

protem

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À lire!

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pro tem

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éditorial

On Friday, October 16, there was a nationwide student protest mainly concerning tuition hikes. The event was organized by the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS); which would include the York Federation of Students (YFS) and the Glendon College Student Union (GCSU). A thorough analysis of the impact of the protest has yet to be conducted.

Until then, it is interesting to note that there were approximately 10 Glendon students showing their support for this cause. Even if I had miscounted, and it was 20 students and not 10, this is still a relatively insignificant number ($p=.05$, psych joke) relative to the actual Glendon student population. Furthermore, there did not appear to be any faculty. Why?

Would it be reasonable to assume

that everybody else was working on Friday? Sure, why not. Most students don't have any classes on Fridays and thus schedule themselves into hard labour to ease that Atlas load that tuition places on everyone's bad backs. But was everybody working?

Well, if everybody wasn't working, then maybe it's possible that the rest went home from the weekend. Family is family, and students living away from home seeking the comforts of a home cooked meal may have been unable to break plans with their families. Furthermore, students living far off campus may not have been able to afford the extra trip back to school when they don't have classes.

It's also possible that everybody else doesn't have any problems with the current state of tuition and the

future increases. Glendon does have a couple well-off students who can afford tuition with the help of well-off working parents and others still may just be extremely good with money management and have been working towards paying for a post-secondary education all their lives.

But does that account for everybody?

Maybe there's an increasing sense of apathy and a feeling of a lack of control over such "political matters". Some people may feel that it just doesn't matter how many times you protest, it just doesn't make a difference.

Despite all these possible "excuses" I've made for a lack of student support at Glendon for the protest against tuition increases, there is still yet another possible

explanation. Was there a lack of publicity for this event? Was everyone aware of this protest with ample time to make the proper arrangements? When did you find out about it? Just now? On the mainstream media? A week ago? A day before the event?

If this was the case, was it the fault of the GCSU, or was it a product of a lack of organization on the CFS? Maybe the YFS?

Despite all these speculations, the fact of the matter is that there was an insignificant number of students supporting this event. If this type of miniscule support persists, I don't understand why the GCSU should bother investing our money on events of this nature when nobody goes.

JR

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Fabry:

Yet once again it seems like our written paths must cross. It was with great enjoyment that I read your reply to my "letter to the editor", at least your reply was way more interesting than your original article was.

Just a few points of clarification to your article, if I may:

A) You did not have to print my article in Pro-Tem, and I'm sorry if you think that I had to "stoop to name-calling and character-bashing" to get my article published.

B) The tone of envy is well prominent in your article, and I must conclude that ENVY was the main reason you replied to it.

C) You went to the movies with friends, oh its good to know you're not the only simpleton in this world...god forbid you should be alone

D) I do must congratulate you, on your apprenticeship of the Japanese culture, its not one of the easiest ones to learn, and I do hope that you can say more than thank you very much in Japanese.

As for your plan to live in Japan after graduation, once again Mr. Fabry I believe the difference between us, is that I don't plan I do it, and then (if you'll pardon the cliché) I have the T-shirt to show for it.

E) To conclude Mr. Fabry, do you not contradict yourself in regards to your statement "there still remain people who have to stoop so low to name calling and character bashing to get an article published..." in your last paragraph when you yourself resort to the use of the same weapons?

And, as far as your suggestion to take advantage of Air Canadas deal, I did. Flight 387 departing to Amsterdam the last week of December returning the first week of January, I'll be on it. When I come back I plan to tell you ALL about it.

'Till then Mr. Fabry indeed, BON VOYAGE!

Mr. J. Guillaume

P.S.-> And, oh by the way Mr. Fabry, as for your poems that's a whole new editorial letter.

Reply!

Reply (again!)

I wish I didn't have to keep doing this, it is really tiresome and time-consuming. But it seems you just can't let sleeping dogs lie. So, here we go again. First off, you continue to character-bash, as is apparent by your opening statement. Secondly, it wasn't my decision to print your article. Believe me, if it was up to me, I would have just crumpled up your original reply and thrown it out

(which is actually what I did, at first. Then my code of honour (something else which is foreign to you) kicked in and I realized I couldn't let you get away with what you wrote. Envy had nothing to do with it (though I'm sure you'd like to believe otherwise). And I would have thought that by now, we as university students, would be mature enough to settle our differences without

squabbling and name-calling, like little children. One of us still has to attain a maturity level beyond adolescent status, and it sure isn't me. Oh yes, as a sidebar to my preceding point, one would believe you would have learned to spell correctly by now. Yes, I know a whole lot more than thank you very much in Nihongo, but I won't bother to write it out. I don't want to have

to waste my time replying to silly immature letters from people who have nothing better to do with their time. I have work to do. Shitsureeshimasu.

Paul Fabry
P.S. Don't bother writing to me anymore, I won't answer.

P.P.S. And instead of criticizing other people's written work, why don't YOU submit an article yourself instead of these juvenile letters?

Prochaine réunion de Pro Tem :

Pro Tem: room 117
Glendon Hall,
487-6736

Thursday,
October 22
at 5:30pm.

jeudi 22 octobre
à 17h30.

Next Pro Tem
meeting:

Pro Tem is the bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signataires n'engagent qu'eux-mêmes, et non l'équipe éditoriale. Les articles sous-entendant des propos diffamatoires, racistes, antisémites, sexistes ou homophobes ne seront pas publiés. The deadline to submit ads and articles is every other Tuesday at 5 pm. Meetings are on Thursday at 5:30 pm. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Manoir Glendon, local 117. Editorial and Advertising: 487-6736. Production: 487-6821. Fax: 487-6779. E-Mail: protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca Tirage: 3000 exemplaires.

Deadline for submissions:
Tuesday, October 28
1998 at 5:00pm.

Date de Tombée :
mardi 28 octobre
à 17:00.

Vous avez des commentaires. Faites-les nous parvenir par courrier électronique (E-Mail). Notre adresse:
prottem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca

Any comments? Send them to us by E-Mail. Our address:
prottem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca

Your Cafeteria Exposed

David Clarke

In response to Ishani Gunasekera's investigation of the Restaurantica cafeteria operation, and subsequent interview of Lou Salem, Restaurantica general manager, let me detail some of the misguided operations of our very own cafeteria.

"I really want to show cooking more...so it's freshly cooked the way students want it" Announced Lou Salem during his interview. On a recent trip to the grill in the cafeteria, someone in front of me ordered a grilled chicken breast. I was then asked for my order of a hot dog. With both of our orders in tow, the grill operator produced a raw chicken breast from the refrigerator below the counter in her bare hands. After dropping that on the grill, she went directly to the cooler and produced a hot dog, and proceeded to grill it for my lunch. For those of you who don't know, raw chicken is a major source of salmonella, the bacteria responsible for a great deal of food poisonings each year. Anything that employee touched with her hands before washing them is covered in salmonella. The big knife. The

cutting board. The bagels. What is occurring in our cafeteria is massive

Salmonella may be behind that upset stomach!

cross contamination of salmonella. How many of you have felt queasy after a cafe lunch? Guess what? Salmonella may be behind that upset stomach!

A second note for those of you who like the pizza in the café. Go and take at the hot box that the pizza sits in all day. The knob at the top right is set for medium humidity and about 130 degrees Fahrenheit. This is unsafe! Food handling requirements state that

any food that is being served hot (like pizza) must be kept at NO LESS than 140 degrees. Our very own cafeteria staff have lowered the temperature on the warming box to unsafe levels. And guess why - to save money on energy costs! This is a simple case of a company wanting to save money by compromising on certain aspects of their operation - aspects that they think nobody will notice.

I noticed, and I hope on your next visit to the cafeteria you will look twice at what Restaurantica is doing with the food you eat.

It may be saving money to them, but it's your health and mine that they are playing with. I won't stand for it, and I hope you won't either.

Remember this when it comes time to renew their contract for next year - food poisoning and unsafe food practices are real. They can make you sick, and they can kill you, and it's happening right in front of our eyes!

Are the York Kegs Tapped?

Rob Shaw

"...every time I've been to a pub night at the main campus something has happened."

The nightlife at York's favorite watering holes could soon be coming to a halt. In the past month word has been circulating that York's liquor license is under review by the L.L.B.O and the pubs may be closing down. "It could happen as late as April and as early as next week," said Glenn Rigby manager of the Café de la Terrasse.

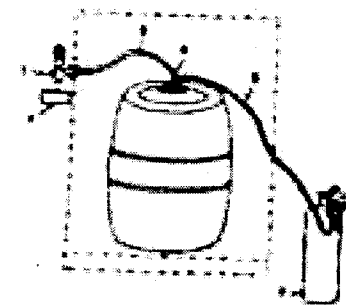
York University holds one license that covers all pubs on campus. Unlike other bars in the province, which have one individual license for every bar they operate, York holds one license that acts the same for "The Underground" as it does for the "Café de la Terrasse". "The L.L.B.O doesn't like this, they would rather have the license holder oversee the day to day operations," said Rigby.

The problem at hand is that the Metro Police have filed a complaint with the L.L.B.O that forces them to investigate the York bars. A pub manager, who wished his name withheld, told me, "The Police have been making regular trips to York Main already this term. It's not always for violence, but after a certain number of calls, they're getting tired of it."

York has been a battleground over the years during pub nights. "From stabbing, to beatings, they've got a real problem up there," Rigby said.

York Security, that patrols the campus nightly, has always been able to keep the problems under control. Unlike security at U of T, who are able to detain people and hold them, York Security has limited powers to charge and detain people.

"York security is forced to call the police if any problems happen, it could be as simple as a theft. If any charges are to be laid the police must



come in and do it," said the pub manager. The limited powers of York Security would seem to give the police the impression that the pubs are out of control and that the license should be reviewed.

"I wouldn't believe that the license is being reviewed for violence," said the pub manager. He told me that in the past when York has had a problem with a bar, they would deal with it. "Earlier this term the police came in and shut all the pubs down at 2 a.m. This pub also experienced one man who was beat over the head with a bottle. For years, The Underground has had problems every weekend, the cops were being

called all the time. York was able to deal with the problem and clean the place up".

Unfortunately the Glendon pub, which Rigby describes as, "a safe place with very few problems," will be hit by this investigation. Rigby states that no one has come by as yet but he expects someone will in the next few weeks.

Jake Mitchell, a third year student says "It would be unfortunate, but I saw it coming a mile away, every time I've been to a pub night at the main campus something has happened."

A staff member from one of the York pubs says "JACS pub at York Main has recently been taken from the students and given to a private company which is allegedly owned by a large corporation. If York's license was ever to be taken away it would be difficult for individual colleges to obtain their own licenses. What worries me is that all the pubs could potentially be privatized. This would make them much less accountable to the students."

Norman Grandly of the Food and Beverage Services is the holder of the liquor license for the York pubs. When asked to speak about the status of York pubs, he was unable to comment.

What does the future hold for these watering holes? With slim details and not many people talking, it makes it very possible that we may only find out the truth on a Thursday night.

A brief look at tuition around the world

Source: excalibur

Frank Satusky

TORONTO (CUP) - Canada is no longer one of the cheaper places in the world to attend university, despite the federal government's agreement 20 years ago to work towards eliminating tuition fees altogether.

Today, an undergraduate degree averages around \$3,200 nationally, up from \$1,438 in 1990.

Tuition fees have been steadily increasing in recent years even though in 1976, Canada signed a United Nations Covenant agreeing to begin eliminating tuition fees - a pledge many student leaders say has clearly been ignored.

According to the Canadian Federation of Students, Canada is one of a small number of countries that have raised tuition rates over the past few years. Of the 29 member nations of the Organization for Economic Development, only 12 charge tuition fees, and the average cost of a university degree is only higher in the United States and Japan than in Canada. Countries that do not charge any tuition fees for post-secondary education include Austria, Denmark, France, Germany, Hungary, and Norway. And students in some of those countries have to pay only education-related costs such as materials and some administrative

fees, the federation says. In France, for instance, the total average fee students are required to pay amounts to \$150 (Cdn). The countries that do not charge tuition fees fund universities through other means, such as higher taxation.

Until recently, the United Kingdom was one of the countries that could boast low tuition fees. However, the Labour government has recently passed legislation to charge students the equivalent of about \$1,500 (Cdn) annually for post-secondary education. Although there was resistance and protest by British students, the new tuition fees came into effect for the 1998-99 school year.

In the United States, the most expensive country in the world to attend university, undergraduate tuition averages around \$4,600 (Cdn) a year. The U.S. - much like Ontario today thanks to recent provincial legislation - doesn't regulate university fees, leading to a wide discrepancy in tuition fees among institutions.

Door openers

Lionel Tona

Notre campus dispose de quelques équipements adaptés aux personnes ayant un handicap. Parfois, des personnes les détériorent sans même en avoir conscience. Tara Geraghty, du Comité "Action Pour Accessibilité", nous parle du système électrique qui équipe certaines portes. "Les boutons activant l'ouverture automatique de portes à différents endroits du campus ne sont pas là uniquement pour les personnes handicapées, mais pour tous ceux qui ne peuvent pas ouvrir les portes par la façon conventionnelle. Que vous soyez en fauteuil roulant, à béquille, ou les bras chargés de commissions, ces portes automatiques sont là pour vous faciliter la vie. Toutefois, si vous n'avez pas la force ou la possibilité d'ouvrir la porte sans presser le bouton, vous ne pourrez sans doute pas donner un grand coup dans le bouton pour enclencher le mécanisme. C'est la raison pour laquelle le bouton activant ce dernier est si sensible. Les grandes plaques rondes ont été placées sur

l'interrupteur pour faciliter l'activation du très sensible mécanisme. La grandeur des boutons n'est en effet pas proportionnelle à leur robustesse... bien au contraire. Les interrupteurs cachés par les boutons mesurent à peu près la taille d'une pièce de 10 cents, et plus les gens y exercent une pression superflue, plus ils perdent en sensibilité ; et par là même leur raison d'être (ils devraient pouvoir s'activer sous la plus petite pression possible). Il est également bon de savoir que plus ces boutons sont utilisés, plus les batteries les alimentant s'usent rapidement, et quand les batteries sont vides, les portes ne s'ouvrent plus du tout. Même si de simples piles de 9V suffisent à résoudre le problème, le Comité "Action Pour Accessibilité" ne peut pas se permettre d'acheter des piles de rechange. De plus, nous ne savons pas à qui nous adresser pour les problèmes de ce genre. "Si vous connaissez la réponse, s'il vous plaît, appelez-nous au Pro Tem et nous transmettrons le message à Tara.

Board will examine corporate-school partnerships, Marchi says

Source: The Varsity
Andrew Sunstrum

TORONTO (CUP) - The federal government will begin consulting businesses about how the education sector can build ties with industry, the Minister of Trade has announced.

Sergio Marchi unveiled the Education Market Advisory Board at an education summit last week amid delegates who called for a loosening of restrictions around private sector influence in post-secondary education.

"The government is trying to support your initiatives," Marchi said of the advisory board, which will ask businesses for ideas about how to forge links between Canada's schools and corporations. "We also want your advice - for you to tell us how we can help you best," he told the gathering of about 400 business and education leaders at the Toronto Convention Centre.

Marchi says the initiative spells good news for schools and the private

sector since Canada's burgeoning education industry has the potential to be profitable. "Not only is it good business - but definitely big business," Marchi said. "There is still work to be done and money to be made. Those companies that ride this wave will enjoy, clearly, the benefits and profits beyond anything we've ever seen before," he said.

Promotional material for the conference asked delegates to "continue to explore a \$700-billion growth industry for the finance and investment community." Delegates at the conference echoed Marchi's call for more ties between the private and education sectors.

"In the U.S., there is more money and eagerness for installations and

partnerships, but Canada tends to take the Kumbaya approach," said Myles McGovern, president and chief executive officer of MC2, a technology-based company that has a partnership with Simon Fraser University.

Margot Northey, dean of Queen's School of Business, agrees.

The system we have in Canada is very slow in moving to change," said Northey, who spoke at the conference to promote Queen's executive master's of business administration program. The two-year degree charges students \$60,000 tuition.

We need to link business needs to knowledge and research in a responsive way," said Geraldine Kenny Wallace, managing director and vice chancellor of British Aerospace Engineering University. The university has partnerships with

many post-secondary schools in Europe.

But not everyone was pleased with Marchi's endorsement of corporate-school links - or his presence at the meeting. Student and union activists condemned the minister's attendance at the second annual Canadian Conference for the Investment in the Education-for-Profit Industry. "His presence gives a kind of authority to this," said David Clipsham, of the Canadian Association of University Teachers.

"I'm horrified by the direction of this conference and specifically by the presence of a federal cabinet minister," the York University English professor said.

Elizabeth Carlyle, national chair of the Canadian Federation of Students, said she too was offended by the fact that Ottawa condoned the conference. "It's horrible that the

federal government is interested in giving education away to the private sector so they can tear it apart and make money out of the pieces," she said told reporters during the conference's lunch break.

Carlyle says the summit's lack of concern for accessibility, quality and diversity in the education system is a clear indicator of what is to come.

"The complete lack of consideration of the ethical implications of the conference is really scary for students." She and other critics also say the link between education and the private sector will only lead to a lack of diversity in the curriculum of students.

"If education becomes a commodity, there will be a control by those who fund it," said Clipsham, who fears research will soon be geared solely to the interests of the private sector.

The Gala Against Global Greed

Suzanne McCullagh

The Gala event was organized by the Council of Canadians and took place at the University of Toronto Auditorium. It was intended to be a celebration of the third citizen's inquiry into alternatives to the Multilateral Agreement on Investment (MAI).

The purpose of the inquiry was to create alternatives to the present economic situation based on the values of the citizens; that citizens have rights, that the government is responsible to the citizens, and that corporations are accountable for their actions. The Council of Canadians is planning to present

these alternatives, in the form of an interim report, to the government on the 29th of October.

The timing of their report is significant as it comes at the end of the six-month break in negotiations about the Multilateral Agreement on Investment (MAI). The MAI was to have been completed in

February of this year but the 29 members of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) were unable to agree on the terms.

Within Canada there has been strong opposition to the MAI. Critics say that it would give corporations more power than governments and thus lessen accountability to citizens.

Maude Barlow, a prominent critic of the agreement and president of the Council of Canadians says that "Corporations have taken over

as the dominant institutions of our day". One example she gives to support this claim is with regard to cigarettes. The government tried to get cigarette companies to put their cigarettes in plain paper packaging, companies refused and the government was unable to force them.

One of the performances at the gala was a play written and performed by Mark Avery Davidson, "IAMMAI". In the note which introduces his play Davidson writes: "IAMMAI argues that the

treaty may violate a people's right to self-determination, which includes the ability of a people to shape the economic, social and cultural elements of their society through the democratic passage of law."

The premise underlying the MAI inquiry and the Gala Against Global Greed is that if Canadian citizens were properly informed about the impact that globalization is having on their lives they would become more involved developing economic and social policy.

Folklore Glendonien, deuxième partie

Lionel Tona

Après un petit passage à vide, voici de nouvelles histoire de fantômes pour satisfaire vos petits esprits curieux et gourmands de "paranormal". J'ai en effet trouvé quelques sources très informées qui ont bien voulu me livrer quelques unes des rumeurs qui bruissent autour des secrets de Glendon. Ici, même seul, on n'est jamais seul apparemment ! J'ai écrit ici quelques petites anecdotes qui m'ont semblé tomber à pic pour la fête des revenants. Mais c'en est fini du préambule : je vous souhaite un Halloween effrayant à souhait !

Au bonheur des dames

Dans l'une des résidences, lors de deux nuits seulement, à deux ans d'intervalle, les occupantes d'une même chambre simple furent affectées d'un même phénomène appelé "fire in the brain". Les symptômes : un fort sentiment qu'une présence malsaine se trouve dans la pièce puis l'impression qu'il investit votre corps pour un moment, rendant vaine toute tentative de bouger. Puis tout s'arrête d'un coup et ne revient pas *a priori*. La rumeur ne va pas jusqu'à dire que c'était le même jour de l'année.

L'exorciste

Il paraîtrait que le campus soit situé sur un lieu fortement lié aux amérindiens. Plusieurs versions évoquent une terre sacrée, une sépulture, ou encore de lieu par lequel transitent les âmes des défunts. Laquelle de ces versions croire, c'est

un autre problème. Mais il semblerait bien qu'un "chaman" amérindien ait été invité à venir sur les lieux il y a quelques années pour équilibrer les énergies ; c'est sûrement une approximation lexicale, mais vous voyez l'idée.

Cocoon I & II à 5 jours d'intervalle.

Un étudiant et sa fiancée, alors qu'ils se trouvaient à environ 20 kilomètres du collège, aperçurent des lueurs dans le ciel. Perplexe mais sans plus, le couple prit la voiture pour rentrer au collège, à la résidence Wood. La pression commença à monter : ils eurent la sensation que les lumières les suivaient, et ce, jusqu'à Glendon... se rapprochant parfois. C'était le dimanche 16 novembre 1996. Ils rentrèrent dans le bâtiment puis, décidément intrigués, ils firent une excursion nocturne dans le bois derrière la résidence. Ils revirent

des lumières qui, lors de déplacements saccadés et rapides, venaient jusqu'à hauteur d'arbres. Ils ne sont pas les seuls à les avoir vues, chacun avançant sa propre théorie pour rationaliser l'affaire, sans réellement se mettre d'accord à la fin. Quelques jours seulement après (jeudi 21 novembre 1996), une étudiante prétendit voir dans le ciel quatre lumières qui semblaient y décrire des motifs, se rejoignant par moment au centre.

Psychose

Très tôt, un matin, à Hilliard, une étudiante entend un cri féminin assez fort paraissant provenir de l'extérieur, sans réellement pouvoir le localiser. Ce qui est étrange, c'est qu'une autre étudiante a reporté à la sécurité qu'à la même heure, elle aussi avait été témoin du même cri. Personne n'a jamais découvert qui avait émis ce cri. Un tel cri n'est habituellement pas laissé sans suites.

Student days of action protest-Toronto

J.J. O'Rourke

Organized by the Canadian Federation of Students, Toronto's Days of Action protest wound its path through the downtown core last Friday. Following the 'trail of influence', students marched in protest of tuition hikes and budget cuts to their post secondary programs. The protesters assembled at Union Station at approx. 2:30pm and marched north through the city's financial district.

For the first stage of the rally, they accused members of the private sector of ignoring their responsibilities in students' futures. Protesters were angry at increased corporate involvement, and control in university and college programs. They all marched in step, mimicking the resounding hand-drum that droned away endlessly, and stopped at selected buildings along the route. Intersections and walkways in front of banks, insurance companies and other financial institutions were under siege, as the crowd chanted tirelessly. Onlookers from the buildings' windows, and others along the streets on their smoke breaks were timid and unresponsive, gazing with dreamy looks in their eyes and smirks on their faces.

An estimated 700 showed up for the activity, and other groups across the country have had other efforts in progress all week long. Postcard mailing campaigns, and other marches and protests, starting Oct 13-16, all accuse the federal and provincial governments of outrageous tuition hikes and discrimination of students in recent federal legislation. University tuition has seen an average increase of 158% during the last decade. Programs like Medicine at the University of Toronto, have gone up by 61% in the last year alone. Provincial deregulation of fees for certain programs in Ontario now means that tuition has no roof. College programs have had the same treatment, with a similar hike during the last decade. One program in particular at Sheridan, has gone up 480% in one single year.

The crowds marched on, drum banging away, whistles and

megaphones now replacing the usual cacophony of horns and screeching tires that is Friday downtown traffic. Our path went by major hospitals, blocking the streets in front of institutions like the Sick Children's Hospital, The Princess Margaret, and also Women's hospital. The effort to show support of their plight with Mike Harris' Tories was well meant, however, ill placed. Police on motorcycles kept the crowd northbound on University with no apparent altercations of any kind. The battle was not to be fought with them. This was not a demonstration of hostility. It was one of responsibility.

As they continued, OOMPACHAKA OOM went the drum, and the crowd's chants began to take on a different message. At the beginning of the march, we were upset at our growing debt problems, we wanted tuition freezes, and the choice between Coke and Pepsi. Later, demands like free education and an end to class discrimination filled the air. Representatives of various left wing groups had shown up and swayed the emotion of the herd. This soured things for participants, as the crowd continually dwindled from this point on.

Choosing the intersection of University and College as the site for a sit-in was very poetic and it took all of a few minutes for the novelty to wear off. Megaphones were offered up to anyone

with a message, and initial speakers encouraged students to continue the action after they returned home, and throughout the year. "That's how it's gonna work."

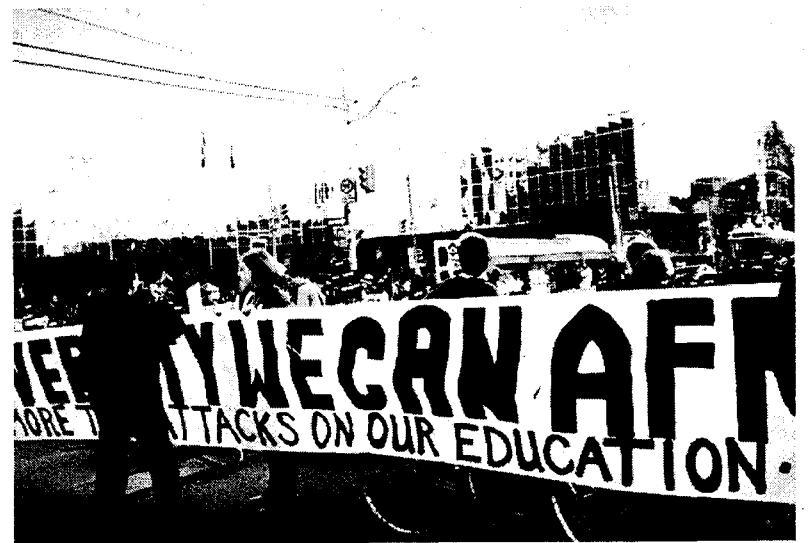
They revealed plans for a national student strike in February. One tactic

would be to reverse any prepayments that they made to the institution, plus deferring any outstanding ones. This would seriously affect operating costs, forcing universities and colleges to either discuss the situation, or close down. Another protest organized for the weekend, in Ottawa, had been dubbed a 'going away party' for Mike Harris. It would happen just as the P.C. party geared up for their pre-electoral campaign. Information on busses followed.

Other soapboxers had their say, in what was quickly changing from a Day of Action protest, to an information session. The crowd was lulled out of their thoughts at one point by an elderly gentleman arguing rather militantly against democracy. Some students were surprised at the supportive crowd reaction. One of the final speakers urged us to change our original route, so that we could include high school students who were protesting outside an education building a few blocks away. This time the drums didn't come.

With a mob of confused ideologies, we played 'follow the leader' for another 45 minutes before finally ending up at Queen's Park. The time was 6pm, well after quitting time for most government workers. Members of the labor movement, the Women's Action committee and other educational organizations greeted us. They took the helm with speeches, banners and flags, as we stood behind the barricades, and listened. No more with our chants, no more with our march, gone were the whistles and drums.

Having started on the right foot, and with everyone feeding off each other's energy, it was easy to see how a potentially constructive protest was dismantled. Mixed messages, confused politics, and outside influences all contributed to a small demonstration for Toronto students and their cause. Future activities will require organizers to pay more attention to timing, information, and student involvement.



Mom's Support Group at the Women's Centre

Meri Perra

The Women's Centre is organizing a mother's support group - open to both pregnant and parenting women on campus. The support group will be run collectively - that is there will not be an "expert" facilitator, but all decisions about the group will be made by the women who join

Women who are interested in joining can call the Women's Centre at: 736-2100 ext. 88917 or visit us at D 124 Hilliard. Currently, we are asking for everyone's availability and determining if we can provide child care to women who require it.

The group is starting because of the idea of Erin Doucette, a Women's Centre member who had a baby last year. Erin is starting the group to provide the opportunity

for women with children to meet and interact in a supportive environment. This is particularly important since

students in university who are parents may fall between the cracks when it comes to services - they are too old to be "teenage" moms, and too "young"

to be having children otherwise. This, along with the overwhelming responsibilities that accompany

women who are leading particularly busy lives an opportunity to spend a regular amount of time in a relaxed

environment where they are only focusing on themselves. Hopefully, the group will give women the opportunity to have some fun together, too!

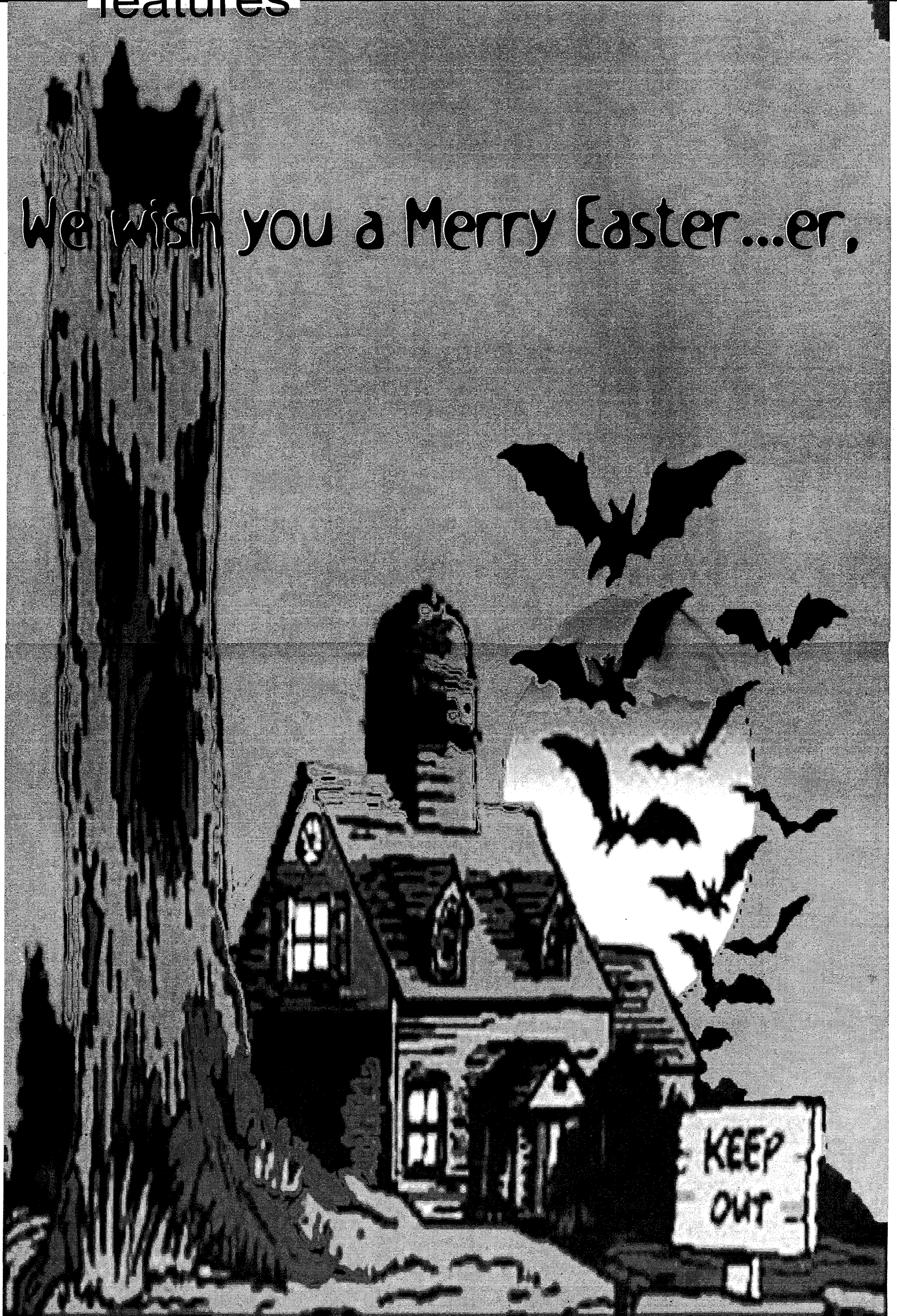
As mentioned, no date has been set for a first meeting. A date and time will be set once we have everyone's availability. The Women's Centre will try to provide baby-sitting for women who require it, and will be a baby safe environment by the time of the first meeting. The language of the discussion group will be dependent on the women who join. The Women's Centre has not ran a support group for several years. Old pamphlets from the Centre suggest that we used to run several groups in the same fashion as the mom's support group: where the women in the group control the dynamics and discussion without the advise of an expert. We are always open to ideas, though, and please contact us if you would like to see another group formed out of the Women's Centre.

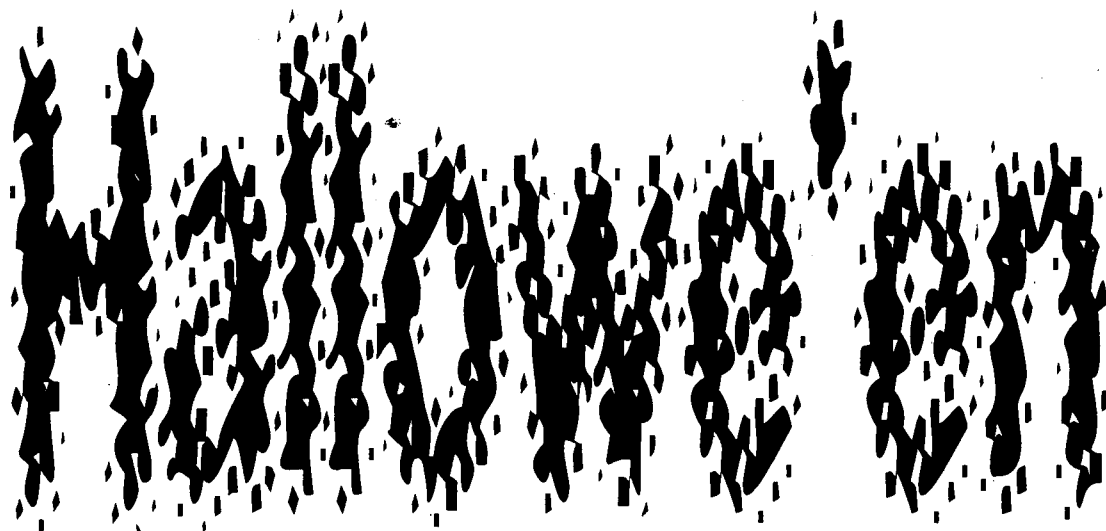
...they are too old to be "teenage" moms, and too "young" to be having children otherwise...

parenting, can lead to feelings of isolation, which the support group will hopefully begin to resolve. Also important, the group will offer

date has been set for a first meeting. A date and time will be set once we have everyone's availability. The Women's Centre will try to provide

We wish you a Merry Easter...er,





Paul Fabry

Trick or treat, my feet, give me something to eat!

Now Dasher, now Prancer, now Comet, on Comet, on Cupid, on Donner, and Blitzen! Ho ho ho, Merry Christmas!

Hippity hop, hippity hop, comes the Easter Bunny, Lippity Lop!

Ah, the holidays. The time when everyone gets together, has a few sweets, puts on a few pounds, and regrets it the morning after. Ah, the holidays. The time when everyone gets together to celebrate this joyous occasion. Ah, the holidays. The time when everyone gets together to observe this holiest of holy remembrances. Ah, the holidays. Er...which one? All of the aforementioned special remembrances have their origins in Christianity, and all of the aforementioned special remembrances have now become so diluted with commercialization, it's difficult to remember just what exactly it is that we are supposed to celebrate in the first place.

commercial events

I know that many people wouldn't think that Hallowe'en is a Christian celebration. Well, guess again, folks. The original meaning of Hallowe'en has now become so saturated with commercial events, all people can think about nowadays are witches and vampires, ghosts and goblins, spirits and spooks, etc., etc., etc. The original celebration which would become Hallowe'en actually has three versions pertaining to its origin. The first dates back to pre-Christian Scotland and Ireland, with a celebration of Celtic priest/s druids. The Celtic year actually began on November 1st, with the festival of Samhain. On October 31st, the eve of Samhain, merry groups of people dressed up in disguises and carved lanterns fashioned from turnips (so that they could have their lights and eat them too), and passed from village to village carrying them. This was a type of harvest festival, though the priests took it one step further and stated that it

was actually a festival of the dead. The priest/s druids believed that it was on that night of nights when the earth came into closest contact with the spirit world, and when the different ghosts, goblins, and witches were thought to ruin crops, slaughter farm animals, and make themselves general nuisances. As these unearthly spirits roamed around, villagers lighted bonfires to drive the spirits away, or to guide them back to the spirit world.

pagan gods

Another religious origin has its roots in the Dark Ages. In Central Europe, the Roman-Catholic (Christian) church destroyed many of the temples of different pagan gods and goddesses (I guess they thought that those god/s goddesses were not worthy), the temples of Apollo and Diana, for example. This pagan worship was not stamped out entirely, however, and gave life to a new form of worship, that of witchcraft. One of the greatest celebrations in a witch's calendar is that of the

Sabbath, and the most important of the Witches' Sabbaths is the High Sabbath, or Black Sabbath (NOT the heavy metal group) of witches, which occurred on October 31st. A lot of the traditional Hallowe'en witchcraft folklore, such as broomsticks, black cats, cauldrons, and spells, are actually derived from the Black Sabbath.

big ho-down

Version #3 goes way back to the early Roman Catholic Church, which chose certain days to honour the various saints. When they ran out of days to honour the saints, the Church decided to group them all together and have one day to commemorate all the saints. This big ho-down was called All-Saints' Day. In the 800s, Pope Gregory #3 switched All Saints' Day from May 13th to November 1st, and in the year 834 A.D. Pope Greg the fourth extended this grand party to encompass the entire Roman Church. This event was named Allhallowmass, with a celebration the night before called All Hallow E'en, with "all hallow" referring to all the hallowed ones. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out where the name "Hallowe'en" came from. As for the custom of trick-or-treating, that too goes way back to pagan times, during the pagan New Year's feast in Ireland. Those spirits who were too stubborn to skedaddle back to the land of the dead were treated to a banquet (lucky bastards), at

the end of which the villagers would disguise themselves as the souls of the dead, partied to the outskirts of town, leading the spooks away. This was done to avoid any troubles that the spirits might bring. Another method of exorcism that the villagers used to make the dead happy was to set out bowls of fruit and other goodies for the spirits to munch on, hopefully so that they would eventually amscray and leave the villagers in peace. When belief in ghosts and goblins waned, young'un took it upon themselves to dress up as spooks and threatened to play tricks on those who wouldn't give them any candy, establishing the basis for modern-day trick-or-treating. However, it has now become so trivialized and commercialized, the original meaning of Hallowe'en has become lost and buried under a layer of phony makeup, tacky wigs, and fake fangs. Very few people nowadays celebrate the Black Sabbath or the festival of Samhain. How can they?

get candy

As Michael Ellis, an upper-year student correctly pointed out, "It's no longer a religious holiday. It's just a chance to dress up, have fun, get lots of candy, and if you're old enough, drink excessively." Brigit Wickstead, a first-year student, agreed, stating that "it's time to get dressed up and have fun." She added that Hallowe'en is "nothing really huge for me, it's just

Hallowe'en." Waldemar Gutwinski, professor of Linguistics at Glendon College, concurred, though he had quite a few other things to say as well on the topic of Hallowe'en: "It's fun for kids. I remember taking my son trick-or-treating. First he was Merlin [the famous magician from King Arthur's court], then Batman, then a Ninja Turtle. I think it's a nice tradition. Mind you, in Poland, the night before is called All Souls' Night, to remember the dead, to pray for them. It's an evening of remembrance. The next day is called All Saints' Day. It's a great thing. I like it now, now that I'm living in a residential area. However, when I was Dean of students [at Glendon College] one year ago, it was dangerous...it can get out of hand when it involves young adults." So Hallowe'en isn't necessarily all fun and games.

gentle witches

With the popularity of Dracula and vampires in general, Frankenstein's monster and the dozens of costumes spawned from gazillions of sources such as TV, movies, books, and even radio, it's no wonder that the quiet druids, priest/s and gentle witches of days gone by have slipped into the annals of mediocrity and history, especially in this modern day and age.

Next issue: here comes Santa Claus, riding on his high-tech commercialized new jet sled.

Deathly mix can turn phonedlines into flatlines

Annamaria Kougas

One dose of driving added to one dose of chatting equals the perfect recipe for more senseless accidents.

We've all heard about the potential health hazards of cellphone use...does it really cause cancer? Who knows. While some research has claimed that it doesn't, I ride a wavy ray of skepticism, because the matter remains: you link up your head to that 'great operator in the sky' by holding a metal apparatus to your ear which is used in conjunction with a satellite.

Whatever the case is, there is one issue regarding cellphones and human health that I hold a strong opinion about: cell phones contribute to accidents.

As more and more of us succumb to the pressures of living life in the 'fast lane', we avidly purchase the latest in technological devices that allow us to communicate with others on the go, or, while performing other tasks. Pagers and cellphones have congested our skies with close to 300 satellites of which, on a clear night, can be witnessed orbiting our filthy planet. True, it's amazing that we can talk on the phone practically anywhere...I'm sure you've seen people chatting on their little compact phones in just about any

place you've been. And I'm also sure that you've been somewhere when ring ring ring...eight people reach for their bags to find out whose call it is. But there is a downside to this communicative advancement that isn't so luxurious, and, that is, the use of cellphones can be hazardous and even lethal. Car accidents are what I'm referring to. Blah, blah, blah...SMASH!?! She was on the phone too busy bitching at her boyfriend to notice that cute, little lady running across the street to catch her bus. Oops...there goes one more Fido customer to the eternal pound of hell.

Think about it, we've all experienced a situation in a car that has caused us

to nearly dirty our drawers. Like the time you're driving down the street, freeway, wherever, you're just driving... and out of nowhere some maniac almost sideswipes you, or, keeps straying into your lane. You know the drivers I'm talking about here, the ones who can't decide which lane to drive in, or, how about the parking lot scene, where buddy keeps reversing despite your attempts at sounding your horn. Does this sound familiar? Well, if it does, then you probably also noticed that the loser who almost crashed into you, speeding or drifting, was yapping on their phone while driving.

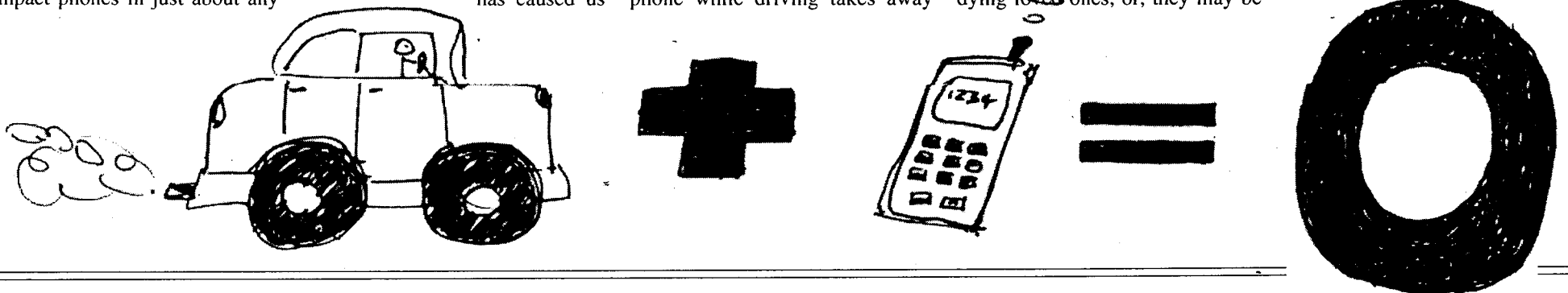
It is not my intention to hard-ball any of you who have a cellphone, but I am definitely pointing my finger to you who talk on your phone while driving a car. If you're one of those people who do...please consider what you are doing! Driving takes enough concentration to take you where you want to go safely. Talking on the phone while driving takes away

focus from that much needed concentration. There is a time and place for arguing with your girlfriend or for making plans with colleagues/friends and it's definitely NOT on the phone while operating a large two-ton vehicle. There is a plethora of crazies out there driving who don't deserve the privilege of a license in the first place. There are already too many losers who don't check their blind spots when changing lanes, or, who don't signal before turning. In other words, there are more than ample things to worry about behind the wheel such as traffic lights, pedestrians, street signs, cyclists, and of course, other wacko drivers. The last thing the roads need now is people busy tied up in the phone lines of space. If you do yap and drive, please carefully consider that there are more important matters at hand than your conversation on the phone. There are people out there who may be travelling to visit their dying loved ones, or, they may be

kids playing on the sidewalk, or, those just trying to get to work before their boss freaks out on them for being late. But, most importantly, there's you, and only one of you. You won't feel so hot after you've rear-ended someone while trying to dial your chum's number. Trying to accomplish the tasks of driving and talking on the phone just lead to higher chances of misfortune. You'll total your car, your face (or someone else's) and, you'll only end up with one realization...the call could have waited until you were stationary-parked-not moving.

Although this article may be more geared towards drivers out there, I ask all of you to consider the seriousness of this topic because it involves everyone, drivers and pedestrians.

The message here is: driving a vehicle while using a cell phone should be prohibited-against the law. Peace.



Handwriting as a form of individuality

Suzanne McCullagh

Should there be a laptop for every student in public school?

This is just one of the many issues up for debate on the public education front.

A growing number of people are adopting the belief that a laptop computer for every student in public schools will increase the ability of students to learn. This belief is based largely on the idea that it is a problem that it takes children a long time to develop writing skills. Laptops would alleviate this 'problem'.

If there was a laptop for every student, children would no longer need to develop their writing skills before working with language in a more complex manner or 'producing results more quickly'.

Those who oppose the placement of laptops in the classroom argue that it would change the role of teachers from educators to mere facilitators. This is an important issue but not the only one, perhaps not even the main issue.

One of the most important issues surrounding the laptop debate is often ignored; that writing skills are

important. They are more important than quick results.

Handwriting is an expression of personality. Everyone develops an individual writing style and thus handwriting is an element of

Voice, like writing, is an expression of personality.

individuality, as is speech. We all have different ways of speaking and different voices to use. The differences between our speaking styles highlights the fact that we are individuals.

Voice, like writing, is an expression of personality. The typed

word says nothing about the person who typed it, except that they chose that particular word.

If laptops are introduced into classrooms with the purpose of making it unnecessary for children to develop writing skills, they will also take away a major avenue for personal expression.

The typed word is important for entirely different reasons; it allows us to communicate more quickly and more legibly but the written word communicates who we are and sometimes how we are feeling.

Personal identity and emotion are continually overlooked in our society. We are increasingly blinded by progress and its two sidekicks; change and speed. We don't realize that progress can happen in an infinite number of directions. Instead, we think that we need to implement changes that will enable us to do things faster and that this will bring progress. The fact that this progress is achieved at the cost of individuality is often hardly noticed.



Croyez-vous qu'il y ait des fantômes à Glendon ?



Loïc Olivier, 1ère année en Études Internationales

Ça m'intrigue beaucoup, c'est vrai qu'il y a beaucoup de rumeurs... mais si j'apprenais que celles-ci s'avèrent fondées, j'enverrai vite Mulder et Scully à ma place. J'aimerais quand même en savoir plus sur les mythes et légendes de ce campus.



Graciela, 2ème année de Sciences Politiques

Je ne crois pas vraiment aux fantômes... j'ai entendu beaucoup d'histoires sur ceux de Glendon, mais ce n'est pas un sujet qui me préoccupe énormément.



Marie-Claude, employée aux Services des Résidences

Oui, je crois beaucoup aux esprits, j'ai passé des soirées entières à parler des fantômes de Glendon avec des amis, au point d'en avoir des problèmes pour m'endormir !



Danusia Szwejkowska, 3ème année d'Arts Dramatiques

J'ai dormi une nuit dans la chambre d'invités à Wood (le "Bunk-room", au rez-de-chaussée). Il y régnait une atmosphère très lourde, inquiétante... oppressante même. Je m'y suis sentie très mal, malgré la taille de la pièce... comme si quelque chose ou quelqu'un y était mort.



Anonyme

J'ai entendu trop d'histoires là-dessus pour ne pas y croire. Une de mes amies habitait dans une chambre qui était soi-disant hantée et qui à dû en changer tant elle s'y sentait mal.

Walk this way please

J.J. O'Rourke

STOP IT. STOP IT NOW. ALL OF YOU JUST STOP IT. JUST STOP. NOW. PLEASE JUST STOP IT WITH ALL YOUR FEARS AND JEERS AND LEERS AND BESTS AND JESTS. STOP IT ALL RIGHT NOW. I can't take it anymore.

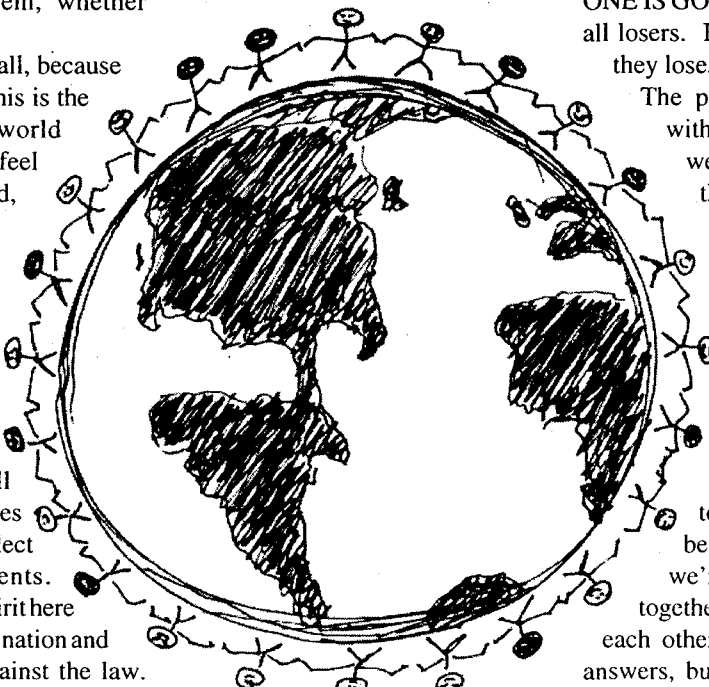
Here is another of those annoying little articles on discrimination. We all know that it's wrong and we've been hearing it since we were young, and, we think that the message is clear, that it's hit home. We've got IT, OK?! But I really don't think that some of us get IT. -What's the deal? -What's the problem? -What can this white boy tell me about discrimination that I haven't already picked up from a billboard somewhere, or a classroom, or a training seminar at work? Well, I'm not here to preach. This is just as useful for me as it will be for you.

Discrimination is wrong. Right? We've all heard that before. But why is it wrong? Because it's not nice to demean or belittle people due to their differences, or, to lump them into a stereotype. It doesn't feel nice. Sure, so far, same old stuff right? Have you ever taken the question a step further? How can being respectful help me? Why is it wrong to make people feel bad?

Why alienate them into a closet where we can't see them anymore? Why joke about them, whether they're there or not?

It's wrong first of all, because you're in Canada. This is the one nation in the world where people come to feel safe, comfortable, and, different. We're all immigrants, I don't care if your family was on the first boat or today's last flight. They were, and are, all escaping from something. But we're all here, now. We all live in the same cities and towns. We all elect the same governments. We've developed a spirit here that is against discrimination and we agree that it's against the law. We are all equal. Whenever we have overlooked that equality and paid attention only to our differences,

we have run into problems. When nationals overlooked it in Native affairs, we ran into problems. When French culture demanded special treatment, we ran into problems. When we overlooked it with the Chinese, we ran into problems.



The differences among us cause the tension, the

ridicule, and, to a greater extent, the wars.

When are people going to understand that no one is better than the other, and, no one is going to win? Religious wars, racial wars, political wars, gender wars... NO ONE IS GOING TO WIN. They're all losers. But the worst part is, if they lose, so does everyone else.

The problem must be dealt with, not put aside. Either we all lose, or we get it through our thick skulls that everyone is important to the big picture, and we win together.

What people don't realize is that the differences that separate us are the very things that can bring us together. People, human beings: no one knows why we're here, but we're here together, and that's all we have, each other. No one has all the answers, but we all have parts of them. DIFFERENT parts of the SAME answer. Equal, equal parts, equal parts of the same damn picture.

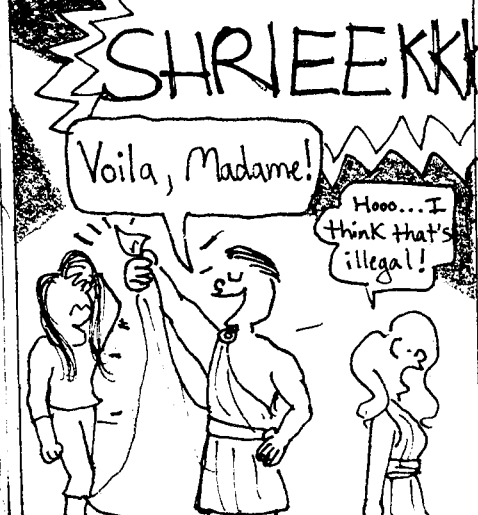
Every race, culture, creed, sect, sexual orientation; every cab driver, C.E.O., painter, everyone... everyone has a piece of the puzzle that will see us through to the next step in our evolution. All of our stories, legends, languages, and, customs are here for a reason. We have to use them. These are the modes of communication. These are our modes of education. We can't isolate ourselves from the knowledge that is here within each other. We as a species can go no further unless we're connected to one another. The information is there and it needs, begs to be learned and discussed, and, most importantly, passed on. Instead of throwing it away with ridicule, embrace it with an intelligent conversation.

The next time you encounter people who are different, realize that they are your equals and that they are your partners in the master plan. The universe is much too big and diverse for us to be squabbling over such trivialities. So let's take the next step together, shall we? After you...no, after you...no, after you...

The life and times of me



Christie Adams



THEATRE THOUGHTS:

Rae Perigoe

Billy Bishop goes to war



Eric Peterson of Billy Bishop Goes to War.

Billy Bishop Goes to War, one of the chestnuts of Canadian theatre, runs at the St. Lawrence Centre for the Arts until October 31.

One caveat before we begin. I am probably not the ideal person from whom to get an objective review of *Billy Bishop Goes to War*. In some ways, I grew up as Billy Bishop, staging the one-man play a cappella for various high schools around Southern Ontario during my OAC year. So, I fully admit that I may be overly critical of another Bishop, having inhabited the character for such a long time.

That said, the current production of *Bishop* offers plenty to criticize. Let's start with the choice of Eric Peterson as the anti-hero of the title. Peterson will forever be identified with the role in Canadian theatre circles, for he invented it, along with playwright/pianist John Gray, twenty years ago. Peterson is long past the youthful exuberance of his *Bishop* of twenty years ago, so he makes the obvious decision to play a middle-aged *Bishop*, looking back on his glory days in the war. The choice might have worked - and might have given a new resonance to the play - had Peterson actually found a character for the older *Bishop*. But Peterson looked uncomfortable on stage, not really knowing when to reminisce as the older *Bishop* and when to burst with excitement as the cocky *Bishop* of the

First World War. Moreover, it is difficult to become immersed in the story when it is related through a second-hand medium; instead of visualizing *Bishop's* remarkable experience. I felt as if I was being told reactionary old war stories at Grandpa's knee. The immediacy of *Bishop's* story was lost, and with that went the satire of British imperialism - the true thrust of the play.

Sue Lepage's set design had to deal with the problem of making the gaping stage of the Bluma Appel theatre intimate enough to focus the audience's attention on Peterson. Unfortunately, her set, done up like an old legion hall, didn't come to grips with the problem. Peterson most often seemed to be flailing around, trying to cover the whole set, which ruined the timing of several potentially humorous

sequences. However, in one moment near the end of the play, when *Bishop* delivered a propaganda speech to rows of empty chairs, the set became a poignant signifier of the older *Bishop's* irrelevance to the new machine of war.

The staging of the play seemed rough and unrehearsed. Several sequences were awkwardly choreographed, which was especially evident when Peterson tried to give a cloven-hoofed impression of dancing. (All francophones would be aghast at his attempt to impersonate a wartime French lounge singer.) One moment, when *Bishop* took flight to attack a German aerodrome, seemed so ludicrously contrived that my companion and I had to stifle a laugh.

I still believe that *Bishop* can be a relevant play for today's Canada. However, this version seems content to leave it as a museum piece, allowing *Bishop* to grow old but not to adapt to a new context. If this is the best we can do, perhaps it's now time to ground *Bishop* permanently.

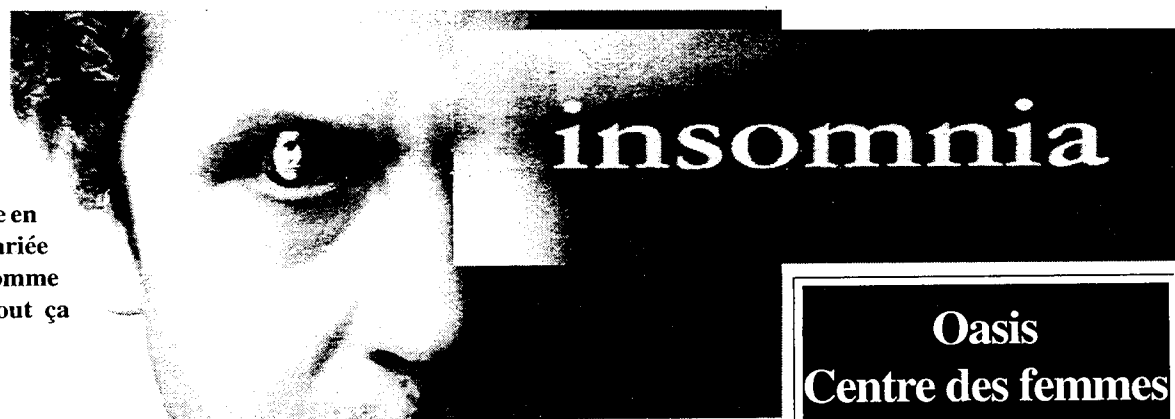
Insomnia

Lionel Toma

C'est l'histoire d'un couple au bord de la rupture. Ils ont une petite fille en bas âge. L'homme souffre d'insomnies chroniques. Sa femme est contrariée du coup car il prend des bains à cinq heures du matin. Le frère de l'homme incarne le monde des corporations corrompues et qui le savent... tout ça concentré dans la magie du simple mot "Disney".

Sur cette toile de fond, le rêve se mélange à la réalité dans un ballet effréné d'entrées et de sorties de scène très ingénieuses marquant avec brio des changements de décor subtils et efficaces. Il semble que la black box du Theatre Centre ait été "renversée" pour l'occasion permettant d'avoir une plus grande profondeur de scène : le public est à la place de la scène et inversement. Cet inversement des axes spatiaux conventionnels sont renforcés par la rupture de la linéarité du temps. La scène profonde, large à l'avant et plus étroite vers le fond, entrecoupée de nombreux passages latéraux témoigne également de la nature épisodique de l'*axis mundi* de cette création, permettant de voir un salon, une chambre, un aéroport, des

couloirs... Cette échelle de valeur théâtrale accorde également une grande importance aux lumières et à l'univers sonore rendu possible par une sonorisation "live" parfaitement bien huilée. L'éclairage complexe et très varié fait office de complément de décor clair-obscur où se succèdent les événements dans une spirale d'émotions. Les comédiens dégagent tous les quatre une énergie incroyable (asseyez-vous au premier rang !) là encore dans tous les sens : ils sont tour à tour pathétiques, inquiétants, attachants, glaçants et écœurants. Le naturalisme des scènes de couple à la sauce post-moderne de notre nouveau rapport au temps depuis l'ère du magnétoscope est à couper le souffle. Ils sont incroyables physiquement, notamment lors



Une création de Daniel Brooks et Guillermo Verdecchia, au Theatre Centre, 1032 Queen St. West. Jusqu'au 25 octobre 1998.
Renseignements : (416) 538 0988

d'une véritable chorégraphie se trouvant au cœur de la pièce, le montrant sans cesse franchissant les portes du sommeil pour finalement être maintenu éveillé par ses pulsions créatrices, tentant de se libérer de l'épaisse prison de verre de son trouble mental. En bref, c'est une pièce totalement folle, possédant un rythme la rendant très accessible (c'est important), et surtout, qui communique au public une prodigieuse émotion.

Piano Recital
Récital de piano

À la fin de novembre.

Interested? Auditions in October.
Appelez: George Cummings
au 736-2100x88217
gcummings@glendon.yorku.ca

Site web:
<http://notes.glendon.yorku.ca:8008/ensemble.nsf>

Oasis
Centre des femmes

Groupe de soutien "Découvrir" pour femmes francophones qui sont survivantes d'inceste, débutera le jeudi 29 octobre à Oasis Centre des femmes. Service confidentiel et gratuit. Pour de plus amples renseignements, veuillez appeler au 923-9292 avant le vendredi 23 octobre.

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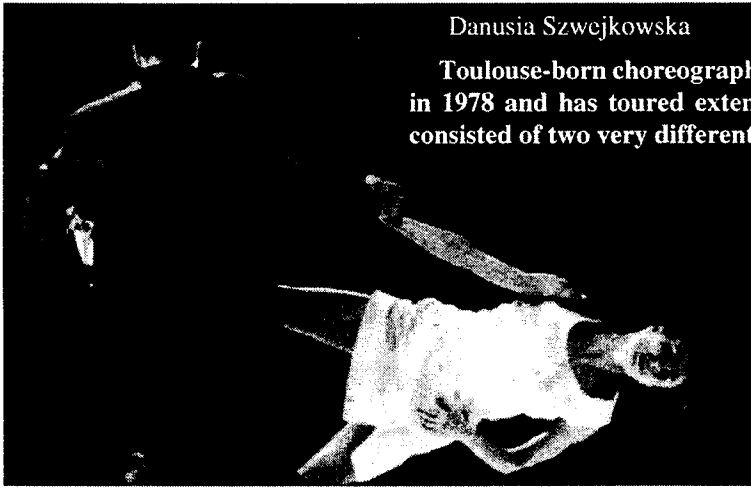
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Hullabaloo in Toronto!



Danusia Szwajkowska

Toulouse-born choreographer Maguy Marin created her company in 1978 and has toured extensively around the globe. The evening consisted of two very different acts.

The opening curtain revealed twelve people sitting on stools at one side of the stage. Six men in suits and six women in tailored, short, sleeveless plaid dresses with chunky high heels. They danced to a cacophony of verbal sounds ranging from laughter and coughing to loud expulsions of sounds like "PAS!", "PEUT!", "ÇA!" and "SE!".

Witnessing the movements on stage that were at times rigid and mechanical, sometimes fluid and graceful, one got a sense of how society can function: sometimes orderly and controlled, or unexpectedly fresh and smooth. Act

two, dAM, was more interesting, perhaps because the dancers were unencumbered by headset microphones. The men no longer wore constrictive suit-jackets and ties: just white shirts with rolled-up sleeves, and the women who had long hair undid the business-like hairdos to match their free-flowing dresses. Some of them played instruments that were lined up at the back of the stage. The balance between strong single and double performances versus well-timed ensemble choreography including all twelve dancers was striking. The focal point on the stage shifted among the players who were equally talented and interesting to watch. Unlike classical ballet, there were many body shapes and sizes

represented as well as a mix of ages. One reason the performance was so entertaining was the simple lighting backdrop. It ranged from a red, blue, yellow or white wash to occasional stripes cast across the stage upon which the dancers navigated effectively. In act two alone, there were eight or nine different "scenes" or styles of dance. At one point, seven dancers wore letters of the alphabet and a narrator told a linguistic story complete with technical phonological terms. This whole hullabaloo ("ramdam" in French) gave a whimsical perspective on the corporate boredom that dictates so many workers' days. The Movado Dance '98-'99 season continues with Parallel Ports, October 22 - 24.

Called by some a "playful ballet", RAMdAM is a magnificent contemporary dance piece. Performed by Compagnie Maguy Marin from France at the Premiere Dance Theatre in the Harbourfront Centre, October 13 to 17, this work had twelve dancers, some of whom doubled as musicians. For information, call: 416-973 3000 / www.harbourfront.on.ca

En ce moment à la galerie Glendon...



Inés Avendaño est une visualiste argentine qui expose ses travaux à la Galerie Glendon jusqu'au 13 novembre 1998. Son exposition s'inscrit dans le cadre du grand festival des arts et de la culture hispaniques qui se déroule actuellement à Toronto. L'exposition regroupe une série d'aquarelles représentant les animaux domestiques que l'on retrouve souvent dans la société argentine. Elle a pu être réalisée grâce à la généreuse contribution du Consulat d'Argentine de Toronto ainsi qu'à l'initiative de Mme Margarita Feliciano, professeur au département d'études hispanique de Glendon. Prochainement : Lecture de poésie: Margalit Matitahu et Luis María Sobró, mercredi 28 octobre 1998. Lancement du livre : Pablo Urbanyi, jeudi 12 novembre 1998, 19h.

Inés Avendaño, lors du vernissage de son exposition.



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John Holmes Memorial Lecture

The tenth annual John Holmes Memorial Lecture will be given by Louise Frechette, Deputy Secretary-General of the United Nations on "The United Nations in the Next Millennium". Tuesday October 27th at 6:00 p.m. in the cafeteria. Reception to follow in Glendon Hall. RSVP 487-6704.

La dixième conférence annuelle John Holmes sera prononcée par Madame Louise Frechette, vice-secrétaire générale des Nations

Unies. Le titre de la conférence est "Les Nations Unies au troisième millénaire". Le mardi 27 octobre à 18 h 00 dans la

cafeteria. Réception au Manoir Glendon. RSVP 487-6704.

Su-Lan Tenn : Directrice, Conseil pédagogique et liaison Manager, Advising & Liaison (416) 487-6710; courrier électronique/email: stenn@glendon.yorku.ca

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The Troubadour-Tech

Upon my backside sat I one cold day
In the quest for a technical's hard earned pay
When burst through the door an irate youngish Snerk
Who addressed me in a manner befitting a jerk:

"The computers don't work and it is all your fault
And upon your weak body I'll mount an assault
If you don't fix this problem, this wee little mass
That has swallowed my homework and caused me distress."

Calmly rose I, and wary I went
To assist this young Snerk with this exclusive bent
To threaten advisors: the experts, the kings
Of technical matters and other such things.

I strode in with dignity, distinction and grace
In front of the tables and made a grave face
To show the End-users that I'm On The Job
And the Snerk who had called me was merely a knob.

The faces of all of the downtrodden masses
Attempting their homework and taking their chances
That Windows won't carve up their essays or more
Were grey, pale and awful: a sign of their chores.

I spied a foul beastie with treacherous thought
Munching some chocolate that he had just bought!
I glared at him with an abhorrence so true
That I killed him in moments and seared his soul through.

"No food in the lab, no vittles, no drink!
You pitiful lemmings you never could think!
A pox on your essays! A pan on your thought!
And the ink on your pages in two days will rot!"

My temper, it seems, is not quite restrained;
In two days the masses to my boss complained.
But that's not my story, so worry you not
That I was in water, and that water was hot.

I phased to the puter in front of the Snerk
And promptly was certain: his essay would work
Once he stopped jamming his three-point-five disk
In the slot for the five-inch; my vengeance was brisk:

"You Moron! You Idiot! You Filthy Young Pest!
You threaten me, glare at me, disturb me at rest!
You couldn't be smart if you ate Einstein's brain
Or uglier if you were hit by a train!

The del key was never a toy don't you know!
(Of course you don't know; you are ever so slow)
And Word Perfect is not the program you use
To mangle the files of you despicable goose.

Perhaps I will kill you and save me some stress;
Make me your dinner, get things off my chest.
I'll be a good angel to you; a prospect for girls
Who will love you and follow with patience for churls!"

My temper, I said, was never restrained.
The Snerk found my boss, and to her complained.
But that's not my story, so worry you not:
Water is coming, and yes sir, it's hot.

George Cummings

Tongues of Fire

As my lead-filled head
Sinks slowly back into my pillow
My mind drifts lazily away
To that hazy space
Between life and death
Where I float along on liquid dreams

A picture emerges from the depths of darkness
At first colours only
Blood red, golden yellow, burnt orange
And an intense heat
Hot searing waves that distort reality

An immense fire covers the horizon
Crackling and burning
Bright as a summer sun
As it spreads across the earth

Naked, I step towards the center
Until flames consume me on all sides
And my body is consumed

White hot flaming tongues of fire
Reach out and kiss my skin

Caressing every inch of my flesh

Tamarack

A memory of watching the unpacking of sheet metal off St.
John's Harbour, Nfld.

Metal is alive
with an audacious WHAP
(my eyes open)
before
wobbling

to a
peaceful

stop
on the pavement below.

(pause)

Poets must have instant retrospective abilities in St. John's.
How curt and ungraceful I was as I grabbed the pen from the
paunchy digits of the Shopper's Drug Mart clerk, but not
matter.

Matter?

Now I think PAP, not WHAP.
And was it pavement the metal hit?
I spite my mind for straying to the tender retroflexion of my
tongue
last night as I caressed it with mine,
for not recording,
with due diligence,
Truth.

(pause)

ROOTS

THESE ROOTS WERE PLANTED MANY YEARS BEFORE
INGRAINED WITHIN EVERY VEIN OF MY BODY
THEY INFLUENCE THOUGHTS, VALUES AND ACTIONS
GIVE GUIDANCE
NOT HINDRANCE OR CONSTRAINT
AND SERVE A PURPOSE
REGARDLESS OF OTHER PEOPLE'S IGNORANCE
THESE ROOTS TELL A STORY
OF ANCESTRAL LINEAGE
CALAMITY, STRUGGLES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS
NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY TO ERASE THEM
THESE ROOTS REMAIN INTACT
LIKE A SCAR OR TATTOO
TELLING ME WHO I AM
AND PLANTING MY FEET FIRMLY BENEATH ME

Hifza Ali

Ferme les yeux

La rage scellée dans cette bouteille qu'est le
monde
Tourbillonne et emmêle ces mers de frustrations.
Je recherche la liberté sans conditions
Et l'émotion au coeur d'une nation vagabonde.

Seule et impuissante, je rencontre la bonde.
Je suis étrangère à ma propre réflexion;
Les révoltes intérieures sèment la confusion
Au point où même mes intuitions se confondent.

La programmation complexe d'une société:
Le bonheur illusoire est une vérité;
Les ordres sont acceptés et gobés sans
contraintes.

Ferme les yeux, tu n'entendras plus ces coeurs
cassants,
Tu ne sentiras plus ces regards gémissants,
Ferme les yeux et l'irre ne deviendra plus qu'une
crainte.

Slathy