

# Glendon left in the dust

**As SuperBuild brings new state-of-the-art construction to Ontario campuses, Glendon is forced to spend another year lacking student space and modern lecture halls .**

All over Ontario this fall a wave of new students have descended on Universities. Preceding these new students was another large impact on campuses: the provincial government's SuperBuild program and the money for new buildings that it brought.

McMaster got a new student center, Durham College was built from the ground up, and even the crowded downtown U of T got a few new buildings. On the York Keele campus two new buildings were built as well as several parking structures.

The government's best estimate is that 21% more students will be at Ontario's colleges and universities by the 2005-2006 academic year.

Glendon, however, has not seen any new construction and has not even been bothered by any renovations. How this fact will affect Glendon in the future?

The provincial government has contributed nearly \$1.2 billion to post-secondary institutions, a number that is supposed to be matched by the private sector in all projects. The idea is that with the inclusion of the private sector, financial and construction risks are not left only with the taxpayer.



TOP: Glendon students enter the outdated and unwelcoming main entrance. Much needed renovations and improvements have been left for dead as York Main has become the new construction mecca.



ABOVE: The wheels are in motion as York Main's construction becomes big business. Increased revenue and large corporate investments are allowing for the major increase, but Glendon remains as it was in the 1960's in terms of everything from washrooms to the furniture in classrooms.

See SUPERBUILD pg. 4

# "We Asked You"

We might be grabbing at straws a little bit here at Pro Tem, but there's a distinct sense at Glendon that we're somewhat of a colony of the Keele campus. Any dictator with a colony knows that you need to appease the colonists so that they don't end up too unruly. With that in mind, the kind people at York parking and security services have provided us with a shuttle bus which travels between the campuses. Don't get the impression that this is a quick or efficient service with convenient times - it's there to appease the Glendon colonists and keep morale up... or that's the idea.

We caught up with a few students around the Glendon campus and asked them:

"Does the shuttle bus work for you, or is it a symptom of the relationship between Glendon and York Main?"



## Tasheen Kara

"I think that it works for me, but only barely. I've had to learn to live with it."



## Judy

"The hours suck - I can't really take it even if I wanted to. The food here sucks and if I want to go up there to eat dinner I have to leave at 3:00."



## Sapehr Radjpoust

"No! I think that it's ridiculous that we pay the same tuition but we're limited with the facilities that we can use here at Glendon. We should have non-stop shuttle service. It runs every three hours and it's not convenient. It certainly questions the relationship between the two campuses."



## Peter Kupecz

"It runs fast but not often enough."



## Stephanie Franklin

"I would say that it's a symptom. I was going to take courses there but it was too hard to get there on the bus. You'd have to get there too early and leave too late."



## Sophie Price

"The shuttle bus is shit! I need to spend six hours at the Keele campus for an hour and 45 minute class. Also, during rush hour when I missed the shuttle it took an hour and 45 minutes just to get back to Glendon."



## Gillian

"I purposely take all my courses here because Keele is ugly."



Our regular meetings are being held on Tuesday nights at 7:00.

Everyone is welcome.

At each meeting we'll give you the lowdown on what's happening with the next issue of the paper and during the Tuesdays following the release of an issue we'll be talking about what went wrong and what was done well.

Also, here is the publishing schedule for the next few issues:

- Deadline Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> for the Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> issue
- Deadline Oct. 30<sup>th</sup> for the Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> issue

## pro tem

Pro Tem is the bi-weekly and independent newspaper of Glendon College. First published in 1962, it is the oldest student publication at York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. As a full member of the Canadian University Press, we strive to act as an agent of social change and will not print copy deemed racist, sexist, homophobic or otherwise oppressive.

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Letters to the editor may be edited for content or clarity. All copy appearing in Pro Tem is at the discretion of the editorial team.

# Wall to Wallet Clothing

Pro Tem staffer rummages through Toronto's old clothing show and finds it a most fitting affair.

As someone who does not enjoy dropping \$250 on a pair of "Vintage Worn Denim", or whatever quasi-insider term that the Denim-natti are currently propagandizing to get the 18-28 demographics to shell out this season, I made my way to the Clothing Show, under the misguided belief that it was mainly a vintage clothing show and that many items would be 80% off, as advertised. I figured that I could use my new found super power of being a writer at a student newspaper to at least get in free (admission was \$8) and potentially get some swag. I found out a little bit of background and even talked with one of the key organizers of the event, Bonnie Meacham.

Meacham estimates, with obvious pride, that the show has grown by more than 400% in the two years that she has been involved. The event, which in its previous incarnation was called The Old Clothing Show, is run by a close knit group of volunteers, friends and family members. We talked about the types of vendors that get involved, everyone from basement designers to boutiques like Modrobes (239 Queen West) and the major Toronto vintage clothing stores like The Black Market (256 Queen West). She described the show as "Queen West, urban chic" showcasing looks from retro to punk to hip-hop to raver to fashion victim.

One of Meacham's favourite booths was Marmalade (44 Kensington) which features mid-60s Twiggy dresses and other mod fair run by a bubbly and enthusiastic woman named Isabelle. For some like Isabelle, the event was an opportunity to hang out with her kind of people. Everyone at the event seemed to share her positive love of clothing design and the grassroots garment industry.

For others, like Anthony Nguyen at D. All of the Above (2990 Dundas

West) it was also about letting people know he's out there, doing his thing in his less than central shop. He mentions his commitment to his neighbourhood roots, opting to stay outside of the main fashion districts in favour of helping his community by being a small business owner. His mostly urban fare, consisted widely of cool t-shirts, asian dresses and locally produced jewellery. I also talked with Crystal at Serum Industries (Kingston, [www.serumindustries.com](http://www.serumindustries.com)) who was showing off their rave-culture ware with lots of hooded sweat-shirts and obscure silk-screenings. Serum primarily sets up tables at outdoor festivals and warehouse parties, focusing on the Drum and Bass set and the Clothing show was a great chance for them to get their name out to folks who might not frequent such events.

I had bought t-shirts from both Anthony and Crystal and was about to continue shopping when I realized that I'd just dropped \$40.00. I suddenly felt like I'd been the victim of a clever ruse invented by mastermind garment impresarios. Then, after more consideration, thought that maybe I was just being paranoid. Regardless, I felt that it was time that I removed myself from such a wallet-tempting event. Away from the crowds of girls with that strange shopping-eye-glaze that women of a certain type get into; their concentration as they tried on a fuzzy hat, their glee with which they bit into a concession stand hotdog, their weary patience as they stood in line for the ATM, it was kind of heart warming to see so many people doing something they all seemed to love on one of the last lazy, late summer afternoons.

— TIM GUNDERSON



Many vintage looks can be found in Kensington market.

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# NEWS IN BRIEF

## YORKU HITS THE GROUND!

On September 24, the new magazine YorkU hit the Tor-Star racks at the Keele campus. It is a glossy reflection of the pace of change at universities in Canada and reader demands for greater sophistication in image and tone as well as content in university news.

When asked about the new creation, York University's Chief Communications Officer Richard Fisher said that "... the audience for university news is highly cosmopolitan, and the new magazine reflects how York University has pushed the boundaries of traditional academia to communicate research and teaching methods that resonate in the real world."

Sounds great! Come by the Pro Tem office for a stiff drink while you explore the pages of this wonder.

## CKRG is up and running

Web streaming is now 100% up and running. You can check it out at <http://ckrg.glendon.yorku.ca> The program schedule for the year is also up.

## Consul General of France to come to Glendon

On Friday, November 14, 2003 in room YH 153 Mr. Hugues Goisbault, Consul General of France in Toronto will speak on "La France et le conflit irakien".

His presentation will be followed by a question period and a general debate. Colleagues and students are cordially invited to attend. Please call (416) 487-6704 for more information.

## TTC Metro Passes available at Glendon

Passes will be sold for \$87 (which is a discount of 12% from the regular price) from the parking & transportation office, located in the Greenhouse

## Linguistic Human Rights

On Tuesday, October 14, at 4:30 pm in the SCR, Tove Skutnabb-Kangas of the Roskilde University in Denmark, will give a lecture on:

"(Why) should diversity be maintained?" - Language diversity, biodiversity and linguistic human rights.

Her homepage is <http://babel.ruc.dk/~tovesku/>. You can find a good summary of her ideas on diversity in an article which appears at <http://www.linguapax.org/congress/plenaries/skutnabb.html>.

## L'impérialisme Linguistique avec Robert Phillipson

Une conférence sur le thème "Is "Europe" Really Multilingual Now?" serait donner le mercredi 15 octobre à 16h30 au Salon Albert Tucker

Robert Phillipson s'intéresse depuis longtemps à l'impérialisme linguistique qui semble aller de pair avec l'expansion des langues dominantes et le manque de respect les droits linguistiques de la personne. Il est particulièrement inquiet face à l'expansion foudroyante de l'anglais à l'échelle mondiale. Son plus récent livre, English-only Europe? est une critique des politiques linguistiques de l'Europe d'aujourd'hui. Visiter son site-web: <http://babel.ruc.dk/~robert/>

## ProTem Creative Contest: Writing in Colour

Saddle up to the nearest computer and let your fingertips do the talking! L'heure de l'écriture a sonné... c'est le moment où jamais de libérer cette petite voix qui sommeille en vous!

Submit your amazing, imaginative short stories in English or French, using a colour as a meaningful element therein. Please make sure they're between 700-1500 words long. Your stories will be judged by a panel of 3, through a process of blind review. The top 4 winners will each receive an Oxford Thesaurus, and the person whose story places first will have their work published in ProTem, Glendon Campus' leading student newspaper!

Envoyez-nous vos nouvelles à : [protem@glendon.yorku.ca](mailto:protem@glendon.yorku.ca) and remember to include your name in the body of the email, and NOT in the text or the filename.

## Concours d'écriture : Soyez créatifs en couleurs !



## SUPERBUILD Cont'd

The province even has an initiative to help universities improve and renovate existing space. \$140 million was allocated in 2000-01 alone to Ontario universities that had plans. Why has Glendon missed out on this as well?

As a response to this, two buildings which were built with this partnership in mind are York's Technology Enhanced Learning Building and the new home of the Schulich School of Business which, alone, are supposed to provide nearly 6000 new student spaces.

With Glendon's lack of construction comes other potentially long-lasting effects. The 1998 "Affirmation and Renewal: A Planning Framework for Glendon" document, states that Glendon's enrolment target is to be at 1800 Full-time equivalent students. This was seen as a condition necessary for the larger university to continue to support Glendon's budget allocation as Glendon is not financially self-sufficient.

As it now stands, Glendon cannot admit any more students despite demand, simply because

there is not enough classroom space to accommodate them.

Gilles Fortin, Glendon's budget officer explained that there are not enough big auditorium-sized classrooms and that in order to increase the number of incoming students they would need to add new sections to courses, something that does not justify the additional expense. Glendon is losing sim-

ply out because it cannot increase the size of classes in an efficient way.

**Other schools are not having the same problem.**

For example, under the Super-Build program, McMaster University in Hamilton has 10 projects on the go, with nearly all of them being named for some sort of private sector benefactor. York's Technology Enhanced Learning Building would not have such an awkward name if it were not for York's inability to find enough of a private-sector partnership to fund up to the government's requirements. Because they were not able to come up with private money, York has had to swallow the short-fall.

Any funding for renovations of existing space or construction of new space would go a long way towards improving the experience here at Glendon. If only 1% of the energy that has been spent on the many projects at the Keele campus were spent here it would make a huge difference for the college.

Of course any changes at Glendon would have to take into account the natural setting and architectural features of the campus, but complacency because we do not want to disturb the present beauty of the campus is no excuse for missing the potential benefits that would come to Glendon. Actually, this lack of construction and the cyclic effects that this causes could be detrimental to Glendon's future.

-Chris Spraakman

## Et à part la cafétéria...

### Shanghai Cow-Girl

Queen et Bathurst sur le trottoir nord, un peu à l'est de Bathurst. (538 Queen West ; 416 203 6623)

Un « diner », c'est comme un contre-restaurant. Quand on va au restaurant, on s'habille chic, on va se faire servir de la bouffe très classe avec des noms compliqués par des types habillés comme des pingouins dans un cadre magnifique ... et à la fin on paye bien chère!

Quand on va au « diner », d'abord on s'habille normalement. Si on décide d'aller au Shanghai Cow-Girl on est souvent décontracté car quand on fait les magasins

sur Queen street, il faut être à l'aise. Ensuite, une serveuse - qui se présente quand elle est de bonne humeur et grogne quand elle ne l'est pas - vous apporte une carte plastifiée sur laquelle vous pouvez voir la sélection des burgers et autres délicatesses grasses proposées par la maison. Dans son menu, Le Shanghai Cow-girl propose, en plus des classiques du « diner », une section « almost healthy » et des salades.

Le cadre est assez sympa, avec des tableaux au mur et de la musique rock ou du jazz en de fond sonore. En prime, le Shanghai cow girl a une section fumeur. Les prix sont corrects, comptez 15\$ par personne, plus le pourboire!

### Standart club

Collège et Beatrice, à l'ouest de Bathurst, 2 blocks au nord de la station de métro Christie.

Sous un nom ringard se cache un chouette petit restau en plein cœur de Little Italy. Le cadre sympathique et décontracté vous invite à vous incruster un peu plus longtemps que nécessaire. En plus, les cuisines ouvertes vous permettent de voir les cuistots à l'œuvre. Ce petit restau propose à sa clientèle une sélection de pâtes, des pizzas, des viandes et du poisson, des entrées et des desserts typiquement italiens. Les portions sont généreuses, les saveurs

sont simples mais impeccables.

Un repas au standart club vous coûtera entre 15 et 20\$ par personne plus le pourboire. Le vin du patron est excellent. Le Standart offre également un espace fumeur. Et le patio est très agréable, dépêchez-vous d'en profiter!

- Esther Wolf

## Des parasites rigolos au théâtre de Glendon

Le théâtre Glendon et le théâtre la Tangente ont présenté *Parasites au bloc* de Lina Blais et Louis Naubert, une pièce originale francophone, en exclusivité pour nous.

*Parasites au bloc* est une pièce où les trois personnages, Roxanne, Jocelyne et Guy sont des employés des impôts, et ils trouvent des erreurs dans les déclarations, et s'ils n'en trouvent pas, ils les inventent! À la suite d'une restructuration, seuls les meilleurs trouveurs d'erreurs garderont leur poste. Commence alors une féroce compétition entre nos trois protagonistes pour voir qui sera le meilleur. Jocelyne et Guy se la jouent régulière : lire les dossiers, trouver les erreurs puis classer ces mêmes

dossiers. La principale différence entre ces deux personnages est que Guy crée des erreurs alors que Jocelyne en trouve des vraies. Roxanne, de son côté, joue un autre jeu.

Dès les premières minutes de la pièce, on comprend que Guy est - comme qui dirait - le manager du bureau, responsable et abusif. Il a un œil sur Roxanne, qui est un peu timide et - disons le franchement - un peu niaiseuse. Mais la souris a un plan!

Chantal, la jumelle super sexy de Roxanne, rend visite à sa sur sur son lieu de travail et c'est le coup de foudre. Guy est sous le charme, il invite Chantal et...

d'humiliations en humiliations, Guy se retrouve face à lui-même et à ses inaptitudes pendant que Roxanne-Chantal prend de plus en plus d'assurance.

Un grand coup de chapeau pour le décor qui nous emmène dans des caves franchement animées et hautes en couleur!

*Parasites au bloc* sera en représentation au Toronto Center for the Arts les 8, 9, 10 et 11 octobre 2003 à 20H00 (Informations : 416 872 1111).

- Esther Wolf

## Summertime Blues At York Enrollment

It's summer "holidays" again, and that means catching some sun, working to pay for tuition, working some more to pay for books, and of course getting my schedule ready for next year. The latter seems to be the hardest of all to do. Here is a log of my ordeal:

10:21 AM: I'm sitting at home trying to juggle my courses inside the 2003 Undergraduate Lecture Schedule before my enrollment access time begins at 4 PM.

12:03 PM: I finally solve all the conflicts in my schedule. I even manage to have Friday off! I'm so glad I decide to rest and celebrate.

12:17 PM: My friend Dave calls me. Apparently his enrollment access time began earlier so he gets first crack at the courses. He sounds rather alarmed.

"I can't get into Calculus! All the spaces are taken!" Dave says in a hysteric voice.

"It's OK, don't panic there's still time," I try to calm him down.

Oh no! I need to get into Calculus too! Without it I can't graduate! This is not good. I start to ponder what to do about this dilemma.

3:28 PM: A light bulb suddenly flashes in my head as I remember my friend Joe, who mentioned he's dropping Calculus because he is switching majors. If I can convince him to drop it just before my access time and register right after into the

vacant space, there's still hope!

3:29 PM: I quickly dial Joe's number and ask him to do the favour.

"Sorry I can't, Dave just called me a minute ago and asked me to do the same" he says to my dismay. "I promised him I'd drop it at 4 o'clock so he could have the space."

3:34 PM: I call Dave and tell him I'd buy him a pitcher of beer if he'd let me take his place in Calculus. He refuses.

"OK fine, be that way, I guess we'll just have to race," I tell Dave. "After all, there's only room for one of us."

3:40 PM: I start brainstorming on how I'm going to beat Dave into enrolling into that elusive Calculus class. Some ideas that come to mind include: pulling the fuse box at his house so his computer goes out, or disconnecting his internet connection so that he can't access the enrollment system.

3:56 PM: With my stopwatch in one hand and my other hand ready on the mouse, I stare in anticipation at the enrollment website as the timer counts down to 4:00.

4:00 PM: My stopwatch alarm rings and I'm clicking away. "Come on!" I say in frustration as I have to re-enter my student number after accidentally mistyping it.

4:01 PM: I curse in despair at Bill

Gates as Microsoft Windows crashes.

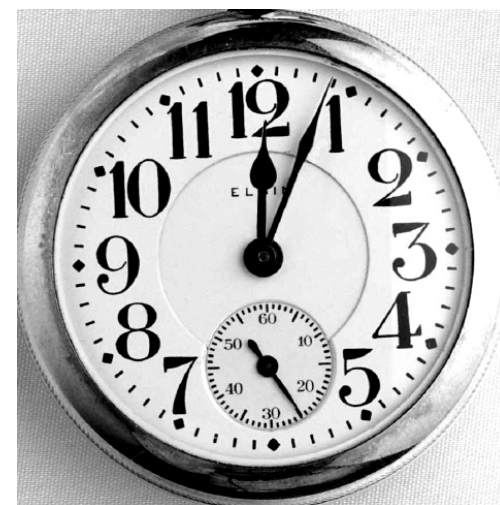
4:03 PM: I reboot my computer and desperately try to get into my courses but alas, I am too late. Most of the spaces are either full or reserved.

4:15 PM: Things are not looking good. Even the backup courses to my backup courses are taken. Not only am I forced to take class on Fridays, I have courses at 8:30 AM meaning that I'll have to wake up at some inhumane hour before sunrise next year. Some days my courses are all spread out and other days I have to travel two hours just to come to a one hour class. Worst of all, I had to enroll in a Women's Studies course to fulfill my degree requirements.

4:33 PM: Dave calls me and celebrates for getting into Calculus before me. I try to negotiate trading my Women's Studies course for his Calculus. He laughs and recommends hiding under the table while I'm in that class or risk being beaten by a group of feminists.

4:46 PM: I brainstorm again. I start to wonder if there's a way to find my friend's student card and PIN code so that I can drop him out and open up a space for myself. Or perhaps I could kidnap a colleague and replace his spot, or bribe the Prof.

The next few weeks: I call in every day



in case someone drops the course and a space opens up. It looks like it's going to be a long summer...

ed. note: Hooman Rowshanbin is a student who's been at York for far too long. You can reach him through e-mail at: hoomanrow@hotmail.com

- Hooman Rowshanbin

# GREENING THE IVORY TOWERS

Traditionally, Universities have always been at the forefront of, if not change, then at least important innovations. Accordingly, it is no surprise that in today's society of fast-paced globalisation, technological innovation and ecological deterioration, Canadian campuses are becoming more aware of necessary alternatives to achieve sustainability.

Greening the Ivory Towers is a campus sustainability project developed by the Sierra Youth Coalition (SYC). SYC, in existence since 1996, is the youth wing of a major environmental coalition, The Sierra Club of Canada. Greening the Ivory Towers Project (begun in 1998) grapples with questions of connection and relationship between social, ecological and economic aspects of a given campus.

"This project aims to provide research, resources, support, strategizing and training for students, staff and faculty to make their campuses models of ecological and social sustainability," says their information sheet.

Recently developed Campus Sustainability Assessment Framework, that is to say an ensemble of different sustainability indicators, serves to provide information about any given campus' progress towards their goals, as well as to help students, staff and

faculty with future plans and decision-making.

Perhaps the most widely known of Greening the Ivory Towers Projects is the Sustainable Concordia Project. Since July 2002 this student-driven and university-wide supported project has managed to implement: A) biodiesel buses i.e. buses that run on recycled vegetable oil and by this reduce the greenhouse gas emission by 80%; B) Ethical Investment Policy; C) Sustainable Paper Purchasing Policy i.e. priority purchasing of high post-consumer and recycled paper in bulk whenever possible.

Although not yet as known as Concordia (ah, those radical Quebecois!), Glendon is doing its bit. This year, Policy and Planning Committee (PPC) has developed its plans around the theme

of Glendon as a Place of Study. In PPC's own words: "A focus on Glendon as a place of study provides a theme around which to build academic strength and community together through academic use of the campus."

PPC has come up with a list of possible courses and is presently asking the departments to think about how they could develop those courses in order to "encourage a fuller awareness of Glendon's natural and social communities."

Some of the possible courses include

- Environmental Planning: building retrofits, energy, health and community;

- Environmental Health: global and local dimensions;

- Food production and consumption: global and local dimensions;

- Art and Environment: landscape and community; Environmental Ethics; etc.

PPC is a ten person committee chaired by a newly elected Ian Martin (Chair of the English Department). It includes five faculty members and five student body members. Currently, there

are three student memberships still available and anyone who is interested in promoting campus sustainability is invited to join this Faculty Council Committee.

by Maria Repac



Glendon does its part to reduce harmful emissions by 'greening' the bus that travels between the campuses

## Walking With Dewdney

Glendon's 'Writer on Grounds' displayed his knowledge of nature and his mastery of words

On Saturday September 20, Christopher Dewdney, an accomplished poet and author, and recently designated the "writer on grounds" at Glendon, gave a walking tour of the natural history of the surprisingly expansive Glendon Campus. He has been nominated three times for a Governor-General's Award and is a published author of poetry and philosophic essays. He will be teaching Advanced Creative Writing at Glendon starting this Winter Term.

The time was noon, and the weather, a day after hurricane Isabelle, was blue-skied and lovely. The landscape reading was an idea created by Dewdney himself, and turned out to be a successful one. An apology must be put forward to all those of you who missed out on the wonderful experience that it was.

An assortment of interesting characters came out for the tour, among them an artist, a gardener and a journalist. There was some question as to how the guided tour would be conducted, (ie. Was Dewdney going to recite poetry while the group followed behind him?), but it soon became clear that the poet has much knowledge of nature, and wanted to share it with his troops. The number of different trees on Glendon's campus, including quite a few southern arborvitae, came as a surprise to many.

Though Dewdney did not read poetry while on the walk, he did have a way of talking that showed he is master of his words and has a mind of imagination and humor. Sycamores have "sensual, silky smooth bark", and Paulownia Tomentosa trees are "oriental-ornamental". Dawn Redwoods have feathers for leaves, and the

Pin Oaks and Himalayan Pines are southern trees. There is a wall of brick, about 5ft. by 6ft. down by the field, and Dewdney tried to convince the group that it was the beginning of a structure for residence but the project stopped after just the wall was erected. There are wetlands back in the woods, and if you're feeling "groovy with nature, lay down a sleeping bag," he says. A 747 dropped cargo containers on to the campus grounds, (those metal art pieces outside of C building), and the event was celebrated with a small garden, (the flowers planted around the metal art pieces.) The poet Dewdney, who has fantasies about fresh water shark, has an actively creative mind.

After some huffing and puffing up a very steep hill, a light lunch was munched on in the Senior Common Room / "eagle's nest." Dewdney began to read from his

publication of poems "The Natural History," (ECW Press, 2003). The group that had trekked through the grounds, listening and laughing to Dewdney's endearing descriptions and fantasies of the surrounding wilderness, then sat in comfortable chairs in the "eagle's nest" overlooking the trees, listening to his chosen excerpts from poems inspired by what Dewdney had just shown them.

With his chin length blondish-grey hair, and his recently required reading glasses for his hazel eyes, he stood before the gathering and began to recite. In a soft voice he read his words, every now and then glancing up to say with his eyes, "You see? Do you remember? I showed you this!" His words were full beauty and beat, and were so relevant; he truly had shared his creative influence.

Take this quote with you on your

journeys around Glendon, "...her rude beauty gives way to angels." (Dewdney, p.43)

By Christina Palka

# So you want to be a Kyogen master?

Before you can begin dazzling audiences with your vast skill and awe-inspiring abilities, you have to understand what exactly Kyogen is. It's not a martial art or a hi-tech Japanese car. It's not even raw fish (sorry to disappoint you). Instead, it's a type of Japanese theatre that was formed back in the Romantic Era (14th century). Interestingly enough, tofu, soy sauce, and the kimono were also invented at that inspirational time. Kyogen theatre is comical; it compels the audience to laugh and to cry together so that they share in each others' exuberance.

Traditionally, Kyogen performers were surrounded by audience members on all four sides, so their voice and their movements became large and exaggerated. To this day, Kyogen is very physical in nature - even something as simple as standing or taking a step has to be done in a very exact and proper manner. Performers use certain phrases in many different scenarios, but by changing how they speak, they change the meaning of what they are saying. Now that you're slightly enlightened on the topic of Kyogen theatre, let's move on to training. How else will you become a master before the age of twenty five?

**Step 1:** Learn how to walk. To do this, start with your feet shoulder-width apart, knees slightly bent, and arms stretched down by your sides. Slide your feet forward as if you're ice-skating but do not sway from side to side. Form, control, and balance are key to becoming a true Kyogen master.

**Step 2:** Learn how to laugh. You cannot possibly become a star of comical theatre unless you can develop a roaring laugh that will



inspire the whole audience. Start with a slow, deep HA and gradually build up speed without compromising on volume.

**Step 3:** Learn how to speak Japanese. Honestly, Kyogen just wouldn't be the same if it was performed in boring old English so sign up for a class and practice. Why not make the Japanese language part of your daily routine?

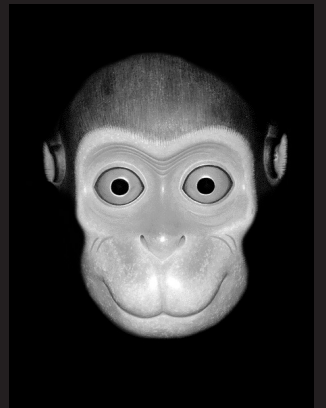
**Step 4:** Learn how to project. Now that you know the words, figure out how to make them heard. The audience will not be pleased if you mumble, have rubbishy articulation, wail continuously in an

extremely high-pitched voice, or spit at them.

**Step 5:** Learn how to put on a kimono. Why is this the last step you ask? It must be the easiest thing in the world to put on a costume that doesn't even have buttons! Alas, putting on a kimono is far from easy. There are about five parts to the basic costume, including a padded under-kimono, a collar (they come in different colours that have different meanings), a Kyogen robe, and other parts that complete the costume. Length, how various parts of the costume are tied, and how the collar is rolled are all significant.

If you feel the passion for performance, the desire to let your caged soul fly loose, and if you're willing to follow these steps, you may one day open up your own Kyogen theatre in your back yard. If, however, you have set your sights higher, go and find out if Kyogen can be brought to Glendon in the form of a drama class. Before you know it, you'll be inspiring whole audiences to chuckle along with you.

—Lucy Moiseenko



## NBC's new Coupling a poor replacement for Friends

Television has hit and missed when it comes to romantic sitcoms. Sure, it has enjoyed plenty of quickie romances, if you believe there's any true romance on "The Bachelor", "Joe Millionaire", and other atrocious attempts at reality television this past season. When it comes to network shows that focus on dating and relationships, however, the menu begins and ends with the friends on "Friends".

This season is the tenth and final season of the monumental sitcom. Since 1994, audiences have followed the friends as they've loved, lost, cried and most importantly, laughed. Monica, Chandler, Joey,

Ross, Rachel and Phoebe showed us, week after week, what it's like to live in a world of perpetual bliss, where people leave their doors unlocked, friends are always strong and true, and in the end love always triumphs. Every half hour allows each of us to escape into a reality where all we have to worry about is whether or not Joey and Rachel will finally kiss-and that's nice. For those who have enjoyed the sweet witty smartness of "Friends", you will loathe its Must See TV heir, "Coupling".

Without having been viewed by the general public yet, it has already faced grueling reviews. The show

makes jokes starring words like: nipples, porn and vulva, and that's just in the first two episodes. Many critics have commented on how "Coupling" is the PG-13 version of "Friends," since it also focuses on six singles who do little besides talk about their love lives. The problem is that the actors on "Coupling" are so fake and unpleasant that no one will bother comparing them to anybody-let alone "Friends".

"Coupling" is NBC's version of a successful British comedy, and the only thing more pitiful than spoiling the Brits' fun is that the American version is virtually a word-for-word copy of the original. Perhaps the



The cast of the original British version of Coupling

show is funnier with a British accent.

NBC can kiss the top spot of Thursday night primetime goodbye, if it's producing shows like "Coupling". It's understandable that the network is scrambling to

replace "Friends", but here's some advice. Don't force a carbon copy of the show, adding more sexual innuendo, and hope for a hit. Try different formulas, as tastes of fickle audiences change, and let a good show surface naturally.

— Leanna Fong

# Yonder Over The Frontera

Calexico @ Lee's Palace  
w/ The Frames  
October 3, 2003



**I**t started with all the ingredients of a lousy night. I was tired, it was cold and raining, and I was bored - so bored in fact that I had resorted to playing 'Free Bird' on my guitar. Good Lord! I was hopeful, however, that the anticipated Calexico concert would restore my energy and rejuvenate my spirits.

Ireland's The Frames were playing when I arrived and initially their brand of spastic, melodic rock failed to impress me. But like many others in the audience, I found the singer's exuberance infectious and he had little difficulty in getting the crowd to join him in his opera-like vocalizations. By the end of their set we were all well-primed for Calexico's brand of mariachi-infused, gypsy-inspired desert rock (desert rock?!).

Last time I saw Calexico play, they put on a technically perfect performance but lacked that certain something that can make or break a live show. Yet this time all the elements were there. Playing in front of a backdrop of depression-era Mexican border towns and psychedelic swirls, the Arizona-based sextet performed an hour-and-a-half's worth of new and old material, as well as some surprising Manu

Chao and Love covers. Apart from the array songs and instrumentals, I was happy just to watch some of the members effortlessly switch between instruments that included trumpets, vibraphone, accordion, melodica and classical guitar.

If there was a negative aspect to the show it would have had to have been the audience, which in typical Toronto fashion, generally chose to remain motionless throughout the set instead of daring to dance a little. Nevertheless, all in all it proved to be a thoroughly enjoyable evening of music that inspired many 'arribas' and succeeded in boosting my spirits to carry me through the walk home in the rain.

- Jeremy Fortier

## Yo La Tengo - An Interview with Ira Kaplan

*"...these songs are, you know, you love these songs, there are certainly songs that we've done that are just part of you, like it or not, I'd rather make me happy that they're a part of me [rather] than they're not..."*



**I**ra Kaplan is the lead guitarist and vocalist for the Hoboken indie rock veterans Yo La Tengo. Before assuring Tim that New Jersey was nowhere near California, Ira also agreed that it's completely fucked up that Arnold Schwarzenegger might end up being the governor of California. Because I mean really, what the fuck?

**TG** - How long have you been touring for, this time around?

**IK** - This specific time, about three weeks. But really for almost the year so far.

**TG** - Yeah, you guys were here like five months ago.

**IK** - Right, at the beginning.

**TG** - With the SARS.

**IK** - Yeah Yeah, that's right. I think the day after we left they upgraded the alert.

**TG** - You're working on a new album?

**IK** - Actually we have a six song EP that has already been recorded coming out. We had to just do a little mixing for that, everything was done... three of the songs were written and recorded were mixed along with everything on Summer Sun and three other things that we

just kinda had.

**TG** - I've heard these songs are a little bit more up tempo.

**IK** - They're a little more rock. Well the three left off the album. There's actually an acoustic version of cherry chapstick from turn itself inside out.

**TG** - Around the Electropura album. Your live show sort of got me into the throw down rock out sort of... all going on for like fifteen minutes.

**IK** - Well we were playing that song, Blue Line Swinger and, well that's how long it is. That's just how it goes. Well, that's a part of the show. You know, there's always something like that.

**TG** - You're always searching for something.

**IK** - It's not necessarily that specific song but...

**TG** - I've heard you do covers, like Bachman Turner Overdrive "Taking care of business" have you ever heard back from them.

**IK** - No. I don't think so. We've played with Ray Davies, so he, but that's amazing. But it wasn't quite the same thing as "I heard you covered my song." We have played

BTO songs. But we've done them more impromptu. We've never rehearsed them.

**TG** - Maybe a bit of a piss taking.

**IK** - We do this thing where annually on WFMU which is this local listener sponsored free form radio station in Jersey city, the next town from us, a great great radio station that annually, like for the last seven years maybe we have gone on the air for like 2 hours and people can request songs and we try and play it. So it is a piss-take to use your word in a sense, you know, [but] hopefully...

**TG** - But it's all in good fun.

**IK** - But it's all in good fun. And I think there's a lot of affection too, it's certainly for a good cause, but it's also these songs are, you know, you love these songs, there are certainly songs that we've done that are just part of you, like it or not, I'd rather make me happy that they're a part of me [rather] than they're not.

**TG** - Right on.

**IK** - I don't want to get in trouble with Randy Bachman here in Toronto.

**TG** - Yeah, because I was thinking of writing him a letter.

- Tim Gunderson



# Tosca, or How I learned to stop worrying and enjoy Puccini.

Even though his first experience of Tosca left him with a bad taste in his mouth, GERARD STOCKER was pleasantly surprised by a recent adaptation thanks to the COC.

Twenty years ago I went with my high-school music class to see the COC's dress-rehearsal of Puccini's *Tosca*. I was so put off by that performance that I foreswore all Italian opera and forever dedicated my immortal soul to Wagner. This little act of teenage melodrama was itself precipitated by the climactic scene of the opera in which (spoiler alert!) the eponymous heroine, bloodied knife in hand, hovers over the dying Baron Scarpia, and at his final twitch snarls, "There, he's dead; now I can forgive him!" Played well the scene should be furiously intense with just that touch of sadism and piety mixed up together that any good melodrama exhibits. Alas, that afternoon something went terribly wrong and as the fatal lines were uttered the audience broke into hoots of laughter. The performance was stopped, recriminations followed, and the wisdom of letting unruly teens into the sanctum sanctorum of high art seriously questioned.

Fortunately the COC was less hard-headed than me; they allowed the dress-rehearsal program to continue. Eventually I softened too and learned to love operas by Verdi, Rossini, and many other notable Italians. But not Puccini. Though I was certain that the COC had been too ill-mannered to admit that our laughter had been an untutored reaction to a bad performance, I was equally certain that anyone who wrote dramas that could turn so easily into farce was beneath serious consideration. So it was with great trepidation that I revisited *Tosca* for the first time since that ill-fated day twenty years ago.

Mirabile dictu, I enjoyed it! At no point in the new production did the illusion ever come crashing to the stage. In fact it got more convincing as it went along. And even if that climactic scene wasn't exactly furiously intense, I can assure you neither I nor anybody

else laughed. Esther Sümegi as Tosca was petulant and passionate in just the right measure. She brought real fire to her scenes with both Cavaradossi (Badri Maisuradze) and Scarpia (Alain Fondary). Best of all she elicited some well-deserved bravos for her "Vissi d'arte", as did Maisuradze for his "E lucevan stelle". Alain Fondary's Scarpia was convincingly brutal and Robert Pomakov, who seems to excel in such roles, brought a delightful combination of sullen and insolent to his Sacristan.

Those virtues didn't quite mask the awkward moments. The set, which at various times included, a staircase that occupied half the stage, large cut-out reproductions of paintings and a Brobdingnagian dinner table, seemed specially designed to engulf the singers. During Act II, while Tosca was bringing the house down with her "Vissi d'arte", Scarpia stepped behind that dinner table and effectively disappeared as though he were taking a coffee break. In Acts I and III one felt that Maisuradze's Cavaradossi was hemmed in by the enormous staircase. A great shame, because if he had been able to bring some more physicality to his beautiful singing he would have owned the show and helped bring the third act to that peak of intensity that a real finale demands.

None of these things really bothered me though. Because once we got past Act II I knew: the COC had done it. They'd broken my *Tosca* taboo. At the end I was on the edge of my seat with everyone else. And that's what it's all about.

— Gerard Stocker



# Jersey's 'Generation Genocide' is Hit-and-Miss

**W**ARNING: may leave the listener questioning some aspects of today's society.

I happened to stumble upon Jersey last year, one gritty Autumn night listening to Edge 102.1's Punkorama. Needless to say, I was captivated by their raw, pure punk sound and their thought provoking lyrics. Naturally, I jumped on the chance to review their new full length CD. Only now do I realize that the reason I enjoyed Jersey so much is that I previously heard only one of their songs.

Not that this new CD is awful. It's actually pretty good for just jumping around in your room and getting that 45 minutes of exercise twice a week that doctors recommend so much (provided you do listen to it twice a week). Melodically, the songs are quite catchy and entertaining. Some are even really good

(Generation Genocide, Lessons). However, what's missing is the diversity of subject matter that the songs deal with. Far too many songs deal with how you should not buy into, what is termed as, the bourgeois world of 9-5 jobs and how you got to find your own way, and how it does not matter what others say of you, etc. Leaning a bit too much on a corny cliché side.

On the other hand, some songs are pure gems. Anyone who has participated in any kind of protest/demonstration/riot will agree that 'Saturday Night' perfectly catches the essence and spirit of youth dissidence.

Although not one of the best CDs out there, Jersey's Generation Genocide provides 45 minutes or so of solid entertainment.

— Maria Repac



The boys from Jersey agreed to have their picture taken, but made no promise about smiling

## What is this thing called Dancepunk?

**H**ipsters rocking out and actually having a good time for once in their pathetic little 'ironic' existences. Similar to something called Electroclash that Vice magazine was hawking about a year ago, which is more of a cabaret send up of something or other, Dancepunk involves disco beats, lots of bass and so-bad-that-it's-really-good singing.

**Where can I get me some of that?**

For the spirit of it, maybe check out Lee's Palace at 529 Bloor St. W. where you can find the Dance Cave (upstairs). Saturday nights are free with student ID. You'll recognize at least half the songs they play on the sound system and lots of pretty girls come to git up, and then git back down again. But for those who know, go to Club 56 (56 Kensington) where you'll find a tiny underground club which gets ridiculously pumping with indie rock nerds cold tearing up the dance floor.

**Some Bands:**

**The Rapture - Echoes [DFA, Mercury 2003]**

So what do you know. The kids are alright these days. Witness Echoes by the Rapture, a band that has been relatively free of any hype that they didn't earn themselves by dropping their dynamic single "House of Jealous Lovers"

over a year ago. The song, at first glance simple, quickly unfolds itself in repeated listens, owing much to the climax and release of many types of techno. The band harkens from New York City, where they are part of the thriving local scene. Their dancepunk sounds like groovy punk rock, but not the sped-up yodelling that many of today's youth confuse for actual punk. The Rapture also channel much of the same energy of early disco, when the genre was still experimental. All this with a very urban and streetwise approach (well, for a bunch of white kids). They employ much live band instrumentation as well as honest to goodness digital house tracks like my personal favorite, Sister Savior. They channel Led Zeppelin by way of Television. They also write ballads that are actually pretty good.

**!!! (pronounced chk, chk, chk) - Me and Giuliani Down by the School Yard (A True Story)/Intensify - Single (Touch & Go, 2003)**

This is a very difficult album to buy in record stores because you almost definitely have to ask the clerk to find it for you. You thought you were all smart and could go to the A's and it would be right before, or maybe you'd gone to the 'Various' bin to see if it was nearby. The clerk won't even let you say that you know that it's good, that's why you're buying it...

before he makes some esoteric comment about something that probably gives an example of why he's such a terribly lonely and longing person. You put this disc in your walkman as you leave the San Francisco record store and rock out while happy old men drive by in convertibles. Later, you smoke pot with hippies in Golden Gate park and watch the sun set on the pacific ocean and exclaim to yourself "Yes".

**ADULT. - Anxiety Always (Ersatz Audio, 2003)**

I imagine that Germans would totally be into this album. I can imagine Christian on his scooter, zipping over to Helga's flat where they will talk of modern art and this bitch called love and when they sleep together she has to slap him around, otherwise he can't maintain. I guess that's kind of a stereotypical thing to say, I'm sorry to all Germans reading this, it seemed really funny at the time.

The first time I really listened to this album it blew me away to think of how completely 'off' they would have

to have felt to write it as well as they have. The entire collection of songs is like one big pharmacological experiment. The Atari 2600 music over 808 beats, and the bluntly delivered nonsensical throw downs kind of get me excited, confused and anxious all at the same time. It's pretty good for awhile, but I could see myself wanting to go outside to the patio, where there's a heater and a separate bar that I can chill out at for a little while and maybe chat up Helga while I'm at it.

— Tim Gunderson



Members of the band 'The Rapture' waiting outside a barber-shop

A quick glance at the artwork of David Usher's new release, *Hallucinations*, reveals a great deal of green.

Looking at pictures of pretty trees and sunshine, one might expect to hear a grounded, possibly simplistic, down-to-earth record about, wait for it, the meaning of life.

Well, what you get is basically a hallucination of this. The listening experience starts out well enough, with Usher singing sadly in a light, whispery voice, accompanied by gentle, rhythmic music. As with most Usher songs, the melody is simple and immediate; careful, attentive listening is not required.

Things quickly take a turn for the worse, however, as violins, high-pitched wailing, and bla-

tant overproduction make their dramatic entrance. The volume at which Usher belts out the chorus of the song increases progressively, accompanied by a mini-orchestra in case you didn't get the hint that this song is supposed to be deep, emotional, and thought-provoking. This, along with lyrics such as "the world becomes quite clearly something I can't live in" and "I can't feel my legs" sets the formula for the rest of the album.

Usher simply cannot bring himself to stop singing about the cold, lonely, crazy world that has made him numb and cynical. The same clichéd ideas are expressed in the same tone in many repetitive choruses that grow steadily louder and more desperate. Even songs that start out in a more interesting way quickly become re-

petitive and drag on for far too long. Overall, the album is fine to tap your foot to but it lacks sincerity and originality, something that cannot be replaced with any number of keyboards and violins.

— Lucy Moiseenko

## Chroniques Nocturnes



Ryan Parks

UN SAMEDI SOIR SUR LA TERRE...

Le Canada regorge de lacs, de forêts et... de DJs, tous meilleurs les uns que les autres. John Acquaviva joue le rôle de figure de proue dans ce paysage électronique très dense. Le samedi 27 septembre, cet enfant prodige des beats revenait au pays pour un set house survolté, à l'occasion d'une des soirées « Goldclub Series » du System Soundbar. L'ambassadeur de la House canadienne, comme on aime à l'appeler, a tenu toutes ses promesses en déchaînant un public conquis d'avance.

À minuit trente très précises, le co-fondateur (avec Richie Hawtin) du label Plus 8 prend les platines et augmente les BPM du club torontois, un large sourire au visage. Après quelques classiques incontournables, son appartenance à la vague electroclash prend le pas et les perles electro-techno-disco se mettent à déferler dans un Club bondé à souhait. Il n'y a aucune équivoque, John Acquaviva aime son public et celui-ci le lui rend bien. Il suffit de regarder quelle énergie il met dans ses regards et ses harangues à la foule pour comprendre que cet homme est un magicien. On ne danse pas sur les sets de John, on les vit avec passion, avec transe.

Mais John a un secret, il boit de l'eau et il possède une petite merveille sur son ordinateur portable : Final Scratch. Un pe-

tit bijou de programmation qui permet de jouer du MP3 sur un vinyle. Je vous l'ai déjà dit, John est un magicien. Désormais, plus de fly cases encombrants, seuls deux galettes très spéciales et des têtes de lecture reliées au laptop suffisent. Un simple clic permet de charger les morceaux que l'on visualise sur l'écran et que l'on cale grâce aux platines. Le procédé est révolutionnaire car il permet non seulement de réduire son matériel, mais aussi de jouer des tracks qui ne sont pas encore pressés sur vinyles ! De ce fait, les fameux « White labels », que l'on testait sur le public avant une diffusion plus importante, ne sont plus pressés mais gardés bien au chaud dans le PC. C'est beau la technologie, surtout quand c'est John qui vous l'explique !

Quelques heures plus tard, épuisés mais ravis, les clubbers sortent à regret et commencent à héler les taxis amassés sur Richmond. M. Acquaviva était de passage à Toronto pour les petits veinards du System Soundbar. Pour les autres... ne vous en faites pas, il reviendra !

— David Bouquerel

## HIS SPIRIT LIVES ON

An evening to support the launch of an Aboriginal youth education fund in memory of



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# Un Autre Succès à la Réunion des Écrivains d'Expression Française à Toronto

Toronto's French community comes out to grab up the latest in literary jewels

In 1992 Christine Dumitriu-Van-Saenen approached Toronto francophones about starting the event that would give back something to the French community outside of Quebec, something to bring Francophone readers and writers together by temporarily importing over eighty French writers, mostly from Quebec, some from such places as Belgium, Switzerland, France, Haiti to an event to showcase French writing. It takes place every year at the convention centre on Front street and has become an event for a generation of francophones and francophiles, young and old.

Over the years the event has grown from forty vendors to over one hundred and forty and Madame Dumitriu-Van-Saenen has been honoured by the creation of an award in her name. "I'm not a millionaire, I do not have a foundation," she says, Booths are rented out to vendors in order to cover operating costs and administrative and marketing budgets are provided by third parties. "Our funding comes from Canada at the Municipal, Provincial and Federal levels. We also have support from publishers, the media and private industry donations."

This year Christine Dumitriu-Van-Saenen prize went to Aristote kavungu from Congo, author of the book "Un train pour l'Est". The \$5,000CDN prize is awarded annually to writers who are brought together as a sign of solidarity not just with French writers, but also with authors of different lan-



Christine Dumitriu-van-Saenen and Glendon Professor Alain Baudot sign and present some of GREF's latest works - Pierre Léon's *Le Papillon à Bicyclette* and Shodja Ziaïan's *Contes Iraniens Islamisés*

guage books whose work has been recently translated. Madame Dumitriu-Van-Saenen speaks passionately about her craft: "Writing is a very solitary thing. I feel that one must be in a fairly painful place, to be able to write well."

While I wondered to myself if I agree with her, that writing must come from a dark place to be worth while, I read through one of her books on the subway "On Reality" (published by the GREF). The book is written in both English and

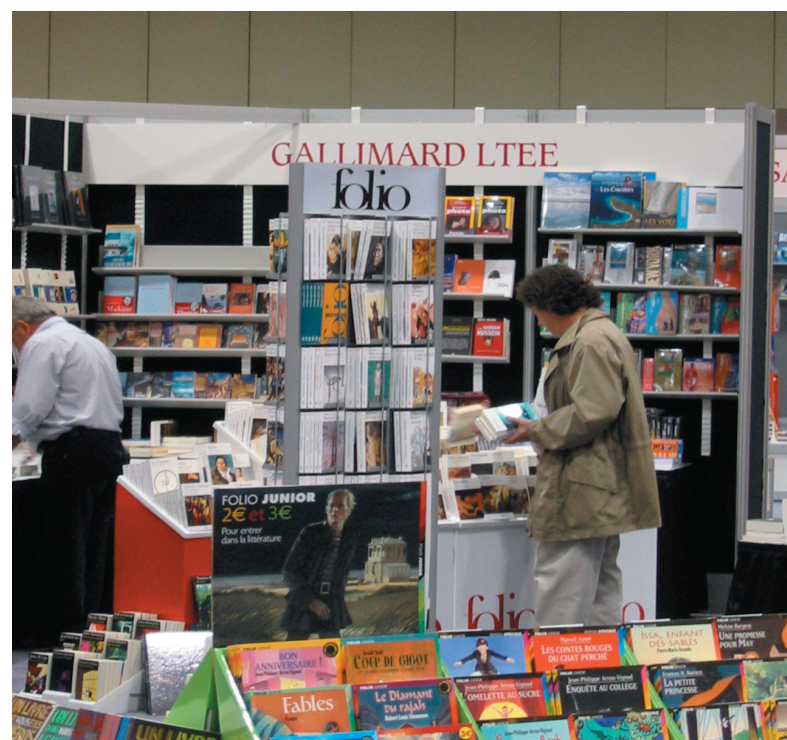
French, divided into to parts with direct translations of the French. The book will soon be printed in Farsi and Japanese. I often found that the English translation too literal, despite my relatively poor level of French, as though there could be more subtle language usage, perhaps a testament to how concise the French verse is. But what impressed me most was Christine Dumitriu-Van-Saenen's creation of a legacy that will hopefully last for years to come. "It's always a fight for money, but it's the good fight" she vows.

Glendon professor Alain Baudot was at the GREF booth (Groupe de recherche en études francophones), showcasing much of Dumitriu-Van-Saenen's work. He has been a part of the event for the last five years and his award winning typesetting and layout, featuring a focus on paper texture, less-is-more layout and the infinite aesthetic possibilities of the printed word.

I also stopped by the Glendon booth to chat with first-year poly-

most parts of Canada, the event made me consider how important Glendon is as part of the Francophone community. "French immersion means the teacher teaching a math class in English and then holding up the text-book to say 'livre.'" Roberts describes one of her options growing up. Instead she decided on French school, then deciding that Glendon was the next logical step in her education, applied to York. "I got in everywhere I applied, but Glendon just felt right to me."

- Tim Gunderson



sci major Dayna Roberts. Dayna grew up in Edmonton and her mother tongue is French. Taught by her mother she represents a fairly common group of French speakers at Glendon. At a time when French immersion is fairly uncommon in

## L'ÉVÉNEMENT ET SES OBJECTIFS:

Le Salon du livre de Toronto est le seul pour tout l'Ontario français. Cet événement annuel se situe dans le contexte d'un milieu culturel et littéraire d'expression française, défini autant par le nombre important de créateurs et producteurs de livres que par l'intérêt croissant pour la lecture d'un public francophone et francophile de jeunes et d'adultes de la région du Grand Toronto, de l'Ontario et d'ailleurs.

Le Salon du livre de Toronto avec son Festival des écrivains veut:

- Permettre l'exposition, la distribution et la commercialisation des livres et périodiques d'expression française, dans le but de mieux les faire connaître au public parlant français de Toronto, de l'Ontario français et d'ailleurs;
- Permettre à la jeunesse francophone ainsi qu'aux élèves des écoles d'immersion de Toronto et de l'Ontario de participer aux activités littéraires du Salon et de faire connaissance avec les auteurs et leurs oeuvres;
- Stimuler la promotion de la vitalité culturelle des communautés francophones de l'Ontario.