Tanya Marissen

What do Bill Clinton, Bob Rae and Loraine Ronchi, a fourth year Glendon Economics major and Don of E-House Hilliard, have in common? Each has a Rhodes Scholarship, the prestigious award given only to a few who have been selected for attaining a high level of scholastic achievement.

High marks, though, aren’t the only thing that determines the selection of a Rhodes Scholar. One must “exhibit moral character, leadership, and interest in their fellows”, according to Cecil Rhodes, founder of the scholarship.

A Rhodes Scholarships offered to unmarried men and women between the ages of 19 and 25. Rhodes Scholars receive two years education at Oxford University in the program of their choice they wish, and there is the possibility of a third year at the university if the scholar is deemed to have earned it.

In his will, Cecil Rhodes established 72 Rhodes scholarships in total, with 11 set aside for Canada. In Ontario, only two Rhodes Scholarships are awarded. And it is through arigious selection process that the two scholars are chosen.

For Loraine, the selection process was a nerve racking experience. All candidates must submit six letters of recommendation and a 1,000-word essay in which they have to describe themselves, their past achievements, what they want to do with their life, and why they want to do it at Oxford.

This alone proved plenty difficult for Loraine as she had to compact her experiences of volunteering with Carrefour International Canadien in Senegal, working with Bridgehead, the Alternative Trading Arms of Oxfam, and helping street kids in Ecuador, into a couple sentences.

Fourteen people of the 400 who applied in Ontario were selected on the basis of their essay and letters of recommendation. A reception was then held, on December 1, at the University Club in Toronto for the 14 potential Rhodes Scholars. For Loraine, who is “not a genius at social situations”, the reception was stressful at first, but the candidates were soon made to feel relaxed and comfortable.

The next day, each of the 14 candidates had a 45 minute interview with approximately 8 members of the selection committee. Candidates basically had to describe what they wrote in their essays. This part of the process went fine for Loraine as she stated her goal of "helping marginalized members of the community and seeing where they fit into the present economic situation", except that her interview lasted only 25 minutes which left Loraine feeling a bit uneasy.

The fateful call that announced Loraine as a Rhodes Scholar came Sunday night from the chairperson of the selection committee. “Frankly, I was shocked to the one”, recalls Loraine. "I didn’t realize how big it is".

And not only is it big for Loraine, it is also a considerable achievement for Glendon College and York University. Loraine is the first Rhodes Scholar from York University, and to be from Glendon College is even more exciting. Hopefully, in spite of recent cut, Loraine’s Rhodes Scholarship will focus much-needed attention on Glendon. For it is at Glendon that Loraine feels she received the quality education and one-on-one instruction and support that helped her become a Rhodes Scholar.

Loraine also credits her success to her parents who, “have always told me to work hard”, as well as to her own hard work. And it has all paid off. Congratulations, Loraine!

I write this with a tremendous sense of urgency. The “I” who speaks is a woman, a woman who lives in an almost constant fear in a violent, racist, misogynist society.

A few days ago it was December 6th, Women’s Remembrance Day. This is one day when students, staff, faculty, and administration are asked to reflect upon all forms of violence committed against women, to consider the millions of women and children who are victims and survivors of this same violence, and to envision Change. December 6th was specifically chosen as a day of commemoration because of the fact that the massacre took place six years ago that day at l’Ecole Polytechnique de Montréal and is considered to be one of the bloodiest and most blatantly misogynist acts of violence contemporary Canada has known. It amazes me that we continue to have to justify our recognition of this day. If you believe that women are free from violence and oppression, or from sexism, in their everyday contexts, consider this: On the same day we commemorated all women who have suffered from violence, we discovered that several of our posters, as well as a few issues of our December 6th edition of the Furfles, had been defaced. At this point I am going to provide some examples for my readers, although I am still debating as to whether or not this is sound idea. I don’t want other like-minded misogynists to smirk as they read the scribblings of their pal(s). Anyway here it goes, not for your reading pleasure, but so that the Glendon public can be made aware of just how much ignorance and hate is abroad.

The defamed posters were found in York Hall near Theatre Glendon where the Women’s Remembrance Day events were held, i.e.:

... continued on page 7
Have a Holly-Jolly Giftmas

You might as well know now the very last sentence in this editorial is true. DON'T SKIP DOWN YET! It's the Christmas season now, for anybody who lives in this society, Christian and non-Christian alike. And I haven't heard of anybody talking about Christmas at all this year. All anybody can seem to find the energy to talk about is the Harris government's sneaky and underhanded behaviour. First the mini-budget tabled by finance minister Ernie Eves, now the foot-thick omnibus bill that they're trying to sneak past the media. It's like people feel like their Christmas has been stolen away from them.

They're not happy.

How can anybody afford to buy presents this year, what with all the excrement that is now, seemingly constantly, colliding with the figurative rotary oscillating air mover? What is my family going to think, says the average person to themselves, when Christmas morning comes and there are no presents from me under the tree? And it doesn't look like we're gonna get snow this year, to boot.

With the Royal Bank reporting, for a third successive year, record profits last week, it just doesn't seem fair, and it certainly doesn't feel very Christmassy this year, does it?

But wait. Let's take a look at the so called "true meaning of Christmas", for a moment, shall we? It's about two thousand years now, a prophet was born into a relatively minor socioeconomic tribal unit. He preached only two things: You should love you neighbour as much as you love yourself, and you should love God more than anything and everything else. That's all. All the hullabaloo for the last two thousand years, crusades, proscribing people who "live in sin" with each other, a whole socioeconomic system based, ostensibly, on these two commandments.

But this Christmas, these two commandments have little to do with anything. This Christmas is all about buying people presents, and getting a Christmas tree, and "a little snow for Christmas, and it can all melt right after and I'll be happy". It's about people who don't follow the teachings of this obscure holy man, and certainly don't acknowledge him as their saviour, which is what Christmas was all about, at one time. And it's about Chanuka bushes, and egg nog, and candy canes and Old (Saint) Nick coming down the chimney.

Does anybody at all remember what it's really all about? Anybody?

I sincerely believe that a society gets the kind of government it deserves. I also believe that there are more ways for God to punish a society, than a plague of locusts, and Mike Harris and the boys might be our society just desserts.

Anyway, Merry Giftmas, everybody. Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Hindu, or "Other". I hope Santa's good to you this year. Remember not to drink and drive, and that it certainly doesn't feel very Christmasy this year, does it?
**News-in Brief**

**Les ordinateurs glendoniens = maux de tête**

À chaque année, c'est la même histoire! Ceux qui n'ont ni la chance ni les moyens de posséder un ordinateur, sont contraints d'utiliser la salle d'ordinateurs. En plus de devoir gérer leur horaire en fonction des heures d'ouverture, les étudiants doivent toujours passer par le stage ultime de frustrations indigentes: les ordinateurs, avec tout ce que les programmateurs semblent prendre mal, s'amusent à "bouffer" les textes. Imaginez que vous avez vos ordinateurs qui n'ont ni la chance ni les moyens de vous produire vos essais, sans avoir à vous battre avec les ordinateurs glendoniens! À qui de droit, fautes quelconques, notre temps c'est de l'argent!

**Honneur**

À chaque année, une étudiante ou étudiant se voit décerné le bourse de traducteur et traductrice en éducation. Pour répondre aux critères de sélection, l'étudiante ou l'étudiant doit avoir accumulé la plus haute moyenne depuis le début de ses études. Cette bourse, qui ne peut être décernée qu’une seule fois, est un véritable soutien. Trois bourses de la sorte sont remises chaque année aux étudiants d’université Laurentienne, Université d'Ottawa et, bien sûr, Glendon. Félicitations à la destinataire glendonienne!

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**FUNDING CUTS HURT SMALL UNIVERSITIES THE MOST**

**Stacey Young**

TORONTO (CUP) — Ontario's cuts to post-secondary education will restrict students' academic mobility according to one university president.

"A big concern is that fewer student will be academically mobile. They will be unable to go to the place of their choice. Their decisions will be based on financial concerns rather than on academic ones," said Trent University president Leonard Connelly.

"Students will be unable to go to the university of their choice" due to the rising cost of post-secondary education, he said. "Decisions regarding what university a student will choose will be based on financial considerations rather than on academic ones."

And Mikes Burns, executive director of the Ontario Undergraduate Student Association, agrees. He says students "likely decide to go to a university in the vicinity due to the rising costs of tuition."

And smaller universities in northern Ontario will be hardest hit, finding themselves unable to compete with the urban universities.

"The big schools such as Queens, Toronto and Western are able to maximize the discretionary increase, and maximize their revenue. But the Trents, the Carletons and the Lakeheads of the province (small universities) ... we afford to increase our fees and remain competitive with the bigger schools?"

"It's a no-win situation," said Burns. "University of Toronto President Rob Prichard says he expects the U of T will be okay, and does not expect a drop in enrollment. "I think the future of U of T, despite the radical decrease in revenue ... will continue to be the nation's pre-eminent research institution. However tonight, it is crystal clear that the status quo, that is, [reliance on] full public funding of [post-secondary] education, is not there."

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**"Glendon publie... en français"**

**Julie Guay**

Dans le cadre des soirées "Glendon publie... en français", Madame Dyane Adam, principale de notre Collège, a eu le plaisir d'inviter professeurs, étudiants ainsi que le public, à célébrer la sortie des nouvelles publications francophones de Glendon. Cette soirée s'est déroulée dans le salon de la principale, au Manoir Glendon, le 7 décembre dernier.

Professeur en études françaises et multidisciplinaires, également directeur des éditions du Groupe de Recherche en études francophones, M. Alain Baudot a ouvert la cérémonie en soulignant la présence des écrivains (à quelques exceptions près) ainsi que leur implication et succès; suivi de Mme Adam, qui a exprimé l'honneur de recevoir ainsi les auteurs membres de la faculté glendonienne. C'est dans une ambiance agréable que les invités ont pu s'entretenir avec les créateurs littéraires et ainsi se familiariser avec leurs œuvres, de leurs écrits.

Au cœur du Nord, on retrouvera La francophonie ontarienne: bilan et perspective de recherche, sous la direction de Agnès Whitfield (dir. du département de traduction), Yves Renette (professeur d'histoire) et Jacques Cotnam (professeur en études françaises). Il s'agit d'un bilan d'éudes auquel se sont consacrés un dizaine de chercheurs issus de différentes disciplines: technologie, éducation, linguistique, sociologie, politique, histoire, et littérature. Ces textes réunis sont le résultat de multiples conférences visant à encourager la recherche francophone-ontarienne: une grande première au sein de la francophonie ontarienne! Chez la même maison d'édition, on retrouverait les nouvelles de Agnès Whitfield, également auteure du livre Cher Emile.


Pierre Karch, professeur au département des études françaises, présentait son livre pubilé par les éditions XYZ, Les ateliers du pouvoir. Finalement, aux éditions de D.C. Haert Canada: La francophonie dans le monde, écrit par le professeur Nicole Keating, elle aussi membre du département d'études françaises.

Ces publications sont disponibles dans la plupart des librairies françaises. Il est également possible de vous procurer les livres édités par le Gref à la résidence Hilliard au local D-114.
Shots in the Dark

Ed Beres

With the academic year now half over, you may be asking what has happened to the enthusiastic CKRG crew since September. Promises were made of outdoor speakers, better DJs, and improved reception in residence. Currently we have no reception in residence at all, no outdoor speakers and much of the time, nobody in the DJ booth. This is not the "RG I was expecting, and I'm sure you weren't either. So I guess that, as the station manager, I should explain a few things.

When we took over from last year's crew in April, things were a mess and the situation was worsened by a robbery in which we lost approximately $9000 worth of equipment. We were victimized not only by the robbery, but also by York's blanket insurance policy with a $500 deductible. This meant that we immediately realized a $4000 loss.

But that we did not have the financial means of replacing all of the equipment immediately, we purchased all that was necessary for broadcasting on terms over two years. This last year, without doubt, has been a period of major revamping and required parts not readily available. Remember, Radio Glendon is licensed only to transmit by one transmitter, and not to have a second transmitter is a violation of the licence. It is reasonable to expect difficulties in the case of a blackout, without a second transmitter, we are unable to broadcast on the campus. Since we don't feel it would be fair to choose one residence over the other, we have opted to remain without transmitters for the time being. The information has been informed that they are almost ready and should be in place by the new year.

Finally, to the problem of dead air. It's been a problem in the past (but even in the past) and this year). That DJs have not been appearing for their shows. Programme Director Mike Glustein has hopefully solved this problem at the same time as he (or the Radio Glendon equivalent) will be for those with a slightly more refined taste for music. They include an all industrial show, three hours of hard core techno and all sorts of new music. Their new show, and you can listen to it on the new music show. And if you show you want to participate in Radio Glendon contests and give-aways will become much more frequent. Radio Glendon cannot work without you.

So along those lines, we are still looking for an administrative assistant. We have a very productive assistant that will enable you money. The Sales Director will earn a small commission on ads sold. Be advised that you will pocket change for lots of music. They include an all industrial show, three hours of hard core techno and all sorts of new music. Their new show, and you can listen to it on the new music show. And if you show you want to participate in Radio Glendon contests and give-aways will become much more frequent. Radio Glendon cannot work without you.

We have therefore realized now that the waiters were quick or they might have been next on the list.

Money for Nothing

Also the same night as Snowball, some students discovered the golden cash machine. This particular CIBC cash machine, would disburse an extra $20 with every withdrawal that you made. One industrious Glendon student decided that this was an opportunity that could not be missed. Our creative entrepreneur decided to continuously withdraw $20 from the machine, receive the extra $20 and thereby make a $20 profit. Our fellow Glendellite was quite lucky not to have melted his poor bank card as he withdrew money 19 times from the machine and reaped a $380 profit. Of course given that CIBC is reporting record profits for the year, how bad it's really true that our student defined the night as "six years may remember" and was a luxury I had to it's because I have more important things than schoolwork to be doing, and sometimes I really do. What worries me enough, is the time I spend watching an episode of The Simpsons that I've already seen twice before; or reading an Eaton's flyer, cover to cover. Instead of reading and writing about Chaucer or Shakespeare, I fill my mind with trivial information about Homer and Marge or those 280- count cookies, she's got on sale for only one week.

There really is no sensible explanation for my behavior. I suppose

What's up with Radio Glendon

A Night to Remember

As reported last week, Glendon held its annual Snowball. This year, instead of the usual three per floor location of the cafeteria, organizers held the event at the picturesque hotel downtown. On the whole, it seemed as if everyone had a good time. Apparently, some parties had a good time at a good time that they decided to take something to remember the occasion. In fact, it would seem that they took enough to recreate the whole event at home. The list includes several place settings, a few plates, the candle from the table and a few napkins. It began to seem as if everyone had

The Simpsons

I am a procrastinator. There, I said it. Maybe admitting the fact is the first step towards curing myself. Nice. I doubt it.

It has been going on my whole life, this nasty procrastination habit of mine. I remember, quite vividly in fact, that day back in grade two when I fell asleep on the piano bench following parental instructions that I was to stay there until my practicing was complete. Or rubbing the sleep out of my eyes at five o'clock in the morning to complete a grade four project on cats due that day. But it doesn't stop there. How can I forget the butterflies going wild in my stomach the Sunday before I had to recite from Watership Down and write the required book report within about six hours? How could I? Of course there was the OAC English independent study that waited, untouched, until the night before it was due. Which brings me to university. Ah, university - my chance to regain control of my life; to liberate myself from the talons of that evil enemy called procrastination. (Opportunity knocked, but I failed to answer the door. I was originally putting it off for one reason or another). I have, sadly, become worse than before. I've even been foolish enough as to begin a twelve page research paper at five o'clock the evening before it was due. Needless to say, sleep was a luxury I had to sacrifice that night.

But I completed the assignment before everyone else and without transmitters for the time being. The information has been informed that they are almost ready and should be in place by the new year.

I would like to say it's because I have more important things than schoolwork to be doing, and sometimes I really do. What worries me enough, is the time I spend watching an episode of The Simpsons that I've already seen twice before; or reading an Eaton's flyer, cover to cover. Instead of reading and writing about Chaucer or Shakespeare, I fill my mind with trivial information about Homer and Marge or those 280-count cookies, she's got on sale for only one week.

There really is no sensible explanation for my behavior. I suppose
MPP's Pull All-Nighter
Anthony Burnett

Since coming to power in June, the Progressive Conservative government of Mike Harris has become very much used to protesters at Queen's Park. Many oppose the implementation of his Common Sense Revolution program in Ontario. Last week a new tactic of confrontation emerged. As I read several late night computer essays, I felt a kind of emotional support from several MPP's who were also awake and sitting a sit-in inside of the Legislative Assembly.

To protest the government's omnibus bill, Liberal MPP Alvin Curling refused to vote last Wednesday. The Speaker ordered that he be removed from the House and in response - and according to plan - about 30 other opposition MPP's surrounded Curling's linked arms, preventing the Sergeant at Arms from ejecting him. The Harris government says it must pass omnibus Bill 26 to implement the 6 billion dollar spending cuts announced in the mini-budget. The opposition counters that the bill gives the government sweeping powers, including the right to redraw municipal boundaries, and to close hospitals. One of the most disputed measures of the bill allows the Minister of Health to review private medical files. The opposition said that it would end the sit-in if the government agreed to break the omnibus bill into smaller pieces of legislation and submit them to public hearings.

The Conservatives seem to be bringing in the most unpopular legislation, the less they say about the beginning of their mandate. Controversial bills quickly introduced before Christmas in the first year are less likely to be remembered four years later at election time. This is why the liberals and NDP want to hold public hearings; they do not want these changes to be swept under the rug unnoticed by the general public. The opposition parties believe that if public hearings are held, then Ontarians will react negatively to the proposed changes.

In the realm of politics, it seems that hardly anything exciting ever happens in Ontario. There haven't been any rebellions or revolutions here in over 150 years. Why should France get all the fun? Problematic looks, marches, and demonstrations? Even the Americans get to have gladiator style battles on the budget. And shutter down their government once in a while. Unfortunately, we never get such excitement in our province.

After 18 hours of MPP's occupying the chamber, the chiefs in adjourned the House until Monday, and Mr. Curling went home to sleep. It looked like a new era of public hearings and spirited debates after all. I must admit, I never thought after watching Harris's Common Sense Revolution would actually improve the political climate in Ontario, but that just may be the case. The opposition is now infused with renewed energy and has also begun to become willing to scrap it out with the government. Perhaps there is hope for us, maybe politics here will become more interesting and we too can be called quirky instead of the usual adjective: dull. If not, then we will always have the French to boffle and amuse us.

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perspectives –

Cynic At Large

ARTIFICIAL ATTITUDE

If you tune in to any techno programs, you'll be sure to see a bit on the advances in computers and artificial intelligence. They all await with bated breath the time when computers will not only possess intelligence, but artificial personality. Well, I personally think that all these techno babblers have totally missed the boat. Ask absolutely anyone who owns a home computer and they will tell you that not only does their computer have a personality, but its got a real mean streak.

Take my computer for example, his name is Renzo. In case you're wondering why I've named my computer, over the years I have found it a lot easier to swear at a computer that has a name. It makes it a lot more personal and effective. Anyways, Renzo is a wonderful computer. In fact he works miracles. He's only a $286 but still manages to run Windows 8.1 and give me 300 megabytes of internet. Renzo, does however have a vicious streak. You see Renzo seems to know when I'm stressed and in a hurry. The more stressed I get, the less inclined he is to do what I want him to.

When my friend's word processor was having a bad day, I offered her the use of Renzo. It would seem that her computer could no longer handle the pressure of having to store all the information that was being entered into it. When she asked it to print, she inadvertantly sent it a misprint. The last act of her computer though, was to infect my friend with some sort of computer unfriendly viruses. When she came over to use my computer and printer, Renzo sensed the vibes and guessed of the death of her colleague, and in a fit of grief refused to function. Well, that's not completely true. Renzo did still let us type in the information and save it, and almost print it. It would seem that printing reminded him of what sent the other computer over the edge and so he refused to print any more than the first paragraph. Now, you may think that this story is completely preposterous, unless of course you own a computer. If you have one yourself, you know that it will often crash in the middle of your thesis paper, refusing to invoke the backup function that you so carefully installed. It even crashes while you're playing Tetris or Bejeweled with your Aunt Martha. It also has an amazing sense of timing. The closer that you are to the deadline for whatever it is you're working on, the bigger the malfunction your computer will suffer. It's as if somehow the computer can sense your stress and amplifies it or something. If the due date is still a week away, your computer will work perfectly. However, if you have just written your paper right before going to bed. If the due date is three days away, the spell checker will freak out because you've written his misspelled. And heaven forbid, if it's 3am the morning that the paper is due, the printer will also. No matter how nicely you toggle the dip-switches or rearrange the paper tray, it will refuse to print more than two lines at a time. Isn't wonderful living in a society that's so technologically advanced? Kind of makes you want to go back to your old manual typewriter doesn't it? (Sorry Renzo.)

Anti-Homophobia: A Negative Response

Recently members of GLABA and the Women's Centre launched an anti-homophobia campaign in residence. Leaflets were distributed in everyone's mailbox which asked students to take responsibility for how they talk and think about gays, lesbians, bisexuals who also happen to be in residence and study on campus. Unfortunately the campaign elicited some hateful responses from students.

For those who you responded negatively, some of us believe you may have missed the point. We are not trying to "promote" homosexuality, we are not trying to "promote" homosexuality as better than heterosexual or bisexual or same-sex couples expressing their love, affection, we'd like you to consider that heterosexism and homophobia can be found everywhere. Think of it as being like being in love or involved in a relationship where you fear for your life every time you hold hands, kiss, or even hug her or him.

All we are asking you to do is think before you open your mouth or decide to write hateful graffiti. What we demand is that you respect us, not just tolerate us by saying, "I'm not homophobic but..." What's your homocentric attitudes. If you say you're not homocentric then show it!! No one can hear you if you don't speak out!!! If you're not a part of the solution then you're a part of the problem.

IIFR Employee Screening
What would it take for you to go to the opera? That was the question put to a class at York University recently and the response was not surprising. Most students said they believed the opera to be too inaccessible; in other words too expensive, too formal, not even remotely interesting or understandable. The Canadian Opera Company (COC) has set out to change all of that and they have done a pretty thorough job. Last week I went to see my first opera, the world debut of Red Emma, staged by the COC. I was sceptical at best, although I can enjoy classical music, listening to an opera over the radio has always been a profoundly irritating experience, one that I never had any intention of repeating in person. Upon arrival at the theatre, I noticed first of all that not only were most of the opera goers not from a geriatrics group, but that some of them were even wearing jeans. After the lights went down and I got over my initial impulse to giggle at the fact that the actors were singing their line instead of saying them, I began to be taken in by the power of the music and the story line. I completely forgot that I was supposed to dislike the experience.

The Canadian Opera Company has made a series of remarkable changes in the past few years. In 1983, the Company invented surtitles, the translation of foreign language operas into English, displayed on a screen during performances to facilitate comprehension. The idea and implementation of surtitles has been described world-wide as a “barrier-breaker” which has enabled opera to move not only into the twenty-first century but also across the great divide of age and culture. This year the COC has put into effect a massive campaign to get people to the opera to see what they are missing. Most importantly for us, the campaign is aimed at 18 to 29 year olds and the offer is an excellent opportunity to discover a new passion. The deal that the COC is offering is called “Explore the Alternative” and all it costs is $35. For that ridiculous price you get a membership to the COC, one ticket to any opera, a reduced fare of $20 for all other operas for yourself and friends, a free CD of opera highlights from the 95-96 season, a copy of the newsletter, discounts on merchandise as well as a 10% discount on anything you buy at regular price from HMV. Damn! And those are just the tangible benefits. The other amazing opportunity is the discovery of a whole new world of art, one that you might possibly even like.

Red Emma, the opera I saw, was an example of the new direction the opera has taken. The librettist is in English and the story is contemporary. Based on a period in the life of the famous anarchist Emma Goldman, the story deals with her formative years and her passion for her work and her comrades. Goldman was a unique and controversial figure, deemed by J. Edgar Hoover to be “the most dangerous woman in America.” The opera demonstrates Emma’s power and passion as it chronicles her part in an attempted assassination, the lovers she lived with and learned from, and her dynamism and energy for a cause that fueled her entire life.

After getting used to the singing, I found that bringing a theatrical piece of work into the forum of opera not only lends it a new quality but actually transforms the entire concept. The singing serves to underline and accentuate the intensities of emotion and the music adds its own element of persuasion and beauty. First time librettist Carol Bolt, who originally wrote Red Emma as a play in 1974, was inspired to write the libretto by a man who wrote the opera, Gary Kulesha, who read and saw the power of the work as early as 1986. And indeed, much can be said of the lead singer Sonya Gossie (who alternates with Anita Krause). I never understood that to be an operatic singer, one must also be an actor of quality as well. Where Gossie’s singing leaves off, her gestures, her facial expressions, the very stance of her body take over to lead the audience into the next bit of music. Red Emma is an interesting look at one of the world’s most famous anarchists. It is also perhaps a great way to acquaint oneself with opera in general.

Although the production of Red Emma has come to an end, the Canadian Opera Company has a very interesting line-up of productions forthcoming, all which seem as entirely accessible and just as entertaining. The opportunity to explore opera has come full-circle from its heyday as an elitist institution. The COC has let it be known in so many ways that opera it is worthwhile to “explore the alternative.” After all, while I am getting older, opera, it would seem, is getting younger by the day.


Les Fantastiques au TfT

Les FANTASTIQUES, une comédie musicale bien connue, est actuellement présentée au Théâtre français de Toronto, dans la salle “supérieure” du Canadian Stage Theatre, 26 rue Berkeley. Cette pièce, jouée pour la première fois en version française est à l'affiche jusqu'au 16 décembre.

Les FANTASTIQUES est l'amour. Ce sentiment est l'amour. Le deuxieme acte, où quelques longeurs se font ressentir. Le piano et la harpe qui accompagnent les chansons des comédiens tout au long ajoutent une touche de magie à l'univers loufoque de la pièce. Bref, LES FANTASTIQUES est un oeuvre théâtrale et musicale qui vaut vraiment la peine d'être vue. Elle constitue une agréable activité pour se changer les idées et se détendre en cette période stressante de fin de session! Pour de plus amples informations ou pour réserver des billets, composez le (416) 534-6604.

Photo: Greg Tiphens
Flaming Lips Interview with Wayne Coyne

"Ask me something that'll make me use my long term memory", asks a semi-comatose Wayne Coyne just prior to the Flaming Lips sound check in Toronto. "All right", I say, "Why don't we talk about what you were doing before you became a Lip?" "Perfect", replies Coyne. "That's just the kind of question that'll get the noes perked up. It'll be pretty exclusive; nobody asks me about my life before music. It wasn't, like, painfully exciting or anything, but I did have one." And, so began a reasonably quick but entertaining Q&A sequence with the nucleus of one of America's most charmingly warped alternative bands.

What exactly were you doing pre-Flaming Lips?

"Well, I wasn't exactly an academic. I essentially just worked to support my social life. I worked at Long John Silver's, your basic American family restaurant. Everyone thinks those menial gigs are so horrible, but I actually liked being there. The blandness of it appealed to me, because I didn't have to take it home with me and there was no pressure - ever. I guess, that's why I stayed for almost ten years. I was actually quite a stellar employee."

So, how did you make the segue to the service industry career into one in music?

"I'm still working in the service industry, but now I'm working in my own metaphorical restaurant. I'm self-employed now, basically, so I employ myself. Of course, though, I'm well aware of the fact that I'm lucky as shit. And, I think all those years working for minimum wage for someone else's benefit definitely made me appreciate where I'm at now, how insanely great things are going. To answer the question, it wasn't a big stretch to get into a band full-time. I was always a music junkie; we all were, and it kind of feeling around with different little projects. It wasn't like one day, after a decade of singing lullabies everyday, just took off my apron and started a band. It wasn't exactly a catharsis or anything like that."

How would you describe the musical climate in Oklahoma when you first started out with The Flaming Lips (circa 1985)?

"Things were pretty wild back then, because that was sort of the advent of the hard core movement in the North West. You know, all that skate music that exploded out of the States around then. It was a pretty cool scene, at the time, pretty casual. This is going to sound a little nostalgic, but it was really all just for fun then. Nobody was taking themselves all serious and doing that angst thing - you could smile without being written off as light-weight. I think we've been able to maintain that laid back attitude. As far as the 'climate' (omg), everyone was just running around to concerts. People were just doing shows in their backyards and stuff. We would like the guys with a decent PA system, so we used to lend out our gear for a lot of marathons, half-asleep shows. And, we'd arrange for it, and put it all together."

Did you ever goof around with anyone who ended up getting the kind of large-scale response the Lips have earned?

"Oh yeah. Some of them got way bigger than us actually. I remember seeing no less than one guy who had a cardboard sign that said "The Flaming Lips - Black Flag and Black Flag play, and there'd only be around thirty kids watching. It was like Woodstock, though, down here - everyone claims to have been there at the cup of all that ground breaking, underground shit."

For a long time The Flaming Lips were definitely underground and seemingly happy functional band, despite the catalyst you signing with a monster label like Warner. What was the catalyst to the band?

"First of all, we weren't even NO to all forms of publicity or marketing. We never gave any kind of press pass, and we're not part of the media. But, warner... I don't know, it's just a band. We just happened, by circumstance, to have a record deal that just worked out that way."

Is there anything that you want people to know about the new Flaming Lips album Clouds Taste Metallic?

"Just that it's really good. No. I don't really want to talk about it, because it's just music. Music isn't something you can intellectualize. People respond to music on an emotional level, so it's very in­stinctive. I don't like to extrapolate or unveil anything either. Like, people like it or they don't like it and it's totally subjective. You can't control it, once it's out there, because it means something different to everyone. We don't like to disturb individual interpre­tation. After all, usually somuch more interesting than the original blob of an idea."

...Happy Mark epine (cont'd from page 1)

Happy Mark Lepine Day (notice the anglophone spelling of the assassin's name)

Free Violence Against Men – Enjoy Yourself Happy Mark Lepine Day.

Free Violence Against Men! Tell me up, beat me, it's O.K.

It must be made known that some of the women from the Women's Centre briefly confronted me not politely reacting for two reasons: Firstly we do not want any more energy to be sucked from our feminist spirits (this is disempowering and creates more work for us); secondly we thought that the perpetrator(s) of these immature woman-hating acts might get off on it.

Well, get off on this all!!

Defacing our posters and newsletters in the manner you did is not only inap­propriate and unacceptable, it also shows clear signs of your ignorance and your sensibility. You are so caught up in your male privilege that you are completely blinded. It is obvious that your bipolar brain cannot appreciate the concept that if for one day or one issue (of Excalibur or the Furies for instance) we focus on violence against women as problematic, we are NOT being anti­male, nor are we promoting violence against men. What we are doing is saying NO! We're saying NO to all violence against women; we're saying NO to patriarchy; we're saying NO to all forms of oppression, all forms of hate. This does not and CANNOT promote violence against men.

Perhaps you find that I am exaggerating, that maybe defacing posters is trivial and besides, the idiot(s) probably only meant it as a joke... Allow me to clarify a few things for you: racism is oftentimes presented under the pathetic guise of a 'joke'. That something comes across as a 'joke' does not mean that it does not carry hate with it. It does not mean that it doesn't reinforce oppression and domination. It does not mean that it's not cold, it's not cold, it's for those who are the subjects of racist jokes. (Or their allies). In other words, the comments written on the posters are not being taken lightly. They are just as perversive and just as hateful as propaganda promoting the celebration of Hitler's birthday or "Rights for Nazi Women". Enough is enough! This is a direct assault against women of this country. This attack will NOT be silenced by it. Moreover, we will continue to resist this stereotyping, this oppression, this violation of our safety.

The author of this articles wishes to remain anonymous for reasons of personal safety.
Lundi le 11 décembre 1995

The External Affairs Committee of the GCSU will be having a meeting Thursday December 14 at 10:30am in C202YH. Everyone is invited to participate!

The researches of many commentators have already thrown much light on the subject, and it is probable that if they continue, we shall soon know absolutely nothing at all about it.

Samuel Clemens, commenting on the nature of scholarship in general

CONGRATULATIONS L.R., for being Y's first R.S. I love ya and I'm proud ta know ya!

M.J.

Lost: Opal Necklace
Thursday night at Glendon Campus. Sentimental value.

If you find it, please, return it to security. One day sitting under Ed the Sandbag, wearing a red and black lumberjack vest. You have dark mysterious eyes, dark hair and were reading Nietzsche. I WANT TO MEET YOU.

Eric Mcconnachie

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Au Théâtre Glendon le 15 janvier 1996, un Colloque Intitulé le Théâtre Francophone à Toronto: action/reaction aura l'honneur de présenter des personnages prestigieux dans le domaine du théâtre.