

pro tem

39^e année

Censoring the truth from the masses 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, antisémites, 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

Editorial

Je ne suis pas pauvre

Cette été, j'ai rencontré un personnage très intéressant. Son nom est parfois George, d'autres fois c'est John ou même Jack. Son histoire est très particulière, mais en même temps, elle reflète un peu la vie de tous les sans-abris.

J'ai rencontré George (je n'utiliserai que ce nom afin de simplifier le texte) au coin des rues King et Yonge, ici à Toronto. J'avais déjà croisé des mandants dans la rue, mais c'était la première fois que je rencontrais un sans-abris, un homme qui VIT dans la rue. J'avais toujours eu l'impression, un peu naïve j'avoue, que les mandants avaient tous une place où coucher le soir. Lorsque j'ai vu George, couché par terre, dans son coin habituel ce fut le désillusionnement total. Même si cette image horrible est avec moi depuis déjà quelques mois, ce n'est que cette semaine, lorsque le froid m'a fait frissonner, que j'ai réalisé que l'hiver canadien pouvait être un danger mortel pour tous ceux qui y sont mal préparés.

George se disait un homme chanceux. Un jour, l'ayant invité à manger dans un "shelter", il m'avait répondu que cet

endroit, c'était pour les pauvres. Il m'avait expliqué que lui, il n'était pas pauvre car il avait un bon manteau (c'est-à-dire qu'il n'était pas trop troué et qu'il avait encore deux manches), une bonne couverture et il avait même un livre, bien qu'il ne sache pas lire. Il traînait toujours ses possessions dans un panier sur roues, qu'il ne quittait jamais des yeux.

Il n'y a pas très longtemps, j'ai vu George entrer dans un petit centre d'achat. Je n'étais pas très loin derrière lui quand les gardes lui ont sauté dessus. Je suppose que George soit schizophrène et je comprends qu'il peut parfois faire peur au gens même s'il ne veut pas de mal à personne. Cette journée, George n'avait pas parlé à personne, ni touché à quoi que ce soit. Quand les gardes lui ont mis la main au cou, il a eu extrêmement peur et paniqué. Les policiers ont dû venir le chercher (surement pour le conduire à un hôpital où ils l'ont injecté de toutes sortes de drogue pour le calmer). Son panier, c'est-à-dire sa vie est demeurée au coin des rues King et Yonge.

Le lendemain matin, le panier

était encore là. Cependant, dès le lundi, le nettoyage s'est fait et le panier a disparu. J'ai revu George cette semaine. C'était la première fois que je le voyais mandier pour de l'argent (avant, il ne demandait que pour de la nourriture car il était trop fier). Il avait perdu ses quelques possessions et maintenant, il venait de perdre sa dignité. Quand je l'ai revu, il n'avait plus de manteau, ni de couverture. Il est maintenant un homme pauvre, d'après ses propres standards. Ceci est une histoire vraie.

Que pouvons-nous faire? Il y a pleins d'organismes qui viennent en aide aux sans-abris et aux plus démunis. Ils sont toujours à la recherche de bénévoles et de dons (nourriture, habillement, argent). Impliquez-vous. Même si vous n'avez pas beaucoup de temps, vous pouvez faire une différence en faisant un don de vos vieux vêtements. Pour vous faciliter la tâche encore plus, il y aura une collecte à Glendon à la fin novembre. Tout ce que vous avez à faire, c'est trouver quelques morceaux de linge que vous ne portez plus. Et voilà! vous venez de faire un des plus beaux cadeaux au monde.
MJC

Letters to the editor

they caught your eye) were part of an agreement I made with the pub that I would aggressively publicize the event, in order to bring enough people in to make the event economically feasible for the pub.

Since the anonymous letter-writer has enough time to write letters accusing members of the Glendon community of abusing their influence, perhaps he/she might also find the time to check the facts first. Perhaps he/she might find the courage to put a name behind their accusations, as well.

-Rae Perigoe

I'm picking on you

I SEE FROM YOUR RECENT manifesto disguised as an editorial that you are the new editor of Pro Tem. though you make certain outlandish claims of responsibility. first i would like to address your question of nature's responsibility to us. nature, by definition, must include us, though society constantly tries to rebel like a pubescent erratic, not knowing who they are, what they will be. however, nature still overlooks every moment, like the mother waiting up for the confused child to come home. and that is her beauty. though we cut her, she remains beautiful, though we damn her, she remains constant, in beauty.

to address the responsibilities of an artist to the audience, a true artist incorporates the audience. the artist herself is human, therefore any representation or expression is a human one, no adjustments have to be made. once the consciousness to alter arrives, the artist is lost, and the individual returns. the artist has only responsibility to the audience insofar as she is part of the audience. therefore she has only responsibility to herself. if that responsibility is true, and honest, who are you, you ghetto bastard, to judge quality, and scope of freedom of speech.

i would like to finish with a correction of your editorial responsibilities, they lie not only with the contributors. this medium belongs to the entire community, and that is whom you are responsible to. if you want to change your responsibilities, you have to change your constitution my friend. or you may just want to do what other student groups do here on campus, and ignore the governing document, thus banking on the student apathy here, knowing that no one will do anything.

-J.J. O'Rourke

"As I personally, have never listened to the CD, ..."

Hey, Anonymous!
I think I found something you misplaced.
Now if only I could find your two legs,
you might have something to stand on.

You are a shit-sandwich.
Sincerely,
Steven Irvine

...blah, blah, and big fuckin' blah!

Why are you picking on me?

I WOULD LIKE TO RESPOND to some allegations made in the letter "Review of 'Life's Tango'?" Not Quite" printed in the last edition of Pro Tem.

First of all, the review of the CD "Life's Tango" was in no way "advertising", as the anonymous letter-writer suggests. It was an unsolicited review submitted by a Glendon student. I in no way encouraged the writing of the review in question. Pro Tem's mission is not to "promote its employees", but it is to give a voice to students submitting just such unsolicited articles and reviews. The results may be "tacky", but they are consistent with Pro Tem's constitution. If the review had been excluded from Pro Tem, that would have been an act of censorship. I do not believe in censoring other people just because they are writing about me (unlike some other members of the Glendon community), even if I happen to know them - even if they are my friends.

Second, the "hundreds of posters... strewn everywhere" (in fact thirty or forty legitimately taped on walls - but I'm glad

Snow ball

Dear Glendonites,
As some of you may already know, the GCSU is holding Snowball, an annual formal event on the 19th of November. Although the price of this event is slightly over my budget, I am still glad it's happening. I am an International student at Glendon, so when I graduated from my high school in France I never had a prom night. By attending Snowball I will be able to wear a formal dress for the first time in my life. This will also be the first time I will be attending this sort of event. I am very excited about Snowball because I know I will have a great time with my friends at an elegant estate at which great food will be served. (Forgetting about cafeteria food is one of my priorities.) Like most of the students here, I have been saving money for this special occasion and I can't wait to see all those people dressed with special care, attending Snowball at the Sunnybrook Estates. I realize that we all have debts, (me included because I pay double of regular tuition as an International student), but why not forget about this, and for at least one night pretend to be in a fairy tale....

Divertissement Chers membres de la Communauté de Glendon, Comme certains d'entre-vous le savent déjà, l'AECG va tenir un événement formel appelé Bal des Neiges, le 19 novembre. Même si le prix de cet événement est un peu élevé, je suis vraiment ravie qu'il ait lieu. Je suis étudiante à Glendon et je viens de France. Lorsque j'ai revu mon diplôme là-bas, il n'y a pas eu de soirée organisée en cet honneur. C'est pourquoi en ce qui me concerne cela va être la première fois que je vais porter une robe habillée et participer à un événement de la sorte. Cela peut paraître plutôt superficiel que de se réjouir à l'idée d'être bien habillé. Mais c'est justement ça le but : je n'ai pas envie d'être une grosse tête tout le temps. Je veux m'amuser avec mes amis et passer du bon temps. Si tout ceci est possible et prend place dans un endroit magnifique avec de la bonne nourriture (oublier la nourriture de la cafétéria est une de mes priorités sur le campus) alors, tout est parfait ! Comme la plu-

part des étudiants ici, j'ai mis de l'argent de côté en provision de cet événement spécial et je suis impatiente de voir tout le monde

soigneusement vêtu se ballader dans le Domaine de Sunnybrook. Nous sommes tous endettés (moi y compris parce

que je dois payer le double des frais de scolarité en tant qu'étudiante internationale) mais pour une soirée, nous pouvons tout

oublier et faire comme si nous étions dans un conte de fées.
-Bérangère Abdoul

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS 1999/2000

Louise Lewin, the Associate Principal Enrolment and Student Affairs congratulates all the recipients of Glendon entrance scholarshipS.

Louise Lewin, principale adjointe recrutement et affaires étudiantes, félicite tous les récipiendaires des bourses d'entrée de Glendon.

Surname	Fstname	Gordon	Pamela	Oh	Jee Hye
Aguirre	Morella	Gresley-Jones	Julie	Olibera-Dorn	Noemie
Albanese	Filomena	Hardy	Kristen	On	Phuc
Alves	Diane	Heitbohmer	Katherine	Oster	Nicole
Argandar	Sylvia	Henry	Carolyn	Pagett	Cory
Awad	Mona	Henry	Rebecca	Peterson	Jennifer-Mai
Balca	Simona	Henry	Rebecca	Pilon	Isabelle
Barchard	Amanda	Hindman	Tarra	Rego	Stephanie
Barkley	Julie	Holman	Amanda	Retter	Robert
Barlas	Joanna	Holmes	Kristine	Riley	Jessica
Barry	Lorraine	Horrocks	Elizabeth	Robertshaw	Holly
Basdeo	Amanda	How	Rowena	Rosati	Elizabeth
Bastien	Isabelle	Howard	Shane	Ruel	Danielle
Bawden	Sean	Hunt	Grace	Salini	Sophia
Beaver	Tara	Hurst	Stefanie	Salmons	Delia
Bilodeau	Julie	Iwasaki	Daniel	Schinas	Maria
Bouchard	Teresita	Jacobsen	Laura	Settecase	Marilena
Cardoso	Wendy	Johnson	Meghan	Sheppard	Alicia
Chalmers	Sarah	Johnson	Jennifer	Shewprasad	Sharmila
Chan	Cissy	Khashmanian	Jennifer	Sienkiewicz	Aldona
Charbonneau	Andree	Kormann	Taylor	Simkins	Glenn
Claessens	Cassandra	Kynaston	Cindy	Sivanesan	Sanjeevan
Clark	Alexander	Lagace	Catherine	Slavik	D
Curia	Maria	Landry	Guillaume	Spatafora	Michelle
Cushman	Melanie	Lane	Tiffany	Spatafora	Michelle
D'ambrosio	Nadia	Lau	Tin	Sproule	Dana
De Silva	Nirekha	Lemay	Marie-Claire	Stewart	Laura
DeFazio	Chiara	Lessa	Laura	Studnberg	Brian
Devost	Christine	Levans	Debbie	Suh	Jee Young
Dias	Tania	Lew Ho Cheun	Annabel	Swayze	Jonathan
Dickerson	Meagan	Lew Ho Cheun	Annabel	Tadot	Marie
DiMarco	Elisa	Lewis	Makeda	Taylor	Rosalie
DiMarco	Elisa	Livingston	Jenaia	Topp	Michelle
Dimney	Devon	MacInnes	April	Toth	Krisztina
Dow	Rachael	Maciocio	Giovanna	Uscatu	Dinu
Dubrovsky	Yana	MacLean	Heather	Valentine	Meghan
Dumitru	Mihnea	Major	Melissa	Valido	Jeney
Ehn	Katarina	Makrinos	Sophia	Vavaroutsos	Bessie
Eudoxie	Jennifer	Mandel	Robin	Vitale	Maria
Evans	Natalia	Martin	Alexandre	Vogiatzis	Anna
Fanutti	Paola	McCourt	Melissa	Wallen	Simone
Frampton	Jeanellie	McDevitt	Jennifer	White	Ursula
Francis	Aaron	Melrose	Cheri	Williams	Diana
Francisco	Christina	Molinaro	Roseanne	Williams	Michelle
Froundjian	Houry	Moore	Melissa	Williams	Gavin
Gaettens	Karen	Moscatiello	Jennifer	Williams	Gia
Galota	Serafina	Murray	Kesha	Wong Sak Hoi	Angeline
Gatova	Anna	Myers	Lisa	Yeung	Faith
Goodwin	Bridget	Nunes	Sean	Young	Dana
				Zeeman	Cora

News/Nouvelles

Changes to the Glendon Shuttle service

Colleen McConnell-

There will finally be improvements to the Glendon Shuttle service, starting in approximately one week.

Gilles Fortin, from Student Services, has been looking into improving the shuttle service linking Glendon to the Keele Campus since the beginning of the year. The bus has been overflowing with students all semester, with students often being refused rides because the bus simply has no more room. More students are taking classes at the main campus this year for many reasons. One reason is that all Education courses are now taught there, another is that there is no longer a limit to the number of courses that Glendon students can take at York, so students can take advantage of the wider selection of courses.

Whatever the reasons, Principal McRoberts, Mr. Fortin, and Bob Smith, Superintendent of Grounds at York, are all agreed that something must be done so that the shuttle service meets students' needs. The short-term solution, as agreed upon last Wednesday, is to get a deal with a taxi company to have a taxi waiting at the same time as the shuttle, to take any students who would normally be stranded when the bus is full. It has not yet been decided at which times the taxi service will operate, but since the busiest time is the early-morning ride from Glendon to York, it will proba-

bly be dealt with first. This solution will be put into action as soon as it is officially approved, probably by next Monday.

The long-term solution is more complex, and nothing is final yet. The taxi service may become permanent, or another bus may be added to do more runs. The most cost-effective solution appears to be to get a larger bus to replace the current one, so that more students can get a ride each time. Unfortunately, no such bus is available at the moment. Another problem that Mr. Fortin is hoping to solve is that of the afternoon and evening demand. It doesn't seem fair that students taking morning classes at York are taken care of, while students taking afternoon classes have to find their own way home, since the last shuttle leaves at 3:05.

There are many details still to be worked out, even for the short-term solution. For example, how tickets will be taken in the taxis, since the taxi driver can't be expected to give them to Student Services. And, since 75 cents each (the current fare for the shuttle bus) will not cover the entire taxi fare to Keele and Steeles, who will pay the extra cost? But two things are clear: the problem of the overflowing shuttle bus is not going away by itself, and people are recognizing it and trying to do something about it.

Night of the Blue Boxes

Rosanne McCausland-

There was a witch, a vampire-slayer-in-training, and an M & M. There were also some who had cleverly disguised themselves as university students. There were more than 20 of them, and they carried blue boxes. Together, they descended on the unsuspecting neighbourhood, splitting into small groups to cover the most territory possible in the short time span allotted to them. It was a night never to be forgotten. It was **TRICK OR CAN!**

On Halloween night, the second annual Glendon Trick-or-Can food drive took place in the Lawrence Park area. The Glendon Christian Fellowship (GCF) teamed up with volunteers from Lawrence Park

United Church to knock on doors and ask for non-perishable food instead of candy. All the food donated was given to the North York Harvest Food Bank. People gave generously, many by the armload. Donations ranged from Kraft Dinner (yes, even the people across the road eat it) all the way up to smoked salmon and pate. There was even a commemorative tin of Peter Rabbit cookies! The church's volunteers drove around the block to collect the students' loads when the blue boxes got too heavy.

One of the most enjoyable parts of the evening, according to one participant, was to see the "real" trick-or-treaters going around. Another enjoyed seeing who was answering the door at each

house. At one house, a literal-minded little girl, about 5 years old, opened the door dressed as Snow White and chatted while her dad fetched some cans. The discussion went something like this: "Well, hello there. Are you Snow White?" "Nope." "Oh, are you Cinderella?" "Nope." "Well, who are you, then?" "I'm Victoria, in a Snow White costume."

But the best was yet to come. A week later, the food bank informed GCF that the event had raised (drum roll, please) 1230 pounds of food! Now, that's a lot of pasta. Thanks to all the Glendonites who took an hour of their time to walk and knock, many hungry people will eat this winter.

Pride Pub

Colleen McConnell-

On Friday, November 5, Glendon Pride held its first Pride Pub. This was an opportunity for gay, lesbian and transgendered students to meet, get to know each other, and begin to form a community within Glendon. However, straight students were encouraged to attend as well, since, as one organizer said, "it's important for both communities, straight and gay, to party together," and many showed up. In total, there were

about 50 students at the Café de la Terrasse that night.

Pride Night was an all-ages event, since those organizing it felt that it is important for those under 19 to be able to meet others, which they can't do in most bars in Toronto. There was also a safe-sex theme - condoms and pamphlets were distributed on tables and in the washrooms.

There was some tension before Pride night, since nearly all the posters advertising the event in York Hall somehow disappeared

from the walls, and the culprit has still not been found. But the night was a success anyway, thanks to the cooperation of DJ Spinegirl. Spinegirl organizes, among other things, many women-only events at the Manhattan night club. She volunteered to DJ this pub night for free, since it was organized by Glendon Pride, and she was so well received that she said she would be happy to do it again.

Bistro

Opens at 5:00 pm, Monday to Thursday

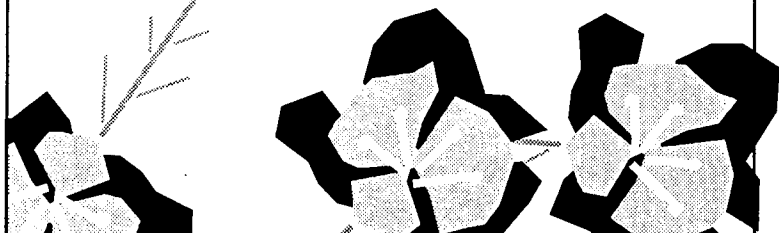
Last order is at 7:30 pm,

York Hall Basement

Ouverture à 17:00, du lundi au vendredi

Dernière commande à 19h30

Sous-sol de York Hall



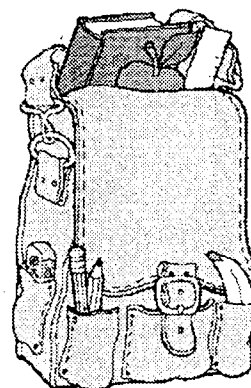
Glendon College Counselling and Career Centre Presents EDUCATION DAY

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

Remembrance day

A thought on Remembrance Day: We are the children of Wisdom but the parents of Knowledge



Rebecca M. Roach- Since I realized what it means to be female I have been moving towards motherhood. I wanted to have a child of my own probably more than any other dream in my consciousness. There is no guarantee now that I will ever give birth to a child. But the thought rests peacefully in my mind. I feel like a mother today. It is the spirit within me that I must be a parent to. It is knowledge that falls under my protection. If I can nurture and caress, and hold close all that develops inside me, my immortality is bought in the same way a child allows one's blood to carry on and survive. The question is posed now that may offer humanity its release from the damage of power, and the violence that threatens creation.

Sons can know a mother's love but can they transcend their female parent and take her place? Just as I do not have to physically experience birth to gain its spiritual quality I believe men can achieve this same understanding. Men are comfortable in positions of authority and have taken roles as rulers since the onset of civilization. The parent is also a symbol of authority, but that power is tendered by unconditional love. Leaders of nations, on the other hand, hold Knowledge to themselves like a horse is chained to a plough. Knowledge must be treated like a developing child - it can be brought to wisdom as a child is brought to adulthood. I am aware that this may be quite vague. However, you all know that our leadership in politics and communities has demonstrated a lack of respect for Knowledge. Our leadership throughout history has proven how inadequate we are in dealing with power. Peace was delivered to all nations on the Armistice Day eighty-one years ago. The leaders chose to misuse the power of Knowledge one last time. The Entente settled upon Germany punitive measures for surrender. Peace was not really won November

11. It was believed to be the 'war to end all wars', but the Armistice Day did not only harken of joy for Britain and its allies, it also sparked revenge in the heart of Germany. And so the legacy of an intelligence not fully nurtured would threaten harm to humanity once again in 1939.

A good parent will never feel superior to his/her child. A good ruler should never feel that knowledge is inferior to his/her command. Socrates' apology in The Trial and Death of Socrates is a poignant example of the manner in which knowledge should be considered. Socrates says that he is wise only because he knows nothing. For him, man is not the supreme ruler, rather wisdom itself. Thus, he teaches that we direct our learning and once it has matured, we are properly guided by its enlightened power.

Of course, these words alone are not able to bring humanity's ideal alliance with power into being. That existence requires action - action tempered by feelings that make human beings such a unique and special force in this world. That is why I feel the model of a parent is an effective one to ensure people

benefit from power, and are not abused by it. A good parent would never strike out against their child or use it in a way to cause destruction. If we can learn to see Knowledge in this way, the possibilities for actual lasting peace between peoples are accessible. Parents desire success for their children and I can hope for nothing less of Knowledge.

It has been in reflecting on the Two World Wars of this century that I was compelled to write this piece. Many soldiers of those times were concerned with what the fighting (and their untimely deaths) would yield in the years to follow. I am humbled by the deaths of millions of young men and women who have allowed us to be alive, surrounded by the life-giving earth. They hoped we could prosper in a world relieved of cruel ideals that diminish the essence of what it means to be human.

The wisdom born of their sacrifice lies in our hands now. It is still struggling through its age of innocence. For knowledge to grow into something wiser, we cannot be children struggling along with it. We cannot be rulers that limit its development, but we can act as parents of all that we know. Then - our actions will surely earn a future that the men and women of the wars died fighting for. This small article has been my attempt to liberate Knowledge from an unkind and unlearned master - the human race. Let Knowledge be all that it should and - let us live life to the fullest

because in the words of Irene Tucker, a veteran nurse, "War is such a cruel thing. It's such an unnecessary use of life. Kindly remember this on all remembrance days.

... John McCrae tells us most eloquently what our responsibility to the past is, in order to acquire the best kind of future for ourselves and our children. "In Flanders Fields" is like a tiny germ of Knowledge born in one moment and desiring to grow into the next. McCrae's words are just as much alive as he ever was and the ageless poem proves what a single individual can achieve with the power of love:

In Flanders Fields*

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
in Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
in Flanders fields.

-John McCrae

-written Nov. 4/99 on anniversary of Wilfred Owen's death (war poet and a wonderfully good human being).

NOTICE

Pro Tem

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Monday November 23rd at 7:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall.

La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mercredi 23 novembre à 19h00 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 rejoindre 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!

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Perspectives

The economically viable education

Suzanne McCullagh- Pro Tem elder-

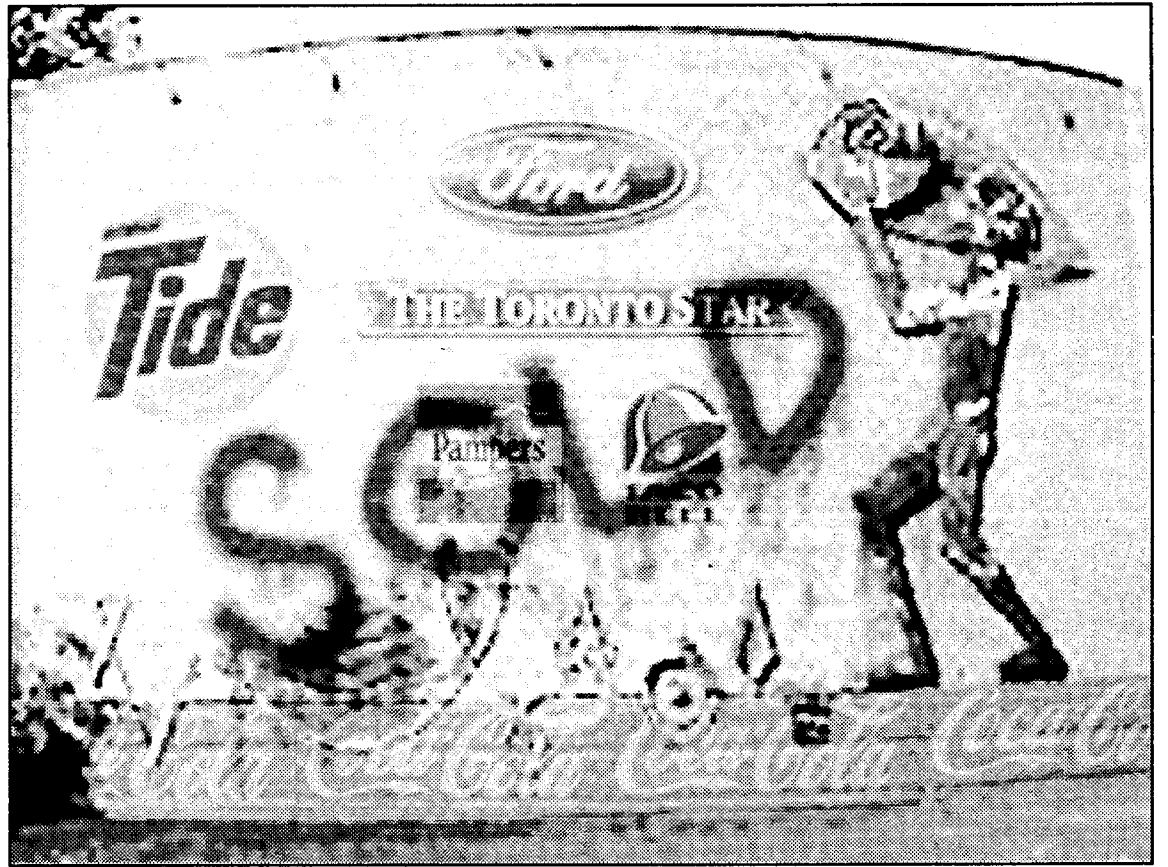
The purpose of education is changing in this country and the results of this change can best be measured by looking at the changes going on within the university. Universities across Canada are increasingly being faced with the "corporate question". The corporate question, or perhaps better phrased, questions, concern whether or not to accept much needed money from corporations, and, upon choosing to accept vested-interest-funds, in what manner it is possible to accept these monies without altering the existing structure of the University.

These questions perhaps haven't been examined closely enough by the students of the university. The issue of corporate money became most explicit over the past two years with the advent of soft drink exclusivity deals, which have resulted in many of the universities across Canada entering into contracts with the highest bidder, Coca-cola or Pepsi-Co, and receding large monetary

sums for outlawing the sales of the losing soft drink company. Now, although what was made one of the largest issues in this cola-war, concerning freedom of choice and competition, however is to miss the larger issue, which is that we are witnessing a blurring of the lines between public and private. This fog is rolling in across the country in all areas of government, but it is most noticeable, perhaps, within the university, which to a certain degree, may be seen to be a microcosm for the society we live.

It used to be the case that private interests were meant to be kept outside of the university, so as not to degrade the quality of education.

Before proceeding in our reflections, a quick refresher may be helpful about the distinction between public interest and private interest. The notion, which is becoming less and less current, regarding public interest, was that public interest was protected by institutions, such as various forms of government, which would keep the best interests of the



citizens, the public, first. Private interests are those of businesses not owned by the government which are self-interested and, because of this self-interest, tend not to concern themselves primarily with public concerns, such as safety and quality. It used to be the case that private interests were meant to be kept outside of the university, so as not to degrade the quality of education that comes from the freedom of thought available within the institution. It used to be assumed that by accepting cor-

porate money, the university would be opening itself up for influences which would be contrary to the best interests of knowledge in general.

Now, however, faced with massive government cuts, universities have become more accepting of the money that corporations are willing to give. What needs to be remembered is that business does nothing without getting something in return, whether it be brand recognition among the population (which, according to their own logic, creates

more frequent consumption of their products), or technology created within the university, but geared towards private interests.

Whatever it may be, corporate influence is changing the face of the university, and slowly but surely causing internal restructuring which will have a direct impact on the teaching, learning and research which goes on within.

Why I hate you

(lack thereof)

It's all about controversy, discussion, wild ideas, rebellion and anarchy. Damn the man. The corporations are out to get you. Cops are pigs. The Toronto Star is planning something large and evil for our school, beware the conspiracy. Americans must die. Globalization is poison to our nation. They're all watching us. Religion is destructive. So little time, so many things I don't care about. This world is such a terrible and horrid place, really it is. It's corrupt and greedy, pure evil at worst, asbestos-laden at best.

You need to know, and guess who's simply got to tell you? It's rhetorical, answer me and suffer. You'll be graded on content and format.

A university education is useless, hasn't anyone ever told you that? They're scamming your money, making you one of countless others. You'll never get a job with a degree in the liberal arts. Corporations are out to

scam you. They want your money- your death, too. Maybe even your first-born child, depending. Don't become a faceless mass. 'You are the consumer'. You have the power. But they're watching you. Cameras and radar are everywhere. They want to know that on Tuesdays you wear your power suit, and Thursdays you eat meatloaf. They care. They know. You're just the sucker everyone is looking for, and they're gonna get to you. If you support them, then you've been taken in by them too. It's a shame to be such a dullard as to not know better.

The kicker is, this is supposed to be the enlightened view. The one where the truth and supremacy of it all is plainly in sight. Reading will make you a more informed and aware person (beware the disclaimer). What kind of bullshit is that? Truth is subjective. What I write is shit just like everything else you read. Make of it what you

will. Insert biblical reference to "let he cast the first stone, who has not sinned" somewhere into there. I don't care what you believe, unless I ask. This is the most abrasive enlightenment I've ever had, let me tell you. I need to know the way it really is. I am one of the herd of sheep, lost and bleating and seeking a shepherd. Lead me. INFORM ME. FOR I AM IGNORANT. Tattooed on my ass, it should be. Hark. The voice of reason calls. Out there, there is someone with the life experience I desperately haven't achieved, who will tell me what I need to hear.

I haven't really said anything yet, have I? At least it's familiar territory. I think this article blends well.

I wonder if I can have an "I love Pro Tem" t-shirt made, in trappy size just for me. I'd wear it with pride.

This whole war is imaginary. If I declare somebody the winner, will everyone finally shut up?

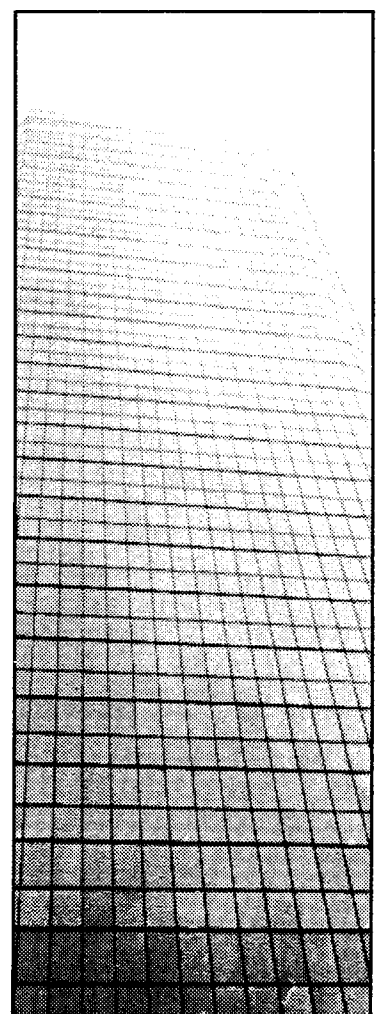
Spare me your rebellion, I eat

bran for breakfast.

Discussions amongst the rabble-rousers, (You smoke their cigarettes, drink their alcohol, smoke someone's pot, do their work, and never vote... Alcohol is legal, so why the hell isn't pot? Alcohol kills more people than pot ever will... Cigarettes are addictive, but damn are they good. I'm quitting tomorrow, this is my last pack...)

Damn the man and his big companies and money-grubbing attitudes. Say, can I work an extra shift tomorrow? I need to go partying downtown.

Let's tear down the government. Man, if I ran this place, things would be different. They're abusing my rights, and I'm not going to stand for it. What is the point of an election if I hate all the candidates? Screw voting for anyone to oppress me some more.





This student is trying to win a car.



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.

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Features

The last issue of Pro Tem (01/11/99) featured an editorial by the new editor-in-chief, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED], who was quoted as saying, "with this in mind I forcefully declare that this paper will not run under the cloak of Freedom of Speech." The writer of this [REDACTED] statement, Mr. [REDACTED], went on to establish that Freedom of Speech is an absolute deceiver which lifts the simple-minded into a state of joy and painfully eludes the grasp of everyone else. This, simply, means that Mr. [REDACTED] believes that a rant from a "fascist", "non-conformist", or a person who does not share the role and view of the majority spoils the party.

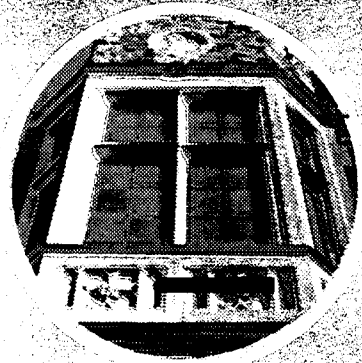
This scares me. Not only does this statement follow the guidelines of every major and minor mainstream paper in the world, it as well does nothing to further other modes of thinking. [REDACTED], of the [REDACTED], says, "the institution is a place designed solely to give multiple perspectives on the way the majority, in our society, thinks. The [REDACTED], in affect, is where one can study and critique things like the government, institutions, and the mass population. At the same time, one can balance opinions and understand the notion that there are no rights and wrongs." An institution like [REDACTED] University is a place where, for the most part, one studies different cultures, societies, ideas, [REDACTED] and, yet, one is free to consider what they would like to take out of them.

A few years ago author [REDACTED] came under heavy criticism when he signed a petition, which backed up a statement by the French professor [REDACTED]



By Rob xxxx

Censorship xx the



[REDACTED]. The professor had come under fire for publicly making the statement that the [REDACTED] never happened. Though [REDACTED] did not say whether he agreed or disagreed with this statement, he did, however, say that a person in a free society is "free" to make up their own mind and say what they believe is the truth. To often, we draw the conclusion that because a statement is made any person who backs it up is a

[REDACTED] or a [REDACTED]. When the editor, [REDACTED], made the statement the he will not run under the cloak of Freedom of Speech, it could be [REDACTED] that this is what he fears. For example, if a writer were to write something that Mr. [REDACTED] didn't believe, he might think that as the editor the readers would attack him for the point of view. This is true, but by fearing the reader, he, in sense, is becoming as naive as someone who would attack the editor for the views of a writer.

So what is it that Mr. [REDACTED] fears?

We could look at the obvious answers such as hate literature, anti-government, anti-establishment, or [REDACTED] issues, which may offend some of the student

readership. However, is the role of the student press to enforce censorship? Is it the role of the student press to attain mainstream standards? Does Mr. [REDACTED] want, desire, a future with [REDACTED] Black?

The student press is generally modeled through a democratic system. The staff at the Pro Tem is self selected rather than elected by the student body. Editorial decisions, including often the choices of editor, are typically made democratically by the staff. There is nothing which prevents any student at [REDACTED] University from opposing views taken by the paper or from themselves working on the paper to make the case for their own views.

This leaves one to believe that by Mr. [REDACTED] making the deci-

sion to not run the paper under the cloak of [REDACTED] of [REDACTED], he is simply making it known that the democracy which once held strong within the student press has, in a sense, been thrown out the window. At the same time, the editor is saying that his views, or what he feels is his view, is the only one that will be published in something like the [REDACTED] Tem. He is making a statement for you, since he is obviously saying that he can speak for the entire student body and the staff of Pro Tem.

A good example of this comes from outside the institution where major American companies like [REDACTED] have taken it upon themselves as to what type of music they will sell to the consumer. Generally, the selected

music is albums that follow the values of our society. This leads companies like [REDACTED] to either censor albums or refuse to sell them. For some of us it means that we can choose somewhere else to shop. However, others who do not live in large cities are forced, if they want the music, to buy into the corporate censorship. At the same time, these companies have made it so the musician is forced to adhere to the standards of companies like [REDACTED] because of the large percentage of sales that they make. It is clearly evident that those in power will abuse their position to promote their own agenda. I wonder if this is what Mr. [REDACTED] is doing.

[REDACTED], ex-editor of the [REDACTED] daily, says, "censorship

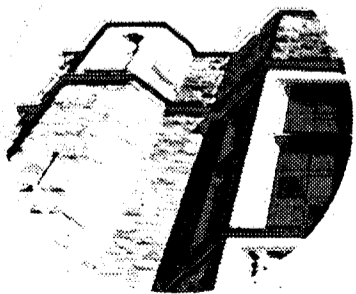
Features

“The new editor has decided that views like this one are more or less wrong”



Pro Tem?

in music is bullshit. It makes it as though when you have control of the sale, then you have control of what people hear. Unfortunately,



this is the way Capitalism works.”

Comparably the editor of Pro Tem feels that he will take it upon himself as to what you can read or write. His editorial on Freedom of Speech, or the future

absence of it, is essentially giving us the impression that this media will fall under what he believes are the proper values of society or the mass. Let's say for instance that the editor, Mr. [redacted], decides that, in his mind, the [redacted] never happened. Essentially, this leaves the students without a voice to dispute it. In a democracy we are given the impression that we have the right to stand up against what people say or do. Furthermore, students in an institution like [redacted] should not be subjected to the notion that their voices will not be heard.

Somewhere in the institution we have lost the voice to say what we believe and, in a sense, have given into the politically correct attitude that lingers within our

society. The ex-editor of the [redacted] daily says, “the student press is your only chance in life to do what you want and to express what you believe. It lets you show your creativity and yet always gives you the freedom to say what you want; whether it be what the mass majority attains to or does not.” On the contrary, the student press is not like the [redacted] Post, a media that rarely gives the writers the freedom to express and define their own [redacted]. As much as someone like Mr. [redacted] may wish to avoid controversy and stick to what the majority wants, I, however, believe that this closes the door on one of the main signifi-



cances of the [redacted] press, that being to open a discussion to the student community.

A recent example of this comes from an article written by [redacted] where he stated that the police force in Toronto is [redacted]. This article was significant because it did not adhere to the mainstream beliefs and that it completely attacked an otherwise praised institution in our society. At the same time, and more importantly, [redacted] fueled a debate within the student population about this issue. This discussion between students showed the writer that there were many people who both agreed and disagreed with his claims. Now, under the cloak of [redacted] of [redacted] the writer was able to say this, however, only Freedom of Speech allowed him to facilitate this discussion. Let's say that the writer had decided instead to say that the [redacted] never happened. I can assure you that this topic, as well, would bring up many debates and thoughts within the community. However, Mr. [redacted]'s editorial is saying that this type of open discussion does not belong in the student paper.

The role of the student press is to give voice democratically to people who may hold similar views or may not. This does not mean that the student press is right or [redacted]. The student press is not the Toronto [redacted]

and it is not a closed media to the rest of the world. Last month, [redacted] came to Canada to speak about his book,

Essentially, he holds the metaphorical view that world leaders and other forms of power elites are direct descendents of a reptilian bloodline. As [redacted] as his [redacted] are, they gained a semblance of legitimacy when they came under heavy criticism and protest from groups like the Anti-[redacted] league, who were fronting a campaign to have Mr. [redacted]'s conferences cancelled. As the British author arrived at his first speaking venue in Ottawa, he was taken into Customs and immigration; the RC [redacted] said he needed a work permit to speak in Canada. Nevertheless, the continued harassment towards [redacted] that followed throughout his tour has lead some to believe that this is the way our government reacts to [redacted] of speech or opinions that are not held by the majority. George [redacted], wrote, “unpopular ideas can be silenced and inconvenient facts kept in the dark without the need for an official ban.”



Mr. [redacted] was able to attend one of his conferences at UofT's Hart House. I was planning on attending; however, prior to the conference an interesting thing happened. I called the Varsity at [redacted] to see if they would be able to get me in. When I called, a woman on the other end of the line said, “why would you want to go see that Nazi?” Needless to say, her view was the same shared by the [redacted] Post and every other mainstream paper in the country. This further proves the notion that our society loves the idea of Freedom of Speech, but only as

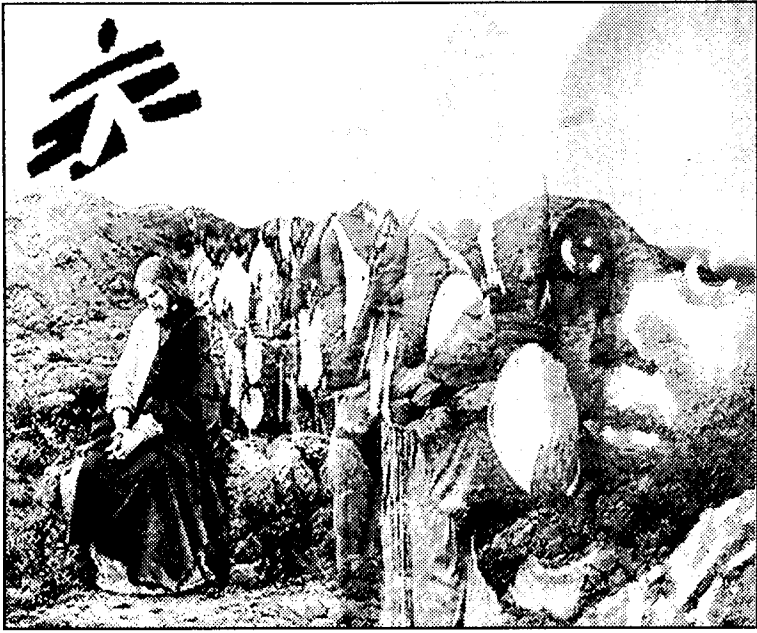
long as it is the right speech that a person is using. Nevertheless, Hart [redacted] was full of demonstrators opposing [redacted]'s viewpoint and, in a sense, opposing Freedom of Speech. For example, [redacted] does not say this group is better than another one. Instead, he more or less discusses current issues and the way the [redacted] elite is able to manipulate their view onto us. However, Mr. [redacted] may call this kind of speaker “simple minded.”

In a [redacted] society we have the right to speak. At the same time, we also have the right to protest. However, I feel that protesting against someone who is speaking against the economic elite [redacted] nothing to forward our cause, which is to end the elite's rule. The new editor has decided that views like this are more or less wrong. This leaves [redacted] representing the view of the majority and not the minority or oppressed. This is a student paper and shall continue to exist as a form for all students to express their opinions whether another student, editor, professor or administrator agrees or disagrees. I refuse to accept the decline of freedom as I refuse to accept that some views will be heard and others will be silenced. I am not right or wrong and I accept this.

If Mr. [redacted] has, undemocratically, announced that this paper will not run under the cloak of Freedom of Speech, then I, undemocratically, rule that the feature section will run under the cloak of Freedom of Speech. This meaning that all views expressed by the students will be heard. Whether I agree or disagree. I feel we have lived too long under the censorship xxx and I will not tolerate it any longer. As of this point forward, say what you want, do what you want, say what you mean, and don't let the black [redacted] fall through your words.

Perspectives/Wo issu

Tangible Faith



He walked the land without prejudice, befriended the wretched, and healed the lame. He did not ask for reward, payment, or fame, and still volunteered all he was, even if it meant endangering himself. Many sit and await his return in search of guidance to a better, more meaningful way of living. Some have already taken it upon themselves to follow a greater calling. They go wherever needed and take care of those who do not have the means to take care of themselves. They are Doctors Without Borders. However, to the ones in need, they are lifesavers and givers of hope.

Doctors Without Borders, also known as Médecins Sans Frontières (MSF), was established in 1971 and depends on the dedication of volunteer health professionals to bring aid to the victims of our world. The

organization works independently of governments, institutions, political, economical, and religious influences and is supported by private donors. This allows freedom to make their own decisions and operate wherever they deem necessary. Their guiding principles come from the universal medical ethics code and their charter, to which all members adhere.

The Charter

Doctors Without Borders/Médecins Sans Frontières (MSF) offers assistance to populations in distress, to victims of natural or man-made disasters and to victims of armed conflict, without discrimination and irrespective of race, religion, creed or political affiliation.

Doctors Without Borders observes strict neutrality and impartiality in the name of universal medical ethics and the

right to humanitarian assistance and demands full and unhindered freedom in the exercise of its functions.

Doctors Without Borders' volunteers undertake to respect their professional code of ethics and to maintain complete independence from all political, economic and religious powers.

As volunteers, members are aware of the risks and dangers of the missions they undertake, and have no right to compensation for themselves or their beneficiaries other than that which Doctors Without Borders is able to afford them. (end of charter)

Their international offices can be found in: Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Hong Kong, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, Norway, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United Arab Emirates, United Kingdom, and the United States of America. They annually send over 2,000 volunteers, of more than 45 different nationalities, to over 80 countries: Afghanistan, Albania, Algeria, Angola, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Bangladesh, Belgium, Benin, Bolivia, Bosnia, Brazil, Bulgaria, Burkina-Faso, Burma, Burundi, Cambodia, Central African Republic, Chad, China, Colombia, Congo Brazzaville, Costa Rica, Cote d'Ivoire, Cuba, Democratic Republic of Congo (formerly Zaire), Ecuador, Egypt, El Salvador, Ethiopia, Equatorial Guinea, Federal Republic of Yugoslavia - Kosovo, France, Georgia,

Guatemala, Guinea, Guinea-Bissau, Haiti, Honduras, India, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Kazakhstan, Kenya, Kirghyza, Laos, Lebanon, Liberia, Luxembourg, Macedonia, Madagascar, Malawi, Mali, Mauritania, Mexico, Mongolia, Mozambique, Nicaragua, Nigeria, North Korea, Palestinian Authority, Panama, Papua New Guinea, Peru, Philippines, Romania, Russia, Rwanda, Sierra Leone, Somalia, Spain, Sri Lanka, Sudan, Tajikistan, Tanzania, Turkey, Turkmenistan, Uganda, Ukraine, Uzbekistan, Vietnam, Yemen, and Zambia.

Doctors Without Borders has a wide range of expertise, and depending on the severity of the emergency, any number of activities can be undertaken: massive vaccination campaigns, training and supervision of medical personnel, water and sanitation, data collection, feeding, patient care, maternal and pediatric care, distribution of drugs and medical supplies, mental health care, rehabilitation of hospitals clinics, AIDS prevention, and other information. When medical assistance isn't enough, Doctors Without Borders has and will continue to speak out regarding human rights. They also publish an annual series of books, *Populations in Danger*, which reports the world's most desperate humanitarian crises.

Doctors Without Borders is in the thick of almost every world emergency that we read about

or glimpse over in our daily dose of media. However, to the volunteers who dedicate their skills and their lives to issues such as the Orissa Cyclone in India, the hostilities in East Timor, the healing and rebuilding process in Kosovo, the outbreaks of malaria in Nigeria, the earthquakes and floods in Mexico, the malnutrition in Sudan, the flooding in El Salvador, and the post hurricane relief in Nicaragua and Honduras, it's an ongoing struggle to provide what the majority of us take for granted.

They are not searching for economic gain or reward. They do it for a greater purpose than what most of us seem to comprehend. Does the rest of the world acknowledge their devotion and accomplishments made over the last 28 years? It seems they do. On October 15th in Oslo, Norway, of this year, they were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. I will assume that to the people who make up Doctors Without Borders, it was not necessary to be honoured with this prestigious award. Tough - I doubt anyone deserves it more.

Doctors Without Borders:
<http://www.dwb.org/> or Call 1-888-392-0392 to help

Until the next - pay attention to the little things in life because we have it far too easy not to.

- Steven Irvine

Take a look...

In the wake of the new legislation outlawing "aggressive" panhandling, there has been a real divide in public opinion about the matter. Are Toronto street kids really that big a problem? What follows are two stories illustrating both sides of the street kid debate. Names and minor details have been changed to protect the people represented.

Jay and Lisa are 18 years old. They have been living together for about three years; both left home at 15 because they didn't want to obey the rules their parents were setting. They didn't like having a curfew or getting in trouble for smoking or having to help around the house for the allowance they got every week. They decided to drop out

of school because they thought it was a waste of time. Now both of them are on welfare, which covers the cost of their rent and groceries, but no extras. On welfare they are supposed to be looking for work to prove that they are not just abusing the system, but they cannot be bothered. Rather than submitting resumes to various places, they open a phone book, pick an area and write down the names and addresses of various companies; they never actually go out to look for work. They do, however, hit the streets to panhandle. They panhandle so that they have money to buy beer and pot and to go to bars. If you see them sitting on the corner, they look like many other teenagers, wearing leather

biker jackets (covered in lots of expensive studs) and Doc Martins. They will ask you for change for food; you most likely would not give them money if you knew what it was really for. If you don't give them anything, they yell something at you about being rich snobs who are not willing to help out homeless kids. Why should we give money to kids who have chosen to leave the comfort of home, so that they can go out and drink?

Michael is 15 years old. He has recently fled an abusive home life. He has by now exhausted the list of friend's houses he can stay at and has been forced into living on the streets of Toronto. He is in dire straits with no skills, clothes, health care,

address or money. He looks for a job every day, but without a washroom to clean up in and clothes to wear for a job hunt he has been turned down at all his interviews. As each day goes by the harsh reality of physical and sexual assaults, hunger, fear and sickness drive him to lower depths of desperation. He is quickly reduced to begging for money for food and applying to welfare for rent money so that he can sleep inside. The weather is quickly turning cold. He discovers that there are no rentals in Toronto for the poor, the food banks are running low and the government has just introduced legislation that threatens to take away his only means of support. With nowhere to turn, no

hope, no opportunity, no family, no comfort, no chance to get off the street, he begins to think of suicide to end his life. He dresses like any other street kid now, using the little money he had to buy warm enough clothes from the Salvation Army and Good Will. He still needs to eat and have a bit of cash for a place to stay on the really cold nights. It's not like the money he gets panhandling goes to drugs or booze.

Which one of the stories did you, the reader, think was a more accurate depiction of street kids? Please contact me with your opinion at yesorno_streetkids@yahoo.com.

-Anonymous

Art and entertainment

The Gas Heart A "millennial play" Previewing Theatre Glendon's production of Tristan Tzara's

Rae Perigoe-

If you notice your friends looking perplexed next week, or if you suddenly start speaking in illogical, incoherent semi-sentences, don't worry. Chalk it all up to Theatre Glendon's production of Tristan Tzara's "The Gas Heart".

The production, which runs from Tuesday, November 23 to Saturday, November 27, takes a script of the obscure Dadaist playwright Tristan Tzara and creates a whole evening of entertaining theatre from it. The students of Drama Studies 2630 became the co-creators of an original adaptation of the work, for "The Gas Heart", if played in its original form, would last only about fifteen minutes, and the new adaptation runs ninety minutes. Theatre Glendon has once again become the site for a new theatrical creation, in keeping with the spirit of such past collective creations at Glendon as "Stranger than Fiction" in 1998.

Directed by Bob Wallace, the production was intended to introduce imagistic theatre to the Glendon campus. Imagism, notes Wallace, has been a major focus of development in the world of theatre in recent years. "It's important to introduce stu-

dents to theatre that is not entirely script-based," says Wallace, observing that many contemporary theatre companies, such as the influential Carbone 14 in Montreal, develop productions that are based largely on movement and dance. He has found, interestingly, that students "find it no more difficult to work with movement than to work with language," for there can be an "emotional logic" to movement to which students can relate. However, he does note that a major challenge of the production process was to enable students to "move beyond movement into dance", as neither Wallace nor many of his students had prior training in dance.

The script is, admittedly, difficult to understand; there seem to be few logical connections in the dialogue. Wallace describes the script as "obscure... even arcane". To aid the audience's understanding of the play, Wallace and dramaturge Adam Sidsworth have worked on creating a "frame" for the play - a task Sidsworth describes as putting "a shape to the nonsense". The "frame" consists of sporadic interludes which attempt to historicize the play and "place it within an esthetic

context", says Wallace. Such a frame was necessary because, taken on its own terms, "The Gas Heart" is "unworkable". "Dada seems to keep saying to the director, 'you can't do me'," Wallace tells me. Wallace and Sidsworth hope they have found a way to create a context for their production, and thus make meaning from a difficult script. The play has a major political commitment, Wallace claims. Dadaist writers wanted to question the fundamental "rational" principles of western thought, which they saw as culminating in the senseless devastation of the first world war. This production is a "late twentieth-century revisiting" of the Dadaist artistic revolution. It is also, Wallace hauntingly tells me, a "millennial play".

Tickets for the production are \$5 for students, \$8 for everyone else. Showtime is 8 pm. Call 487-6822 to reserve tickets.

For the Love of Art

A new show at the Glendon Gallery

The Glendon Gallery of York University presents "For the Love of Art", an exhibition of drawings, paintings, photographs, and sculptures by students of Glendon College. This exhibition spans a wide range of

ENGLISH/ DRAMA studies PRESENTS

2630 THE GAS HEART

BY SCRABRRRAANNG

TRIS TAN TZARA

TRANSLATED BY MICHAEL BENE DIKT LINDER

DIRECTION OF robert WALLACE

2275 BAYVIEW AVENUE

November 23 to November 27 8:00 P.M.

students and seniors \$5.00 adults \$8.00

THEATRE Glendon

RESERVATIONS PHONE 487-6822

subject matter and media.

Although the students participating in this exhibition are not visual arts students, the work demonstrates a certain love for this form of self-expression; the exhibition, which runs from November 24 until November 30, 1999, is colourful and eclectic.

Artists featured include Tenace d'Armagnac, Lise Fournier, Melissa Holmes, Irena Kolbuszewska, Jean-Sebastien Lessard, Katherine Spence, Danusia Szwejkowska, Amy Tang and Vanessa Tonoo.

Gallery hours: Tues., Thurs., Fri. 12:00-2:00 pm, Tues., Thurs. 5:00-7:00 pm, Saturday 1:00-4:00 pm.

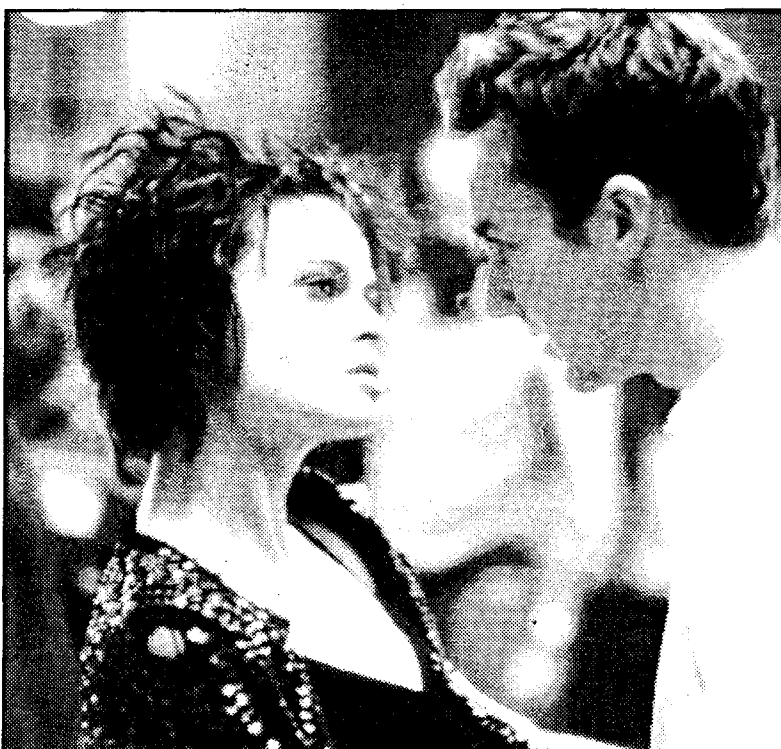
Method to Madness

Ian Savage-

So, everything you've heard about Fight Club has been either raving or scathing, right? How beautiful, how dark, how funny, how brutal. Well, see it. Find out for yourself. I'm not here to tell you about the movie itself, but what the movie symbolizes. First off, do you feel trapped in the consumer society? Then the movie already has a hold on you. This is the hook that the movie uses to violently flail you about. Violence and sex seem to be the main themes of the movie, besides the fascist contempt of society. But take a closer look at the sexual side of the film. Out of the 139 minutes that the movie runs, perhaps ten or fifteen were about sex... or could I be mistaken? All you men out there, secure in your heterosexuality, who loved the film for its fighting and male bonding, should seriously re-examine it. Essentially, it was partially a metaphor for the homoerotic tendencies found in all

men. Raised by women, and having limp father figures, Tyler responds by saying "maybe another woman is the last thing we need". Tyler relates his father who left him to God; "ever stop to think that God doesn't like you". The main metaphor in the film is the emasculated state of men in modern society. The half-life of the nuclear family has passed and now men find themselves completing their lives with consumerism. We find ourselves hunting and gathering useless odds and ends to complete a hole left in us by society. We now read Ikea catalogues on the shitter where we used to read Playboy. "The things we own end up owning us". We no longer maintain our male physiques for the purpose of providing, now we try to look good to try and fill the gap (or to find a woman to fill the gap). "Self improvement is masturbation" (and men, what do we do when we don't have a woman?). Aside from what the film does to

our heads what will it do to society? Being well educated and interested in film, I should have been able to get past the façade of the movie, but I couldn't. I too wanted to start up a fight club of my own. How many people will go through with this



wish? What worries me about the impact of this film is that people will inevitably begin to copy it and we will see copycat vandalism sometime in the near future. We are bombarded with the necessity of violence in the movie as if violence is the ulti-

mate trip.

It's all about soap. Men are like soap. We have been cut into little blocks. We are made of what decadent society wants to rid itself of. We have become mundane. But, as the movie tells us, add a few common household items to soap, and you get explosives. Take boring soap (men), and turn it into something dynamic and energetic. "Get enough soap, and you can blow up almost anything". And to hell with the destructive consequences.

One last comment. Some women claim to know how men feel, just read "Stiffed" by Susan Faludi. Out of everything I read about Fight Club, not one article has been written by a woman. I would like to challenge any woman that read this article to write a response to it or to give a feminine interpretation of the movie. Please respond to me either at Protem, or with an article, or E-mail me at kincadehayt@yahoo.com.

Art et culture

Brian Ferry

Michael Harrison-

As the sun invaded my eyelids, greeting me with a warm smile, I stretched, kicking my covers off and sitting up. Yawning thoughtlessly, I picked up the cover of the latest Brian Ferry album "As Time Goes By."

Wiping the sleep from my eyes, I gazed at the rusty cover. Brian Ferry's soft, ponderous face stares blankly downwards amidst nostalgic images of dancing figures.

I shrugged my shoulders and put the c.d. on, not knowing what to expect. Immediately the soft swiffle of jazzy brushes on a snare drum come forth, followed by jazzy music- true Benny Goodman -type music. A quiet, raspy voice entices the music, and brings it to another level. This certainly wasn't the "get-ready-for-school music" I was used to. While normally the music I listen to is like thundering down the road in a mustang V-8, this was more like a lazy Sunday drive in a Model-T. Ferry doesn't rush you through

the already shortened songs; you just sit back and enjoy it.

I smiled as the second song, "The way you look tonight," came on. The melody was as familiar as a Campbell's soup commercial. The c.d., a departure from his usual, roxy music, (although he's recorded similar music before, is a nod to the jazzy music of the 30s.' With Brian Setzer and the recent rise in the popularity of swing music, it's hard not to expect the genre on a compilation of hits circa 1930. Swing, however, does not make an appearance on this elegant album. Images do come, however, of pre World War II, with elegantly clad women being accompanied by their suited men.

It is a tasteful salute to that generation of music with faithful recreations. The most notable difference to the originals (did I mention that these are cover songs?) is a simple tempo adjustment to prevent stagnation, or the occasional contemporary recording technique, á la

Brian Eno. If you listen carefully, there are small sections of crackling designed to emulate that warm comfortable feeling of a vinyl record. Still, this is the '90s. We have CDs and they don't scratch, so tastefully, the crackling is only a small sample. Although the disc is a nod to the 30s, it is timeless; something that Nat King Cole would smile to. It's a little less dense than a Sinatra album, opting for that raw feel, and the small group of jazz musicians never miss a beat. Ferry's career, which took off in 1973, shows no sign of keeling over, despite his aging. It generally appeals to an older group, though if you find yourself snapping your fingers along with those thoughtful Campbell's commercials, you might enjoy this album. It won't be played at the latest rave, but it might be just the tool to avoid road-rage in the car, or bring on sleep at bedtime. Just don't play it first thing in the morning before class, you'll never get there!



The Bone Collector

Catherine Hancock-

Denzel Washington (*Glory*) and Angelina Jolie (*Playing by Heart*) star in this suspenseful thriller about a murderer whose brutal killings leave a trail of puzzling clues that only a brilliant mind can solve.

Lincoln Rhyme (Washington) was once the best forensics detective until a near-fatal injury left most of his body par-

alyzed. As the crimes continue, the police turn to Lincoln for help. Rhyme is intrigued with the photos that rookie policewoman Amelia Donaghy (Jolie) took at the crime scene. Though hesitant at first, Donaghy soon understands that only she has what it takes to become Rhyme's eyes, ears, hands and legs.

This is a gruesome suspense that

will chill you to the bone - literally. It's a thriller that actually thrills with an ending that actually surprises.

The Bone Collector also stars Queen Latifah (*Living Out Loud*), Michael Rooker (*Cliffhanger*), Mike McGlone (*One Tough Cop*), Luis Guzman's (*Out of Sight*) and Ed O'Neill (*Prefontaine*).

Upcoming Events

Friday, November 19, 1999

Glendon's Annual Snowball Formal
Organized 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

ALSO

Simon Says (with Filter)
The Warehouse,
132 Queens Quay East.

Tuesday, November 23, 1999

The Sounds of Silence
The Beastie Boys' 2 - CD anthology is released.

November 23 - 27, 1999

The Gas Heart
Theatre Glendon, 8:00 p.m.,
\$8.00 adults, \$5.00 students/seniors
(416) 487-6822

Friday, November 26, 1999

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

ALSO

The Straight story
Starring Richard Farnsworth and Sissy Spacek,
opens in Theaters.

December 2 -4, 1999

I Hate Modern Dance
The du Maurier Theatre Centre,
231 Queens Quay West
8:00 p.m. (416) 973-4000 \$20/\$12

Friday, December 3, 1999

Going for Baroque
ROM, 100 Queen's Park

Friday, December 10, 1999

Holiday Magic
Feast on seasonal food, beverages and customs.
ROM, 100 Queen's Park

Sunday, December 12, 1999

Millennium Fear Panel Discussion
Ontario Science Centre,
770 Don Mills Rd.
2:00 p.m., (416) 429-4100

January 2000

Winter Carnival
Organize your own team of ten or
have the GCSU organize one for you.

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

Art and entertainment



Une lune d'eau salée (salt-water moon)

Alain De Juviv-

Pièce écrite par l'auteur anglophone David French, elle fut traduite par Antonine Maillet. L'action se déroule dans les années 1920, à Terre Neuve par une «belle nuit étoilée», dans la cour d'une maison. Deux adolescents, qui ne se sont pas vu depuis environ un an, se rencontre à Coley's Point. Jacob réapparaît aussi brusquement qu'il était parti. Il tente alors de regagner le cœur de Mary. Cependant, celle-ci ne se laisse pas faire et résiste avec fougue à la cour enflammée du beau Jacob.

La pièce, brillamment interprétée, est un régal. On eut pu croire que la traduction lui enlèverait de son panache, mais il n'en ai rien. Une pièce vivante et pleine d'émotion que je, vous conseille vivement.



The Divine Ryans

Catherine Hancock - Set in St. John's Newfoundland in the '60s where religion (and hockey) dominate the lives of everyone in the community. The young Draper Doyle Ryan tries to overcome the mysterious death of his father; only his aunts, one who runs the funeral parlor and the other who's a nun, and his uncle, a priest, will not allow him to talk about it. With the help of his other uncle (played by Pete Postlethwaite, *In the Name of the Father*), who

takes on the role of "psychoanalyst", Draper Doyle learns how to deal with his father's death, his sexuality, and his fear of religion.

The Divine Ryans is an honest, historical depiction of the power of the Catholic church. The strong Canadian cast also includes Robert Joy (*Shadows and Fog*), Mary Walsh (*The Boys of St. Vincent*), and introduces Jordan Harvey as Draper Doyle Ryan.



Encore une fois, si vous permettez.

Alain De Juviv-

Cette pièce en partie autobiographique de Michel Tremblay raconte simplement l'histoire d'un enfant et de sa mère. L'auteur rend un vibrant hommage à sa génitrice en dépeignant une femme reine de l'exagération à l'imagination débordante, nous faisant partager l'influence qu'elle a eut sur lui.

La mise en scène est d'une simplicité extrême, une table, deux chaises, et, c'est tout.

L'histoire débute lorsque âgé de dix ans, le garçon vient de commettre une bêtise qui lui vaut un sermon maternel. Les deux uniques personnages de la pièce discutent ensuite sur des sujets précis comme la littérature ou les histoires de famille. D'autre part, à chaque scène, le fils vieillit, jusqu'à ce qu'il atteigne ses vingt ans à la fin de la pièce.

Toutefois, si la pièce remporte tant de succès auprès

d'un public charmé, c'est essentiellement du à l'extraordinaire interprétation de Rita Lafontaine qui effectue ici un véritable morceau de bravoure. C'est elle qui donne réellement vie à la pièce, interprétant avec brio et entrain. Les scènes alternent entre le comique et le mélo à un rythme soutenu.

Bref, tout contribue dans cette pièce à en faire quelque chose de vraiment savoureux. Que ce soit par le décor, la mise en scène, le scénario ou les deux acteurs, le public est sous le charme.

Encore une fois, si vous permettez, au théâtre français de Toronto Canadian stage (26 rue Berkeley) jusqu'au 20 novembre. Mise en scène : André Brassard. Décor : Richard Lacroix. Avec Rita Lafontaine et Roger La Rue.

Réservations au : (416) 534-6604 ou au 1-800-819-4981

The Bachelor

Catherine Hancock - When are you ready to say I do? I mean really, truly ready. What if you don't think that you are, but your relationship has gotten to the point that "it's either shit, or get off the pot."? This is a difficult decision for many bachelors to make, but once they meet the right girl, they realize that it's time to, well - shit.

Chris O'Donnell (*Batman Forever*) and Renee Zelwinger (*One True Thing*) star in the romantic comedy about the trials and tribulations of marriage proposals. Attention single men: whatever you do, DO NOT use the analogy mentioned above, or either of the following phrases: "you win" and "you're third on my list", in your proposal, and you should do fine.

This is a cute love story about two people who were destined to be together, for better or for worse. And though sparks don't fly, this film's heart is in the right place.

The Bachelor also stars Brooke Shields (*Suddenly Susan*) and introduces singer Mariah Carey in her first acting role.

Poetry/fiction

El Tuerto

Noel Barnett-

"No pork, just beef," I said and she disappeared down the hall headed cafeteria ways.

It was one of those cold fall days with the wind howlin' on the outside and no sun to speak of. That's when the sky loses itself, the colour of the sea drains from its face and heaven becomes nothing tangible. No evidence for the court, no dessert for the kids, the classroom window was awash with the pale translucent glow of my own discontent.

See, I can feel winter gettin' edgy now. The son of gun has read the play, knows his part an' is gettin' tired of waiting in the dressin' room. Did you feel the first cold gust? The curtains have begun their ascent and the heartless fool is gonna take his place on center stage before long, making it unsafe to drive. Guess I'll be seein' aunt Florida soon...

...all that Oedipal irony behind it...

But I wake up. Marjorie's gonna be back soon. I promised that I'd go over her IPA transcriptions if she'd buy me a Mexican breakfast. It was often like that between us, but I never understood her undying need for a second opinion. She was one of those solid students, thorough in every aspect of research and assignment execution. She walked away at the end of every semester with enough A's to supply the Latin alphabet for centuries to come. She was no slouch, but she had extra pocket money and an increasing paranoia that she'd missed something somewhere and that kept our unofficial arrangement intact and my belly full of a fine dish of chorizo and eggs every Thursday morning.

I opened her cahier and leafed through it with meandering indecisiveness. It was somewhere in there without blemish. I always took my sweet time 'cause I knew there'd be nothin' to correct. I passed the previous and was reminded of so many other mornings. Struck by the realization of monotony which had come to characterize our relationship, I sighed and quickened the pace when all of sudden a glimpse of gold pen caught my eye.

It was margin scribble between the three holes on a page of pencil notes that I'd never seen before. The cheap flash and fake shine of the golden ink sorta kicked the somnambulist out of me and I felt as refreshed as if I'd taken a bath in the leaves of fall an' gotten drenched in their fiery glow.

I freely let go of some wind I'd been holding for questioning and the empty classroom echoed with applause as I leaned forward for a better view of the words before me. I read them, read them again, read them another time, rubbed my face in 'em, traced the indelible ink with my ears, pushed my toes through the impressions left by her pen and smiled for the sake of imagination hidden in the confines of Marjorie's small and delicate frame.

It was dialogue. Whether fictitious or not, I still do not know, but it was golden in the truest sense of the word and had transcended the pen and paper means of its creation. You see, that scribble... well hell, for me it had conjured up ten and twenty images in my mind, my soul, my spirit. I wasn't here, I was there. White cliffs of Dover, a cup of tea and a camera flash. Epochs and eras danced the charleston between the blur of time and I saw a man and a woman in nineteen-fifty havin' a picnic on the green of the eighteenth hole and the smell of wedding cakes made it as if you could eat the air, so sumptuous it was, and so thick that you could slice it with nothing more than your tongue. The clouds were made of baby powder and the sun was an Egyptian orange that kept constant company with the shadows of ten thousand cad-dies lost in the rough. There was the soft coat of enamel covering the calcium of lovers' teeth as they nibbled on each other's lips to satisfaction. Silk stockings and hairy legs intertwined beneath the benevolent gaze of kindly pink elephants who pretended to be the presidents of a world without government... I was alive again.

The room took on an altogether friendly atmosphere and the smell of cauliflower became almost endearing. Something inside me said it's gonna be a good Christmas this year. I started longing for the snow. Thought of when there are those certain early evenings just prior to the arrival of the fat man carryin' his bag of tricks when the world is covered in sweet ice talcum and the carpet crunches beneath your zapatos and the atmosph is still and strangely warm with the flakes falling unseen from a deep and dark blue heaven until finally they're caught by the yellow light of the street lamps that herald their almost lazy descent.

I got up and went over to the board carrying the cahier of Marjorie. It had the smooth olive colour of one freshly scrubbed and twenty sticks of unbroken chalk lay on it's lower lip of silver tin. I took me one of them and began to inscribe the golden words from within that margin, from between those holes. She had Jesus Christ in a box underneath her bed an' it seemed she wasn't willin' to share him with nobody else. I had to pull a Martin Luther. Now, I never been one to open another person's mail unless they was dead and recievin' notices of impending levies from New York sheriffs, nor did I ever read my sister's diary when we was childrens, but these words were more magic than any I'd seen in sometime and they was hidin' under the cover of just bein' scribbles. It was all that Oedipal irony behind it that gave me such a hard on and I knew the writing on the wall would deliver the Sphinx a left jab an' a right hook and send him hurtlin' through the ropes of Thebes as if it was Larry Holmes had done it himself. No, my conscience did not burn me as the dust fell from the last few lines what I drew.

"Turto, what the fuck are you doing? Get over here and eat this before it gets cold. Did you read over my stuff?" I turned around, Marjorie was already in her seat and

cracking open our breakfast tins and beckoning for me to bring her her notebook. As I handed it to her, piece of chalk still in hand, guilt on my face, she hauled me down into the seat beside her and quickly scanned the page of homework she'd left in my care.

"How come you didn't mark it?" She stuffed a forkful of eggs and refried beans into her mouth and let her glasses slide down to the tip of her nose and peered at me over them.

"I never have to mark your stuff, you know that." I took my knife and half-heartedly started mixin' up the sausage with the eggs and the beans. Somehow she'd taken all the wind out my sails with her indifference towards the act. There was no drama, just us eatin' breakfast in an empty classroom on a dull morning with a dirty blackboard instead of the usual clean one.

"Are you sure you couldn't find anything? There must be something." She scrutinized that page to such an extent that I half believed she might pull off her shoes an' socks an' run her toes through it's impressions.

"I ain't found nothin' I told you." And stuffed some breakfast in my mouth an' locked my eye tight an' started to clickin' my heels together three times and wishin' I could go back to that moment when the air tasted like wedding cake and the promise of a new day was everlasting. The stench of cauliflower was becoming overwhelming again.

"How come you wrote that stuff on the board? What's it all about?" She was whole-heartedly chewing on some tortilla now and had put her notebook away.

"Come again?" I said curious like.

"Did you make it up or is it from somewhere? I like it." She took a bite of sausage.

"Hell Girl, don't you recognize your own writing?" I said somewhat baffled that she could forget the words of gold.

"No. Show me." She said takin' a swallow of some orange juice.

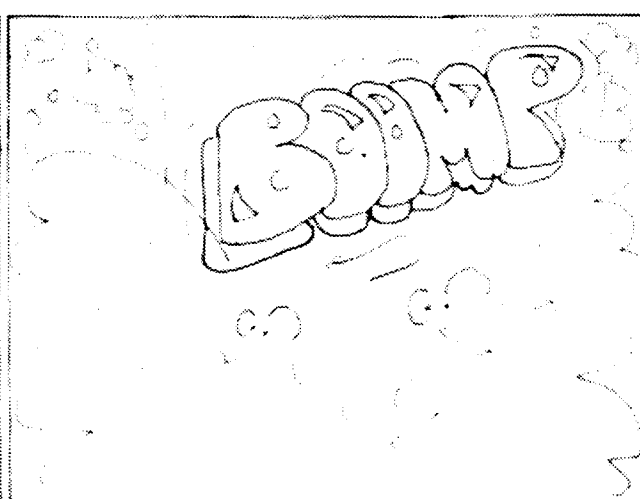
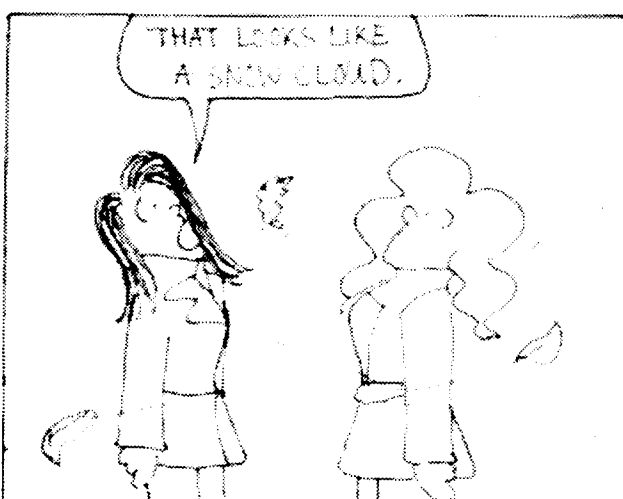
I grabbed her cahier and fervently flipped through the pages until I found the dead sea scrolls, "Here."

They were glittering now, all full of magic, a celestial porthole to pink elephant country and I could suddenly see the familiar white cliffs and the echoes of Gillespie gettin' dizzier and dizzier...

She laughed, put the book away and told me to wipe them off the board. 'Don't be an idiot,' is what she said when I tried to convince her that paradise was in fact only a few sentences away. But she hardened her heart, laughed some more and continued scraping the syro-foam bottom of her breakfast pan as yet more dust fell and I wiped the words clean from off the face of the earth.

But as returned to my seat holding the dirty brush in my hand, I knew I would not let it go. After all, it was a valid ticket to a land of a million marvels that I shall not soon forget.

A3rd



CHRISTIE ADAMS

A little Perspective

He came to me in the evening.
 His cheeks burned, trembling red with so much unspoken anger.
 "Trust"
 He roared. The smoke from the cigarette in his hand flowed steadily
 Encasing him.
 "Respect"
 He choked out through the ever darkening cloud, his fists clenched.
 "Compassion"
 His fists unclenched and one tear dripped out, splashing
 violently onto the table. We were silent.
 (Conflict)
 My brain swam for him as we smoked together.
 Unrelenting, his voice breathed out anxiously,
 "Words.
 They are nothing but
 Words, played out."
 Understanding, I looked at him and said,
 "I know
 What you need to do my friend."
 He leaned forward through the smoke,
 Pushing it impatiently aside.
 "You need..."
 (Climax)
 "To get laid"
 (Resolution)
 He smiled and leaned back into his chair.
 Crushing out the cigarette, he spoke.
 "Maybe,"
 Were his words,
 "You're right"

-Tobin Stuart

Dimples

Beneath the boughs the candles lit
 the moss a golden green
 the faeries, from your wisdom split
 the dewdrops from the stream
 between your lips my spirit fit
 as you spoke of stars in kind
 I lost in your eyes my sweetest
 disguise
 and so found myself behind

 I do not know the whence or why
 of how I came this way
 I left my truths at once beside
 your freedom where I lay
 entwined with sparks my hair is nigh
 but a shadow of your flame
 I knew you so well as your breath
 would tell
 that I did not hear your name

 You left your words in liquid blue
 the sun moved round my head
 within your soft goodbye I knew
 Rachmaninoff was dead
 without a care, I turned and blew
 the candles from their light
 for I'd heard the strain of music
 remain
 as I talked with you that night.

-Danielle

I'm so tired.
 I could pass out on the floor.
 Sleep and lack of.
 I need more time to sleep.
 Time for sleep and sleep for time.
 I cannot think of anything else,
 But closing my eyes,
 To slip into unconsciousness.
 Dreaming of sleep and sleeping to dream.
 Eight hours a day is what they say,
 But more for me if you please.
 Days pass to weeks,
 Hours upon hours.
 Sleep.
 Dream.
 And rest.
 For without these,
 I'm a fucking mess.

-Jeremy





du Maurier
A R T S

**Supporting 234 cultural organizations across
Canada during the 1999-2000 season**