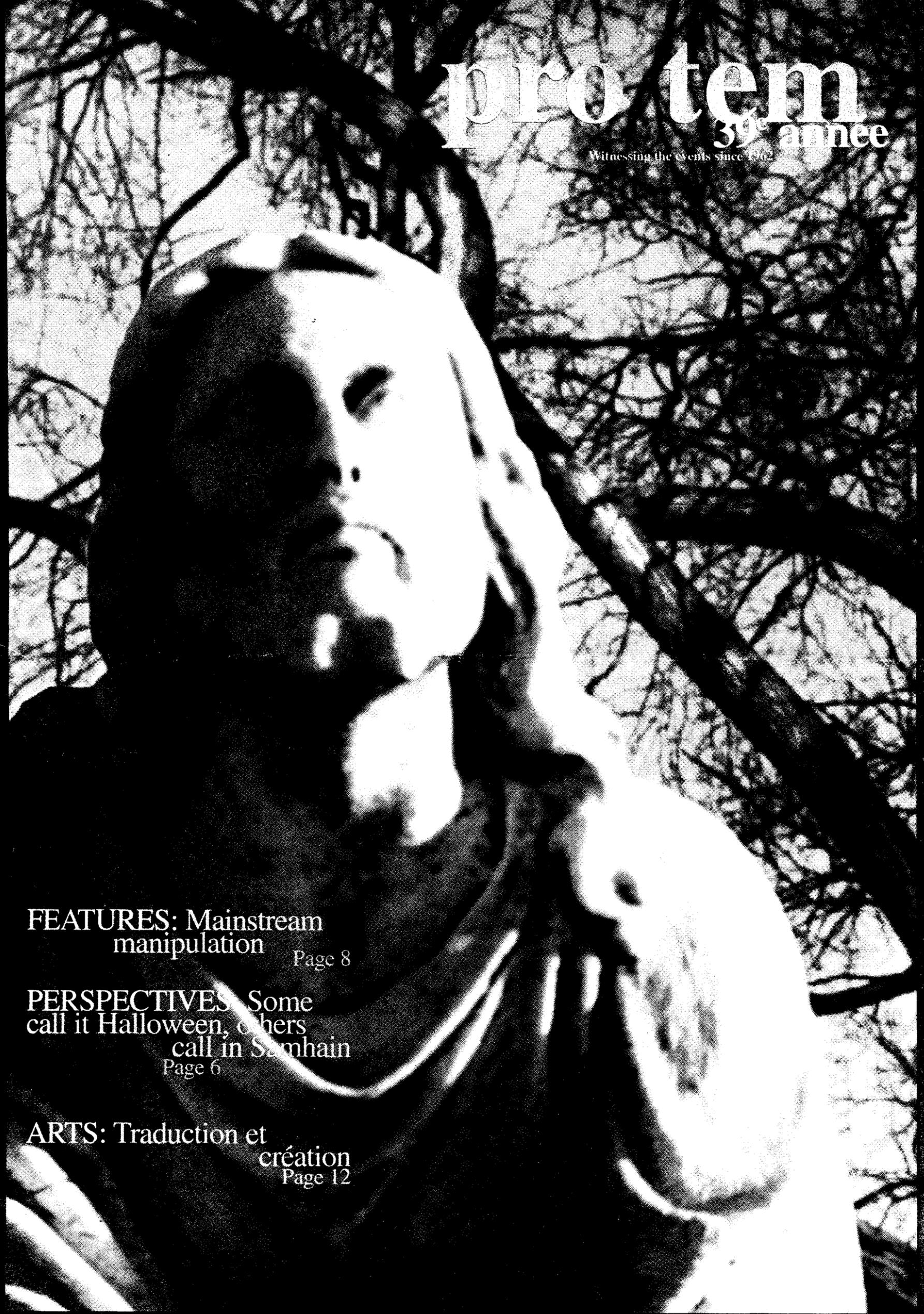


pro tem

39^e année

Witnessing the events since 1962



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Pro Tem

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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signataires n'engagent qu'eux-mêmes, et non l'équipe éditoriale. Les articles sous-entendant des propos diffamatoires, racistes, anti-sémites, sexistes ou homophobes ne seront pas publiés. The deadline to submit ads and articles is every other Wednesday. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Manoir Glendon, local 117. Tirage: 3000 exemplaires

Éditorial

The Responsibility of an Artist to his Audience

P ghetto bastard-

When great beauty presents itself, the onlooker succumbs to his own morals and drowns in self-gratitude. The irony of the situation is that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder. It is purely subjective.

Some seek refuge under the high buildings of the world's great cities. Others prefer distraction rooted in the simple antiquity of the surrounding forest. The fact of the matter is that he who loses himself on the subway is no better off than he who is stuck up in a tree. They are together lost: Sinn Fein!

Feel no shame. To escape is not to run or to flee but only to alter. Aesthetics is a powerful drug to which we all are addicts. Take its needle and confidently inject the junk into your vein. Enjoy the high because it does not last

for very long.

Over the past few weeks I have selfishly reveled in the beauty of the season. Never do colors show themselves so proudly as they do in the fall. Healthy greens jive and jazz their way into a state of red and orange. The summer heat lulls only to ultimately welcome the arrival of the next present.

This is a period of transition. Can you feel the changes or do you only witness them? The earth is spinning while we sit idly in its lap. We act like babies waiting desperately for the next suck on the tit. But what responsibility does the earth have to us?

Artists take your thoughts and sow them together as an abstraction. I only see what my brain dictates and a dictatorship is nothing but trouble. La qualité

d'un plumitif reste effective-ment dans le stylo qu'il utilise. To whom is the artist responsible? Certainly not to the audience.

What absolutism!

Just remember, my friends, as we walk hand in hand through the coming months that transfusion of thought can be a good thing. The key, however, is not to be misled along the way. For what responsibility does the ground have to the leaves that effortlessly paint its path?

To whom am I responsible?

I am responsible to anyone who contributes to this newspaper and nobody else. I recognize that there exists a group of people who work very hard here and I will accommodate them in any way I can. I guarantee nothing but my sincere effort. We shall paint this picture together.

To remain sincere to oneself is an uncommon sense, some would say it is a forgotten science. With this in mind I forcefully declare that this paper will not run under the cloak of Freedom of Speech. This absolute deceives like all others. It lifts the simple-minded into a state of joy and painfully eludes the grasp of everyone else.

I make available to everyone at Glendon the opportunity to contribute to Pro Tem. I will personally accept any submission on any topic. I only ask that you write for yourself. Do not write in pursuit of trivial flattery for this speech is wasted breath. Maintain a sense of responsibility to yourself and we all will inhale the aesthetic smoke that billows from your pipe.

Letters to the editor

Is There a Cleaning Staff at Glendon?

As I walked into my History class I spotted something laying on the floor. Actually I spotted a few somethings laying on the floor. What were they?

PIECES OF GARBAGE! And this was not just any garbage, this was the same garbage I had seen the day before in the very same classroom! This leads me to ask a question: "Is there a cleaning staff at Glendon?" And, if there is, "Why is the place such a mess?" This past summer, I had a class in room 129, AKA "The Big Lecture Hall". For the entire month of the course, I don't think that the room was cleaned ONCE! I do

not know what the numbers are like concerning Glendon's cleaning staff (if one exists at all), but I remember something from my high-school days that I would like to offer as a comparison to our cleaning situation. My high-school was almost the size of Glendon, with about 2000 students attending every day. By the afternoon, the school would be a mess, as most of the students were young, punk-ass slobbs. BUT, the next morning, there would not be a hint of garbage about the place. All the work of the handy janitorial staff, who consisted of about 15 staff members.

If Glendon has even that number of cleaning staff, I wonder how it is that a school almost the same size and with approximately the same number of students could be so unkept and dirty. The classroom situation is not the only problem.

Take a look around you at the garbage bins (wherever you can find them, that is!) and you will see them teeming with refuse. This is a sad state of affairs. Our beautiful Glendon campus, the envy of many other higher learning institutions, A MESS! I propose a few solutions to our problem: 1st: if there is no cleaning staff, HIRE ONE! 2nd:

STUDENTS!, do your share! When you IN the garbage, DON'T just leave it on the floor NEAR the garbage (it won't get in by itself you know!)! 3rd: talk to someone at administration and tell them exactly how grossed-out you are at the lack of attention paid to keeping our school beautiful AND presentable, especially for prospective new students and future generous donors. Keep it in mind!

Love Tammi and Amalia

Tammi Kizzoff

The Café Needs You!

I would first like to thank the students, the faculty, the administrators and employees of physical plant for all the continued support, both direct and indirect, of the Café de la Terrasse. Our "Pub", the Café de la Terrasse, is a non-profit, student organized and student run business that was incorporated in 1973. The Café is the second largest employer of students on campus, directly employing thirteen to sixteen students on average. This employment provides students with both invaluable job experience and extra

spending money. Last year the Café directly paid the employees \$53 721.56 in wages. In addition to the paid positions, the café provides volunteer, team management work experience to eight student board of directors that oversee the operations of the pub. More important than the direct work experience, the pub offers a space for all of you to use and enjoy.

As the chair of the board of the directors, I have a responsibility to you, the owners of the pub; to let you know that financially, the pub is presently challenged.

This challenge, at the very basic level, stems from the fact that our sales are not covering our costs. Seeing that we have trimmed our costs to the best that we can, we must now collectively work together to increase sales. I invite you, the owners of the Café, to tell me how the Café can tempt you to drop by for breakfast, lunch, dinner or just simply a coffee. Please email me directly at leeappleton@hotmail.com with your suggestions. I look forward to each of your suggestions; however, please keep in mind

that the operation of the Café is bound by certain constraints. These constraints include rules that govern events such as all age pubs; as a result, we are permitted only a certain amount of all ages pub nights per year. To all of you who voiced the larger menu suggestion, thank you; as a result, we have recently expanded the menu. Thank you,

Lee Appleton
Chair, Board of Directors,
Café de la Terrasse Inc.

Letters to the editor

Review of Life's "Tango?" Not Quite

I am writing this in regards to the review that was done to for the CD "Life's Tango". The reviewer gave the CD a rave review. As I, personally, have never listened to the CD, I am not writing to agree or disagree with this. When I read the article though, two issues struck me. Firstly, fact that one of Rae

Perigoe's friends wrote the review throws objectivity right out the window. Can we honestly expect an honest and truthful evaluation? Let's suppose that the CD is wonderful - then the reviewer is right to so glowingly praise it. But let's also suppose that the CD sucks - then, out of compassion and friendship, the

reviewer is almost obligated to lie, and praise the CD. Who among us would honestly trash something that our friend has worked hard on, not only to their face, but also to the entire school? I am willing to believe that those people are rare. Secondly, is the goal of Protem to promote its employees? It

seems almost tacky that Rae went about advertising his new CD this way. If the hundreds of posters (ok, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit, but there were at least several dozens of them) strewn everywhere were not enough to draw attention to it, then was putting a review in the paper really necessary? Should

we expect to see Rae setting up a table outside the cafeteria some time in the near future, selling his CD's to all us Glendon students lucky enough to be near our own superstar? Guess all those efforts for the "good" stuff backfired, eh Rae?

Anonymous

McDonald ou la folle illusion du bien être

En réaction à l'article d'Esther Raanani portant sur « l'ascendance [oh combien] vertigineuse du "Big Mac" ».

Eh oui, vous l'avez deviné, le sentiment qui nous anime n'est autre que celui de défenseurs de la bonne bouffe et du service qui se doit de l'accompagner.

Au risque de passer pour des benêts, nous avouons que comprendre pourquoi petits et grands raffolent du McDonald's est pour nous une tâche ardue (les lumières de l'auteur n'ayant pas suffi à nous éclairer). Aussi tenons-nous à dire à Mme Raanani que, bien que grands, nous n'en raffolant pas, et que nous sommes loin d'appartenir à

une école de pensée marginale. Que celui qui n'a jamais trouvé l'apaisement au McDonald's du coin nous jette la première pierre. Y a-t-il plus tranquilisant pour les nerfs que de déjeuner en compagnie d'une bande de morveux surexcités, hurlant à la mort et courant en tous sens? Ou bien, assis au côté du symbole de l'insouciance même: un bouseux qui après une bonne lampée de sa « boisson légère parfumée », nous lâche un rotte et s'en retourne à ses « occupations, à la réalité. » (l'intérieur d'un McDonald's, loin de faire partie de la réalité, étant un endroit vraiment de rêve.)

Pour ce qui a trait à la joie de

vivre qui, selon l'auteur, règne au sein de ces fabuleux établissements, nous ne serions lui recommander le partage de ses opinions auprès du mec qui flip des hambourgeois, de la fille qui passe la serpillière, ou encore du veinard qui plein d'euphorie se doit de sourire à tous les pressés venus manger.

Pour ce qui est du sandwich McDonald's, on se demande bien quel goût il avait avant que de la "saveur" y aie été ajouté! Et mis à part le fameux « service au volant », y a-t-il vraiment lieu de parler de « service » dans les McDos? Qu'un serveur ou une serveuse (nous n'entendons pas par là

quelqu'un qui prend les commandes aux tables et qui répond aux demandes des clients tout au long de leur repas) "jongle" avec ses plats pendant 30 secondes avant de tourner son attention vers le prochain client, ou même que le mec à la serpillière viennent ramasser les plateaux oubliés par les pressés, nous ne croyons pas qu'il y aie lieu de parler de "service". Une des affirmations lancées inconsciemment par l'amie Esther, nous paraît être une vérité indissociable de notre monde. Il est ici question de l'enrichissement des corporations multinationales. Nous nous attristons que notre chère collègue n'aie

point abordé cet aspect de la chose. En plus de rentrer dans le jeu des propagandes de McDonald's, elle promeut la progression de cette maladie, de ce McDo qui nous gangrène en invitant tous les odieux capitalistes à en subventionner la prolifération.

Vous, lecteurs de Pro Tem, si vous persistez à croire que McDonald's reflète le rêve, voir un petit coin de paradis, alors nous, nous l'échangerions volontier contre un petit coin du parapluie de Brassens. Il y a fort à parier que nous ne perdrons pas au « chang', pardi! »

*Lidia Jeunvau
Fernand Gignac*

“Post-secondary education will teach you things about yourself that you never knew...”

...i.e., that you never really liked Macaroni & Cheese that much to begin with.

When you get fed up with the traditional student diet, check out toronto.com's campus feature. You'll find everything you need to know about T.O., from where to go for a cheap meal near campus to places to eat that are a little more refined. From fine dining and theatre, to cool spots and great live entertainment, it's all here. We make the GTA your campus.

www.toronto.com/campus

toronto.com

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT T.O.

News/Nouvelles

French and the Internet

Colleen McConnell-

On October 14, former Glendon principal Dyane Adam, now Commissioner of Official Languages, gave a speech to the Cercle canadien de Toronto. It was called "The Internet: a window on Canada's linguistic duality or a Trojan horse?", and presented the findings of her two studies on the state of French on the Internet.

Her speech was designed to be a call to "work with me to make Canada's linguistic duality a reality of daily life based on individual and collective commitment. Her studies found that the current so-called duality is highly imbalanced: Francophones are lagging way behind Anglophones on the information highway. This is not surprising, since the United States has such a large influence over the Internet, but some of her statements are much more shocking. For example, French accounts for less than 3% of the entire Web. Over 80% of the content on the Web is in English, while only one person in 100, the world over, can speak this language. Also, the residents of Quebec are the least connected of Canadians: only 26% of them as compared to 45% of Alberta residents.

Ms. Adam states that the economic gap between Anglophones and Francophones in Canada has been closed during the past 30 years, but that unequal access to the Internet could widen it again. She then asks, Will we now stand idly by



and witness the resurgence of new social and economic divisions, that will be nourished by relatively broad access to information, knowledge and services?" She is recommending that the federal government adhere strictly to the Official Languages Act in any political framework relating to the Internet, "in order to create throughout the world a window on Canada's linguistic duality that will fill us all with pride".

As Commissioner of Official Languages, Ms. Adam's job is to promote Canada's linguistic duality and respect for linguistic minorities. She recognizes that there will be costs associated with these recommendations, but asks "what investments must be made to ensure that our children are Canadian? What value should we attach to being Canadian and to being Canadian fifty years from now?"

The strike that didn't happen yet

Colleen McConnell-

Last Sunday, just hours before the strike deadline, a tentative agreement was reached between CUPE 3903 (the union representing York's contract faculty and teaching assistants), and the York administration. This agreement averted the impending strike, but it has yet to be accepted by the union members.

The deal appears to offer more to TAs than to contract faculty. Both were offered a 3% wage increase across the board, and TAs were offered full tuition protection until April 2001, as well as an increase from \$2000 to approximately \$3650 for

summer minimum funding. Contract faculty received an increase in their per-course professional expense allowance, but their main concern was job security, since there are some faculty who have been teaching at York for many years and still have to negotiate a new contract each year. The administration has offered them 6 full-time conversions in 1999-2000, with the promise of at least the same number of conversions in 2000-01. They have also offered 13 five-year contracts over two years, which are normally renewable for a further five years. The union wanted 16

multi-year contracts, 8 in each of the next two years.

The two parties have been negotiating for six months already, and CUPE 3903 will be the last university union to sign a deal with the administration. The union is holding information sessions this week, during which members can discuss and debate the details of the tentative agreement, and the ratification vote will take place from November 2-4. If the agreement is not ratified, both sides will go back to the bargaining table and a new strike date will be set.

Incorporation postponed

Contrary to what was printed in the last issue of Pro Tem, the Glendon College Student Union (GCSU) did not hold a referendum on incorporation on October 26 and 27.

The reasons for the postponement are unclear. According to GCSU vice-president Nicole Lavigne, the information they were basing the referendum on was outdated, since an informant at York Main recently provided them with new information. The nature of this information is not known, but the GCSU wanted to investigate its possible consequences before holding a referendum.

However, according to president

Christy Biggs, the referendum was put off simply because of the possibility of a strike. If CUPE 3903 had gone on strike last Monday, as they were threatening to, it would have been difficult to hold a referendum. Biggs says the decision to postpone the referendum was made because of uncertainty due to the strike, even before the new information was received. To these two reasons, we can add a third: the Chief Returning Officer was not informed of the referendum. According to the Elections Act, the CRO must give students at least two weeks notice of the referendum, and the two weeks should be used

for campaigning by the two sides of the question. As it was, on the day that the referendum was supposed to begin, the CRO was barely aware of the fact that a referendum was being planned, and neither the students, nor the press, nor many members of the GCSU, knew much about the referendum two weeks before it was to begin. The transmittal of information seems to have been a problem with the incorporation issue. A new date for the referendum has not yet been set, but this delay may just give the GCSU the time they need to get the correct information, and to share it with those who should have it.

Bistro

Opens at 5:00 pm, Monday to Thursday

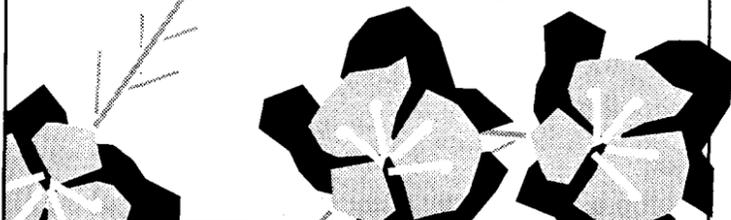
Last order is at 7:30 pm,

York Hall Basement

Ouverture à 17:00, du lundi au vendredi

Dernière commande à 19h30

Sous-sol de York Hall

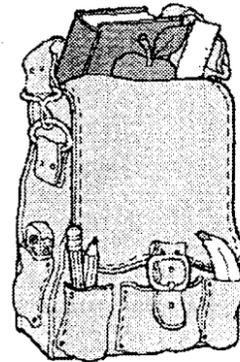


Glendon College Counselling and Career Centre Presents EDUCATION DAY

Tuesday, November 16th

10:00am - 2:00pm
Salon Garigue

- Information on
- concurrent and consecutive education programmes in Canada, the U.S. and overseas
- alternatives to teacher's college
- and teaching English as a Second Language



Mardi, le 16 novembre

10h00 à 14h00
Salon Garigue

- Renseignez-vous sur
- des programmes de formation intégrée et complémentaire au Canada, les États-Unis et à l'étranger.
- des alternatives à la formation en enseignement à l'université.
- et enseignement d'anglais langue seconde

JOURNÉE D'ÉDUCATION

Présentée par le Centre de consultation psychologique et d'orientation professionnelle du collège Glendon

Divers

Série d'articles écrits et édités dans le cadre du cours de Stylistique française (3240) et portant sur des objets usuels.

Le reflet de l'âme ?

Véronique Protoy-

Un reste d'ondée dans un creux de la terre, un tranquille bras de rivière, une plaque de métal martelée, aplatie, polie par une main patiente, une glace enfin, sortie des fourmiers du souffleur de verre, dotée d'une mince couche d'étain. Une fois de plus, l'humanité - l'ingénieuse, la penseuse- a su remplacer la nature, et ce faisant a créé l'instrument de sa réflexion. Il est heureux toutefois qu'elle réfléchisse aussi indépendamment des miroirs, car ceux-ci ne sont pas toujours fiables ou garants de progrès.

Oh, il en a existé d'honnêtes. Qui ne se souvient en effet du miroir de la méchante belle-mère de Blanche-neige, si préoccupée par sa beauté, prête à tout pour rester la plus parfaite des femmes ? Mais toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire. A l'entendre, on risque de perdre plus que ce que l'on a gagné. D'ailleurs, désirent-ils vraiment la vérité, tous ces gens qui, au petit matin, scrutent anxieusement leur miroir de salle de bain ? Cherchent-ils à se connaître, ou se perdent-ils dans la contemplation de leur propre image ? Espèrent-ils constater un changement, ou sont-ils heureux de retrouver le visage familier de la veille ?

Le miroir, non content de

refléter les traits des marâtres narcissiques et des travailleurs de banlieue qui se lèvent trop tôt, a su revêtir de multiples formes et s'accaparer mille usages. On est loin des premiers miroirs de poche vénitiens, bien loin des glaces de Saint-Gobain. On croise le miroir, cette fois flatteur, dans les magasins. Il nous attend à la croisée des chemins, au détour d'une ruelle, son ventre bombé nous avertissant de la venue d'un tracteur - ou d'une jeune fille à bicyclette.

Il fait la joie des architectes, qui le placardent sur les gratte-ciel pour nous donner l'illusion des nuages au milieu du béton. Et il nous évite bien des tours de cou, quand, dans nos bolides à quatre roues, nous nous apprêtons à franchir une ligne de plus. On le retrouve dans les télescopes, où il nous dévoile les secrets des astres. Ardent, il se creuse pour réfléchir les rayons de l'astre le plus proche de nous, notre soleil familier, et enflammer des brouillards -par-

don, des brindilles.

Il nous donne aussi symboliquement l'accès à d'autres mondes. Les miroirs des légendes servaient à conjurer un esprit, à voir le passé ou le futur, ou à espionner l'ennemi.

Les grands miroirs des coiffeuses d'antan portent le nom de l'âme : la psyché. Peut-on se connaître à travers son reflet ? Suffit-il de se regarder ? Est-il possible de porter sur soi-même le regard des autres ? Le miroir ne nous offre qu'une image

inversée. Qu'on songe à toutes les erreurs d'interprétation quand on oublie de la remettre à l'endroit ! Le miroir, qui capture les âmes, doit être voilé après un décès : la porte entre le monde des vivants et celui des morts doit se refermer.

Les scintillements de cette surface argentée ont en effet fasciné plus d'une alouette, et toutes n'avaient pas un bec et des plumes.



Une vraie perle

Ilwad Ahmed-

Perlées par les huîtres, elles se portent comme un charme. Pas la peine de reprendre le collier pour vous en offrir un. Il suffit d'un fil de pêche (rayon « article de pêche ») et d'une aiguille n° 10 ; il suffit d'un rouleau de scotch et de colle à nylon (résistante à l'eau) ; il suffit enfin d'une paire de ciseaux, d'un fil élastique et d'une bobine noire. Ajouter des fermoirs à poussoir, des anneaux, du fil de laiton, des perles et voilà- vous brillerez par votre rang de perles. Sous la lumière du soleil, il luira de tous ses feux et capturera sans doute des regards envieux.

Les perles ont toutes des histoires fabuleuses à nous raconter. Selon certaines personnes, elles dateraient d'environ 38 000 ans avant J-C. L'homme de Neandertal, de La Quina, un site en Charente, les fabriquait à

partir des dents et des os des animaux (loups, hyène, ours, etc.) incisés. Au fil des ans, leur forme et leur disposition sont devenues plus complexes.

Certaines perles sont produites par des huîtres (la méléagrine, la pintadine, etc.), dites perlières, qui vivent surtout dans les eaux chaudes. On retrouve, dans leur coquille, de la nacre (une substance brillante) et une membrane (appelée « manteau »). Lorsqu'un grain de sable s'infiltré entre le manteau et la nacre, l'huître, par autodefense, enduit le grain de la nacre. Après quelques années, il devient une perle. Cependant, quelques personnes estiment que la perle n'est qu'un vulgaire caillou. Caillou, peut-être ; si on l'ouvrait, on en découvrirait un au centre, mais elle n'a certainement rien de vulgaire.

Perles d'honneur

Dans le temps, les perles distinguaient la personne royale de la personne ordinaire. La parure indiquait l'âge, les goûts artistiques et même le statut matrimonial de celle qui la portait. Par exemple, chez les Yorubans (peuple indigène du Bénin), des rangs de perles autour de la taille d'une jeune fille révélaient sa virginité. Dans les cultures sud-américaines, elles servaient d'offrandes aux dieux (perles de jade) ou de monnaie. Jusqu'à aujourd'hui, elles restent l'apanage chéri des femmes.

Il existe bien sûr toute une variété de perles. Les formes, les couleurs et les genres des perles témoignent de leur valeur. Elles sont soit plates (perles « Bewa »), soit ovales (perles « de riz »). Les autres, moins connues, sont les perles « Baroques » (diffformes) et les perles « Mabées », qui sont les plus grosses. Les plus com-

munes sont les perles sphériques. Pour les couleurs, on a donc des perles rouges, vertes, bleues et noires. Ces dernières sont les plus chères, vu leur rareté. On peut avoir des perles naturelles, des perles usinées (perles fausses) et enfin des per-

les cultivées dans des huîtres. Un collier de misère ? Pas du tout ! Il faut juste en prendre soin. Pour briller, les parures nécessitent un nettoyage fréquent et ... perlé. Enfilez donc vos perles car rien n'est plus beau pour une belle.

NOTICE

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Wednesday November 3rd at 5:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall.

La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mercredi 3 novembre à 17h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

If you have any comments or questions, feel free to contact us at 487-6736 or by e-mail at protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca. Letters to the editor should include your name and a phone number where you can be reached. Your letters should not exceed 400 words. Thank you!

Si vous avez des questions ou commentaires, n'hésitez pas à nous joindre au 487-6736 ou par courriel à protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca. Toutes lettres à l'éditeur doivent être signées et doivent inclure votre numéro de téléphone. Les lettres ne doivent pas contenir plus de 400 mots. Merci!

Perspectives

Some Call It Halloween, Others Call In Samhain

Pamela Gordon

October 31st is just a few days past, and many of you may be out stocking-up on leftover candy and putting away your costumes for another year. There are also those of us who have just finished celebrating the most important weekend of the year and are starting a new stage in our lives.

Samhain is a traditional Wiccan holiday that has been celebrated for centuries. This holiday is like New Years for those of this faith. It indicates and celebrates a new beginning. On this day, Wiccans traditionally find aspects of their lives that they would like to change, and incorporate the banishing of these into a ceremony. Since this day is also believed to be the one that brings the two worlds (life and afterlife) closest together, we also take the time to remember friends and loved ones who have passed away, and honor them with memories. These rituals vary in as many different ways as there are Wiccans, and this day can be honored by dressing up and celebrating with friends, holding a circle with a coven, or doing solitary rites.

Most people grow up with negative stereotypes regarding Wiccans (also known as Witches). A lot of children's literature, as well as many movies, portray witches as old, evil women. They were branded in the late 1400s by the Catholic Church as devil worshippers because they believed in Goddess worship. For this, they were tortured and executed. However, the truth is that Witches don't believe in a devil, and therefore it is absurd to assume they worship one. Since it is an important time of

year for Wiccans, I decided to take the time to make people aware of what the Old Religion is about.

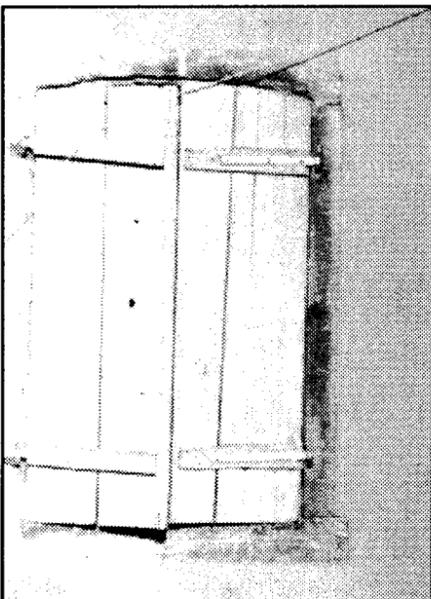
The word "Witch" comes from an old Anglo-Saxon word "wicce", meaning "Wise one". Wicca is an earth-based religion that came about long before the Bible. It is an individual, spiritual quest, in which the individuals have goals to know themselves and their craft fully, achieve balance, connect with nature, celebrate life, and keep their thoughts and actions positive. Being one of few religions that believe in a Goddess and a God, they strive to honor both, and believe that there is a balance of the two in every living thing. Most important to many, is the rule of three. This states that what you do will return to you three-fold. This is why Witches strive to be kind-hearted.

Wiccans often use spells, which are similar to prayers in other religions. These spells assist Witches to draw up divine power into themselves. They do not seek to have power over others, or to have control over nature. It is not a dogmatic religion, and therefore nobody is trying to recruit others or push their ideas upon one another. They are not opposed to other religions, and believe that everyone should be accepted for what they believe. I expect that I have diminished many of the stereotypes surrounding Wicca and hope that this left you more open minded and accepting of alternate ways of thinking. Happy Samhain and blessed be.



Enemy of the state

JJ O'Rourke-
people are doing it, they are doing it behind closed doors, and windows are blacked out like a wartime siren wailing



scene. the are doing it with their eyes closed, though sometimes half-lidded open. they do it comfortably on comfortable beds, between comfortable sheets. some do it more than others, though i imagine students at Glendon don't do it as much as the average person.

i'm talking about sleeping; the other state. i would like to evolve the notion that our lives are spent in different states, sleeping and waking being among them. Firstly, it would be unsafe to say that all senses are turned off when asleep. nose and ears still work even if eyes are closed. the way of processing the input changes in method;

one state is waking, the other sleeping.

though different in state, i would like to venture that one has more structure than the other, one may even say the other has no real structure, though it may have patterns. you see, when awake, a sense of insecurity, or mere survival, makes you want to learn about what's around you. so you find these systems, buildings like measurements and worth. though you exist, i don't feel that that is living, but observing. standing around. not accomplishing anything. the structure imposition hardens movement, slows things down and life loses fluidity.

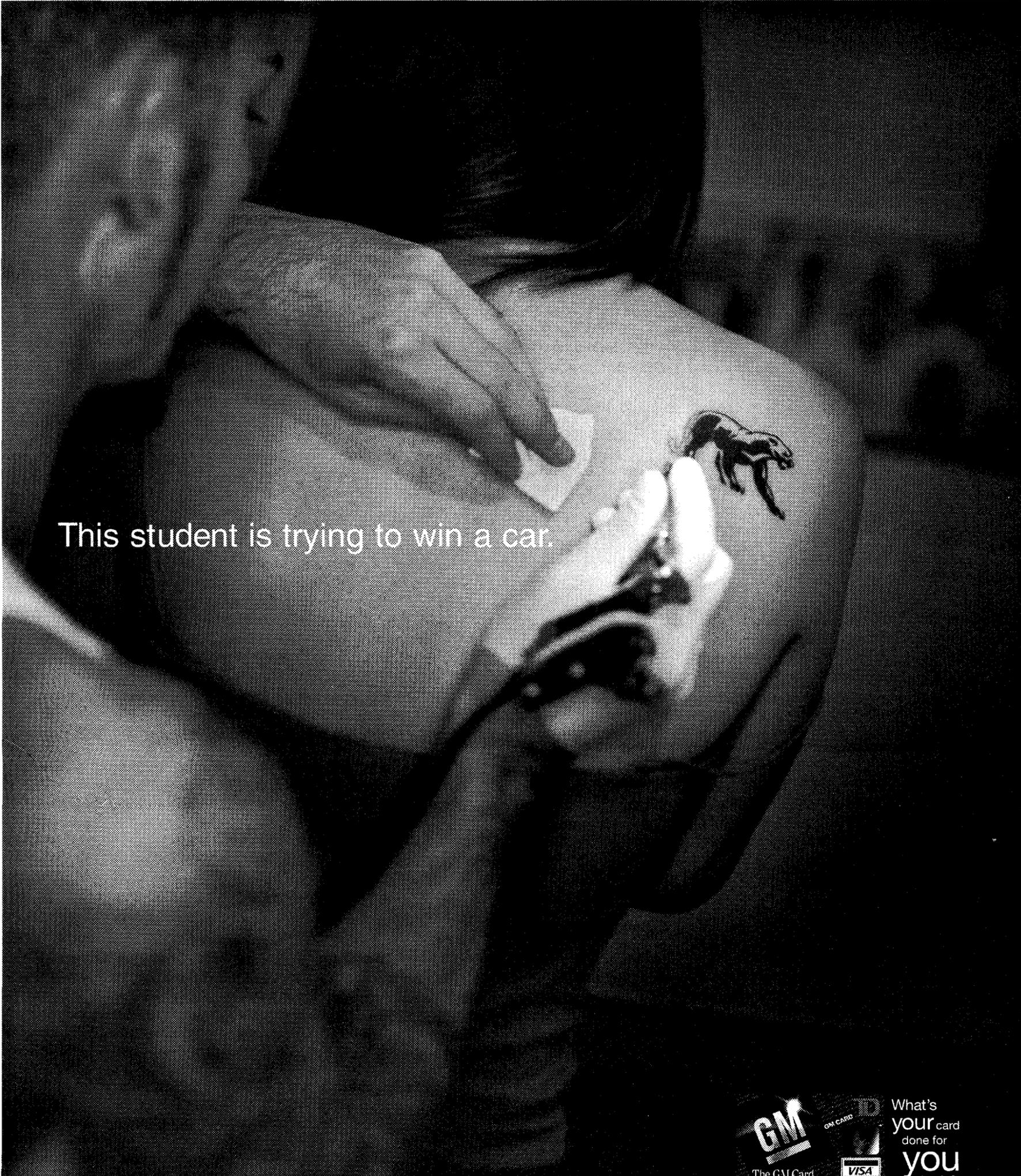
when sleeping however, the thought process is unhampered by the watchful eye of the conscious. we're not thinking

about thinking. there is no imposing of structure. though there may be patterns that emerge like symbols, the patterns change, making them something other than a structure. now i know that some would argue that neural pathways are imbedded if often used, and you can actually teach people to reason a certain way, unconsciously. the thought patterns are already connected a certain way. i don't know how much of the brain map is common to all, but i offer the weak defense' that perhaps there is something intrinsically human to all our thought patterns, and perhaps that is the state i am referring to when i mention the state of sleeping.

it is important to realise that both states must be exercised

and nurtured to achieve a sense of wholeness. traditionally, the approach has been to analyze your dreams. injecting a little consciousness in the effort to learn more about it. but that just distorts, because it is the absense of attention that authenticates the state. what if you were to try it the other way around. try to dream a little more in this waking of states. try to remove some of the structure, remove some of the systems. remove some lenses and return to wonder.

the self is much bigger than any thing corporeal. it is important to know the roots, because all else is just interpretation. but don't stop at acknowledgment, feel it and use it to complete your life, your person. do not be an enemy of the state.



This student is trying to win a car.



What's
your card
done for
YOU
lately?

And if she doesn't win, at least she's just earned \$1,000 to help her 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 get a tattoo 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 nobrainer.gmcanada.com for more information or to apply on-line.

Features

Following this past summer's decision between the York University administration and the Toronto Star, it was proved, once again, that York will sell your voice for nothing, when they signed a three year deal granting the Star the rights to distribute free papers. The terms within the contract basically stated that the Toronto Star would distribute 5000 daily papers and 1000 weekend papers to York campuses. At the same time, the contract also revealed that York publications must be at least fifteen feet away from the Toronto Star. This demand, however, was withdrawn when the Star was given the impression that there may be legal action taken by the Canadian University Press. This is not a new marketing strategy for the mainstream press. Excalibur reported (09/29/99) that south of the border Penn State University set up a readership program in January 1997 that gave the New York Times and USA Today unrestricted access to students. A hidden charge of 10 dollars (US) was

added to student's residence fees, but, nevertheless, the papers were said to be free. As of now, the York administration has not implemented any new fees for the circulation of the Toronto Star. However, I'm sure this will change and that, at the end of the three-year contract, the administration will do what they do best by levying more fees. The Toronto Star, like the American papers, claims that this is, in a way, a marketing strategy. For example, with the growing competition between mainstream papers, the Star, like the National Post, is trying to develop a regular readership. The premise is that if the student begins reading the Star in the institutions then, possibly, when they get out they will continue reading or better still subscribe. It seems that the Toronto Star marketing department is trying to develop some sort of habit or ADDICTION. Unfortunately, the Star also says that they've been doing this sort of thing for many years. About twenty years ago the Toronto Star set up a "newspaper education program" in elementary and high schools. The idea, much the same as at York, is that regular reading of a newspaper improves a student's reading habits and sharpens the critical thinking skills necessary for success in life. Angela Pacienza, editor in chief of Excalibur, says, "if the Star was really concerned about developing a readership program, they would do it in areas that need it most." She went on to say that the Star should be circulating free papers to areas of the city that would benefit from this program such as co-op housing projects, hostels, missions and shelters.

The truth of it is that the Toronto Star, like all corporations, could care less about critical thinking skills and is only doing this for one reason and that is to further manipulate mainstream thinking.

Coincidentally, the mainstream press, like the Star, is a controlled media whose sole purpose is to work for the elite. The elite, or the establishment, are all the people with power that are continually written about in our daily papers. These include: world leaders, corporate directors, media bigwigs, and anyone else who is "better than you." This, however, is proven over and over again by the way in which the mainstream press covers stories. For example, the mainstream press has adopted certain guidelines in order to transmit their daily information to us. This can be seen in a five-point formula, which the mainstream press continues to follow. The first is to convince the public that Capitalism is the best social system possible. Second is to prepare the public for the elite's actions and policies, like mass killings in Yugoslavia. Third is to defend and justify the elite's actions and policies, through organizations like NATO. Fourth is to discredit those who criticize the elite's actions and policies. Fifth is to use any means available to help elect the elite's political candidate, Bush, Clinton, Bush Jr.? Knowing this we can see that the mainstream press, like the Toronto Star, is designed solely to protect the interests of the institutions under the umbrella of Capitalism. However, they have to be able to sell this to you. It is clear that if the elite owns and controls the mainstream press: how free and impartial can this media really be? We live in a Capitalist society. Either way you look at it a Capitalist society's mandate is to make profit through production. Basically, this means that each member of our society is a means to this

production or profit (a worker). However, in order for the elite (who own the production) to protect themselves and their profit they have designed institutions, like the press, to help them fuel their production. These types of institutions are designed for the purpose of making you become part of the production. We can see this working in other sections of our society such as schools, police, government, hospitals and any other authority structures. Years ago, in order for the monarchies of Europe to rule successfully they had to find a way that they could keep the peasants from revolting in the streets. The monarchies had to

adopt ways to suppress people who were against them. They filled prisons with people who represented a threat to their authority. This idea still stands today. The elite, like the monarchies, follows the same principle in order to successfully profit from the production in our society. However, in order to obtain the most profit, every member would have to work and, at the same time, a system is in place so that members who don't conform to this structure will be rehabilitated. On the other hand, the way that this relates to the mainstream press is that it is controlled or owned by the elite who uses it to portray their image of the way



**Mainstream
how free is th**



**The presses sole purpose is to crea
can be "su**



Manipulation: Toronto Star?

by Rob Shaw

society should be constructed. As a member of a Capitalist society we are taught, early, that this is the best social system possible and, in turn, we spend our years becoming educated to become part of this production. The presses sole purpose is to create conformity within society so that one can be "successful in life." For example, each and every article in a mainstream paper has, in some way, a story about what the elite has accomplished or is accomplishing. At the same time, they also report on the anti-social behaviour of people who aren't conforming. The elite tells us what is good and what is bad. This is the type of press that the toronto star has become.

Universally, we are told that our western media, like the toronto star, are the freest in the world, however, we seem to be overlooking one minor detail. Virtually all the means of communication in our society from television networks to individual stations, from newspaper chains to magazines to major publishing houses and record companies are all owned by the economic elite. This is to say, that if the elite own and control all of western media it leads one to believe that it would be impossible to have unbiased and non-manipulated news coverage. It is a simple plan that the elite must protect their investments and, at the same time, propagate the idea

fact, these events serve no importance except to further the elite's mandate and propagate Capitalism. In 1949, Wilhelm Reich (Listen, Little Man) wrote, "But what is said in the newspapers you believe, whether you understand it or not." This means that the toronto star is far from free and the long term consequences is to promote a system that is inhuman. Too often in our time we have been sucked into believing the mainstream media; we talk about their stories, we believe their system, we follow their way of thinking. This is wrong. Since the first week of September the toronto star has been delivering free newspapers. This, to some, has looked like a good deal.

horace dockery, president of the york federation of students, says, "stu-

dents who have trouble affording the bare essentials will be less inclined to pay for a daily paper. It has the effect of leveling the playing field." Unfortunately, mr. dockery isn't aware that his voice, like that of the students, stand to be completely plowed under the field. The danger of one corporation moving onto a campus is that it provides a precedent that will allow others to follow. For example, soon the national post, the globe and mail and maybe even the toronto sun will be looking for a spot on campuses throughout Canada. This is fine, if you are no longer concerned with the student press; if you are no longer concerned with your voice. I can assure you that the administration doesn't want to hear your voice and that is one of the reasons that they have contacted the star to distribute free papers. Your voice has always represented a threat to the administration as well as the elite and, for this, they have to find new ways of suppressing it. Realistically, they would love to shut down all student publications. However, they cannot do this for the simple reason that it is your media. At the same time, what they can do is compete with the student press and this is what they are doing; they are bringing in the mainstream press to put the student press out of business. Essentially, it creates unfair competition. Already, at the excalibur, Angela Pacienza has had to invest ten thousand dollars in order to increase circulation. This will continue; this will put smaller presses like the Pro Tem out of business.

All of it comes down to this: as the toronto star becomes a regular diet in your digestive system, you will start, unless you already do, believing every little drop of ink that falls off the page. Eventually, you will find yourself falling into the hands of the elite and you will begin to discredit all those who go against them. The student press, which follows no set agenda, suffers. Not just through a lack

of advertising, but a lack of interest. It's no joke that a paper with a colorful front page and catchy headlines would seem more interesting than twenty pages of student rants.

Be that as it may, a free student press may be your only chance, in life, to say what you really want to say. You have no supervisor who will penalize you for your argument and no corporation to censor you. Trust me, for those of you who think that anyone outside of these walls gives a shit about what you think, you're wrong. It's fixed. This system is rigged and there is no way of you changing it. The truth of it is this: let the institution kiss the ass of corporations, let them sign shady deals, let them live the lie. It's up to us not to buy into this. Make it so the toronto star is obliged to take back every copy they deliver and see what they think of that. Send them a message because if you don't do it now they'll come after you the rest of your life.

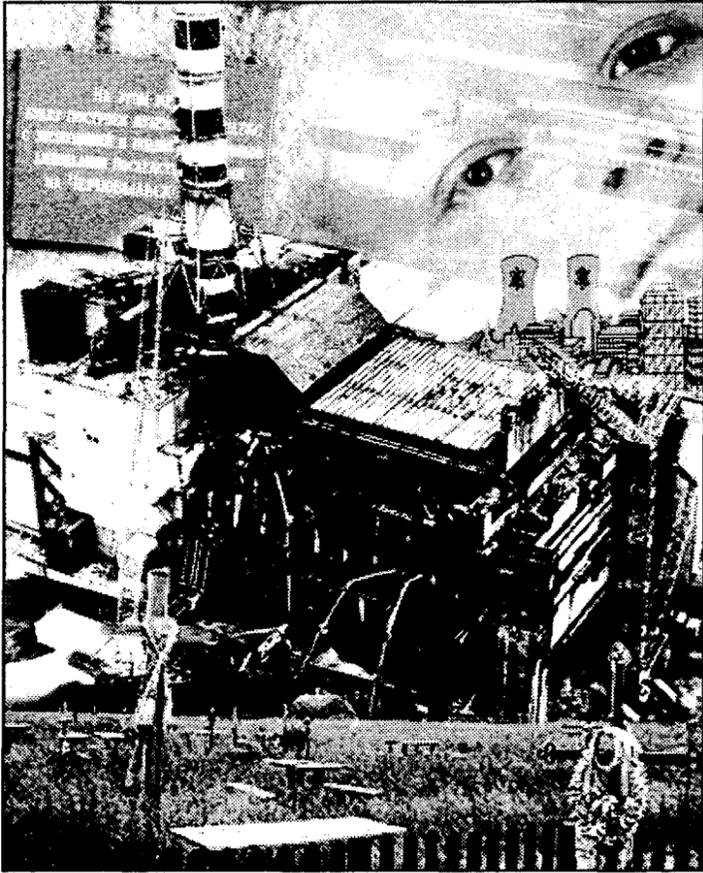
React to their actions.



conformity within society so that one successful in life."

Perspectives/World issues

Planet Meltdown



Steven Irvine-

There are so many good reasons to want this power source. However, when we take the time to contemplate how serious the repercussions could be, I'm left wondering if even Professor X himself would be able to help our world if we were knee-deep

in mutants. Fictional or not, I'm not sure that anybody would be able to help those people close enough to kiss the aftermath. Our population continues to grow like wildfire. (Not too sure how fast wildfire grows, but I'm sure it'd make 'yer head spin.) This means we need to

have a shit-load of power to keep our little instant-gratification world turning. For this reason alone, nuclear power seems like sliced bread. What other options are there? Wind, water, coal, wood, sun, alternators? Yeah right - these ideas have all been done to death, dammit! What's the use in living in a progress world without the progression? What about letting folks take care of one another the best we can without all the tools n' toys that need an outside power source? Hahahahahaha... [cough] Nuclear bombs/warfare are absolutely terrifying concepts. The destruction and loss of life would be overwhelming. Don't worry though, cuz if we're smart enough to create this technological wonder, we're not dumb enough to use it to harm anybody. Hmm... what if we turned that young technology into a "power-plant" and put it beside the schoolyard? We could supply power to everyone. Especially those school children. [Insert warning sirens here.] As long as it's taken care of and well monitored, what could possibly go wrong? I dare anyone to give me one good example of how it could back-

fire on us. After all, hordes of Earth's most brilliant minds researched and developed the entire concept, and now think of all the other minds that currently maintain the plants. Human error? What's that supposed to mean? Look - too many "important" people make it their responsibility to oversee its success and way too much money is backing it for it to be a bad idea. Next you're going to tell me that a cartoon character could put a population's mind at ease by desensitizing the actual seriousness of the issue. "Doh! Did I just think that or did I write it down?" Don't trust my bias - get online, pick a search engine, and type any of the following subjects: Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Chernobyl, or Three Mile Island. Too much thinking? Rent, watch, and numb 'yself on any of these spine-tingling nuclear-related disaster movies: "Chia Syndrome" ('79) Flaw in power plant threatens meltdown. "Crack in the World" ('65) Deep atomic blasts start earthquake. "Day After" ('83 TV) Post war, radiation kills. "Day One" ('89 TV) Documentary about atomic bombs. "Day the Earth Caught

Fire, The" ('61 UK) US & USSR bomb blasts throw the Earth out of its orbit and toward the sun. "Day the World Ended" ('56) Post war, normals vs. mutants. "End of the World" ('62) (aka Panic in the Year Zero) Family heads for the hills to avoid nuclear war. "Fail Safe" ('64) Faulty tty leads to US & USSR trading atomic blasts. "Fire" ('51) ?. "In the Year 2889" ('66) Post war, mutants. "Last Man on Earth" ('64) ?. "Last Woman on Earth" ('60) ?. "Omega Man" ('71) Battle between normal and mutant survivors of nuclear war. "On the Beach" ('59) Survival after nuclear war. "Quiet Earth" ('85) Survivors of mysterious apocalypse. "Testament" ('83) Post war, fallout. "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" (?) Submarine after nuclear explosion. "War Game, The" ('65) Post war. "World, Flesh, Devil" ('59) ?. Until the next - it's all fun and games until someone loses an eye... and their hair... and they rot internally from radiation exposure... and their skins drips off their bones from Mr. Champignon's warm hug ... etc.

Reflections from a news editor

Colleen McConnell-

That politics stuff is just foolishness anyway.

As news editor, I have developed the habit of remembering good quotes from people, and this one from a friend of mine seemed to merit further reflection. What is politics, anyway, and what purpose does it serve? You can study politics here at Glendon, so I am sure many readers will be able to define it much better than I can, but in writing the news for Pro Tem I have been given a completely new perspective on the politics that go on within Glendon.

For example, I would otherwise never have known that there were such hostilities between the student paper and the student union. I suppose in real life, politicians have to be wary of the press, because they are reporting on their every action to their constituents. But it seems to me that some people around here take their positions, and their politics, far too seriously. When looking for a copy

of the GCSU constitution for a previous article, I went to their office several times; but, finding it closed each time, I then found a GCSU member in his room in residence, and asked him if he had a copy. The answer I received right away, of course, was that there are copies in the GCSU office, and that he would be happy to get me one during his office hours. When I told him the reason I had had to find him in residence was because the office had been closed every time I had checked, he looked skeptical, but said he would see if he happened to have a copy lying around in his room. As he was looking, he came out with this precious comment: I know you're just from a student paper, but just so you know, if this were the real press, I would have called security by now.

How to convince him that I am not the paparazzi, not an evil person, but just a fellow student asking for a bit of assistance from the person most likely to be able to provide it? It is obvi-

ous that GCSU members have had problems with journalists in the past, and that this was not an isolated incident, because when I wanted to interview president Christy Biggs about the impeachment issue, she said she would not do a verbal interview. Apparently she felt her words had been twisted in the past, and so she said she would answer written questions, and keep a copy of her answers - I guess as proof in case I reported anything other than what she had said. I refused to take it personally - after all, I hadn't written anything about them yet - but it is a depressing example of the politics that go on even in a tiny college like Glendon. I guess maybe I'm naive, but I have been shocked at the lack of trust people have in the press. Most people are friendly and willing to give their opinions on things, but as soon as you tell them you're writing for the paper, they get suspicious and hostile. Maybe they're worried that I'll report something they've said



that could cost them their job, or their credibility, just like real politicians. And although that isn't true for everyone, it certainly isn't limited to the two GCSU instances I've described. It seems to me that information would circulate a lot better if people would be more open towards the press. I'm not saying I want to hear all the confidential information about everything that goes on at Glendon, but if something newsworthy is happening, it should be report-

ed. Don't think that just because I'm writing for the paper, even if you have had problems with them in the past, that I am trying to create problems for you. People need to know what's going on, and if one side is withholding information, it will be very hard to write unbiased stories. Being official and political may get some things done, but when it interferes with the flow of information, it really is just foolishness.

Art and entertainment

Front man war tour

Natalie Flute- So, the Front Man War Tour has swept through Toronto and if you missed it, you missed OUT! As you all must know, the tour began as a farewell to Thrush Hermit, but due to Joel Plaskett's recent illness, Thrush Hermit had to can the rest of the tour. Don't worry girls, Plaskett isn't exactly ill, but has been warned by his doctor that he will become extremely ill if he continues with the tour. Look out for possible Thrush Hermit shows in Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax later on this year. Anyway, luckily the Hermit cancellation hasn't weakened the tour; it in fact may have made it stronger. The Local Rabbits and The Flashing Lights (Superfriend Matt Murphy's new band) seem determined to make the tour carry on with adrenaline-packed shows filled with out of this world guitar riffs. I was lucky enough to see the show twice, in London at The Embassy, and here in Toronto at The Opera House. Although they were two completely different venues (The Embassy is much smaller and

more intimate as compared to The Opera House), both shows were quite similar. The Opera House show began with a band called Soho Kitchen, who were really good musicians. The Local Rabbits arrived on stage next, finishing their last drops of beer. The Rabbits have been using the tour to test audiences with new songs for their new album. On their first release, You Can't Touch This, the band had a rock and roll sound. On Basic Concepts, their second release, The Rabbits went much mellower. Now it seems that this third, yet to be recorded album is going back to their roots with heavier guitar-driven songs. The audience really seemed to enjoy the new songs, and with a voice like Ben Gunning's guiding the music, how could one not? Up next were The Flashing Lights. For anyone that has not yet seen a Flashing Lights show, let me tell you that it's not something you want to miss. Don't get me wrong, I loved The Superfriends, but The Flashing Lights are ten times better. Their show con-

sisted of songs from their debut release Where the Change is, which I suggest you run out and buy from your local record shop. They began their set with the c.d.'s title song, which introduces each band member (Murphy, Gavin Dianda, Henri Sangalang, and Steve Pitkin) and ended it with a song called Elevature, a kick ass rock song that ends with the audience chanting "Flashing Lights! Flashing Lights!" Surprisingly, the audience wasn't ready to end the show there, and so both bands came back on stage for an encore performance, filled with beer-soaked naked men and upside-down organs (you had to be there!). All in all, it looks like the tour is going to be a huge success, and hopefully it will give these great bands some positive exposure. As for Thrush Hermit, they have agreed never again to play together but Plaskett seems certain that they will play some final shows when he is fully recovered. For now, watch out for Plaskett's soon to be released solo debut.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
11 am					
12	jeff p's		RHYTHMS		
1	SOCIAL AWARENESS			big backyard	ROXYFUNN
2	with tom & leslie	howulikeit?	The Black Bog Radio Hour	Angelo's	
3	logic method	kitchen	MILLENIUM	Show	
4		sink		And now for something completely different...	
5	75' LIVE	DEAD A.T.P.	IN DA TRENCHES	different...	unauthorized Music
6				THE	ldlo/audio
7	DIRGES OF MIELHEIM	GLENDON ELECTRONIC	Sonic Union	SCOPE	infinity
8		COLLECTIVE			
9	CLASSIC ROCK MONDAYS	BANDNITE	Jaundice Joel	PUBNITE	
				the one and only	

Upcoming Events

October 28 - November 18, 1999

Ana Soler Baena
Glendon Gallery
Open Tuesday-Friday noon to 2 pm
Tuesday and Thursday 5 to 7 pm
Saturday 1 to 4 pm

October 14 - November 14, 1999

It's All True
Buddies In Bad Times Theatre, 12 Alexander St.
(416) 975-8555. Tickets: \$22/\$30 (Sunday, Pay What You Can)

Friday, November 5, 1999

Views On Asia
and your last chance to see Bryan Adams' Made In Canada
ROM, 100 Queen's Park.

Sunday, November 7, 1999

Scruj MacDuhk
Six instrumentalists of Celtic Music play at the Harbourfront center

November 10 - 14, 1999

Princess T.
Robert Gill Theatre, 214 College St. 3rd floor (St. George entrance)
8:00 p.m. \$10/\$8 (Sunday matinee 2 pm, PWYC)

Friday, November 12, 1999

The "Living" ROM
ROM, 100 Queen's Park

Saturday, November 13, 1999

Julie Michels & George Koller Trio
Rex Hotel, Queen St. West & Simcoe St.
8:30 pm

Sunday, November 14, 1999

Bill Bourne
Alberta based singer/songwriter perform at the Harbourfront center
ALSO
Read All About It
Philippe Magnan reveals the range of the oboe at the Harbourfront center.

Friday, November 19, 1999

Glendon's Annual Snowball Formal
Organised by the GCSU
ALSO
Shaken, Not Stirred: A Taste Of Things British
James Bond film, a proper tea service, pop music and more.
ROM, 100 Queen's Park

Friday, November 26, 1999

Heavy Metals
And a preview of David Ben's new show The Conjuror's Suite
ROM, 100 Queen's Park

*Harbourfront events: (416) 973-3000 or info@harbourfront.on.ca

*ROM (Royal Ontario Museum) events: (416) 586-5891 or www.rom.on.ca

Art et culture

Art Wins Every Time

Catherine Hancock-
"It's All True" is a play within a play based on the story of the 1937 opening night of "The Cradle Will Rock", which almost never took place. The government (which was funding the musical) closed the production by pad-locking the theater's doors, because of its anti-capitalist attitude. Through courage and determination, the company finds another theater to put on their show because as we all know, the show must go on. Anyone who has ever worked on a theatrical production will enjoy this play because, well - it's all true. Putting together a show is stressful and time-consuming. The cast, director and producer are always at each other's throats; but somehow once the curtain rises, they pull together as a family for the good of the show, and all of the problems disappear - like magic.

Of course there are parts that do not work. Sometimes they are smoking real cigarettes and sometimes they are smoking imaginary ones. When you mix miming with real objects, it gets confusing, not necessarily for the audience, but more so for the cast members. At one point a character puts his hat into a sink, washes his face and then puts the hat back on his head. I don't know about you, but if I did that, my hat would be wet. In another scene, a female character walks off the stage naked (remember: mime). Many characters walk through tables. There might be good reasons for this, such as scene transitions or character motivation. If this is the case, a lighting technique should be added, because the audience just assumes that the cast is forgetful. All in all, Canadian playwright, Jason Sherman, has written a beautiful piece, mixing history with entertainment. It's All Good.



Boys Don't Cry

Catherine Hancock-
Hilary Swank (The Next Karate Kid) stars as Teena Brandon, who prefers to go by the name and looks of Brandon Teena. Yes, that's right, Brandon. This Fox Searchlight Picture is based on the true and tragic story of a young woman from Nebraska in 1993 who goes through a "sexual identity crisis". To pass herself off as a male, she cuts off her hair, tapes down her chest and stuffs her underwear with a sock. The result is shockingly believable. Swank recently won the award for best actress at the Chicago Film Festival. Her portrayal of a young drifter searching for an identity and a home is truly exceptional. Boys Don't Cry also stars Chloe Sevigny (Kids) and Peter Sarsgaard (The Man In The Iron Mask).

A Poet with a Camera

Catherine Hancock-
The work of Harry Rasky is currently being showcased at the York Faculty of Fine Arts. "Harry Rasky: Poet with a Camera" is a part of the fall '99 Wendy Michener Symposium. The show will be running every Monday until November 22 at the Nat Taylor Cinema (Ross building, N102). It begins at 7:00 p.m. and admission is free. The presentation consists of five of Rasky's film biographies. For more information call (416) 736-5136.

Hello again!

Glendon Pride is having a pub night! The event will be the first opportunity for gay, lesbian, bisexual and transgendered students at Glendon to meet and have fun. Cool friends of campus queers are encouraged to attend. This event will also be an opportunity for students to communicate and see where we want to take Glendon Pride this year. Want to help out? Please leave a message for Meri at the Women's Centre (ext. 88197)

Traduction et création: deux facettes d'une même pièce

Jean-Philippe Nadeau-
L'édition 1999 du Salon du livre de Toronto fut l'occasion pour plusieurs de faire connaissance avec des professionnels de la plume. Une multitude de poètes, de romanciers, de journalistes, de traducteurs, et d'écrivains de tous les coins de la francophonie s'y étaient rassemblés pour la joie de tous. C'est d'ailleurs lors de cet événement qu'il m'a été donné de rencontrer et de découvrir Hélène Rioux. À la fois traductrice et écrivaine, cette Québécoise de Montréal se fit un plaisir de venir parler de ses deux grandes passions, l'écriture et la traduction, devant une audience composée en grande majorité de traducteurs. Nul besoin de préciser que la discussion s'est vite orientée vers ces grandes questions philosophiques qui hantent le monde de la traduction. Il fut, entre autres, question de la polémique qui entoure l'auto-

traduction, c'est-à-dire la traduction d'une œuvre par son auteur même. À ce sujet, Hélène Rioux se dit être en parfait désaccord avec les propos de Nancy Houston, écrivaine qui publie ses romans parallèlement en anglais et en français, concernant le statut d'œuvres séparées qu'elle confère à ses autotraductions. Plusieurs traducteurs, dont Hélène Rioux, croient que la traduction est un art au même titre que la création et que ce serait lui enlever ses lettres de noblesse que de considérer les autotraductions comme des réécritures d'œuvres plutôt que de bonnes traductions de celles-ci. Rioux aborde aussi la question de la « fidélité » en traduction, sujet qui semble également créer des schismes profonds à l'intérieur du métier. Très brève, elle s'est contentée de souligner que tout traducteur se doit, selon elle, de calquer le plus fidèlement possible les

œuvres originales, quel qu'en soit le contenu. Elle n'exclut cependant pas la possibilité d'insérer une préface explicative lorsque le texte en question risque d'offenser certains lecteurs.

Traduction et création : cent pour cent de l'apport recommandé d'écriture!

Aussi loin qu'elle puisse se rappeler, Hélène Rioux a toujours eu une passion pour l'écriture. C'est pourquoi, quand des amis lui ont offert de traduire des publicités et des documents portant sur l'alimentation, elle a sauté sur l'occasion. Son talent et son amour pour la traduction ont bien vite pallié le fait qu'elle n'avait pas de diplôme dans ce domaine. De l'alimentation, Hélène Rioux est ensuite passée à la traduction d'œuvres littéraires. Elle s'est depuis hissée jusqu'aux plus hauts échelons de sa profession. Malgré ses nombreux accomplissements en traduction, elle ne s'épanouira vraiment qu'en 1977 avec la sortie de son livre, *Traductrice de sentiments*, qui lui confère dès lors le titre tant recherché d'écrivaine. Rioux dit par contre adorer la traduction littéraire ; elle y voit une façon de s'extéri-

oriser et d'explorer le monde tel que vu par les yeux d'un autre auteur. À ce propos, elle cite l'exemple de son roman, *Traductrice de sentiments*, qui relate l'histoire d'une traductrice qui doit se mettre dans la peau d'un tueur connu afin de traduire ses mémoires. Ce roman tient en fait lieu d'illustration à cette relation qu'établit le traducteur avec l'auteur, sans même l'avoir rencontré, et qui l'amène souvent à s'identifier à lui en adoptant son mode de raisonnement et sa palette d'émotions.

À une époque où la traduction semble vouloir se distinguer, en tant que discipline, de la création littéraire, Hélène Rioux fait partie de ces traducteurs qui promeuvent un rapprochement des deux domaines. Pour elle, la traduction d'œuvres littéraires lui permet d'explorer de nouveaux styles, qui, éventuellement, la séduiront et contribueront à sa formation d'écrivaine. Aussi la traduction et la création littéraire sont-elles loin d'être en compétition chez Rioux ; elles sont plutôt deux partenaires travaillant à une seule et même fin : l'écriture.

www.beingjohnmalkovich.com

Art and entertainment

“A real radio station”

CKRG's 1999-2000 schedule

Rae Perigoe-

Listeners tuning in to Glendon's radio station, CKRG 89.9 FM, will find an eclectic mix of shows, ranging from rap to social issues.

Ryan Laflamme, CKRG's station manager, claims that the schedule is far more varied than in years past. "Nobody is really sticking to any one format," says Ryan, who "encourages DJs to play what they want."

Listeners tuning in on Wednesday, for instance, can check out "Sonic Unyon", a mix of jazz and many other musical genres, or "Millenium", a show that mixes contemporary rap with old-school hip-hop. CKRG's full schedule is printed on this page.

On Monday, there is "Social Awareness with Tom and Leslie", a show about social issues. You won't only hear about issues, though; the two DJs blend in music with their politics. Leslie, according to Laflamme, gives some comic relief to Tom's frequent ranting. Most of the shows this year are music-based:

"Social Awareness" is the only one to have a major talk-radio component. Such a focus on music is consistent with Laflamme's belief that many people at Glendon are more interested in music on the radio, that they don't want to hear talk while sitting in the pub or in the cafete-

ria.

Responding to the incident two weeks ago at CIUT, where the University of Toronto Student Union succeeded in shutting down the campus radio station, Laflamme mentions that "the whole situation is scary." While admitting that CIUT was mismanaged, Laflamme claims that the U of T student union "had no right to (shut CIUT down)." When asked what the incident may mean for campus radio in the future, Laflamme says that "it sets a dangerous precedent. It seems to allow councils to step in and perform a 'coup d'etat' on campus radio stations." Laflamme is confident that such a situation would not occur with Glendon's current student union (even though he mentions that the GCSU accused CKRG last year of exploiting other clubs by charging them a fee for equipment rentals during pub nights), but he worries that a future student administration could interpret the action at U of T as a free license to censor student radio.

Radio Glendon's switch last year to broadcasting on FM at 89.9 has "reestablished the radio station," according to Laflamme. Before the change, CKRG often functioned as merely background music for the pub and the cafeteria. Thanks to the move to FM, people can now listen to CKRG in

residence, on campus and anywhere in the local area. Radio Glendon is now a "real radio station, a media source." He believes that people are more interested in CKRG this year and are listening more frequently than in previous years.

Student reaction to the radio station has been mixed. Maria Gentle voices appreciation for the variety of music and talk on the station this year. Katrina Moore, in Wood Residence, is "happy that I can get it in residence... but I honestly don't listen to the radio a lot." Shari Toppin is more antagonistic: she tells me "it bothers me. They are too loud sometimes." Shari has a message for those DJs who talk too much: "Tell them to shut up!" An unnamed student mentions that the shows often seem "unstructured and unscripted... and too loud!" Tara Kivlichan says that she "hasn't heard anything" about CKRG this year. Whatever your opinion of CKRG, there are many ways you can get involved with CKRG this year. Laflamme says that the work/study position of news director has yet to be filled, and that students can still submit applications to be DJs, even though the schedule for the year is currently full.

(CKRG DJ schedule is on page 11.)

Toy Story 2: Preview

Catherine Hancock-

Toy Story 2 is coming to theatres in late November, but you can see the preview now in the privacy of your own - computer? Yes, computer. What a clever idea: preview the trailer on the computer itself. Anyone with access to the internet may surf on over to official Disney site at: www.toystory2.com. At

this site you can read about the cast members, shop at the store, and most importantly, watch a two minute preview of "the first footage from the film to be publicly screened." It's amazing what the net is capable of doing these days.

Tom Hanks, Tim Allen and all of the other original voices have teamed up for the sequel.

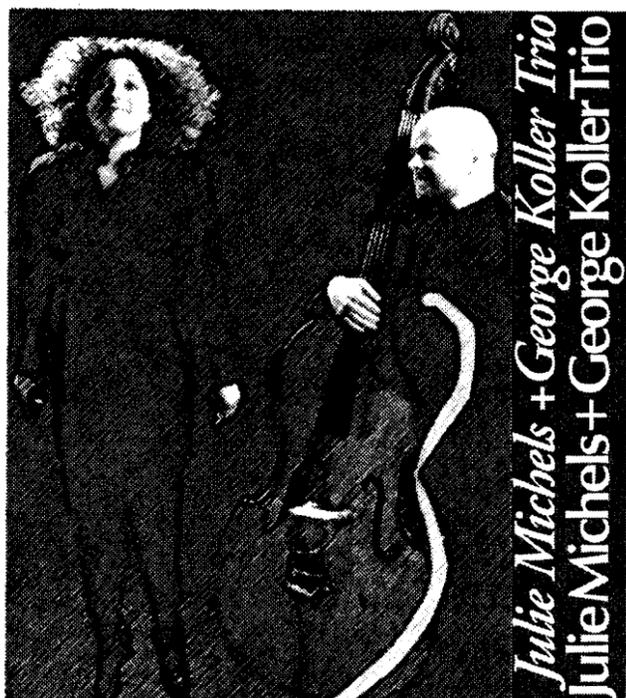
The Best Man

Ishani Gunasek-

Two words; Absolutely Fantastic!!!! "The Best Man" will keep you in stitches from the beginning to the end. With a cast full of fabulous actors and actresses, including Nia Long, Morris Chestnut and Taye Diggs, this movie "about life and life's dilemmas" is thoroughly entertaining. When Harper Stewart (Taye Diggs) writes his first novel, he bases it on his university life. Although names, dates and places are changed and some of the events are altered, once his friends get a hold of the book it won't be long before they figure out who they are supposed to be

and who all the other characters are based on. So naturally Harper is a little weary! A wedding brings them together for a reunion of sorts. At the same time an advanced copy of Harper's book is being passed around among the group. As skeletons start creeping out of the closet, emotions begin to rise.

This is definitely a must see. If you're feeling the stress that exams and assignments undoubtedly bring on, then go see this movie! It is guaranteed to make you laugh till you cry!!!!



Julie Michels
Vocals

&

George Koller
Acoustic Bass

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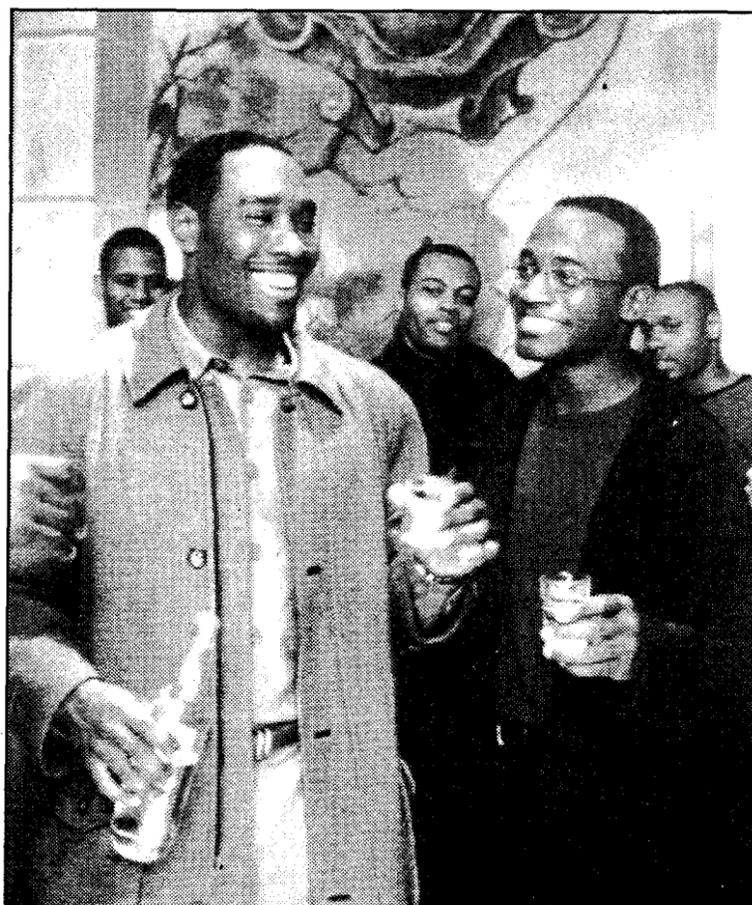
8:30 pm

Dream beyond Jazz - Rock Spiritual Ol' School Blues Gospel & World music!

Playing with The Julie Michels + George Koller Trio are:

David Braid - keyboards

Daide D'erenzo (ex-Philosopher Kings) - drums and percussion



Poetry/fiction

El Tuerto

Noel Barnett -

One good eye, smoke and tea brewed from the leaves is enough to keep a kid whose skin's been lightly swept by the sun with a firebrush of shine alive and well in this wonderful life, but the same can't be said for Billy.

You see, Billy resides in the campus trees sharing his thoughts with a band of miscreant squirrels who scamper to and fro with their booty of extorted nuts keeping Billy fed and in melancholy spirits.

Beneath a blue moon the brother climbs down for night classes and it's then I'll bump into him, lingering near the mouth of the tuck shop watching all the world pay money for handfuls of almonds and peanuts with a kind of self satisfied amusement. I call him out of his musings with a hearty greeting and the smiles vanish because Billy speaks of murder in the classroom.

You see, he's in the trees for only an envelope of time.

"That's no life, me living with squirrels..."

His calling, the burn bereft of his belly, what keeps him merely alive and not well is the knowledge that his lease on leaves and branches will soon be up and send him searching the labyrinth of alleys and valleys in this world in the hope that eventually its face will be revealed.

For this reason he chose the study of social science and ended up angered and alienated by his profs and peers.

"Tuerto," he said close to tears, "It's like a ring of blind people passin' around a loaded gun with the trigger cocked."

It turns out that every cultural misconception, stereotype, or false label one could imagine had been uttered in his class with astounding ignorance and his heart took great offence.

"A few say the Arabs belch their gratitude, Tuerto, or that the Blacks of Harlem use a substandard phonology or the Italians are corrupt while the Greeks are perverse, that the English drink their own urine or that the Iranians have bloodlust." He was choked with emotion, recovered himself and suddenly laughed, "It goes from bad to worse, Tuerto. The textbook is often the source. Nothin' more disgusting than an Academic insulated in a vault of higher learning for a decade who then ventures off university grounds for a half hour bus tour through Harlem to write a thesis on the 'Abnormalities of Black English' that ends up on a reading list."

Here, I turned away my one good eye because I could

already see the crux of Billy's debilitating disease. He was right of course about all that he had said, they were lies simply and plainly put. The character of humanity that encompasses good and evil is not allocated in divisions pending race, a belch smells like shit wherever you are in the world and it's unlikely anyone would appreciate one in their face after having just fed you, and of course there's nothing more magical than the creative ability of a community to take a colonial language and over a period time fashion it into something entirely unique. No, Billy was without a doubt one of the few who question, one of the few who see, but herein lies his undoing and that is, he began to see similarities between the path he was taking and the path of those he despised. "So you know, Tuerto?" He said and I nodded sadly. "That's no life, me living with squirrels and burning with discontent and self-doubt. I gotta leave this place now before ten years pass and the degrees add up and I end up seeing this world through the yellow windows of someone else's evening train. I'll hit the backroads and start with the hindparts of the earth and eventually work my way around to finally seein' its face. Maybe I'll come back then if I feel like it. I'll settle in Uxbridge and marry a sweet little Macedonian girl and tell her stories of what I have seen and heard."

Remember, Billy wasn't quite all there, but he was genuine and often that alone is enough to clothe a person with favor which heralds hospitality the world over. He was without fear and effortlessly brushed off the inaccurate accounts of some while sewing up the stories of others in his heart. You see he had Henry Miller in there and for the time being that was his Brooklyn, his Paris, his Greece; he had Henrich Boll in there, that was his Germany; he had Dost, Turgenev and Solzenitsyn in there, they were his Russia; Cervantes was his Spain and they would continue to be so until he had replaced their histories with those of his own travels. In the end they'd recede into the depths of his soul, building the one upon the other, the catalysts of illumination casting a spotlight on those who belch that what they know nothing of. The world according to Cecil B. DeMille was the stuff with which to wipe one's ass, rather let it be Kafka and Kafka more abundantly.

I gave him the number of a cousin of mine in Barcelona and beckoned him not to hesitate calling on her.

"Friendship is a cup of rice shared when the one is without, brother. Hell, we're all just children scattered to the four winds." I told him. "Go on,...keep it real, Billy."

That's when we laughed and I spied Christine and Jennifer an' I made the intro's all 'round and the whole affair took on a much less serious tone.

We drank chinese coffee and smoked scandinavian cigarettes 'cause the girls had just come back from New Orleans where they sold such things and we talked about the fact that Art Farmer had recently died and wasn't that some sound that came out of his 'Flumpet,' an' Billy'd

never heard of what a 'Flumpet' was so Jen, sniffles, coughs and watered eyes peppering her explanation on account of her present and temporary illness, which by the way did not affect the most pleasant melody and lilt of her soft voice, recounted the tale of Farmer marrying a Fluegelhorn and a Trumpet in a single customized instrument simply dubbed by the musician, "The Flumpet."

An' you know how the laughter of young women raises the spirits of the dead amongst the living? Billy was feeling soooooo good, hell, I don't dare deign to even try an' put it into words.

We took the party outside underneath the stars, actually we were squeezed together on the blue bench by YH, but you could still see them stars an' I remarked to Billy, on how I'd not recently seen the red fox around campus an' I'd wondered about him.

Billy was quick to let go a whistle that amazed the girls for it did travel and had the consistency of marmalade lolling in the soft evening breeze that brought the tiny pitter patter of a thousand squirrel feet scampering across the green shag bringing back memories of Gene Krupa and I sort of fell into reminiscence of a few old things, enjoying nostalgia just because and thirty black rats of beauty jumped onto my lap with their coats shimmering in the yellow moonlight talkin' fast and excitedly in their 'peep n' chirp' squirrel talk an' some of the little bandits are trying to whisper sweet squirrel nothings into the ears of the girls and the girls are gigglin' an' Billy's listening carefully to the lone tree fellow perched on his shoulder, nodding his head every now and then, a brief murmur here and there and finally like the flushing of a toilet and the rushing of a mighty wind they were all gone like a receding wave of animal love and affection.

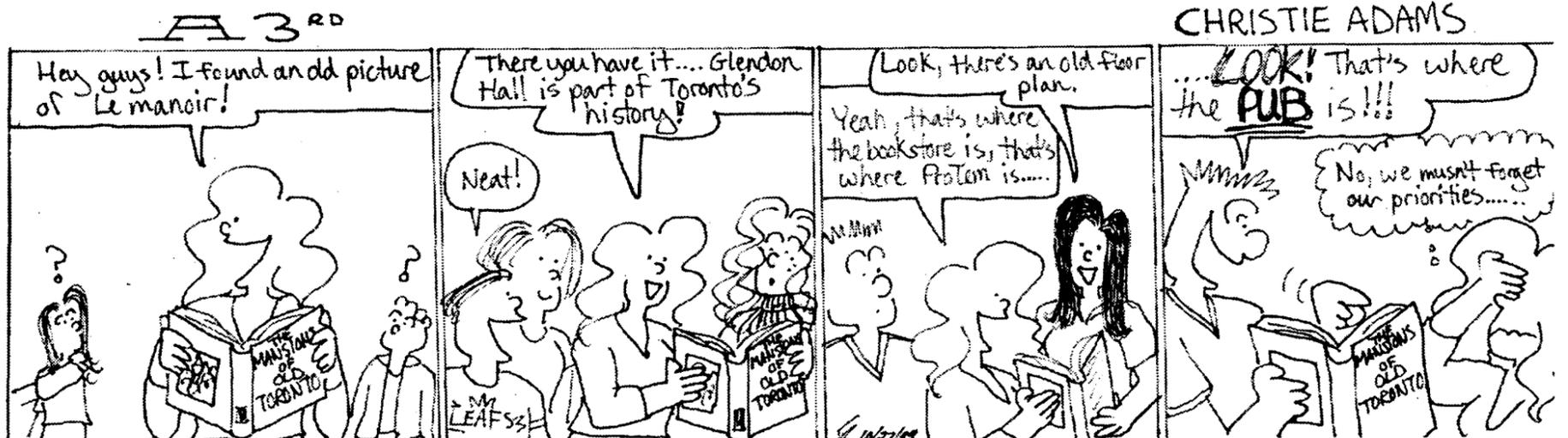
All of our laps were now filled with choice nuts of fine selection that they had left without a thought for themselves. How wonderfully they honored the acquaintances of their friend.

Billy reached over and shook my arm, "Tuerto, Zorro is dead."

"That was his name,... Zorro?" I asked and Billy nodded. We had a moment's silence, but then the girls were adamant that we laugh and sing and celebrate Zorro's successful passing over to the other side. They'd been a time in New Orleans an' dey knew not everybody gets to live in this world. Hell, some are just spirit still, stars in the sky waitin' for a potential maw and paw to do the thing that will usher them into this age an' who knows how long they'll have to wait or if it'll even happen for them.

'Naw,' they said, 'we gotta sing and laugh while there's still time to do so for a cheerful heart maketh good medicine.' And we did eat them nuts in the name of the living and the living more abundantly.

Death where is thy sting?



Poetry/fiction

RADIOPHOBIA

Is this only—a fear of radiation?
 Perhaps rather—a fear of wars?
 Perhaps—the dread of betrayal,
 cowardice, stupidity, lawlessness?
 The time has come to sort out
 what is—radiophobia.

It is—
 when those who've gone through the Chernobyl drama
 refuse to submit
 to the truth meted out by government ministers
 ("Here, you swallow exactly this much today!")

We will not be resigned
 to falsified ciphers,
 base thoughts,
 however you brand us!
 We don't wish—and don't you suggest it!—
 to view the world through bureaucratic glasses!
 We're too suspicious!

And, understand, we remember
 each victim just like a brother! . . .
 Now we look out at a fragile Earth
 through the panes of abandoned buildings.

These glasses no longer deceive us!—
 These glasses show us more clearly—
 believe me—
 the shrinking rivers,
 poisoned forests,
 children born not to survive . . .

Mighty uncles, what have you dished out
 beyond bravado on television?
 How marvelously the children have absorbed
 radiation, once believed so hazardous! . . .

(It's adults who suffer radiophobia—
 for kids is it still adaptation?)
 What has become of the world
 if the most humane of professions
 has also turned bureaucratic?

Radiophobia
 may you be omnipresent!
 Not waiting until additional jolts,
 new tragedies,
 have transformed more thousands
 who survived the inferno
 into seers—
 Radiophobia might cure
 the world
 of carelessness, satiety, greed,
 bureaucratism and lack of spirituality,
 so that we don't, through someone's good will
 mutate into non-humankind.

(*Translated from the Russian by Leonid Levin and Elisavietta Ritchie*)

Lyubov Sirota from the Chernobyl poems in Burden

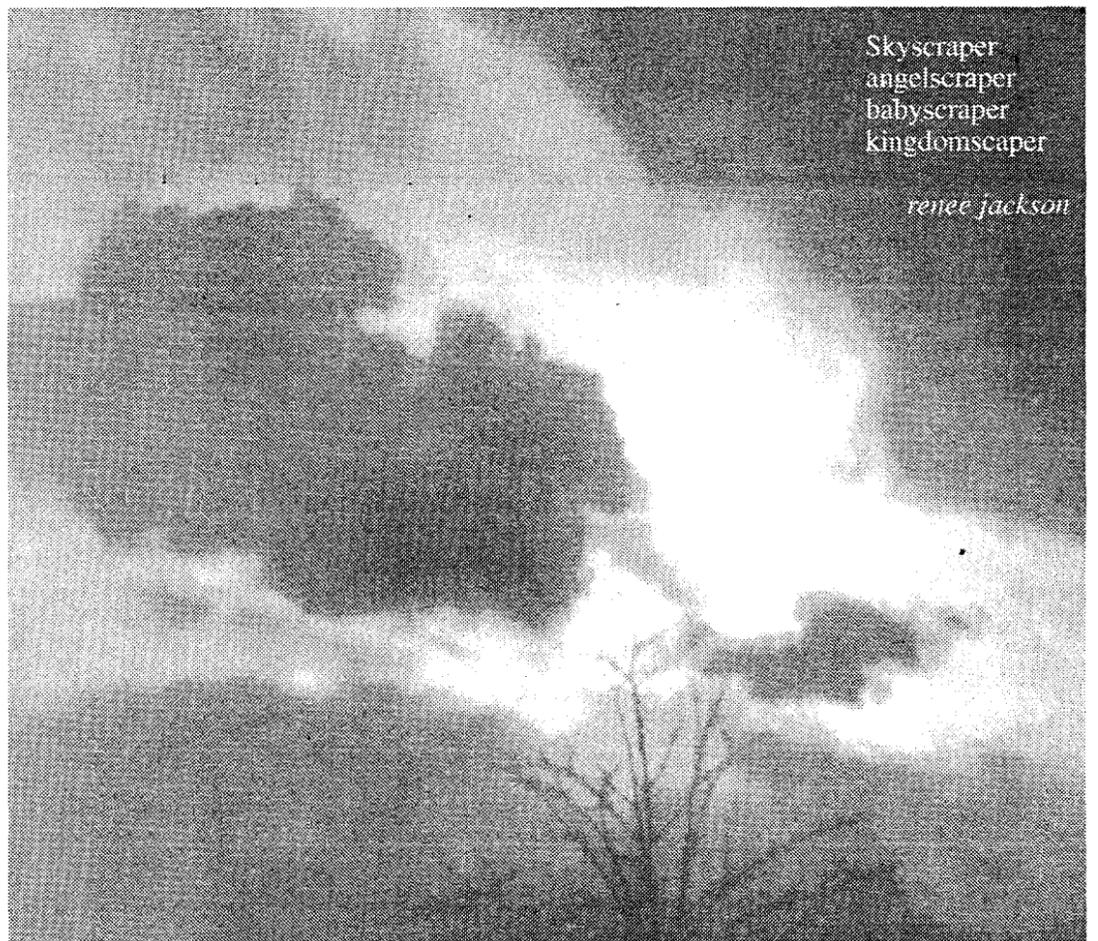
Infusium

Nothing mistaken, we speak of cosmology
 Theories revolving, spirits melting
 Wax on the floor, or as an angel
 See a ship, see poetry, see what you need
 The candles burn for you, as you become
 The hearts desire for the night in the pounding rain
 Your head in my hands, satin body sweep
 We take a different way than association
 The shadows of music, your opening act
 Mocks you, using your words and your guitar
 Palms together, I back you up, you tumble over
 Jealousy stands beneath the
 storm, underneath the stairs
 Loneliness grasps him but our hands slip through
 Magical soul soothes, touches, holds
 Love is lost but lovers won and your weakness shows
 I think of you always and remember Infusium.

~ Pamela Gordon

sombrero awnings of picture-frame
 mantras shake you from your
 slumber where they lie in wait
 of a treetop promise an ode to
 wind in its infinite kineses an
 ever-onward pull a marred prism of
 wisdom in its course of
 axiomatic perceptions
 as it continues in its delirium
 witnessing yet never conceiving
 of luck or pride or ignorance or narcissism
 prejudice.

Danielle

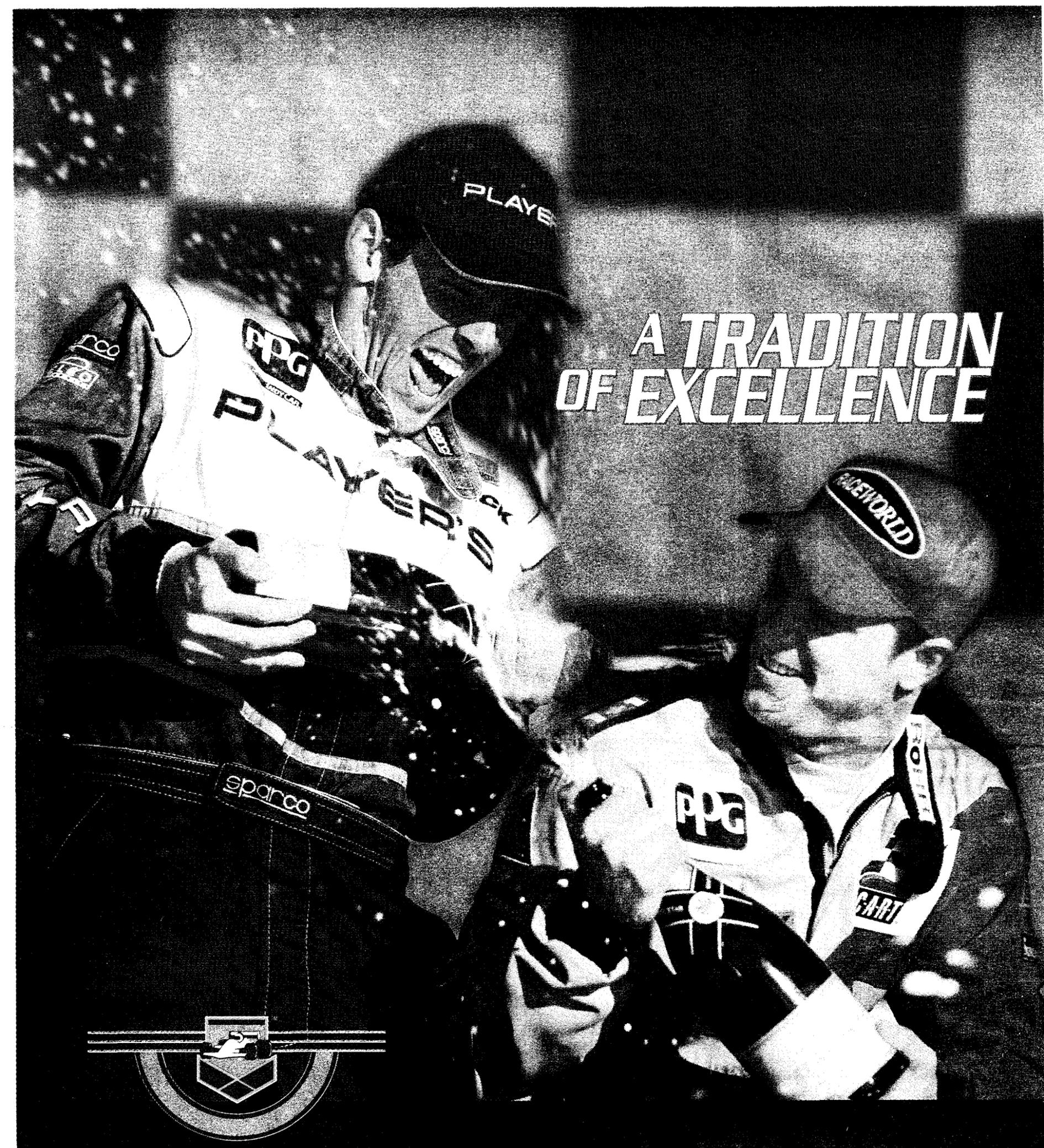


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