot of young German women don't want to have a child. Often, they have to choose between having a full-time job or taking care of their child as there is a great lack of places where you can leave your child for the day.

A lot of you know about "Oktoberfest". Its origins are

found in the Bavarian town of "Muenchen" in the southeast end of Germany. Although a lot of Germans like to go there and enjoy the large variety of beers, Canadians tend to think that all of Germany is like that.

In fact, after reunification, the Federal Republic of Germany consists of sixteen states (Laender) and Bavaria is only one of them.

Furthermore, over the past thousand years, the German nation has developed out of a number of tribes such as Bavarians, Franks, Saxons and Swabians. Although they have lost a lot of their original culture, their traditions and dialects have survived to a certain degree in different regions of Germany. If you talk about Bavaria you only speak about one of sixteen states and of one of many different dialects and traditions.

If you start to ask more questions you will find out that Germany is definitely more than a reunified country where people drink beer and you will understand why Germany is interested in establishing strong ententes

POOR POST SERVICE

Dominique d'Allaire

Since Glendon is a small campus, we usually receive good service from the administrative staff. Unfortunately, there are exceptions to this rule. The Post Office personnel offers one of the worst services to Glendonites.

On Tuesday February 2, I went there to buy money orders. A misunderstanding between the Office's staff member and I ensued. A small, rather simple, mistake had become a rather maddening and frustrating adventure. I had asked for three money orders, two for the amount of \$15 and one for \$35. The employee at the counter then handed me a pile of papers to fill out. When I reached the third set of papers, I realised that it had been made out for \$30 rather than for the \$35 that I had requested.

It was obvious that a misunderstanding had occurred over the amount of money for the order that I requested. A witness confirmed that I had asked for a money order of \$35. However, this is not really what counts. What is rather strange is the way the employee solved the problem. I was forced to buy another money order for \$5 and pay the extra service charges that were incurred because of this new purchase. I was told that there was no other way to fix the error, which sounded

strange to me.

I later phoned Canada Post's head office to tell them that I disagreed with their policies of making the customer pay extra in such a circumstance. I was informed by them that what Glendon's Post Office had done was not their normal procedure. The next day when I went to talk to the employee at the Glendon Post Office about this matter, we agreed on the circumstances of the previous day's events. Yet when I telephoned the head office a second time, it was obvious that they were given a different version of the story than what I had given them.

Upset because of this hypocrisy, I went back to the Post Office one final time, only to have the employee in question agree, once again, with me on the circumstances. I suggested to this employee should try to tell the same version of the story to everyone the next time something like this happens. I wanted to scream!!

I no longer care if I get my money back. However, it maddens me that an employee can get away with such a lack of professionalism.

FORUM

SOMETIMES BEING BLACK IS A MATTER OF CONVENIENCE

Ché Marville

I was swinging on my favourite swing in the park. Higher and higher I went. I loved the thrill of swinging back and forth, faster and faster. I felt like a bird, free as the breeze. Then two little girls came along, one black, one white. Sweetly, they said: "Can we swing now?"

"No, I am not finished," I said, "Five more minutes and then you can have the swing."

"No, we want the swing now. You've been on it forever!"

"No I haven't."

"Yes you have."

"Ché Bay, you're so mean, mean, mean. That's what you are."

"No I'm not."

"Yes, you are. You are a mean little nigger."

"No, I'm not. If I'm a nigger, then what's she?"

"She's Black and good, and you're not. Ha, Ha, that's what you are!"

Then they both ran away and the Black girl just looked back, with a funny look on her face. But then she laughed too. I remember feeling sorry for that other little black girl, who looked just like me. She was really confused, I thought. I went home and asked my mother, "What's the difference between a Nigger and a Black person?" My mother said that there is no difference. "It's a matter of

convenience."

I was ten then and could never figure out what that little girl meant when she called me a Nigger and called her friend Black. As I grew up, I began to understand all the subtle ways people treat you and what they expect from you. It's all about perception and the way people see you. The way in which they view you will dictate the way they treat you. People always want to put you in a designated group, as though your exterior were your interior. Even in a society where individualism is the main stream of thought it is a struggle to be who you want to be, who you are destined to be. Many of us get caught trying

hard NOT to be what is supposedly Black or we get caught trying TO BE what is supposedly Black. I was a lucky little girl because I knew that it had no meaning in my life. The colour of my skin was not the sum of my character. That word, the "N" word carries so many meanings from another time which, depending on who uses it, dictates what it means. Most of the time it's used to attack and hurt. That word penetrates through to the deepest wounds of racism. The little White girl didn't know that her best friend was also a Nigger and the little Black girl didn't know that there wasn't a difference, just a matter of convenience.

Black and White are labels created by people far removed from our time. The sad thing is that our society has not progressed enough to see labels for what they truly are: barriers. Barriers in our ability to recognise similarities and respect differences.

A week later, I was swinging on my favourite swing in the park. Higher and higher, faster and faster! The same little girls came along, "Can we swing now?" I slowed down, my feet touched the ground and I jumped off the swing.

"Yes," I said.

I began to walk away, "Ché do you want to swing with us?"

"No, I am going to play on the merry-go-round".

SELF-SEGREGATION YORK VERSUS GLENDON

Wendy Vincent

O.K., let's see; fast pizza, Chinese, burgers and falafel. Savez-vous de quoi le Centre des Etudiants a besoin? De la nourriture des Caraïbes. Oui, bien sûr, un petit local où on pourrait manger un patty ou peut-être du rôti. There is a definite need for it, looking at the West-Indian population. They would make a lot of money.

Tongue in cheek folks, very tongue in cheek and a few grains of salt too. Switching from Glendon College, my cherished home for nearly three years to the infamous York Main has been a unique experience. I can't wait to graduate so that I can get out of this place. By the time I graduate, I will have spent approximately five years in university to get my B.A. This makes me think of the many patterns and stereotypes of the Black Student.

Years ago I heard the now troubled Carl Masters discussing some chiffres à propos des Noirs à l'Université York. Premièrement, York a le plus de Noirs par rapport aux autres universités au Canada. Nous avons aussi le plus grand nombre de décrocheurs et nous prenons le plus de temps pour finir nos baccalauréats. Il n'y a aucun doute que nous avons plus de travail à faire en tant qu'étudiants. Je sais que la plupart de vous sont attirés par York (comme je l'étais) pour être parmi ces nombreux

autres jeunes Noirs. Mais, pour passer de Glendon à York on doit déployer beaucoup d'efforts.

Dans une conversation avec une sœur, elle m'avait demandé mon domaine d'études. Elle fut très surprise par ma réponse : sciences politiques "Political Science!" she cried, "well jeez, why would you want to do that?" In my anxiety I tried to redeem myself by saying that I was trying to get into the communications program. It worked, "oh that's o.k." she replied more calmly.

My experiences with several of the brothers and sisters at York generally goes down from there. Yo! What was up with that sister though? She's obviously never been to a political science lecture at her own campus and would be surprised by the ones here at Glendon. How dare she challenge my discipline! Exactly what program should I be in anyway? Student centre Dominoes 2510? Je pense que non! (By no means do I intend to im-

ply that all the black students at York play dominoes and neglect their studies. Like students of all races, some brothers and sisters do take their education seriously). Cette sœur et la plupart des autres frères et sœurs au campus principal ont une maladie, découverte par Shelby Steele, appelée "self-segregation". En fait, tout le monde à York a un gros problème avec leur façon de "socialisation". C'est comme une règle non inscrite, on doit suivre des règles raciales, religieuses, sexuelles, et si on les transgresse, Dieu sait...

Je me sens très mal à l'aise quand je marche dans les couloirs ou quand j'entre dans le Centre des Étudiants. Les Noirs me regardent fixement parce que je ne parle pas avec eux ou que je marche avec des gens qui ne sont pas des membres de mon groupe ethnique. At York, the mainstream need not worry about excluding the brothers and sisters from student activities: they exclude themselves.

Maybe self-segregation wouldn't be so bad if it were supportive or productive. In trying to analyse this behaviour, I try to rationalise it and say that at York many

of the brothers and sisters come from predominantly West Indian backgrounds and simply aren't used to other cultures. But what about the Blacks at Glendon? Hello, this idea doesn't work anyway. We are immersed in multiculturalism in all aspects of our everyday lives.

The contrast between York and Glendon reminds me of an experience at a "rural" high school which I had the misfortune of attending for a few months. The extremity of racism and self-segregation that existed there was reminiscent of my own high school before self-assured Blacks attended it. Yeah, you had the brothers breakdancing in the halls to the delight of awestruck white guys and giggling white girls. Well, by the time I went "up Nawth" in '89, House Music was in.

So isolated from the rest of the community and so insecure, these brothers and sisters had no images, other than those projected in mainstream media, on which to hold. These brothers and sisters would bring boxes to school and play their technocrap all day long. You hear me, all day. Of course, much to the pleasure of any rural

brat who wanted to piss off his or her parents. So, one day one of the brothers came up to me and asked about a sister who refused to even say hello to them, (a courtesy that I unfortunately gave them) "So like, what's up with what's-her-name, she's like so White" (notice the "valley" lingo). Oh, excuse me, I'll run and get her, I thought and maybe if we spin on our heads together you'll accept us!!!!

I am so disappointed to see the sort of clustering going on in a university where its occurrence has stifled the possible power that this body of Black students has. Self-segregation through fear is a weakness and it should not be mistaken for racial pride. We should celebrate our Blackness, not flog it with negativity. For the brothers and sisters as well as the entire York student body, it is so sad to see so many people too paralysed by self-doubt to integrate themselves. Glendon College must embrace the ability of its students to socialise so well. The students here must never cease doing it. But then again, maybe York is a better suited microcosm from which reality is reflected than Glendon is.

Love Poem

I saw this girl the other day
 She looked at me a special way
 I went over and said "Hi"
 We were giving each other the eye

I asked her out to one Pub Night
 She batted her eyelashes and said "Right, what time can
 you come pick me up"
 I said at eight and drove my truck

Well I got there, in polished boots,
 A polo shirt and jeans by Roots
 She looked great in tee-shirt & jeans
 I gave her flowers and Peek Freens.

When we got there it was a real big crowd
 The music playing hard and loud
 I went to the bar to get us a drink
 I didn't give her time to think.

We danced when they played a slow song
 My heart was warm as we danced in the throng
 It felt so good to be together
 I wished that it would last forever.

But she wanted to leave with another guy
 And to my surprise, so did I
 Now me and "Jack" see her and him
 We all go for coffee, decaf, "BRIM!"

The moral of this story is
 What's his is hers, what's hers is his
 What's mine is his what's his is mine
 And we all have a grand old time.

Sans titre
 La bibliothèque était vide,
 et tous les romans
 d'amour étaient
 chuchotement:

"Moi, je sais ce que vous
 voulez."

"Moi, je suis ce que vous
 voulez."

J'ai entendu toutes les
 voix, et j'en ai cherché
 une.

Et j'en ai cherché une,
 mon amour.

Et j'ai entendu une voix
 qui disait
 "Vous êtes dans le monde
 des faux rêves.

Pourquoi êtes-vous ici?
 Vous connaissez la vérité.
 Où le vrai amour réside.

Et j'ai compris
 Je me suis souvenu de la
 dernière fois que j'avais
 vu mon amour, et,
 J'ai pleuré.

Et j'ai souri.

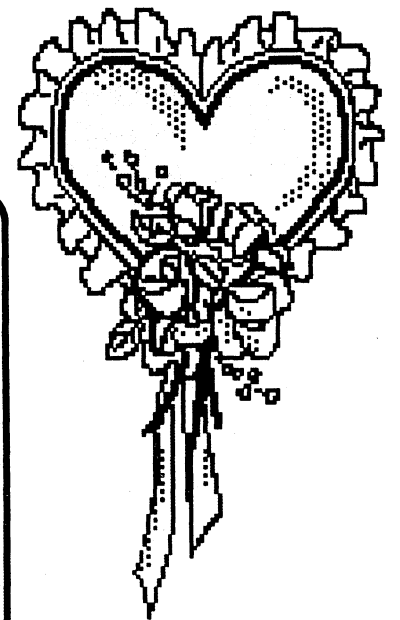
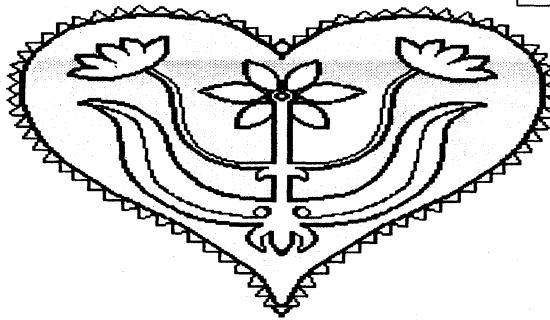
**"THE ULTIMATE IN FATE;
 MY PERFECT MATE"**

True love is very hard to find
 Especially when you're looking for that special kind
 Someone to love and cherish you
 For who you are and all that you do.
 You'll know true love right from the start
 When there's no more playing of the strings to your
 heart

True emotions will slowly come in time
 Because genuine love is not a crime
 So be patient, it will be worth the wait
 It's not worth rushing before it's too late
 Immediate feelings just aren't the same
 Infatuation is the name of that game
 No more time to fool around;
 Finding true love puts you on solid ground.
 So after you shed all the tears of the past,
 Remember real love will only last
 So now is the time to set yourself free
 Because falling in love will come naturally.

"My Darling You"

The heat from our bodies as they slowly rise,
 The burning passion of love that soars in your eyes
 Feeling your touch and sweet caress,
 A mutual feeling about you - I cannot clearly express
 This is to the one I adore,
 The one I promise to love - Forever More.



HABITUDES SEXUELLES/SEXUAL HABITS

Age: _____ M
 F

Civil status/Status Civil: married? marié(e)
 single/ célibataire
 cohabitating/cohabitation

Roughly how many sexual partners have you had in the past
 year?
 Environ combien de partenaires sexuels avez vous eu
 pendant les douze derniers mois?

None/Aucun One/Un
 Two/Deux Three/Trois
 Four or more/Quatre ou plus

Si vous avez eu au moins un partenaire durant l'année
 passée, environ combien de fois avez vous eu des relations
 sexuelles ce dernier mois?
 If at least one partner in the past year, roughly how many
 times have you had sex in the past month?

Aucun/ None	quatre fois/four times
Une fois/Once	cinq fois/ five times
Deux fois/Twice	six à neuf fois/six to nine times
Trois fois/Three times	dix fois et plus/ten times or more

The last time you had sex, did you use a condom?
 La dernière fois que vous avez eu des relations sexuelles,
 avez-vous utilisé un préservatif?

Yes/Oui No/Non

Si vous avez répondu "oui" à la question précédente, est-ce
 que la décision d'utiliser un préservatif était la tienne
 ou celle de ton partenaire?
 If you answered "yes" to the preceding question, was the
 decision to use a condom yours or your partner's?

La mienne/mine
 Celle de mon partenaire/my partner's
 Les deux/Both

When you have sex, do you use a condom?
 Quand vous avez des relations sexuelles, est-ce que vous
 utilisez un préservatif?

Always/Toujours - Usually/d'habitude
 Seldom/Rarement - Never/Jamais

Drop your answers in Pro
 Tem's box, Glendon
 Hall, room 117.
 Deadline: February 25,
 1993 at 5pm.

Déposez vos réponses
 dans la boîte de Pro Tem,
 Manoir Glendon, local
 117. Date limite: 25
 février 1993 à 17 : 00.

"My Darling You":
 The heat from our bodies
 as they slowly rise,
 The burning passion of
 love that soars in your eyes
 Feeling your touch and
 sweet caress,
 A mutual feeling about
 you - I cannot clearly ex-
 press
 This is to the one I adore,
 The one I promise to love
 Forever More.

HOROSCOPE

BY CŒUR Y HEART

Aquarius

(January 26 - February 18)
Confused? Go with your gut feeling. Remember Aquarians are famous for having unlikely lovers. However, if you instinct isn't clear, take time to weigh your options carefully. Especially in matters of the heart. February is no time for making mistakes. Your best pick Valentine: A poetic Cancer with expensive taste.

Taurus

(April 20 to May 20)
Focus your talents and energies on pursuing that special someone you've had your eye on. Buck your Taurean shyness and take this chance to open up in a new way. Your best pick Valentine: a charming Sagittarius who makes you laugh despite yourself.

Leo

(July 23- August 22)
February's full moon is yours - watch out for power struggles in the near future. You've recently been humiliated by rejection but the tides are about to turn in your favor. Your best pick Valentine: a relaxed Pisces who has a stabilizing effect in your life.

Scorpio

(October 23- November 21)
This month getting what you want isn't as easy as usual. You'll have to stand up for yourself, there are others standing in your way. Your circle of friends is shifting. Be patient. New relations will be extremely gratifying. Your best pick Valentine: an outgoing Gemini who's been making a concerted effort to get your attention.

Pisces

(February 19 to March 20)
With your annual new moon just around the corner, this should be a time of soul searching for you. Look deeply to find the answers that miss in your personal life. True solutions require reflection; avoid rash moves. Your best pick Valentine: an athletic Leo who often is there for your benefit.

Gemini

(May 21-June 21)
Feeling overburdened? Now is the time for you to reassess and bail out. But when you do, say it and mean it. Help yourself over the stress by going on a blind date - This time the stars are on your side. Your best pick Valentine: a materialistic Virgo with whom you might find yourself sipping cappuccino after a foreign film.

Virgo

(August 23 - September 23)
Stuck in a rut? Hold onto your hat - this is a month of major change in your life, but be prepared for those changes to come at someone-else's command and for you not to have an overwhelming desire to be a little wild- go for it! Your best Valentine: an attractive Capricorn who makes the first move.

Sagittarius

(November 22- December 21)
You seem plagued by a myriad of tempting choices for the future. Hurry up and make up your mind. You're wasting valuable time weighing your options so carefully. Decide what you really want and take it. Any one of these choices will lead to success this month. Your Best Pick Valentine: A Taurus with an alternative sense of humour, who goes out of his way for no one.

Aries

(March 21 to April 19)
Venus has moved into your solar space and will linger for a while - an excellent omen for love and passion, new or old. Even a relationship you thought dead has potential for revival while the love star is under your sign. Your best pick Valentine: a creative and talented Libra with a flare for art.

Cancer

(June 22-July 22)
As Mars moves back into phase on the 15th you'll begin to experience life anew, a welcome change from your recent maniac combination of depression and elation. You're about to see a fantasy realised in your love life. Your best pick Valentine: A Scorpio who suddenly appears in your life making a shocking impression.

Libra

(September 23 - October 22)
Your natural instinct to do everything in your power to make others happy has left you strained and drained. It's time to take some time for you. Be careful, however, not to distance your lover too much while you take this time for yourself, or you may end up feeling abandoned. Your best-pick Valentine: An intellectual Aquarius with a hidden sense of adventure.

Capricorn

(December 22 - January 19)
Your usual conservative spirit is turning to venture away from your warm, comfy, familiar surroundings in search of self. This journey will lead to much experimentation and quiet your restless heart. Your best pick Valentine: An ambitious Aries who's been admiring you from afar.

THE LAST DAY OF THE FLOWER

Beauty incarnate,
the like
of which to put
a rose
petal
fresh in its
morning dew
to shame

Though in
similarity
as the dew
drops trickle
to their earthen floor...
So do I

For thee
my very own,
Helen
of Troy

EXPRESS YOURSELF

Here and now
I promise to love faithfully
You're all I need
Here and now
Bound to be one with thee
You and me
Your love is all I need!

Ti Amos
Happy Valentine's Day

Valentine Wanted: male, intelligent, energetic, exciting, funny sensitive and passionate. Must wear great shoes and like chocolate, bubbles, poetry, hats and purple.
Interested? Leave messages for Ima Valiable - Box 66, Wood residence

VALENTINE'S

(Dédié à Andréa M.)

Pour t'aimer...Pour t'aimer...
Si sur les plages infinies de tes pensées
Tu songes au grain de sable dans l'eau de tes marées
Me voici pour t'aimer, me voici pour t'aimer

Si les couleurs de ton sourire cachent un trésor
Si mon soleil éveille la teinte de ton aurore
Me voici pour t'aimer, me voici pour t'aimer

Si dans tes grands voyages, tu penses me trouver
Si parmi tes ouvrages ton dessin m'a créé
Me voici pour t'aimer, me voici pour t'aimer

Si vers les cimes, tu te crois arrivée
Monte sur mon aile, libre de me retrouver
Sur ta bouche prononce un bonheur partagé

...Me voici pour t'aimer, me voici pour t'aimer...



FOR VALENTINE'S DAY ISSUE

To BIFF, my lover, my confidant, my friend:
My life has been so much richer since you have become a part of it.
Even though we will not be together this Valentine's Day, know that you are on my mind and in my heart always.

ANONYMOUS

And in the clouds, the truth was.
So bold and clear, it was.
And I saw, but didn't.
I felt, and ignored.
The merge was visible, to all but me.

The clouds dispersed
And the love unseen, was lost.

L'EXUTOIRE

Étienne Le Beau

Sommes-nous tous devenus fous? Cette question peut donner des sueurs froides à celui qui y réfléchit. Elle ne donnera qu'un rictus idiot à d'autres. Comment rester humain dans un monde où cette "humanité" n'a plus sa place? Bien que cette interrogation ait déjà été posée, elle n'a presque plus de sens. Le problème de l'agonie humaine, qui est mortel, s'en va lentement vers son épilogue.

Le temps d'une pose, Vietnam, un regard d'enfant et une photo. Les événements de la vie courante s'enchaînent les uns après les autres... et la page est tournée, infiniment. Un flash bref et les minutes, fugitives, s'empressent de le repousser dans les coins sombres d'une mémoire inconsciente. Pourtant, les débris s'empilent, prêts à ressurgir.

Samedi soir, un enfant se fait faucher par une automobile: paralysé pour la vie.

Lundi après-midi, un fou décide d'ouvrir le feu dans un supermarché: 7 morts, plusieurs blessés. Jeudi, minuit, un accident d'avion fait 254 morts. Et paf! Les fantômes de la nuit sont venus, comme d'habitude, sans préavis. Mais pas grave, il faut bien donner quelque sorte de divertissement à ces bêtes assoiffées de sang, les yeux rivés à l'écran!

Sang. Sexe. Sports. Sacrifice. Soldat. Comme une statue endormie,

l'humain ternit peu à peu. Il croit pouvoir souffler, car les couches artificielles cachent sa vraie nature, mais pour combien de temps? Un temps indubitablement éphémère. La Machine est habile, elle n'est devenue qu'une seule nature. Maintenant reine de l'apocalypse.

Un autre flash, un dernier cri.

Le long réveil qui suivit était doux et innocent. L'odeur morbide du ramassis de cendre commençait pourtant à agacer les narines. On entendait de-ci, de-là, quelques souffles rauques. Des visages blancs comme la neige se levaient, pleins d'espoir, vers un nouveau halo enflammé. Tandis que les termites finissaient les dépouilles dispersées, les

derniers humains marchaient maintenant en une seule patrie, hâtifs de rencontrer l'inconnu.

La pénombre avait déjà jeté son voile lorsqu'ils arrivèrent au bout de leur voyage. Malgré les différentes couches d'obscurité, ils pouvaient voir s'élever un temple haut et noble. A ses côtés gémissaient, immobiles, des lacs aux étendues mystérieuses. Derrière lui se tenait le gardien du temple; un monstre de sable impénétrable.

Quand ils eurent franchi le portail, une lueur divine les guida au travers de ciels peints de toutes les couleurs, vers des arbres et des oiseaux heureux. Cette oasis de paix où ils vécurent

un temps inconnu était une sorte de rêve imagé; un absolu parfait. Même si tous étaient composés de chair et d'os, l'âme suivait chacun de très près, comme une auréole.

Un jour, on cogna à la porte: c'était l'esprit du passé. Et avec lui revinrent tous les désirs individuels, la soif de puissance et de suprématie. Bientôt, tout devint matière à scission; la désunion était bien en place et aucun recul n'était plus possible.

Les vents commencèrent à chatouiller les nuages assombris, les éclairs s'en prirent à déchiqueter le ciel, et le tonnerre entra dans le jeu. Il abattit sa colère sur chacun, l'un après l'autre. A la fin, un dernier flash illumina ce qui restait: le vide.

I LIKE BAD WORDS.

Michael F. Jursic

We've all grown up to think that certain words ARE bad words. "Don't say that it's a BAD word!" Well, in the words of George Carlin, "There ARE no bad words. There are bad thoughts. There are bad intentions..." But due to the frequency of use of certain words, as well as their scatological or sexual connotations, they ARE consigned to the status of "bad words".

And I submit that no word is implicitly worse than another. The use of these taboo words by certain responsible individuals who possess the skill level possible to be able to carefully choose their words, rather than littering them about a (spoken or written) text at random, is acceptable, even preferable if meaning is more clearly presented by use of the word in question. What is bad where words are concerned? How about this: a word is bad if it's vulgar. How's that? H'mm?

The word "vulgar" comes from the Latin "vulgus" which means "the common people", or "the populace", according to the Collins Latin Dictionary (Harper-Collins, 1957, 1991, Glasgow, pg 363). So let's look at some other words which our teachers said we couldn't say and

didn't know why they said that we couldn't.

To begin, let's look at a frequently censored word: "ass". In my Concise Oxford Dictionary, which has etymological sources, and from which, as well as 'A Latin Dictionary for Schools', by Charlton T. Lewis, Oxford University Press, Glasgow, 1889-1964, I will be quoting, the word "ass", after you are told to look under arse, is defined as: n(vulgar) Buttocks; rump... and the etymology; ass from arse from Old English aers, from Old High German and Old Norse ars, from Germanic arsz from Indo-European (no less!) ofsos. If you've censored "ass", you've censored a word with a pedigree traceable to about six thousand years ago. So, in alphabetical order, we move to another

word everyone hates; cunt, which the old Concise Oxford tells us, means; (vulgar) female genitals... from Middle English which is from Old Norse, Kunta, and/or Middle Low German and/or Middle Dutch, Kunte, which came from another ancient root, Germanic Kunton. It wasn't bad. It was simply referent. Similarly, the word "fuck", which has so many meanings, has been in the language for at least three hundred years. Piss, an exception which will be stated below, comes to us from Middle English, which is from Old French, pissier, which is from the Roman colloquial Latin verb, piso, pisare. More "properly", from the (mark this) vulgate medieval Latin urino, urinare, though why this form survived as proper where the old dialectal form was vulgarized, is open to speculation. Strangely enough, according to Doctor Lewis, a urinator, in Classical Latin, was a diver.

And how about that other necessary body function, shitting. Back to the

Concise Oxford which tells us that our word "shit", is traced through Old English (scitan) to the Germanic skit. Faeces, the usual "proper" noun, is from the Latin; plural of faex, which means dregs or remainders. Defecate, Latin again De = from, fec + ate (a suffix denoting a verb form).

Strangely, no one male analogue to the word cunt seems to exist, either as a connotative or denotative word. However, let us (figuratively) look at sex organs. The word "vagina", in Latin meant sheath (ie for a sword, or knife). The word penis meant tail (ie on a dog). The word pudendum, a Latin word which now means sex organs in general, male or female, has a Latin meaning which is thought-provoking. It meant "something to be ashamed of". Back to the male sex organ, the medical term for the head of the penis, glans, is also a Latin word; it meant acorn.

So, this is hopefully enough to illustrate why certain words should not be ed-

ited out of, or censored from any sort of publication such as this. (1) It is futile; English occupying the same place now as Latin did then, our (vulgar) words will be adopted, in many cases, by the 'polite' society of our posterity. (2) By the time most people reach university, they have a certain ability to carefully choose their words. I do, anyway. The practical upshot? I mean what I say and I say what I mean. And I don't need a warped sense of aesthetics that tells me that using words of an English or vernacular origin is less proper than using words of a Latin origin, for that is what it comes down to. And it tends to fuck about the meaning of what I had to say in the first place. And I ask you this; in a society such as ours, where all bodily functions except the most obvious are referred to by euphemism, what is the lexical advantage of dung or faeces over shit? None, I tell you. Not one little teensy-weensy bit. If they're understood, then objective attained. All three are equally proper.

COMMUNIQUÉS

Dépêche du Club O.N.U. Glendon

Les membres du club de l'O.N.U. de Glendon vous remercient chaleureusement. Vous avez été très nombreux à participer à la grande soirée jamaïcaine du vendredi 22 janvier. Le Pub a rarement été aussi comble et bruyant. Cette soirée a suscité un tel engouement que de nombreux étudiants nous ont demandé d'organiser, cette année encore, une deuxième soirée jamaïcaine. Parmi les moments forts de cette mémorable soirée figurait le concours de Limbo; cette compétition a connu un énorme succès. Les concurrents se sont laissés porter par le tempo et le rythme de la chaude musique jamaïcaine.

Un grand merci à vous tous pour avoir contribué, par votre très forte participation, au financement de notre voyage d'étude de fin d'année. Ce voyage nous amènera au siège de l'O.N.U. à New York où se tiendront de nombreuses conférences qui seront animées par plus d'un millier d'étudiants venus des quatre coins de la planète. Plus d'une trentaine d'étudiants de Glendon seront du voyage. Ils représenteront, à travers les différents comités, deux pays d'Amérique centrale; la Jamaïque et le Salvador. Chaque comité aura pour tâche de présenter et surtout de débattre de questions bien précises, comme par exemple,

l'aide au développement, la protection de l'environnement, les droits de l'homme, la coopération etc... Cette expérience sera, sans aucun doute, très enrichissante car elle permettra de mieux connaître le milieu très fermé de la diplomatie. De plus, les étudiants auront l'occasion de découvrir non seulement les très impressionnantes salles de conférence de l'ONU, mais ils auront également, et surtout, l'occasion d'échanger, avec leurs homologues américains, allemands ou japonais, des conversations relatives aux relations internationales.

NOTICE GCSU SPRING ELECTIONS

A) the following positions on GCSU will be open:

- i) President
- ii) Vice-President
- iii) Directorship in:
 - Academic Affairs
 - Bilingual Affairs
 - Clubs and Services
 - Communications
 - Cultural Affairs
 - External Affairs
- iv) Councillor (6)
- v) Glendon College Student Senator

There will also be a referendum for the ratification of the 1993-94 Protém Editor-in-Chief.

B) NOMINATION PERIOD — From February 24, 1993 to March 3, 1993 at 4:30pm. Nomination Forms will be available as of February 24 at the GCSU office.

C) CAMPAIGNING — From 4:31pm on March 3, 1993 to 11:59pm on March 15, 1993.

D) POLLING will take place on March 16, 17 and 18 near the Cafeteria. Any student wishing to vote must present a valid Sessional Validation

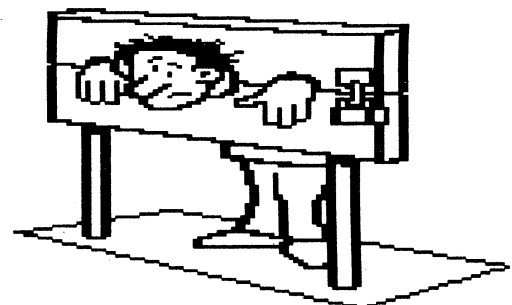
Get Rid of That Pain in the Neck!

Oh, those aching muscles in the shoulder, back or neck! Sometimes it seems impossible to go on concentrating on all that work piling up on the desk. Tension, stress is all around at this point in the academic year: essays, exams, orals, applications for jobs, interviews, faster, faster, FASTER... STOP! What you need is relaxation training!

And you're in luck. The Glendon Counselling and Career Centre is offering lunchtime relaxation sessions to help you deal with these stressful times. When you are tense, the body often reacts by area. Aches, pains and stiffness in the upper body are often the physical signs of stress. Relaxation techniques train the body to relax these muscles, which reduces the level of tension you are experiencing. Le résultat: tu te sens beaucoup plus détendu tu penses plus clairement, tu te concentres mieux.

So come to our Luchtime Relaxers in the Hearth Room on the following days:

- FEBRUARY**
- Monday 22 12:30-1:30
- Friday 26
- MARCH**
- Monday 8
- Friday 12 12:30-1:30
- Thursday 18
- Thursday 25
- APRIL**
- Monday 5
- Tuesday 6 12:30-1:30



CLASSIFIED/CALENDAR

The Economics Club presents

Ronald W. Jones

Xerox Professor of International Economics
University of Rochester

"New Protectionism and World Trade"

February 25 (5p.m.)

Glendon College, York University
2275 Bayview Avenue, M4N 3M6
(Senior Common Room, York Hall)
Contact: Prof de Vanessa (487-6712)

TRANSLATION, Glendon College
To register, call 487-6742

Le concours d'entrée pour l'année 1993-94 aura lieu le samedi 6 mars, à partir de 13h jusqu'à 17h, dans la salle 143, pavillon York.

Glendon Gallery
Stephen Doyle
Outdoor Installations
Ending this Thursday.

Sandra Gregson
and Beaty Popescu
Mixed Media
Feb. 18 to March 18

Don Applications
Due Feb. 12

A vendre: un lecteur de disques compacts au prix minimum de \$125 et un magnétoscope à \$300 minimum. Bring you best offers to the G.C.S.U c/o Sharmila or Patrik before February 26, 1993

Glendon Christian Fellowship Étude Biblique de Glendon
Mon. Rm 035(Clubs rm)
12:30-1:30 -English Bible Study

Mon. 7-9pm Games Night
Starting Feb. 8
Wed. 12:30-1:30 Rm C202
Prayer Meeting
9-10pm Wood Res.
English Bible Study

Friday 12:30-1:30 Études en Français
salle: O35

Tous les matins dans la salle O35, une 1/2h de prière à 8:45 jusqu'à 9h15

LOGÉ-NOURRI

Pour 1 personne dynamique et responsable. En échange de la garde d'un enfant de 3 ans le soir et le samedi. Appelez Jacques Charrette. (entre 11am-11pm)
Tel: 596-7515

SPORTS

Sportspick

Ratings for Jan 31st - Feb 8th
1992

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|-------------|
| 1. | P. Marier | 1298 |
| 2. | S. Racine | 1225 |
| 3. | S. Dupont | 1211 |
| 4. | A. Seymour | 1192 |
| 5. | S. Langevin | 1175 |
| 6. | M. Perron | 1149 |
| 7. | T. Ahmed | 1148 |
| 8. | L. Jewitt | 1142 |
| 9. | A. Khan | 1119 |
| 10. | Chief | 1113 |
| 11. | E. Warner | 1067 |
| 12. | S. Mathew | 1064 |
| 13. | Julia and Mike | 1053 |
| 14. | J. Warner | 1035 |



Sportspick Quiz

* Questions this week are supplied by the Fastrack, The newspaper of the faculty of administrative affairs at York Main

1. What were the original six NHL teams?
2. Which teams joined the NHL when the WHA folded?
3. Who is the only NHL player born in Taiwan?
4. Who scored the game winning goal in the 1976 Canada Cup and against which country?
5. What is the only team to sport the top four scorers in the same season and who were they?

LOCKER ROOM TALK

Stefan Racine

J'aimerais remercier tous ceux et celles qui sont venu(e)s et qui ont participé au "Hockey Pub" le jeudi 28 janvier/93.

A special thanks goes out to Suny Behar, Tom Donnelly, Kate Barber, Vicky Jebreen and the Pub staff who helped to make sure that things ran smoothly.

On this same evening the Hockey Team played well and recorded a 5-3 victory. We had a strong performance in goal by Dennis Waecheter and solid defence with Ed "Stickman" Villamere,

Greg Fryia and the Robson brothers Mark and Dave.

Glendon jumped out to an early lead with three quick goals by Paul "Guy" Hurtubise, Chris Anderson and yours truly. The opposition tied the game up early in the second. Tim "Zamboni" Wilshaw netted the eventual winner: an empty net goal with 035 seconds remaining! This sealed the victory for the "Fleur De Lys".

Pour ceux et celles qui souhaitent nous encourager, nous jouons à l'arène "Center Ice" les dates suivantes:

- | | |
|-----------|----------|
| Février 7 | 12:30 pm |
| Mars 4 | 7:30 pm |
| Avril 1 | 8:30 pm |
| 18 | 8:30 pm |
| 11 | 10:30 pm |
| 25 | 10:30 pm |
| 14 | 12:30 pm |
| 25 | 9:30 pm |



Chief's Choices

The only way they can lose is if the ice breaks and they all fall in!

Monday: Sabres will stir-fry the Senators from Ottawa

The road journey continues for the Senators and a quest for an on-road win will not happen, especially at the Aud.

Today could be your day!

Tuesday: Leafs will beat the Lightning, well I hope

Well, how can they lose! Toronto will have to control all the aspects that night. Knowing Pat Burns, I think he can do it. The question to keep in mind is if Potvin will be up for the challenge

If your looking to throw your money to the wind:

Tuesday: De Nord's and Vancouver to tie

Now let me say something, let me get a word in edgewise! You got two of the hottest teams playing against each other and you got some very hot shooters going against some really hard goalies. But if you want to know why there is going to be a tie, it's because both teams have got Swedes.

ENTERTAINMENT

AVIS D'ÉLECTIONS PRINTANNIÈRES DE L'AECG (Mars 16-18)

A) Les positions suivantes seront disponibles à l'AECG.

- i) Président(e)
- ii) Vice-président(e)
- iii) Directeur / directrice des:
 - Affaires académiques
 - Affaires bilingues
 - Clubs et services
 - Communications
 - Affaires culturelles
 - Affaires externes

- iv) Conseillers / Conseillères (6)
- v) Sénateur étudiant du Collège Glendon

Il y aura également un référendum pour la ratification du rédacteur en chef de Protém pour l'année 1993-1994.

B) LA PÉRIODE DE NOMINATION débutera le 24 février 1993 et se terminera le 3 mars 1993 à 16h30. Les formulaires de nomination seront disponibles dès le 24 février au bureau de l'AECG.

C) La PÉRIODE DE CAMPAGNE se déroulera du 3 mars 1993 à 16h31 au 15 mars 1993 à 23h59.

D) LA PÉRIODE DE VOTE aura lieu près de la cafétéria les 16, 17, et 18 mars. Afin d'être en mesure de voter, les étudiant(e)s devront présenter leur carte d'étudiant.

Les renseignements concernant les dépenses de la campagne seront disponibles vers la fin de la semaine.

Si vous avez des questions à propos des élections, veuillez vous adresser au directeur général du scrutin.

ISTANBUL COMES TO GLENDON

Heather Birrell

A Turkish Apartment

**The moveable were prodically rich:
Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,
So costly were they; carpets every stitch
Of workmanship so rare, that made you wish
You could glide over them like a golden fish.**

- Byron

Over the weekend of January 29th to January 31st, the Principals's Residence of Glendon Hall was wondrously transformed by an exhibit of Turkish paintings, photographs, antique embroideries, embossed copper, kilims, hand-painted ceramics, and old silver. Other special events included a lecture, "An Imperial visit to Topkapi", by Miss Louise Mackie, curator of the Royal Ontario Museum and a concert of Turkish Classical

music. For the students who partook, the opening reception provided a welcome respite from the drudgery of half-finished essays and dirty winter slash. The exhibit, mounted by The Turkish Culture and Folklore Society of Canada was composed entirely of art objects from the homes of members. Upon entering Glendon's "mini-Turkey", guests were greeted by the sight of rich brocades and colourful throw cushion

Tantalus' Quest (bar review)

Todd McDaniel

The intimidating black door loomed ominously in the distance. As I approached closer a steady, rhythmic pounding grew louder inside my chest. Suddenly I grew dizzy. My head began to swim and I broke out in a cold sweat. "This could be the place..." I said aloud to the starry night sky, "this could be the world's most perfect bar!". The implications of this thought overwhelmed me, yet I had to forge ahead. I took in a deep breath, collected myself and reached for the cold steel handle that might possibly end my quest.

As I pulled open the door, I was hit by the tremendous squalor that had accumulated inside. I smiled sheepishly at the oak tree of a doorman and disappeared into the sea of people. I found a table and ordered a pint of ale. With the first priority out of the way, I could then concentrate fully on the band-a practice that I take very seriously. "Ok Chick'n' Deli," I thought to myself "impress me".

The crystal clear tone of a Fender Stratocaster assaulted my senses with a stinging sweetness like honey laced with shards of broken glass. The crowd seemed to be having an unprecedented good time. The dance floor was afire with blazing moves...not your average contemporary Hip-Hop type moves, but really bad, swingin', havin'-a-good-time-moves reminiscent of the disco era. What had brought these Good-time Charlie here? The tunes! the Chick'n'Deli has a formidable reputation as an "uptown jazz" and blues bar. The atmosphere of this well lit grogshop is right out of the American south with neon novelties and beer

signs littering the walls. The crowd, expectedly, is a little older with the average somewhere around the 30 mark. In spite of the Deli's close proximity to Glendon (don't be too surprised), I've never seen another Glendonite there in my two years of patronisation.

The Chick'n'Deli, which is located at 744 Mt. Pleasant Road at Eglinton, features a new band each week and some weekend regulars which I highly recommend: The Climax Jazz band covers the Saturday matinée, Sunday features Danny Marks and the Chuck Jackson All Star band takes the stage every Monday. I suggest showing up early on the weekends to beat the line-up. The pistol-packin' Hary Connick Jr. even gave a recent performance at the Deli (and you can bet he didn't wait in line).

The Chick'n'Deli offers several special events such as "Buy a "slave" for a night", on Valentine's Day with the proceeds going to the Hugh Macmillan Children's Foundation, euchre tournaments every Saturday at noon, and even organized ski trips.

The menu is more or less chicken-bred with items

such as Teriyaki chicken, Soulaki, Fajitas, Wings and even a "Cool Jazz Salad"! All items are under ten bucks and wings are half-priced on Mondays and Tuesdays between 11:30 and 9:00pm. Wednesday nights are "Sizzlin' Texan BBQ" nights and 75 cents will buy an nice, big juicy, cob of corn! "All-you-can-eat Sunday brunch" is offered between 11:00am and 3:00pm.

Drinks are a little pricier than average which is understandable since there is no cover charge. Draught beer is \$4.75/pint and they offer about six choices including Coor's Light, Labatt's Blue, Sleeman's Ale and Toby. All the regular bottled beers are available for \$3.90 and mixed drinks are \$4.50. I would recommend staying away from the \$140 bottle of Dom Perignon (at least until your OSAP/paycheck's in).

The wall of the Chick'n'Deli sports a nifty little quote from Humphrey Bogart that summarises his philosophy (and mine) on the root of the numerous problems which poison Humankind: The problem with the world is...that everybody is three drinks behind.

Chick'n'Deli: Blues. Beer. Bad (or good) dancing. Older crowd. A hoot'in good time. Of a possible 5 MUGS, the Deli wins 31/2.

The quest continues. Cheers!

gracing the sofas of the livingroom while the scent Turkish culinary delicacies wafted in from the kitchen. Also on display were several examples of Turkish traditional dress (embroided robes and jewellery to die for) and a bedspread laced with gold and silk threads.

On the diningroom table, illustrated books describing Turkey's culture and geography were available for the guests' perusal. It seemed, however, that the Glendon

student contingent (most notably Pro Tem's editor-in-chief) was more attracted by the sticky and sweet baklava being generously doled out in the next room. Nevertheless, at the end of January, when student housing is not proving as well insulated as hoped, cash is at an all time low and grilled cheese is losing its appeal - lounging on those bright, comfy couches decked out in Turkish royal garb, being fed exotic snacks... Well, this is a fantasy I think

we can all buy into! When acquiring worldiness implies free food and warm surroundings, one can always count on a strong student presence, hungry for...culture.



TURKEY

PACKAGE

UNTITLED

° Danielle Boissonneault

It's easy to scare yourself when you're alone behind
a locked door.
It's easy to dream about what you hope will happen,
but it probably won't.
It's easy to say you've got the world at your finger-
tips, but what do you do with the world?
It's easy to say that you're beautiful one night of the
year and hate yourself for the rest of it.
It's easy to hold your head up high with that strong
glassy stare, as long as no one comes too close to
look beneath the surface.
It's easy to use people to get what you want, but only
for the first week.
It's easy to lie and say "I love you".



The Death

We are standing on the edge of a cliff,
peering down on the lights that shine dimly through the
fog.
And we stay there holding each other for a while,
And he asks me that question.
He's tilting my head up to meet his steady gaze and he
asks me again.
I answer him with the burn of my kiss on his feverish lips.
I can picture the boy settled quietly in front of a blank
easel with fascination thoughts burning through him like
flames of dust shooting across a dark sky.
And there is nothing I would ever want to picture more
than the sight of the boy in his slumber with the book
lying open on his breast.
In this night of blackest black all questions will be
answered and all truths will be revealed.
No longer will the lights threaten;
the darkness will descend quickly...peacefully.
In my head we are already falling through the clouds
and reshaping the mist into outlines of our souls.
I truly long to know of this God he speaks of.
I am resting my head now on the shoulder of the boy in
the cloak.
There is a peaceful silence except for the sounds of our
hearts beating,
and I reach up slowly to touch his face.
If only he would wipe the rain from my face
and tell me I'm beautiful once more.
I feel his trembling hand reaching up to touch
my hair, but only a single strand,
and only for a moment.
He is taking my hand,
and I am staring down at the hands that will remain for-
ever entwined,
And with one single step he leads me to God.

Christos Vritsis

When our eyes met
our lips could not
remain pursed,
so close
were you
that I wished—
prayed for my
conversation to end
until, I could
—ohhh—
I anticipated,
I shivered
I waited counting
every single possible
moment of time
until—I
could
kiss
your hand

A Boy and His Guitar
Anastasia Renault

Up and down
The minstrel wanders.
Under starlit skies he
strums,
Serenading angels and
Filling silent souls with
music.
He sings of his loves,
All the while
Picking at heartstrings,
And making musical pleas.
His guitar is the instrument
of his guilt.

A vous Femmes Fatales
Olivier Maury et Aresh
Para

De part la terre,
De part le temps,

Les conseils de ma mère
Sont Bible et Coran.

Je devine en vous femme
caline
Une vie facile, un sentiment
mordant.

De part la vie,
De part mes sentiments,

Mon éducation amoureuse
Rythme mes nuits, et
chauffe mon sang,
Troubadour solitaire au
cœur d'enfant
J'écris pour vous mesdames
ces vers cinglants.
De part ma vie,
De part votre temps,
Mon voyage se poursuit
Sur des chemins ardents.
J'écris votre mal
Je décris mon tourment...

The Dying Factory
Douglas Langdon

They're taking me away to the dying factory
They've incarcerated me with only memories
There is nothing to look forward to but death
There's nothing to do 'cept count my breath

For fun I could lie in bed all day,
And watch the nurses impose their ways
And for a change, I could roll over in bed,
'Til my number comes up and I'm pronounced dead.

Occasionally, the children drop by
And spoonfeed me puréed pecan pie
After these gourmet meals, the nurses give shots
So we don't end up like those in London
Dying of the trots

The grandkids seldom come; they promise they will,
And then expect to be remembered in my will
When they do visit, they act like me,
Looking out windows and staring at trees
Hoping to see glimpses of life and sun
Instead of their destiny they know will come.

And when the time comes, they'll all be ready
My box is ready and waiting in the '57 Chevy
And it's warm and cosy comfy and plush,
And the motor's running, they're in such a rush,
To wheel me down to take the service lift,
To churn me out, 'fore I'm even stiff

When I was free, I used to sweep
The cobwebs from the floors
Now they've done the same to me,
No longer wanting us around any more
They've swept us behind the iron doors.

All I have left is memories,
And they've become my reality,
But once I indulge in them too long,
The difference 'twixt past and present is gone,
Then I mix up names and get them wrong,
And I start thinking I'm in Hong Kong.

Then the children see my progress,
And remark *I think she's regressed,*
Her mind is gone, she's turned senile,
Ah well, she's still got her smile.

Empty as that may be,
For death is better than loss of dignity,
And that's what they kill so efficiently,
At the dying factory.

Worth Wating For

by Déjà Vu **Virgin Twister**

The party's on ice, boring as hell your boredom is shown	Spin the arrow Place your hand on the blue circle Picking up pace Looks funny Entangled bodies writhe, twisted twisted twisted
However, it can be saved with Twister	Ohhh...hold it hold---no Ahhh... My game of Twister
Quickly-the-mat-is unfolded---so white with different coloured dots	