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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 by the student publica- tion of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits énoncés dans ce magazine sont ceux des auteurs, non de l'équipe éditoriale. Les articles ne reflètent pas toujours les opinions des étudiants, seuls ou en groupe. Les publicités peuvent être libres de publicité, sans publicité, ou libres de publicité de publicités. Le présent bulletin est distribué dans le Manoir Glendon, local 117. Tél. 3000 exemplaires.

Editorial
Our lifeblood: you

Hello Glendon.
This is your interim co-editor-in-chief. I bet you didn't even know you had an "interim co-editor-in-chief." And if you did, you probably wouldn't care all that much. You're probably wiping the Nutrigrain crumbs off the newspaper right now, giving yourself five minutes to brush up on your Glendon trivia before class. After all, your time is precious. However, at Pro Tem, such news is important. The Pro Tem staff was deeply saddened last week at the news that Melanie Cadieux, our beloved editor-in-chief, must leave her position for health reasons. Not only were we saddened, but we were a little scared (or I was, at least). How could we go on without Mel C. taking the scraps we give her week by week and gluing them into a paper worthy of Glendon? The answer is that we must go on. And we will. The good news is that Melanie will not disappear completely.

She will continue to bring her expertise, wisdom and talent, as Pro Tem's Managing Editor. And, for this issue, Features Editor Rob Shaw and myself, Rae Perigoe (Arts co-editor), are sharing the position of editor-in-chief until a more permanent solution can be found. One last thing. If having to be the co-editor-in-chief for one issue taught you anything, it is about the enormous amount of work it takes to put out this paper every two weeks. Mel did a wonderful job for the first two issues, but honestly, she couldn't do it alone. As a Glendon stu- dent, Pro Tem is your newspaper. How good it is depends entirely on how it is supported by students. As an open press, Pro Tem's lifeblood is student submissions. So why not think about getting involved? You'd help make Pro Tem the best paper it can be, and you'd have the added bonus of letting the world know what a brilliant writer/reporter/cartoonist/REPORTER/commen-tator you truly are.

Letters to the editor
Passion is like genius: a miracle

We need more Blue-Uniformed Rotten Baloney on the grill...along with the 'Bacon which we can hear sizzling'...

Chère Éditrice,
J'étais persuadé que l'article de J.J. O'Rourke, qui avait paru dans le premier Pro-tem de l'an- née, ferait beaucoup de remous et déclencherait un débat. Pourquoi en étai-je si certain? Very simple: when somebody (this would be J.J.) actually brings up a controversial issue or denounces one of the problems in our society (because, indeed, there is a problem), some other people (that would be Jordynn Jack) would rather avoid and deny the truth. It's understandable, after all, isn't it much easier to just close our eyes and pretend that this is not happening or rarely happens close to us? I wouldn't want to be rude to a fellow Glodennite or anything, but let's face it, cops aren't all cute and well- built men or pretty big-breasted women getting paid (with our money, by the way)! to apparently 'Save & Protect' us (Speaking of protection, who the hell is policing them???)

Mademoiselle Jack, tu dois avoir des excuses - de l'alter du pouvoir des 'coch'? En voilà quelques-unes. Si je te disais que tu pourrais avoir une amende de $55 parce que tu te promènes tranquillement dans la rue avec un 'skateboard' sous le bras? Et, qu'en plus, Mr. Le Pig te le dit avec son attitude arrogante: «Je t'ai donné pour te faire un skate avec toi, cela veut dire que tu en a fait. Comme c'est illégal, je vais devoir te donner une amende et saisir ton 'skate'. What kind of fucking 'service et protection' is that? Isn't that abuse of power? I think so.

Want some more "factual infor- mation to support the truth?" After a night out, my best friend Éloi and I were coming back to my place. Two stupid cops stopped us and asked for our ID's. So, like two good and obedient citizens, we gave them our identification cards. Of course, I wasn't just going to stand there like an idiot looking at them. So, I asked him what was going on. He replied: "Votre passeport est faux." (You have a false passport)." That's all he said. After 35 minutes (1), he gave me our ID cards back. Then, I asked him again: "Maintenant, est-ce que je peux savoir ce que c'est un 'faux'?" As he stepped back into his car, he said to me: "Si vous seriez moins compétents, je vous l'aurais dit." And he left.

Last March, in Ottawa, Melanie and I were walking back to the Fulcrum Newspaper Office. We lived there one weekend. It was extremely cold, icy, windy. We talked about Pro Tem. It had been agreed, at the time, that Melanie would be the new editor-in-chief. That night, along the slippery sidewalks, she talked about the future of Pro Tem. In April, it all became official and she was the new editor-in-chief. Firstly, a paper, even as small as Pro Tem, is hard to do for anyone. However, Melanie spent the spring and summer working her ass off so that it would be out the second week of September. In that time, she put up with GCSU bullshit, York bullshit and even staff bullshit. Yet still she stayed and did her job. There were times when I thought she was going to rip O'Rourke's head off. There were other times when I thought she was going to rip all our heads off. Nevertheless, Melanie always kept her cool, I guess what I'm trying to say is that you don't meet many people in your life who show the dedication that Melanie has shown. The truth of it is that the last two issues are probably the best looking ever and, in fact, look a hell of a lot better than 99% of the papers out there. We're all really lucky. Now, Melanie is leaving for awhile (a well-deserved break). Pro Tem won't look the same. It will probably be a little sloppy. We'll just say it's going under some renovations. Anyway, despite all that, we should, at the very least, thank Melanie for the time she has put into Pro Tem because I think we could all learn a lesson from it.

Passion is like genius: a miracle.

Thanks for everything, Mel.
Pro Tem
Letters to the editor

Passion is like genius: a miracle

Hello Glendon,

This is your interim co-editor-in-chief.

I'll bet you didn't even know you had an "interim co-editor-in-chief". And if you did, you probably wouldn't care all that much. You're probably wiping the Nitrigrain crumbs off the newsprint right now, giving yourself five minutes to brush up on your Glendon trivia before class. After all, your time is precious.

However, at Pro Tern, such news is important. The Pro Tern staff was deeply saddened last week at the news that Melanie Cadieux, our beloved editor-in-chief, left her position for health reasons. Not only were we saddened, but we were a little scared (or I at least), How could we go on without Mel C taking the scraps we give her week by week and gluing them into a paper worthy of Glendon?

The answer is that we must go on. And we will. The good news is that Melanie will not disappear completely. She will continue to bring her expertise to business and layout, as Pro Tern's Managing Editor.

And, for this issue, Features Editor Rob Shaw and myself, Rae Perigoe (Arts co-editor), are sharing the position of editor-in-chief, until a more permanent solution can be found. One last thing. If having to be the co-editor-in-chief for one issue taught me anything, it is about the enormous amount of work it takes to put out this paper every two weeks. Mel did a wonderful job for the first two issues, but honestly, she couldn’t do it alone. As a Glendon student, Pro Tern is your newspaper. You are the reason the Pro Tern staff has been able to do the work we do each week. If you have a story idea or a photo you think you could help make Pro Tern the best paper it can be, you’d have the added bonus of letting the world know what a brilliant writer/poet/cartoonist/reporter/commentator you truly are.

Thank you so much.

RP

We need more Blue-Uniformed Rotten Baloney on the grill...along with the 'Bacon which we can hear sizzling'...

Dear Editor,

Fiction

J.1. O'Rourke, qui avait l'habitude de camper dans le premier Pro-Tern de l'année, s'est endormi au lieu de se préparer pour l'arrivée des profs, et se serait endormi, surtout que nous n'avions pas assez du bateau. Il faut, au contraire, d'accord pour affirmer qu'ils ne sont pas tous... qu'ils ne sont pas tous... (with our money, by the way!) to avoid and deny the truth. It's understandable, after all, isn't it? How could we go on without Jordynn Jack? Would rather be Jordynn Jack) would rather be Jordynn Jack.)

Chère Éditrice,

J'étais persuadé que l'article de J.J. O'Rourke, qui avait paru dans le premier Pro-Tern de l'année, ferait beaucoup de remous et déclencherait un débat. Pourquoi en était-il si certain? Very simple: somebody (this would be J.J.) actually brings up a controverse issue or denounces one of the problems in our society (because, indeed, there is a problem), some other people (that would be Jordynn Jack) would rather avoid and deny the truth. It's understandable, after all, isn't it? Much easier to just close our eyes and pretend that this is not happening. What do we do if something close to us? We wouldn't want to be rude to a fellow Glendonite or anything, but let's face it, cops aren't all cute and well-behaved men or pretty big-breasted blonde women getting paid (with our money, by the way?) to apparently "Save & Protect" us (Speaking of protection, who the hell is policing them???)

Mademoiselle Jack, tu vas pouvoir être surprise d'abord de pouvoir être "côché". En voilà quelques-unes. Si je te disais que tu pourrais avoir une amende de 55$ parce que tu as déposées "preuves" de l'abus de pouvoir des 'coch'? En particulier, je pense à la façon dont je les ai taillées, quand j'ai voulu les faire passer au bon endroit..."Vous savez ce que vous avez fait"? All right, I'll say it. We're not all cute and well-behaved, we're not all "service and protection". It's true. Isn't that absurd of power? I think so.

Want some more "factual information to support the truth"? After a night out, my best friend Éloi and I were coming back to my place. Two stupid cops stopped us and asked what we were doing. So, like two good and obedient citizens, we gave them our identification cards. Of course, I wasn't just going to stand there like an idiot looking at them. So, I asked him what was going on. He replied: "Vous savez ce que vous avez fait"? That's all he said. At 35 minutes (!), he gave our ID cards back. Then, I asked him again: "Maintenant, est-ce que nous pouvons nous aller? Ce n'est pas un fait?" As he stepped back into his car, he said to me: "Si vous seriez moins incomplets, je vous ferais". And he left.

Je cherche toujours à comprendre le sens de sa réponse...

This is not in cachet in or ignoring the problems of our soi-disant society civilitée que nous allons les règles. Il faut, au contraire, faire comme J.J. O'Rourke: les exposer au grand public et en parler. Comme si nous n'avions pas assez du racisme, du sexisme, de la pauvreté, des personnes homophobiques, de classes sociales, de la bourgeoisie dirigeante, de l'armée, etc., il faut en plus que ceux que nous payons pour nous servir et protéger nous fasse chier et nous harcèlent en utilisant leur soi-disant autorité au détriment des citoyens. Je suis d'accord pour affirmer qu'ils ne sont pas tous de 'jerk', mais un(e) policier(e) qui abuse de son 'pouvoir' en est usé(e) de trop...

Jeff(r) Parent 4th Year

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Letters to the editor

Dear Editor,

In Reply to Angela Milevovic, let me ask you, how many hours of class do you currently have a week? Around fifteen, if you are an average Glendomite. Well, the average TFS student has thirty or more hours a week of school. They have no choice as to when they can take lunch. They are simply looking to enjoy the beauty of our campus on their meager lunch break. I know because I used to be one of those Smurfs (so feel free to refer to me as Papa Smurf). Now that I am a student at Glendon, I know what it is like to be on both sides of the TFS vs. Glendon debate. So, here is why, why, why...

One of the reasons that TFS students come to the Glendon campus is because of the cafeteria. The only cafeteria that they have is a room the size of L'Arcade, which is hardly big enough to cater to the needs of an entire high school. The other reason that TFS students come to Glendon is that there is no bookstore that fulfills the bilingual needs of TFS outside of Glendon. The majority of the books used in the teaching of French at TFS come from the French school system making them difficult to order. Only the Glendon bookstore has the combination of facility and proximity that TFS requires. Lastly, TFS has no Athletic facilities, except the gymnasium at the infant school. Therefore, they have to come to Glendon to use the facilities here. TFS has a contract with Glendon Athletics to this effect.

The real problem that I have with the article you wrote is that it takes a tone of snobbish university elitism (“Glendon is not a haven for a bunch of pretentious elementary and high school brats”). Then, you pontificate about TFS students with “their turned up noses”. What about when you mention the double dipping episode in your article (“Actually, it was more like quadruple dipping, but there’s no need to get technical here.”)? You say there is no need to get technical here’, but wasn’t that getting technical?...

But, most importantly, what do you think Glendon is, some sort of guarded private property? Do you read about UOFT and complaining about pedestrians on their campus? I don’t think so. It specifically says in the York and Glendon mission statements “we encourage bilingual study” and that “York University is open to the world”. So what do you propose to do about TFS students? Not allow them on campus? There is a place on our campus for everyone to come and visit, that means the good and the bad. If we start shutting out TFS students then eventually Glendon will have to close its gates to everyone.

Ian Savage

Open to the World- But Not to Neighbors.

Pro Tem, Journal bilingue de Glendon, le lundi 4 octobre 1999

Colleen McConnell

Do you agree that the Glendon College Student Union be an incorporated body? If you can’t answer this question yet, don’t worry - you’ve got another week to figure it out. On October 26 and 27, the GCSU will be holding a student referendum, asking exactly that question, to decide whether they should incorporate or not. Incorporate what, you ask?

Incorporation is a legal procedure which, as stated in the motion passed at the last GCSU meeting, will recreate the GCSU as a fiscally responsible and legal entity. It will mean a change in name, possibly to something like the Association of Glendon Students, since the name must be distinctive, descriptive, and have a legal element. It will also mean that the students union will be able to sue and be sued, and individual directors will not be personally liable - except if they purposely breach their constitution, the law, the charter of rights and freedoms of Canada, or the Canadian or provincial constitution.

It must also be noted that this referendum on incorporation should technically have been held before last year’s referendum on joining the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS). In order to join CFS, the student union must be an incorporated body. Students last year voted in favour of joining CFS, but we are still not a part of it because of this preliminary requirement of incorporation.

However, students should be aware of what incorporation will really mean to them. Joining CFS may be a good thing, and if we want that, we have to approve incorporation, but are there any negative side-effects to incorporation? Many students were not even aware that the GSCU was planning the referendum, not to mention the fact that they don’t know how it will affect them.

For one thing, how much is it going to cost? The act of incorporation itself is estimated at $175, but holding a referendum can cost up to $400. And, although this fact has not been well-publicized, there will be two referendums - the first one to approve incorporation, and the second one to approve the changes to the constitution that will have to take place because of it.

There is supposed to be an information session this week, but that could be difficult in light of the fact that, as GCSU vice-president Nicole Lavigne said, “even Council is not nearly informed enough”. For the sake of Glendon’s future, let’s hope information is communicated quickly so that students can make an informed decision at next week’s referendum.

Natalie Flute

Calling all the frosh

Are you enjoying your time at Glendon so much that you would like to tell others, perhaps those students at your old high school, how great a place this is? If so, this is the program for you. Taking Glendon With You is a program that has been around for many years. Valerie Clark, who works in Liaison, organizes the program, but it is basically reliant on students for its success. How it works is students who are interested in telling kids at their old high schools about Glendon go to visit Valerie. She then puts the students through training, teaching them statistics, facts, etc. about Glendon. This usually happens during reading week as to not disturb the students’ schedules. But this year the GCSU is taking it one step further. They want to take a small group of maybe five students to three CEGEP’s and three high schools in Quebec.

These are schools that Liaison is not visiting. The student union is using the trip to push the student movement, to encourage student solidarity between schools in Quebec and Ontario. At the same time they will also be advertising for Glendon, encouraging students to come and visit the campus and see what we are all about. Kind of like killing two ants with one shoe, or something like that. The more bilingual you are the better, but it is not a must. The GCSU mostly needs students with lots of school spirit. The trip will take place sometime during the first two weeks in November and is a three-day adventure. It is an excellent way to get involved in and share your feelings and experiences with future frosh. If interested, see Danny Tan in GCSU for more info.

GCSU Inc.?
News/Nouvelles
First Bill Clinton, now Christy Biggs?

Colleen McConnell-
Proceedings are underway for the possible impeachment of the President.
Sound like déjà vu? Well, it is actually happening right now, right here at Glendon College. Christy Biggs, president of the Glendon College Student Union (GCSU), is facing the possibility of impeachment for removing last March's issue of Pro Tern from this fall's frosh kits. She claims the issue was brushed "every aspect of Glendon... it bashed me personally", and therefore would not have provided incoming students with the right image of Glendon. Under the initiative of J.J. O'Rourke, a petition has been started to remove Biggs from office. O'Rourke claims that the removal of the newspaper from frosh kits qualifies as censorship, which violates students' freedom of thought, and therefore violates the GCSU constitution. Indeed, article 6b of the constitution states that "Everyone has the same fundamental rights and freedoms... Freedom of thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom of the press and other media of communication". However, for Christy Biggs, my perception of the definition of censorship would involve the total removal of all the issues of Pro Tern. The issue in question, Pro Tern's last issue of the 1998-99 year, was not completely unavailable, and the Pro Tern staff made certain that it was to be found around campus for anyone who wanted to read it. She does not believe that her actions violated students' rights because "the removal of one means of dispersal does not qualify as censorship, and Pro Tern does not have the RIGHT, per se, to put the issue in the frosh package".

O'Rourke believes that the president's actions violate students' freedom of thought, and wants recognition from the student body that rights cannot be violated - and that attention should be paid when they are. He issues the following challenge to Glendon students: look up the definition of censorship in as many sources as you can. Students are then encouraged to contact him for more information or if they wish to sign the petition.

According to the constitution, at least 1/10 of the membership of the Union (i.e. approximately 165 students) must sign the petition, which must then be submitted to Council. Council will then decide whether the constitution was violated. If their ruling is yes, the president will be suspended for a period of two weeks, and an investigation into the issue will be carried out. There would then be a student referendum, where the majority of votes would decide whether or not the president should be impeached.

Neither party will venture a guess as to the possible outcome of these proceedings, but Biggs appears to be taking the precautionary measure of sharing some projects (such as incorporation) with other GCSU directors, just in case her duties should be suspended.

This is an opportunity for all students to reflect upon the meanings of not only censorship, but freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. As J.J. O'Rourke says, not even Pro Tern offers students the right to voice their opinions and expression, including freedom of the press. As J.J. O'Rourke says, not even Pro Tern offers students the right to voice their opinions and expression, including freedom of the press. As J.J. O'Rourke says, not even Pro Tern offers students the right to voice their opinions and expression, including freedom of the press. As J.J. O'Rourke says, not even Pro Tern offers students the right to voice their opinions and expression, including freedom of the press. As J.J. O'Rourke says, not even Pro Tern offers students the right to voice their opinions and expression, including freedom of the press. As J.J. O'Rourke says, not even Pro Tern offers students the right to voice their opinions and expression, including freedom of the press.

CUPE strike vote successful
Union could hit picket lines October 25 if no agreement reached

Kelly Pedro, Staff Writer (excalibur)

In an overwhelming response, CUPE 3903 has voted yes to a strike. CUPE 3903, the union representing 1,700 teaching assistants and contract faculty, held a strike vote last week. On Friday, 92 per cent of Unit 1 members, made up of teaching assistants voted yes to a strike. Unit 2 members, made up of contract faculty, also voted to strike by 81 per cent.

York administration, their employer, appears unphased by the strike vote results and says it does not necessarily mean a strike will occur. According to a press release issued on the York web site, the university says despite the results negotiations will continue throughout the work. A CUPE strike would likely see the cancellation of tutorials and some classes. The 55-day faculty strike in March 1997 saw a virtual shut-down of the university which included the cancelation of most exams and deadlines extended into the summer months.

Fred Ho, executive member of CUPE 3903 Bargaining Team, says the vote is characteristic of what union members are feeling in their negotiations with the university. "I think this is a clear message about the support there is for graduate student issues in Unit 1," says Ho.

Currently, the union has been working without a contract since August, and the two parties have been negotiating since June. Despite the overwhelming vote to strike, bargaining between the two parties will continue until the strike deadline slated for October 25.
Commentary
Miss the bus?

Colleen McConnell-
Anyone who has ever taken a course at the Keele campus knows the Glendon Shuttle schedule: one too early in the morning, one just before the end of your class, and one too late in the afternoon.

Apparently I’m not the first to notice that this bus, which is fairly well advertised as a great way of connecting our little campus to the main campus, does not provide adequate service. It is indeed a great way to get to York, if you’re one of the lucky ones who gets to take it, because it takes only 30 minutes instead of 90 minutes by TTC. But because the “transport” of students is considered a secondary function of the Glendon Bus, the scheduling is often less than convenient and students end up waiting around for a couple of hours in order to get the bus. And because of this, the bus is continually full to overflowing with students - and I mean that literally, since when the bus is full, the driver is forced to refuse passengers and leave them to fend for themselves.

Apparently, there are certain delivery times that have to be met, and the main priority is the delivery of mail and books, not students. If you think that setting of priorities is not quite right for a university, you’re not alone. Our new principal, Kenneth McRoberts, is concerned that Glendon is losing students to the main campus because of their wider selection of courses, and believes that it should be easier for Glendon students to take courses over there, without having to move there. Improving the shuttle service is one way to make it easier, and so he has Gilles Fortin looking into the problem.

Mr. Fortin believes that the fact that so many students are taking courses at York is a good thing, and says the increase in bus passengers has many causes. For one, there is no longer a limit to how many courses students can take at the Glendon campus, and York students can also take courses at Glendon. Also, many courses are now cross-listed between York and Glendon, which means that students can freely choose where they wish to take courses. Thirdly, Glendon’s faculty has recently been reduced, meaning that the number of courses offered here has dropped. For some students, their only option is to take some courses at York. Revising the shuttle’s mandate appears to be a priority in Mr. Fortin’s strategy. Viewing the issue from a Student Services standpoint means that he will be looking for anything we can do so that students can be served better. He, like York’s Grounds Department, acknowledges that it’s a question of money, but says that we’re going to have to find the money. It may involve relocating money from somewhere else in the University’s budget, it may mean every student paying $1 more in academic fees, or it may mean a higher user fee for riding the bus (passengers currently pay 75 cents). Nothing is sure yet, not even the form that the improvement to the service will take. Another bus later in the afternoon may be added, so that those who have courses at York in the afternoon don’t have to come home by TTC. Or maybe another bus in the morning, since the bus is expected to be crowded then, and it is important that students be able to get to their classes. Maybe the route will be covered by a bigger bus, to ensure that everyone gets a ride who needs one. But whatever the changes, Mr. Fortin asserts that they will be something central and permanent, not just a Glendon-based service. And it will not be a long, drawn-out process either, he would like something to be accomplished this month. For those currently struggling to get to the bus half an hour early to ensure a seat, that’s definitely good news.

News/Nouvelles
Four CIUT volunteers get the boot

By Andrew Long
TORONTO (CUP) - The problems at CIUT, the troubled radio station at the University of Toronto, just keep on mounting. On October 1, CIUT’s new directors - U of T Student Administrative Council (SAC) President Matt Lenner and a committee of student representatives - yanked the station off the air for two weeks. Now, less than a week after the shutdown, four veteran volunteers have been stripped of their on-air privileges and station memberships.

All four programmers were dismissed last week for alleged “harassment of staff” or “harassment of on-air programmers.” But all four say the accusations are wildly unfounded.

“This is defamation of character,” said Eddy Brake, who has run his show at CIUT for the past 10 years. “It’s just another excuse to get me off the air.” Brake was taken off the air two years ago for criticisms directed at the Toronto Blues Society. After more than a year of fighting, he won a reprieve and an apology from the CIUT board of directors. He says he will fight this time as well, and may pursue legal action against SAC.

All four programmers were notified of their dismissal by letter. None were granted a hearing nor given an opportunity to respond to the accusations in person. But Lenner says the letter of notification does allow for a response, but only in writing. “It’s to protect the station,” said Lenner. “They’re not allowed to have any further contact with the station or its employees.”

The four programmers, however, feel they are being systematically silenced. “Not only were the charges ridiculous and unsubstantiated, there was no chance for the accused to defend themselves,” said Rebecca Chua, chair of the now-disbanded spoken word committee. Chua has been charged with “harassment of staff and co-op students,” but she claims not only did she help organize the co-op students over the summer, she was asked to write testimonials for them. “This is obviously a targeted purge,” Chua said.

Nevertheless, Lenner insists he possesses written complaints against Chua and the other three programmers by other CIUT staff that substantiates the charges of harassment.

“These [four] people were making CIUT an unsafe place to work and visit,” he said. “The decision to revoke their station privileges was not made lightly.” But Thor Volokwyn, one of the four, claims Lenner is the one who has made CIUT unwinnable. “Lenner is on a campaign to rid the station of anyone the least bit outspoken,” said Volokwyn. “But there’s a reason why people speak up. It’s when they see something wrong.”

Volokwyn says all four of the dismissed programmers were very critical about the station’s high debt load. Moreover, they have the ability to expose irregularities in CIUT’s internal operations that may have led to the station’s current financial problems.

But Thor, dismissed programmer, Ricardo Persaud, believes he was unceremoniously dumped because he was investigating the station’s financial discrepancies this summer, and was in the process of setting up an audit. “One of the reasons the notice said I was being dismissed from my duties was that I was ‘telling clients not to advertise at CIUT,’” Persaud said. “But I’ve been doing my job. I’ve delivered the ball. Others have dropped the ball. They want me out because I know things.”

Source: The Varsity (University of Toronto)
Perspectives/World issues

Steven Irvine-
If we’ve seen it once, we’ve clichéd a thousand times... Here we all are, flying around on the back of a truck, running about like chickens with their heads cut off, searching for truth, justice, and something bigger and better than what we already have.

One gorgeous day in July, Richard notices Dick washing a new automobile:
“Nice Jaguar, Dick.”
“Thanks, Richard.”
“How much did that cost ‘ya and what happened to your arm and your leg?”

(Adorn)
Imagine: Cute old couple toiling in their “Megacity” yard. Grace is ever so gently trimming the hedges, as Richard finishes up the lawn. Afterwards they rinse their sidewalk and driveway clean to paint their quaint, little Sunday perfect.

Once upon a time: Dick felt the pressure for a good poop, but after realizing he was terribly constipated, he wiped, tossed the square, flushed the nonexistent waste, and dreamt of bran.

Just another manic Monday: Richard woke, showered, cleaned the pool, took a dip, rinsed off the chlorine, went jogging, took a shower, and headed off to work.

What do these four examples have in common? They all start with the letter “P”. What? No wait. They show our priorities and ignorance towards life’s greatest assets. What is the world’s greatest asset? Well, contrary to popular belief, it’s not love. It’s not trees, and it sure as hell isn’t a new car.

I’ll give you a hint - it’s water. Damn, so much for my dramatic build-up. The planet and everything it hosts needs water in order to survive. Why do we road-rage our way through our “progress world” treating water the way we do? Is it our ignorance, or is it our ignorance? Hmmm... perhaps it’s our ignorance. After all, we hold useless articles and materials such as gold, diamonds, entertainment devices, and vehicles as gods, and yet we literally shit all over our natural water supply. If we’re not supposed to swim in Lake Ontario, then why are we drinking it? Oh yeah, I forgot that bottled water is more expensive than gasoline. How long do we have before we’re forced to drink water that slowly kills us like it was just dirt?

The Environmental Priority - Clean Water

Environmental Priority - Clean Water
http://www.ew.ge.ca/envpriority/cleanwater_e.htm
Universities Water Information Network - Wetlist:
http://www.wi.niu.edu/Water/Sites/browse.html
World Wide Web Water World:
http://www.nri.ohio-state.edu/water/ww.html

Until the next - save ‘yer spit and tears, ‘cuz someday they’ll be worth a million!

J.J. O'Rourke
(on location in ST-John's NFLD)

racing towards the morning side of day to devour other people's heroes, as we leap and soar across the place where men give over and offer up their souls to catch it, to make it with time to reflect and collect and, without neglect, be each other's what we need to be. this is of the immortal side of life. the mortals romanticize it, categorize it, and go pay their half-score double to back in it, but they just don't understand it. there comes a time in young people's lives when they choose to be, or get to be, or just be... immortal. those that choose mortality sink to the common level of all, and wallow with sallow looks at what could be, if they just looked up... but the immortals should not hold this decision against them. the path is a difficult one to follow, and the life is rich in sorrow, that deliciously deep darkness of the death and rebirth in the soul. it hurts, and not everyone is strong enough. most people follow the path of the mortal, when the issues that occupy the mind are confined to a lifetime. a house, a job, kids, taxes, partners, wrestling... work all your life just to be too old to do anything when you're done. for all of this, the mortals cannot be blamed, they are pushed into it, they are told that it is legitimate, anything else is unfair, the only way that everything will work properly is if they spend all day at work, and come home to neighbourhoods full of strangers. the immortals see this and laugh, and cry deep chest rattling sobs at the promises that are dying in every community.

MENTAL ILLNESS IS THE REACTION OF A HEALTHY MIND TO AN UNHEALTHY SOCIETY

Imagine it, try to see the immortals in their places of worries that are different. the immortals' concerns are with matters that will live on even after they die. the human spirit, freedoms, holist views of the world around them. the immortals are constantly reminded of the mortals' presence around them, because the mortals' ways destroy the fabric of all that is immortal, they break the big IT. immortals are sinful of mortals, but the reciprocation is non-existent. the mortals try to kill immortals, even though it is impossible, try to break their spirits and entire ways of life. think of your own definition of mental illness. i'm not talking about, because i am of the opinion that mental illness is the reaction of a healthy mind to an unhealthy society. i'd be surprised if you got this far without discounting the piece with an "oh he's got his head in the clouds". please be mindful that not everyone is 'into' your BLOODY lies.
This student is trying to win a car.

And if he doesn't win, at least he's just earned $1,000 to help him pay for one. Not every decision will be as easy to make as getting The GM Card®. Especially when you can apply from your dorm. Upon approval, you'll get a free Frosh Two CD** and receive a $1,000 bonus in GM Card Earnings towards the purchase or lease of a new GM vehicle. There's also no annual fee.

Then anytime you swipe your card, like to buy stereo equipment for instance, you'll have a chance to win*** a Chevy Tracker, Pontiac Sunfire Coupe, Chevrolet Cavalier Coupe or 1 of 300 CD libraries as well as getting 5% in GM Card Earnings!! Visit us at www.nobrainer.gmcanada.com for more information or to apply on-line.
Features

The Real Pros

Geoffrey Young

A University of Guelph survey done in the 1980s shows that most Canadian men have been to see a prostitute. Those who haven’t probably will. I surveyed 100 residents of the Church and Gerrard area, the prostitution “high track”, and 83 of them said that they have no problem with prostitutes working in their neighborhood. 82 of those 83 people thought prostitution should be decriminalized. These percentages are only slightly higher than most major polls on the subject.

Despite the fact that the Canadian public favors decriminalization, no steps have been taken in that direction. In fact, the only significant piece of legislation in the past 15 years (Bill C-40) has only made the trade more dangerous.

So what impedes the carrying out of the public will in a fine democracy such as ours?

Usually, the left and right wing parties would take their traditional stances, with the conservatives wanting to control everything they possibly can and the liberals typically favoring allowing the woman to have autonomy over her own body and to do with it as she sees fit. In this case, it isn’t quite so simple.

“I prefer the right wing”, says Valerie Scott, “at least they just come out and say that we should be shot.”

Valerie is Canada’s only public prostitute and one of the founders of the Canadian Organization for the Rights of Prostitutes. The prostitution lobby is in the difficult position of having no partisan political allies. The left wing parties take the condescending and opportunistic stance that legislation is necessary to “save” women from a life of terror and victimization as a prostitute.

From the prostitute’s point of view however, this is a load of crap.

“We’re not victims. That’s left-wing feminist crap, that prostitution is the epitome of the patriarchy working against women.

But that’s the front they like to present. It’s a great power ballot”, Valerie elaborates: “the only time I feel like a victim in this business is when I have to deal with a religious nutcase or a feminist.” She finds the fact that feminist groups take the same victimization point of view insulting. “When I stand up and speak my mind, I sound like an intelligent person; the feminists hate this, it’s not what they want to hear”. The condescension from feminist groups is often belittling. It’s all “oh, you poor, defenseless women” as if prostitutes were helpless children.

“That’s fine” says Valerie, “the feminists who are against us are all washed up, they’ve all been artificially inseminated and now they’re stuck with these babies.

The left are so condescending because they’re still wrapped up in that good-girl-bad-girl moralist shit”.

Particularly prevalent amongst feminist groups is the use of what Valerie calls “prop-up whores” in publicity campaigns. Anti-prostitution parties will often use “prop-up whores” to present prostitution as a social problem. They’ll find some willing young prostitute and get her to read a prepared speech for the media about all of the terrible things that have happened to her.

But what of the law enforcement? Why do they see prostitution as a crime that warrants endless crackdowns and incessant harassment of street prostitutes? The story is familiar. Det. Constable Jones of the plain clothes unit says “most of the danger involved in prostitution is to the prostitutes themselves”. Det. Constable Bruce Newman from the dubiously named Morality Squad elaborates: “There’s always the danger of bad clients and pressures put on them by their pimps to commit the acts. There are situations with young girls forced into prostitution by their pimp or their drug dealer”.

Valerie Scott isn’t quite convinced. “The police also run towards the victim aspect of prostitution; the 15 year old girl that is out there working for some pimp and is on crack.

Those girls aren’t the same, they’re not prostitutes, they’re drug addicts turning tricks.

Consensus amongst the powers that be say that prostitution is not illegal due to out of date Christian dogma, but rather to protect the women from themselves and the profession they choose to practice. These girls are victims, and need to be helped. That’s why there are laws.

However, upon even cursory examination, it is obvious that the laws which are currently in place to control the sex trade are ineffective and, if anything, only make that prostitute’s job more dangerous. This is strange considering that after all, these girls are “victims” and need to be “helped”.

The last major wave of prostitution-related legislation was in the 1980’s under the government of Brian Mulroney. It included the current communicating and pimping laws.

In Canada, the act of prostitution is not illegal, but rather, any and all communication “for the purpose of engaging in prostitution” is. So is any attempt to solicit a client. This actually takes the powers of law enforcement reach much further than if there were simply a law against the act of prostitution.

The communication law allows for law enforcement to work undercover and present themselves as prostitutes. This is very dangerous from the point of view of the girl as it shakes the girls’ trust in one another. If they can never be sure whom amongst them is an undercover cop, they will be more likely to work alone, or with one single partner. This not only makes them better targets for people on the street, but it also means that they aren’t as safe when they are with a client.

Technically, it is possible that one prostitute assisting another prostitute with her choice of date, regardless of whether there is a legitimate reason such as safety, could subject the first prostitute to prosecution. This is very dangerous. Valerie Scott explains: “before the communicating laws, news of a bad date used to travel very fast. When one of us got into a car, the others would make a show of writing down the person’s license plate. That worked like a charm. Some of the guys actually used to worry if they didn’t have us back to our friends in time. However, if any of the girls on the street could be an undercover cop, the girls become reluctant to talk to each other. This decreases safety and takes away the prostitute’s best protection”.

Bad dates are a danger to prostitutes, but the communicating law makes it harder for the girl to protect herself. Now, one of the only ways to get news of a bad date is through bad date lists which are compiled by the girls themselves. The problem is that these lists give the girls a false sense of security. They tend to think that if a local John is not on the bad date list, that there is less propensity for an attack. This is certainly not the case and fails to address any of the girls’ clients who are from out of town.

The communication law also provides grounds for harassment by the police.

Another working girl who did not want her name disclosed spoke candidly about the way the police deal with prostitutes. “The cop is usually tilted. They’ll often ask you to give a description of yourself even though you are standing right in front of them. They’ll ask all kinds of personal questions. The girls that don’t know their rights let them get away with it. If they do know their rights, they’ll get arrested. At 1:00 in the morning when its just you and the cop, what can you do? They can hide under the communication law.”

Valerie Scott and CORP had a chance to challenge the law in the Supreme Court of Canada, but certainly didn’t emerge victorious. The judge found that the communicating law was a violation of the prostitute’s rights and freedoms under section 7 of the Charter. They also said that the infringement of those rights was a justifiable limit in a free and democratic society on the basis
that the prostitutes were causing a "nuisance" in the neighborhoods where they worked (i.e.: the infringement of rights was an acceptable limit under section 1 of the Charter).

"You don't bring in the criminal code to deal with a nuisance", says Valerie, "it boggles the mind."

Much of the testimony used in the case wasn't taken under oath. The Supreme Court made their judgment based on evidence which Valerie calls "bogus" (an understatement?). "It was political posturing by the anti-prostitute rate-payers organizations. It's all political posturing, and pure B.S. They say stuff like "you literally can't walk down the street there's so many prostitutes". I lived on those streets and I rarely saw prostitutes. They say that there are used condoms everywhere and they make it sound like you need a f—— canoe to get across the street". With the pressure from the rate-payers groups, it was pretty obvious that the wise political decision was to side with them and deny the challenge despite the fact that the law was found to be unconstitutional. Maybe the constitution only applies to situations where political points aren't jeopardized.

The other prominent law regulating street prostitutes is the pimping law, officially called "living off the avails of prostitution". This was put in place to "protect" prostitutes from violent, abusive pimps. Outside of the House of Commons, in real life, it's a completely different story. "People think that pimps are like they see in movies. Those Hollywood types do exist, but most guys hit with the pimping laws are the boyfriends of prostitutes."

Pretty much anyone can be charged under the pimping laws and unlike most other criminal laws, there's a presumption: if you are found to be living with a prostitute, you are presumed to be "living off the avails". This clause is probably unconstitutional but it has not yet been stricken as it has not yet been challenged. Anyone who lives with, or is "habitually in the company of", a prostitute can be charged under the pimping laws. Being "habitually in the company of a prostitute" could mean being in the company of said prostitute three times in a lifetime. So beware, if that girl you keep seeing on the subway is in fact a prostitute, you can be sent up the creek. (Come to think of it, I met with Valerie more than three times, so I guess I'll see ya in the hole).

Valerie says that "the law does nothing to get the bad pimps. They could use the laws that are already there such as intimidation, extortion and assault when it's warranted." The history behind these laws is just as hair-brained as the laws themselves. While Jean Cretien was Deputy Prime Minister, in 1984, the federal government commissioned the Frasier Institute to carry out an inquiry into the effectiveness of the country's prostitution laws. Shortly thereafter, Brian Mulroney's conservatives came into power and he became the P.M.

The Frasier commission came back with several suggested amendments to the prostitution law. Among those was the loosening of bawdy house laws so that 2 or 3 girls could work together in an apartment. It also suggested that parliament introduce a really tough street law. The idea was to allow prostitutes to work in small groups in apartments but crack down on the streets so that prostitutes would be forced off the streets. So Mulroney introduced a really hardcore street law (communicating for the purposes of prostitution). The only problem is that he did not follow the Frasier commission's other recommendation of loosening the bawdy house laws. This made life really hard for prostitutes working the streets, but they couldn't move inside because that was just as illegal. And that's the current state of the business. Girls trying to operate safely in an unsafe environment.

Despite the fact that the original Frasier report was commissioned by a government in which Jean Cretien was a key player, he has shown no interest in intervening and carrying out the full set of recommendations the Frasier Institute originally made in 1985. What exactly needs to be done in order to make right laws that were put in place due to a former Prime Minister's lack of listening ability?

"The first thing is to remove prostitution from the Criminal Code. All of it, except indecent acts. Take away the bawdy house and pimping laws, let us work on commercial streets. That would solve the prostitution problem overnight." Valerie continues, "When you stop forcing us into the gutter, people will stop seeing us as being in the gutter. There can be public education programs to explain to people that it's not a lifestyle, it's a job."

Valerie Scott
Bilinguette, la vraie. En un repas au Restaurant chic, il eut un sourire sur les lèvres. Ils, vendeur et distributeur de café, l'éclat d'un feu de McDonald, et acquit les œufs de sa soirée voilà parfumées, lait, et pommes de terre frites. Ce qui attisa la curiosité, en 1954, de Raymond Albert Kroc (1902-1984), vendeur et distributeur exclusif du Multimixer pour laits frappés. Il se rendit sur place espérant faire une vente massive de ses appareils. Bien inspiré, fut-il ! Il avait 52 ans. Il n'avait jamais vu autant de monde servi à la fois en si peu de temps. Il était convaincu qu’il réussirait à placer huit de ses machines dans chaque établissement McDonald, que ce serait une affaire qui marcherait dans l'immense porte quel coin du monde. La vraie poule aux œufs d'or ! Ray Kroc ouvrit donc le restaurant Des Plaines en 1955. De 30 cents le hambourgeois, il passa à 15 cents à titre de promotion. Les revenus du premier jour s'élevèrent à 366,12 $. Aujourd'hui, Des Plaines ne fonctionne plus, et est devenu un musée contenant tous les souvenirs et artefacts, y compris le Multimixer. Quelques années plus tard, plus de 1000 restaurants McDonald furent ouverts à Des Plaines, Illinois, pas très loin du premier. Ray Kroc résout donc d'entrer en coopération avec les deux frères McDonald, et acquit plusieurs franchises. En 1965, l'université hambourgeoise (hamburger university) fut ouverte dans le sous-sol d'un restaurant dans le village d'Elk Grove, en Illinois, destinée à la formation des nouveaux franchisés et directeurs. Kroc vint au Canada où il ouvrit près de 1000 restaurants. Il contribua grandement à l'expansion de l'affaire McDonald en variant les menus, notamment le Big Mac pour les adultes, le menu enfant, le Mac Filet, l'œuf Mac Muffin pour le petit déjeuner, pizza, etc. Les plus fines bouche ne pouvaient y résister ! Les franchises commencèrent à circuler au-delà des frontières : le Japon, la Chine, la Russie, l'Allemagne et autres. Sa croissance internationale fut phénoménale. Les chiffres d'affaires se montraient par billions. Parce qu'il a voulu placer quelques machines chez les frères McDonald, Ray Kroc s'est trouvé en tête d'une affaire des plus lucratives jamais vu ! Avis aux amateurs, si l'intérêt du gain vous chatouille, achetez une franchise McDonald pour vous assurer un bien-être à perpétuité !

Le lendemain matin...

Par Kathleen Limbeau

“Ding dong!” La sonnette de la porte fait battre votre cœur à cent milles à l'heure. Vous allumez une dernière bougie et éteignez la lumière. Sur la table basse du salon, deux verres de champagne scintillent à l'éclat d'un feu de foyers romantique.

“Ding dong!” Les papillons dans le ventre, vous ouvrez la porte à l'homme de vos rêves. Brusquement, il vous prend dans ses bras musclés et vous dépose doucement sur le divan. Main dans la main, vous échangez quelques mots doux et il vous embrasse tendrement. Séduite par le moment passionné, vous vous déshabillez délicatement tout en maintenant un baiser sensual. Vous êtes deux corps enlacés en parfaite harmonie. Unis par l'amour et l'erotisme, séparés prudemment par un condom. Après une soirée de sexe extraordinaire, le corps en sueur, vous vous endormez dans ses bras. Quelle nuit de rêve ! L'arôme du pain doré vous réveille le lendemain matin. Vous jetez un coup d'œil à côté du divan pour rassembler vos vêtements et tout à coup... ce coup d'œil transforme instantanément votre “nuit de rêve” en cauchemar. Le condom est déchiré !

Que faire ?

Quoique le condom soit une méthode commune de contraception, l'efficacité n'est vraiment pas absolue. Heureusement, il existe une pilule qui peut aider à guérir un tel accident. C'est la pilule du lendemain. Eh oui ! Deux petites capsules "magiques" peuvent diminuer de 75% les possibilités d'une grossesse imprévue. Ce que veut alors dire que si vous avez des relations sexuelles sans protection durant la période d'ovulation, vos chances de devenir enceinte se montent à 30%. Toutefois, en avalant seulement deux pilules, ce pourcentage se réduit à 8%. C'est bien simple... la pilule du lendemain comprend deux doses puissantes d'hormones. Vous prenez la première aussitôt que possible après la relation sexuelle, et la deuxième douze heures aprés, ce qui donne un effet contraceptif efficace-prévention. Ce coup d'hormones agit en arrêtant soudainement et temporairement l'ovulation, en stoppant la fécondation, ou en empêchant l'implantation de l'œuf fécond dans l'utérus. Cette invention vous semble peut-être trop belle pour être vraie. En effet, un système anti-conceptionnel aussi facile ne vient pas sans conséquences. Les effets secondaires de ce traitement incluent des nausées, des vomissements, des maux de tête, des étourdissements, des fatigue intenses et des douleurs abdominales. La pilule du lendemain n'est pas un contraceptif quotidien ! Il existe de très bonnes méthodes que vous pouvez utiliser et qui n'ont pas d'effets secondaires aussi terribles. Parmi elles, la pilule est une bonne idée, mais des pilules anti-conceptionnelles journalières ne se déchirent pas ou ne s'enlèvent pas comme un condom. La pilule du lendemain a gagné en popularité surtout durant l'année quatre-vingt-dix. C'est dommage ! Choisissez plutôt une méthode plus rassurante. N'oubliez pas, il est toujours mieux de prévenir aujourd'hui que de guérir le mal du lendemain matin.

Rectificatifs

Dans l'édition du lundi 4 octobre 1999, deux erreurs se sont glissées. Dans l'entièreté des articles sur le stylo Bic et le réfrigérateur, on aurait dû lire: "Série d'articles écrits et édités dans le cadre du cours de stylisme français (3240) et portant sur des objets usuels!" D'autre part, seul Jean-Philippe Nadeau était l'auteur de l'article portant sur le stylo Bic. La direction du journal s'excuse pour ces méprises, et invite les lecteurs à lire ce genre qui pourrait se pro-
Drive Me Crazy

Catherine Hancock-
This is romance/comedy at its hilarious worst. If there is one thing that Drive Me Crazy proves it’s that Melissa Joan Hart is no Jennifer Love Hewitt and does not even compare to Sarah Michelle Gellar. Melissa, who plays Sabrina on the t.v. series Sabrina the Teenage Witch, has simply brought her television character to the movie screen in her first starring feature film role.

I am a big fan of the “teenie hopper” world. Backstreet Boys, Buffy and ‘NSYNC are all at the top of my favorite things list. I go to all of the cheesy high school movies, never expecting more than a temporary escape from reality. Yet lately, I have also found myself entertained and even a little surprised at just how good these movies actually are. American Pie, 10 Things I Hate About You, and Varsity Blues are all quality projects. I was hoping that Drive Me Crazy would have the same effect, but it didn’t.

The movie tries to make so many points and takes off in so many different directions that it is virtually impossible to finish any of the storylines. Every time it seems like the plot is going somewhere, it moves on to another subject. The basic idea is cute (though it’s been done many times before) and if they treated their many subplots appropriately, this would be a good movie.

Maybe this is an editing mistake. They cut out too much and assumed that their targeted twelve year old audience would be able to fill in the blanks. Moreover, this film seems nothing more than an after-school special trying to enforce too many morals and teach too many lessons; the kind of special you quickly get sick of watching and decide to change over to The Simpsons. Basically, what I am trying to say is that if you are going to do a cliché, do it right. Otherwise, you’ll end up with a movie like Drive Me Crazy.

In all fairness, there are some good parts to this movie; actually only one. His name is Adrian Grenier (Celebrity). He plays the role of Chase, a cute rebel guy who is anti-anything mainstream. Grenier is, in short, a pretty boy with talent. And in today’s mainstream world, that’s pretty much all you need.

So if you have the time and money to waste, go ahead and see it. But if I were you, I’d wait until video - it shouldn’t take too long.

Mystery, Alaska

Melissa Major and Chantal Regimbald.

Mystery, Alaska est un film qui exploite avec la fro-mage. For those that like the fro-mage, this movie might be a “go see”, but for people with heads on their shoulders, you might want to turn the other cheek.

Quick summary: A hockey team, in a quiet small town, Mystery, Alaska, hosts a hockey game against the New York Rangers. All the hype and fun of the game awakens the historical secrets previously left to rest. These in-your-face ordeals cause the villagers (who hate to be called Eskimos) to experience an array of mixed emotions.

The talents of Burt Reynolds and Russel Crowe create a highly effective cast that needn’t have diamonds to shine. The entire cast’s character focus is very evident. Though this semi-dramatic film contains several scenes with comic relief and pseudo-entertainment, it’s more for the kids than my mom. Similar to the hoot-a-roo movie Mighty Ducks, Mystery Alaska is more than just any old sports movie. It’s a character-driven drama that relies on humour, fast paced hockey and the small town’s undying belief in miracles. Talk about fro-mage.

Upcoming Events

October 14 - November 14, 1999
It’s All True
Buddies In Bad Times Theatre, 12 Alexander St. (416) 975-8555.
Tickets: $22/530 (Sunday, pay what you can)

Thursday, October 21, 1999 6:30-9:00
Auditions for Glendon’s Drama Independent Studies
All are welcome!
Sign up on the Theatre Board
Two one-minute contrasting, contemporary monologues please
For more info call:
Scott 923-6592 or Maria 516-0980 or Lionel 927-8491

Saturday, October 23, 1999
Ballet Creole. 7:30 p.m.
Etobicoke School for the Arts, 675 Royal York Road
Tickets: $10/$15

Sunday, October 24, 1999
Button Up
Accordionist Joe Macerollo plays at Harbourfront center*

October Browne
The Toronto based singer releases her self-titled debut CD at this concert at the Harbourfront center.*

October 29 to October 31, 1999
Glendon Christian Fellowship's annual retreat at Maple Creek Christian Ranch. Tickets: $65, all included!
For more information call 229-9783 or 512-0908

Saturday, October 30, 1999
Special Blend from Montreal. 2:00 p.m.
Siverthorn Auditorium, 291 Mill Rd. Tickets: $9/87

Sunday, October 31, 1999
Le groupe biblique de Glendon organise un amas de nourriture non-périssable.
Recontre à la cafetière à 17h00
Pour plus d’information appeler Kate 440-9578

Tasa
Unique cross border sound quintet plays at Harbourfront centre*

‘Regenerate Music
F-мире Dance Theatre at Harbourfront centre*

Michael Burgess in concert. 2:00 p.m.
Siverthorn Auditorium, 291 Mill Rd.
Tickets $35/830 (Group rates available)

Saturday, November 7, 1999
Scryj MacDukh
Six instrumentalists of Celtic Music play at the Harbourfront centre*

Sunday, November 14, 1999
Bill Bourne
Alberta based singer/songwriter perform at the Harbourfront centre*

Read All About It
Philippe Magnan reveals the range of the oboe at the Harbourfront centre.*

Friday, November 19, 1999
Glendon’s Annual Snowball Formal
Organized by the GCSU

*Harbourfront Events call: 416 973-3000
Le Septième Salon du livre: un succès croissant.

Par: Helene Di Papajunpi et Lidia Jeunvu

Le Salon du livre de Toronto, qui se déroulait du 14 au 17 octobre 1999 au centre de congrès, est, selon son directeur M. Alain Baudot, en passe d’être le plus couru des sept éditions. L’an dernier, l’événement avait attiré près de 12000 personnes. Cette année, après seulement deux jours, ce chiffre déjà impressionnant avait été dépassé. Les organisateurs du Salon 1999 estiment que l’affluence aura cette année excédé les 15000 visiteurs. Ce succès est en partie dû à la venue de 6500 étudiants des écoles catholiques de la région de Toronto. Les éditions du Gref, dont la présence au Salon est devenue une véritable tradition, ont pour

lur part lancé cinq nouveaux ouvrages. Retenons en particulier le recueil de poèmes, qui a valu à son auteur, M. Philippe Garigue, ancien président de Glendon, le Prix du Consulat Général de France. Le succès remporté par ce lancement a suscité l’engouement, tant des organisateurs, que des spectateurs présents. Cette réussite a entraîné le concours de plusieurs professeurs de Glendon. Considérant tout ce que le Salon du livre avait à offrir, voilà un événement bien investi! Ce que l’on ne peut pas dire de tous les lieux publics où le prix d’entrée est également de trois dollars (sic).

Catherine Hancock

“It don’t mean a thing if it ain’t got that swing.” From the Producer that brought Toronto Forever Plaid and Forever Tango comes the new Musical Revue, Forever Swing. Originally produced under the title of Swing in Vancouver, B.C., Forever Swing can now be found at the Winter Gardens Theatre here in Toronto. If anything, it is worth seeing to experience the incredible atmosphere of the magnificent theatre. There are leaves stemming from the ceiling and glorious lights danging all around. Located on top of the Elgin Theatre, it is one of the few double decker theaters still running. Even more important than the theatre is the show itself, Forever Swing does its best to capture the era of swing by following the talented Tommy Vickers Band through the ballrooms and dance halls of North America in the 1940s. With the help of an extraordinary cast of dancers and singers, the audience finds themselves snapping their fingers, tapping their feet and wishing they knew how to swing dance. In this incredible cast there are many multi-talented members. There is a young boy named Jesse Weafer who can tap, swing, sing and everything else. You name it and this kid can do it. Jesse stands out from the rest because of his young age. Among the others is a young man named Michael Bublè who charms the audience with his gorgeous looks, graceful dance moves and glorious singing voice.

As a whole, the show is a terrific two hour escape from reality. The fabulous sets, magnificent costumes and wonderful choreography add flavor to the 30 greatest hits of the Swing Era. Tickets are available at The Winter Garden Theatre box office or by calling Ticketmaster at (416) 872-5555. Social reps can plan an excursion for their floor by calling (416) 345-1839 for group rates (20 or more). “You ain’t seen a thing, if you don’t see this swing”. Even if you don’t leave blown away, you will leave entertained.

Editor’s note: One of the seats in the Winter Garden Theatre is the same seat that John Dillinger was sitting in the night he was shot by the F.B.I. in a similar theatre in Chicago (1934).
Glendon student dances Life’s Tango

Tammi Kizoff-

During these days of electronic and the “Brittany Spears/Hip Hop” movement, it is a refreshing change to have “Life’s Tango” to listen to. By one of Glendon’s own students, Rae Perigoe (who also happens to be active with Pro Tem and an active player in Theatre Glendon), it is blend of blues and folk music and you won’t hear a single electronically produced beat, nor will you hear any senseless rapping. Rae refers to himself as a metaphysical poet. And he is. Take “Chunky Mountain” for example. The song speaks of love and how if it were “a rock” or “a big chunky mountain” it might be enough for a suburban girlfriend (but it never is, of course).

But that isn’t the only type of poetry on “Life’s Tango”. The extremely funny “Washing Dirt”, otherwise known as “Pick Your Own Title: a) Washing Dirt or b) Ode to Intimations of Apocalypse” is another example of the gift Rae has for poetry and lyric writing. And as the first person to hear “Washing Dirt” (before it was even a song), I thought it was such a funny poem, and I was laughing so much, I nearly drove the car into oncoming traffic. But, as a song, it does not cause the same reaction, because of the bleak outlook it gives on the future of the world. The accompanying music helps to set this bleak tone.

Stories of loss are found throughout this album. “The Fish Song” is the story of the loss of the love of pets and people, “Chunky Mountain” the loss of the innocence of the urbanite, and “Nod” about lost neighbourly love.

Some of the songs are about anything and everything, like “Happy Clown”, “Yankee Doodle” and “Shimmery Song”. “Museum”, the fourth song on the album, opens with a most original beginning and continues to impress throughout its duration. And the guitar work on “Norman” is impressive and exciting. “Happy Clown” is a bit slow and takes a while to pick up, but “The Cinderella Complex” follows directly after and brings the beat up again with great chorus riffs. Although there are underlying similarities in the guitar styling, every song is lyrically different, fresh and new. The album begins with “Completing the Allegory” and ends with “Allegorizing the Completion” and Rae is able to do both these things with his original, imaginative and humorous lyrics and song writing. On a scale of four stars, I would give “Life’s Tango” three stars.

Look for Rae Perigoe’s second album out sometime next year. And don’t forget to attend Rae’s CD release party right here at Glendon at the Café de la Terrasse on October 29th. Entrance is $3 per person or free with the purchase of “Life’s Tango” ($10) at the door.

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www.beingjohnmalkovich.com
Poetry/fiction
El Tuerto

Noel Barnett-
Jimmie got a hotplate for Thanksgiving.
Now generally Jimmy gets nothing from nobody but this
Thanksgiving he's gotten himself a hotplate and guess
whose gone an give it him? None other than Sally Ann.
Now if you don't know who Sally Ann is, then probably
you never heard of Jimmy either, but he's holdin' on for
dear life in one of them alcatrazian solvent-greenian
cells up there in the res where they parle the anglais and Sally
Ann, well hell, ask your grandma.

So anyway, Jimmy's down at the Sally Ann looking for
one thing the day before Thanksgiving and by a stroke of
luck the forever unlucky bastard comes across it in a blue
wooden bin marked 'stuff.' Underneath some shoes it is,
shoes what smelt like a tub of rancid bathtub afterin'
some filthy son of a gun has lain in it some twenty-one
days an passed his liquids and his solids in it for no good
reason other than he's good like that.

So Jimmies' been willin' to the other end of the stick, gently
brushes them aside and breathes a long breath of grati-
tude to life's hard realities an 'takes hold of the gummed
up electrical sticky tar cord and pulls it slowly watching
carefully as the twisted costs unfurl in all their provident
glory and ever so slowly the tough bit of black line
snakes its way through a forest of beige socks, pig iron
pots and a privileged child's discarded half-eaten candy
apple, until finally, with one last tug on the cord, Jimmy
chuckles a sigh of relief rather than breathing it cause
the cords attached to a butttered green hotplate chipped all
to hell, but with a healthy layer of teffin still lining the
bottom. So like the sons of Robert Redford in that movie
Jimmie never saw, he reeled it in an' fishin' it out with all
the grace and aplomb one could imagine.

It was like the touch of God hovered over that bin
marked 'stuff' and an Angel had lured Jimmy into the
corner for all his cries of distress had finally made it up
to heaven instead of floating back down like so many dis-
carded an' unread letters.

But to see a man's salvation in a hotplate which we don't
even know whether it works yet, well hell, you got to be
able to see beyond that cheap green butter pan of an
aminium and into a fellows soul.

They say the way to a man's heart is through his stom-
ach, but they who say that feed us a lot a other lines too,
that are just as useless and hell, they're lost an' history
for them is a thirty-second spot on the teevee veec an' hell,

they're goin' ta hell anyway, so let the holy be holy just
for tonight if anything.

You see a man's stomach for they that know and have the
gift of discernment is no Pavlov's dog like you'd expect.
Now, its infinitely more discreet than that. What it is real-
ly is the mirror of his soul an' Jimmy had plenty of that
with some left to spare but no hold in there and here the
god of irony begins wielding his unruly and deceitful
rod.

A man with a full belly is dead set on one thing and that
thing is no thing, can't. You can just picture him sittin' there
with his legs all akimbo beneath the kitchen table, not
even strength enough to pick himself up an' head for the
living room and pay a night's homage to his god, the
Cathode Ray Tube? Hear the top button on his pants pop?
That the opening of the sacrament and heathenism, as
Aunt Esther will tell you, goes from bad to worse.

But a man's stomach, the walls of which are lined with
nothing more than acid and a shallow puddle of odoriferous
 bile at the bottom slopping to and fro against the sides as
the man stagngers from pavement path to concrete cresent
is nothing less than the holiest of holies; a veritable
breeding ground of fortitude shadowed by death and
decay. Now a silver-dollar sized corneal cake can save
off the threat of an early grave and keep a man in the
good graces, but a Thanksgiving turkey with all the trim-
ings is utter sacrilege. As it slides down into the esophogeous
with the scent of decadence still lingering on
its masticated form, it's the same as if the veil of the tem-
ple has been rent in twain by all the devil's children.

"They're at the walls of the city!" the cry goes out, "The
babaloniens have come the babaloniens! They'll kill us
all!" and that's pretty much the end of purity.

But Jimmy had no need to fear such a thing cause all he
had up in his cell was a half-pound bag of corneal, the
other half of which he had tried to eat raw an' that near-
ly killed him an' it was a good thing I'd called in on him
to see if he had anything to eat 'cause I was sure as hell
hungry after stuffing' myself on on my sumptuous home-
cooked fare an hour earlier but this is Jimmy's story and
I cantrust the poor wretch an' got him to a hearin' up that
yellow stuff, just as dry as if it'd never been taken out the
bag and between wetches he begged me to get the bag
an' try an save some o' what was comin' out of him, but
by that time it had all pretty much gone the way of the
great sewer somewhere down below flowin' towards a
land far far away where pink elephants grow oranges in
their armpits and store raisins between their toes.

But like I say, Jimmy was a man without the necessary
means to afford what temptation could offer, though I
swear he'd no doubt have given his right arm to get it
and fill that shrivelled up belly o' his till it burst at the seams
and killed him right there and then in the arms of
Inepthes that spirits the soul of the full belly man to the
Dark Angels shooting craps in the alleyways between
Islington and Queensway somewhere halfway between a
cathedral and a strip club, nestled up against the back of
a Jamaican autobody shop.

But Jimmy was singled out for greatness and Ahura
Mazda had seen to it in all his omniscience that Jimmy
would receive just enough in this life to keep him alive.
His life was a sorry so to speak. All with holly that he would
relentlessly pursue the ghost like taste of fulfillment
which oft times brushed his tongue with the playfulness
of a fleeting tail wind before finally disappearing
around a corner just to tease and egg on Jimmy to his
destiny that will no doubt be madness, plain and simply
but Jimmy goin' crazy a little further down the line and
scribblin' a few words here and there to herald his hun-
gry unoticed end.

You see, I'll come across those pages after Jimmy's
been send 'em off to a publisher just like Max did for
Franz. But you see what I'm sayin' about a man's soul
and a hotplate an' how a single epiphany on
Thanksgiving Eve can sustain hope for yet another
twoscore and ten...which is about what Jimmy was like-
ly to get up to the few minutes prior to the end of the
third act, well...

He let the chuckles go and was content to keep a wide
grin as he hauled that hotplate out of the blue wooden
bin. So happy he was that he left the half-eaten candy
apple for the next poor sod sure enough to come after him
searchin' for a small stove in that same blue bin.

Well, he moseyed on up to the counter where a little old
lady in a capers dress trimly and with holly that
he'd a tiny white sticker from one of the hotplate's legs an'
asked Jimmy for five dollars. Like a fool lost in a dream
about stumblin' onto a harem of women he brought out
his wallet still grinnin' with bliss until when he reached
in an' saw nothin' there was but dust and lint since he'd
sprung a dollar and a half earlier this mornin' on that
bag o' corneal. He'd plumb forgotten all about it and
now reproached himself for havin' been taken in, even
briefly, by the illusion that good fortune could somehow
have altered the effect of just plain bein' Jimmy and all
that went with bein' that.

Well, that old Scottish sweetpea had a name tag what
read "Charity" and the old gal had more than just a tea-
spoon of that goodness in her which is more than I can
say for plenty o' the kind of people who work in them
places an' hell, she just said, "Son, you take that and go
on have yourself a pleasant Thanksgiving."

Well, it was almost more joy than Jimmy could bear
and he just near 'bout died right there on the spot. But
she put the plate in a bag, then into his hands an' gently
pushed him out the door towards his waiting dinner.

Now I've heard it said, "Faith, Love, Hope, Charity
and the greatest of these is Love..." But to see Jimmy lord it
over that buttered green hotplate all chipped to hell in
his cell woffin' down corneal cakes and singin' Thanksgivin' songs all to himself like a little kid, well
hell...I'd have to say-Charity.

CHRISTIE ADAMS
The Ministry of SELF

Self-indulgent, you say? Well who else is there to indulge? Self-amused because other entertainment is too costly. Feeling inadequate? Then add a bit. You are a see-er of similites: you notice all the things that are like you. Thus the self is the ultimate reference, always subjective, always limited by space and time. When you understand conditions, then you can measure the difficulties and bring about changes in conformity with your will. If you are true to your nature, and shed all artifice, the inertia of the universe will assist you... so the sages say. Can you make a clean sweep of pretensions? Do you dare to NOT be suave? You are what you are. The denial of this betrays the Self. Your every act is significant, but not important. The undivided self is not irked by internal conflict. Do you understand the necessity of interaction for your reactions? Integrity is your being over Time; you 3 dimensions, in the continuity of the fourth. Can you see your congruity in the personal history of your behaviour or is it disjunct? Have you strayed from your course, or was your course defined by others' externals? For my sake, do please try to please yourself. Forget what your family will say, whether that family be Church, State, or Clan. Have you got the decoder to interpret your instincts? Do you know what is best for you or do you need assistance?

Everybody knows everything about everything. (If you don't believe me just ask anybody anything.) Opinions are like assholes, everyone's got one.

When you lie, that fraud contaminates all your subsequent acts. Is that the kind of future history you wish for yourself? You are always open to interpretation... how can you assist others in being clearly perceived?

Every number is divisible by one. You have a dependence upon what you rely on. Is that self? Or is there more to it than that?

Yehudah Lionel Cullman

Half a wish remembered
On the Ha'penny bridge.

In some cobbled village square, walls washed white and weathered, fell asleep to a flickering film reel of rushing clouds across the buildings

Only to dream myself half awake in a bed in a Dublin flat. With a broken-hearted sweet charmer

Telling me the story of yellow eyes.

(Handfuls of wildflower seeds pulled from deep pockets - what will grow will grow.)

Sierra Nelson

Cum shot

It’s supposed
to go
on
her
And they say it is good for the ski
But I think it’s a myth the boys tell the girls:
that and the low calorie content bit.
It’s like by doing the standard you’ll become the standard:
tingly smooth low calorie body with creamy smooth low calorie ski.
Sometimes, she’ll wear glasses, (not so she can see better) but just so the cum can slowly drip off her lenses.

Sperrm. Cum. Cock juice. Man
Milk.
Love Juice. Whatever.
I remember:
In the coffee shop, the girls
would make jokes about passing the cream, and whose knees were scraped the worst.
stories about some boy who drove one girl home:
“Oh please oh please let me cum on your chin, or right on your tits, if you don’t swallow that is.”
And always said in a quiet boy voice like his “special request” was oh so unique.
Like the same hadn’t happened, like right just last week.
But the last time I checked, there was a multi billion dollar industry that had just one plot, that is the same as everybody’s fantasy that is the same as every porn movie, so that it’s hard to tell who came first on the first girl face.
But one of the girls had only one boyfriend, she said:
“No. No way never. He pees from there. That’s totally ick.”
But after a while, she started to soften, she’d still say though:
“If you cum in my mouth, I’m so going to spit.”
And always said in a quiet boy voice like his “special request” was oh so unique.
Like the same hadn’t happened, like right just last week.
So then sometimes, I’d rebel, too. I would rub my fingers in it, and they’d mad, (because it’s not supposed to go on him.)
And sometimes, too for fun, I’d rub my fingers in it, but onto the car seat or into the couch.
There was something good to be said about that:
making a mess out of cum that you know his mom won’t clean up.
And it’s not that, but it’s just that:
what’s the big deal about this cum shot big deal anyway?
I don’t know.
the coffee shop girls anymore, except for the one who still has ‘good knees’.
And even now, she has the same lover, and years later, got over the sex

juice thing.

One workshop on female ejaculation was all that she needed.
And at first she said to her boyfriend:
do you mind if cum on your face?

Then she stopped asking - she said: but it’s supposed to go on him - that’s the standard.

Besides, his skin is so shiny from my wetness. My cum. My Cunt Juice. What I shoot out.
My Love Juice. Whatever.

Yehudah Lionel Cullman
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