

pro tem

39^e année
Créant la controverse depuis 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

The Responsibility of the Audience to its Artist

By The Shipwrecked Sailor-
Far far away on a remote island stands a shipwrecked sailor.

With total disregard for anything or anybody but himself he stares blankly out to the sea praying desperately for some sort of signal from the cruel world, which has ironically left him behind. The poor man weeps.

It would be very interesting to note how many signals we recognize on an average day. From the second we wake to the very minute we fall back to sleep we act as living tape recorders. This recorder, what the laymen have titled the brain, is the entity that exists within us all and that which distinguishes the human race from all else. Unfortunately for us sapiens the complexity of its make up has proved to be a formidable task for any who wishes to explain its being.

To fully understand the act of thinking one must recognize that it is a two-tier process. On the one hand, it entails that decisions or judgements are being

made. The individual is managing information. This clearly is the second phase of the process. What I am concerned with now is the first phase of the process, the in taking of information from the outside environment.

One must recognize that this train of thought is very individualistic and in this day and age of "global human rights" there seems to be no room left for any individual. The ideal of humanity reigns supreme in our world. Yet, we should never lose focus on the individual. It is the individual who thinks.

On his very deathbed, Socrates touched upon this very issue.

"I suppose that if, having got them before birth, we lost them on being born, and later on, using the senses about the things in question, we regain those pieces of knowledge that we possessed at some former time, in that case would not what we call learning be the regaining of knowledge belonging to us?"

From this standpoint the individual never learns anything. Is Socrates inferring that we only recollect information rather than being introduced to it? I hope not!

I would argue that all information whether it is consciously or unconsciously recorded is first introduced to the individual as a signal and then perhaps forgotten.

It should also be noted that certain individuals never record some signals. Those who are systematically unable to determine differentiations in colors cannot attest to a deep blue sky. Can any logic explain color to a blind man?

The crucial responsibility of the audience lies inside its own capabilities. To ask a blind man to judge a visual presentation is problematic. We each can only work within a set of limitations that have been placed upon us. The trick is to make a seeing man judge blindly. Rest not lazily on the point which has

become extravagantly mute. Utilize your freedom and open your mind. Look neither to the common nor to its exceptions for the right answer. Simply look at both with the same sense of freedom that you possess as an individual. This is what the shipwrecked sailor is longing for. He has become bored with his island and wishes only for a new stimulus, a new signal. Fall not in the trap which so easily hooks the meager. Listen to Rousseau when he preaches that: "The history of man so far has been one of unrelenting self-deformation, and thus of inner conflict, insecurity, insincerity and disordered passions. Freedom lies precisely in avoiding these injuries to the self. Independence and inner strength mean the preservation of one's integral character."

The responsibility of the audience is simple.

Maintain your individual freedom in this sea of commonality.

Don't you get it?

Colleen McConnell-

Apparently my last "Reflections from a news editor" article was not clear enough. Oh sure, I got some positive feedback from people who thought it is indeed a good thing for people, specifically the administration and the GCSU, to communicate with "the press", so that students are better informed. Unfortunately, I also managed to offend someone by portraying him somewhat unfairly, in

order to prove my point. And I regret that I had to do that, because my point was that I do not intend to portray anyone unfairly. But I seem to be continually hitting roadblocks in trying to inform students, without bias, of what's going on at Glendon. Part of the problem is that people can't forget that they've been burned by the press in the past, and they're afraid that I might misinterpret what they say to make

them look bad, because it would make a more sensational story. Questions like "are you asking as a concerned student, or as a journalist?" really bother me, because that implies that I can't be both, and that, no matter what you say to the contrary, the answer to my question will

be different.

Another part of the problem is that bureaucracy so often hinders progress at Glendon. For example, many members of the GCSU seem to have great intentions, wanting to improve communication, or change policies that are no longer adequate, or organize events. It's encouraging to hear what these people want to do, but discouraging to see them hit bureaucratic barriers, either within their organization or outside it, and have things fall apart. Often it seems to be a case of other people not being well-enough informed - other members of the GCSU, or the Administration, or students - and something that would seem simple, like changing a couple of lines of the poster policy, becomes a complicated issue. Improving communication becomes difficult because people don't know what to say - do they announce their intentions, knowing that it might be a long time before they get implemented, if they ever do, or do they keep quiet, not letting the students know what kinds of projects are in the

works because nothing's sure yet?

This is where the unbiased news becomes a problem, because fear of the press means that I am left out of important meetings, meetings that could affect many students in many ways, "for the sake of privacy". I can only hear the story from someone else, if I'm lucky, and one person is willing to give me an update, and then the article sounds something like "he said that she said that he said that...". How do we know if the person giving the report is giving the true, unbiased facts?

All I can do, all any journalist can do, is trust that they are. But I hope that as the year goes on, people will begin to trust that I will report fairly, and be less afraid when they see that I have a pen and notebook ready to capture their words. Ideally, they would even gladly give updates on what's going on, because they would see that informing students is an important step in the process of making positive change. Is this ideal impossible to achieve?

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Escott Reid - A Profile

Vianney Carriere-

(reprinted from Pro Tem, 1967)

Escott Reid says that his career in the Canadian civil service was ultimately decided by chance. He had once thought of teaching as a career, and he had considered going into politics as well. His life as a distinguished diplomat and civil servant was a matter of 'a letter sent to the wrong address.' History indeed is made up of trivial incidents.

Reid was born in Campbellford, Ontario on January 21, 1905. His father who had been rector of the Anglican Church moved to Toronto in 1911. Attending the University of Toronto from 1923 to 1927, Escott Reid stood first in his class for the four years during which he studied political science and law. From U of T, he moved to Christ Church Oxford, where he studied politics, economics, and philosophy as a Rhodes scholar. At Oxford he met Ruth Herriot of Winnipeg whom he married in 1930. Reid returned to Canada to teach at Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia for the two years 1937-1938. In January of 1939, he entered the Canadian foreign service, working in Ottawa, Washington, New Delhi and Bonn. He was one of the Canadians who pioneered the United Nations project, attending the San Francisco Conference of 1945, and the London meetings in 1945 and 1946. He also served on the United Nations in New York in 1946, 1947, and 1957. From 1945 to 1952 he was second-in-command of the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa, and was acting head of the department for periods totaling about a year. From 1952 to 1957, he was High Commissioner to India. He was Ambassador to Germany from 1958 to 1962, and Director of the World Bank's operations in South Asia and the Middle East from 1962 to 1965. During this time, Mr Reid lived in Washington.

The Reids had two homes. The first was at Glendon College, where Escott Reid was named the first principal in 1965. The second was a log cabin, over one hundred years old, on a farm in Québec, about twenty-five miles north of Ottawa.

While working for the United

In 1965 Reid resigned from the department of External Affairs to become the first principal of Glendon College. His career in diplomacy had lasted twenty-six years and had taken him around the world.

Nations, Escott Reid did not lose sight of reality. In 1946 in a communiqué to Ottawa, he stated that the chances of Canada being involved in a war with Russia during the next ten years were ninety-nine in one hundred. Within or without the United Nations, instruments had to be found to preserve peace. Reid spoke at the Canadian Institute of Public Affairs conference in Couchiching in 1947. 'Those states of the Western world which are willing to commit themselves to a much closer degree of union than that embodied in the (U.N.) Charter should, if they desire, work out such arrangements.' The arrangement proved to be NATO, and the Canadian team which worked on the preparations for the alliance was headed by Escott Reid, then Deputy Under-Secretary of State for External Affairs, and Hume Wrong, Ambassador in Washington.

Understandably enough then, NATO was always one of Escott Reid's concerns. Nineteen years later, in an analysis as personal and as introspective as the essay 'Conscience of a Diplomat', Reid wrote "We were not wrong in believing that if the members of the North Atlantic Alliance implemented faithfully the treaty obligations, their sense of being members together in a community would grow...Where we failed was that we were not able to put into the Treaty additional provisions which might have speeded up the growth of a sense of community...But though we didn't do enough, what we did was sound practical politics."

In 1952 came Reid appointment as Canadian High Commissioner to India, an office which he was to hold for five years. These years, he admits, were among the happiest of his life. With the Americans and the British held in distrust, he was able to enjoy a unique position, politically speaking.

He was able to form a close and lasting friendship with Nehru whom he revered as the 'creator of modern India and one of the world's great men'. The position which Reid created for himself and for his office while in India, would have been enough alone to mark him as a great man. He sought to know both the people and the land of India, as part of his job. 'The basis of a successful partnership, he was to write later, is, of course, a mutual understanding among the partners.' The Reids traveled extensively throughout the Indian sub-continent, and were profoundly impressed by its beauty. Reid was impressed too by the poverty of the people, and what he learned in India was to do much to shape his opinions on foreign aid and on the World Bank. His writings on economics are full of references to India. As he had said himself, he was shocked into awareness of what life is like for most people in most of the poor lands. In 1956, he found it his duty to impress the meaning of the Hungarian revolt upon Nehru, and again in his 'Conscience of a Diplomat' essay, he forces himself to re-analyse this role objectively.

It is always enlightening for Canadian to examine how other parts of the world view their great men. The newspapers in India were most extensive in their praise of Mr. Reid. In 1957, an editorial appearing in Lucknow's National Herald read "Mr. Reid has been an unusual High Commissioner. He is not an ordinary Westerner. He has been urbane and polished, but he has been watchful and sympathetic. It can be said that during his tenure of office, India tries have occasionally differed, but they have been largely able to understand each other's policies. The Canadian attitude towards India reflects Mr. Reid's attitude of respectful friendliness. Mr. Reid is able to understand the social and eco-

conomic change taking place in India with sympathy because he knows that behind that change the spirit of India is alive, vibrant, moving. He has referred to the heart of India. He says that it is a brave heart. In leaving us, he has given us hope, courage, and faith."

No doubt part of the 'spirit of India' came back to Canada with Escott Reid, and has stayed with him ever since. And it is completely understandable that the mutual India-Reid affection should afford the man some of his more pleasant memories.

From Ambassador to Principal In 1962, back from a four year stay in Europe as Ambassador to Germany, Reid was appointed Director of the World Bank's Operations in South Asia and the Middle East. During the following three years, he became deeply involved in dealing with poor countries with regards to loans, studies, and advice. Reid also used this experience to engage on a great deal of thinking and analyzing insofar as the principles and workings of the World Bank went. These thoughts were published in 1965 in an essay called 'The Future of the World Bank'. This essay reveals a profound and moving concern for the poor people of the world, and a genuine desire to provide them with all possible assistance. Again in this position, Reid was able to ponder the personal implications of his role. 'An underdeveloped country, he wrote, cannot be saved by outsiders. It must save itself. To save itself, it must be proud. It must retain its self-respect. In order that its government may govern effectively, its government must retain the respect of the governed. That is why the giving of advice to underdeveloped countries on their economic development is such difficult art. If the Bank group of institutions is to carry a much heavier burden of responsibility, it will need to develop greatly the art of development diplomacy.'

In 1965 Reid resigned from the department of External Affairs to become the first principal of Glendon College. His career in diplomacy had lasted twenty-six years and had taken him around the world. In the 'Conscience of a Diplomat' essay, Escott Reid engages in a great deal of soul-searching about that career. There are aspects of it that bother him. There are times when he thinks he might have functioned better, and when his advice may have been unsound. There are times when he might have done more, or when he might have acted faster. But there are no regrets expressed in the essay, and Reid's own conclusion is his justification. 'The diplomat is not expected to bear on his shoulders the whole burden of the follies, the mistakes, the tragedies of the world. He can only be expected to bear his fair share of the burden.'

India Friend, Glendon's Father In numerous speeches and essays, Escott Reid has made his position on education quite clear. There can be no doubt that his views were liberal. He was genuinely concerned with the success of the college and with the students. He repeatedly defined the aims of Glendon. 'Our hope is that a fair portion of the graduates from Glendon College will decide to spend all or parts of their lives in the public service whether as politicians or as civil servants.' Reid is very optimistic about the success of this ideal.

It is one of the great shortcomings of the Canadian public that they refuse to recognize their great men during their lifetime. The perfect diplomat, or the perfect college principal does not exist, just as the perfect individual does not exist. He is very literally Glendon's 'Father' and it is sad that only when he is gone will he be appreciated.

News/Nouvelles

Un jour sombre dans l'histoire des femmes

'Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere'

-Martin Luther King

Karine Brassard et Suzanne Desrochers-
Pour: Maud Haviernick, Hélène Colgan Nathalie Croteau, Geneviève Bergeron, Michèle Richard, Sonia Pelletier, Anne-Marie Edward, Anne St-Arneault, Maryse Leclair, Barbara-Maria Klucznik, Anne-Marie Lemay, Barbara Daigneault, Maryse Laganière, Annie Turcotte et pour toutes les autres femmes tuées, battues, violées chaque jour, anonymement.

Le 6 décembre 1989, c'est le jour où 14 étudiantes sont mortes parce qu'elles avaient l'ambition de faire ce qu'elles voulaient, devenir des

ingénieures. C'est le jour où Marc Lépine est entré dans l'École Polytechnique de l'Université de Montréal dans le but d'éliminer des féministes. Il est entré dans une classe, sépara les garçons des filles et dit tout simplement qu'il voulait tuer toutes les féministes. Les étudiantes lui ont répondu qu'elles ne l'étaient pas. Tout ce qu'il a trouvé à répondre est "vous agissez comme des féministes, vous êtes à une place où les femmes devraient être interdites donc vous êtes féministes". Il tua les femmes dans la classe, sortit et tua toutes les autres passant sur son chemin puis se suicida. Avant de commettre cet acte d'une extrême violence, il

avait écrit une lettre disant qu'il en voulait aux femmes parce qu'elles prenaient trop de place, en l'occurrence celle des hommes. Il dit que c'est un acte politique, qu'il est tout à fait sain d'esprit, et qu'il hait les féministes car elles ont ruiné sa vie.

Le 6 décembre, depuis maintenant 10 ans, c'est un jour pour se souvenir. Se souvenir à quel point notre société encourage la violence faite aux femmes et à quel point il est important de continuer à lutter pour que cela cesse définitivement. La misogynie existe encore et l'antiféminisme aussi. Il est important d'en parler, pour pouvoir mieux le prévenir. Ce n'est pas

un crime de vouloir s'affirmer en tant qu'être humain à part entière, prendre sa place dans la société et vouloir se faire reconnaître par ses pairs. Encore aujourd'hui, il y a de nombreux stéréotypes et idées préconçues faites sur le dos des femmes. Si la société, et surtout ceux et celles qui la composent, ne lutte pas pour que cela change, les femmes vont continuer à subir la haine, le sexisme et toutes les autres formes insidieuses de domination qui mènent les gens à commettre des actes génocidaires.

Le 6 décembre, ici à Glendon, le Centre des femmes organise un kiosque dans la cafétéria où l'on commémorera la mort de

ces femmes et il y aura de l'information plus générale sur la violence faite aux femmes. Nous afficherons un peu partout dans l'école des conseils pour apprendre à reconnaître certains types de comportements violents. Finalement, nous invitons toute la population de Glendon à venir participer à une réflexion collective au Centre des femmes sur les différentes actions qu'on peut faire, en tant qu'individu, pour éviter de perpétuer les comportements qui encouragent la violence, le patriarcat et le machisme.

Au plaisir de tous et toutes vous y rencontrer.

Les coordonnatrices du Centre des femmes de Glendon

What's with those posters?

Colleen McConnell-
Francophones are mad because of the poor quality of the French. The GCSU, and student groups, are mad because somebody keeps taking them down. The GCSU is also mad that people are putting up posters without permission. Does all this madness seem like a problem?

Apparently it's enough of a problem that the Principal needs to get involved. Ian Wigglesworth, Communications Director for the Glendon College Students' Union, feels that the current policy on posters is not good enough, and wants to work on changing it. He has discussed the issue with Principal McRoberts, and their first goal is to find out who is taking down the posters. Is it the cleaning staff, or specific departments, or GCSU members, or random students? And whoever it is, why are they doing it?

Errors like "un evenement formel" and "un buffet traditionnel" should not find their way onto bulletin boards, since there is a qualified translator at the GCSU who checks for these things. But somehow

they do, which means that there is a problem somewhere in the process. One student says that "we don't need to know the reasons why things have been going wrong, we just want to see the changes." Mr. Wigglesworth is working for change, but it won't come overnight. He will likely be meeting with Principal McRoberts again this week, and they will hopefully discuss possible solutions. Any changes to the poster policy will then have to be approved by the GCSU, and then by students, since it will affect the Constitution.

Sound complicated? It is. The current poster policy is rather vague, and can be interpreted in various ways. This makes it difficult to agree on what the policy is, and what needs to be changed. Also unclear is who has the final say in making the changes? Is it the Principal, or the Communications Director, or the students? All of this needs to be resolved before any change will be made, which probably means that we can expect the uncertainty to go on for some time.

A Night to Remember

Colleen McConnell-
On November 24th, 14 Glendon poets and poetry-lovers gathered to share their favorite poems with approximately 50 other poetry-enthusiasts.

This was Glendon's second annual Poetry Night, and it was organized by the GCSU's academic affairs director, Ian Smith, along with Erin O'Hara and Isabelle Pilon. It was also supported by Martine Rhault, Glendon's new arts co-ordinator, and by Associate Principal Louise Lewin. It took place in the foyer of Glendon Hall; and was an opportunity for students and professors to share both personal and published poetry. As GCSU vice-president Nicole Lavigne put it, "they spoke of love, anger, and most importantly, of hope." And they spoke not only bilingually, since this was a "celebration of bilingualism", but trilingually - there was even a poem in Spanish.

It was a very elegant evening, and except for the late start, it all went very smoothly. There was piano music playing in the background while guests arrived, there were ushers to take coats and to bring guests to their seats, and the foyer was lit up with candlelight and

decorated with roses. There were two MCs, students Isabelle Langlois and David Clarke, who introduced the readers and also provided some comic relief when the thoughts were too deep.

In the words of one participant, "poetry night makes me feel like the whole world is beautiful." It was also described as an event which enhances Glendon's cultural atmosphere, and Principal Kenneth McRoberts hailed poetry night as a new Glendon cultural tradition.

After the poetry, the doors of

the Glendon Gallery were opened for "For the Love of Art", an exhibition of artwork and photography by Glendon students Tenace D'Armaniac, Lise Fournier, Melissa Holmes, Irena Kolbuszewska, Katherine Spence, Jean-Sebastien Lessard, Danusia Szejkwowska, Amy Tang, and Vanessa Tonoo. Wine and cheese were provided by Chartwells catering, and the reception was an opportunity to meet and get to know the poets and artists who made this evening possible.

Would you like to be interviewed?

We are interested in speaking with students who have a disability -physical, learning, behavioral. In preparation for Access Awareness week/month, the Counselling Centre will run a series of articles that showcase the experiences of University students with disabilities. If you are interested in participating in this event by sharing your thoughts and responses, please call 487-6709 and leave a message for Katherine. She will contact you to set-up an interview. Your anonymous comments will be incorporated in various articles published during Access Awareness week/month.

Voulez-vous participer à une entrevue ?

Nous voulons parler aux étudiants qui ont des troubles d'apprentissage, de comportement, ou des handicaps physiques afin de déterminer les obstacles auxquels ils font face à l'université. Si vous êtes intéressés à participer, veuillez contacter Katherine au 487-6709 et veuillez lui laisser un message. Vos commentaires anonymes seront incorporés dans plusieurs articles publiés pendant la semaine de la conscience à l'accès.

Glendon Gossip

Danielle Seville-

Mary: "I'm not going to tell you who it is, but..."

Carlie: "Oh, come on, it's ME!"

M: "Well, ok, but this is just between us."

C: "Don't worry, you can trust me."

M: "I just kissed Bobby!"

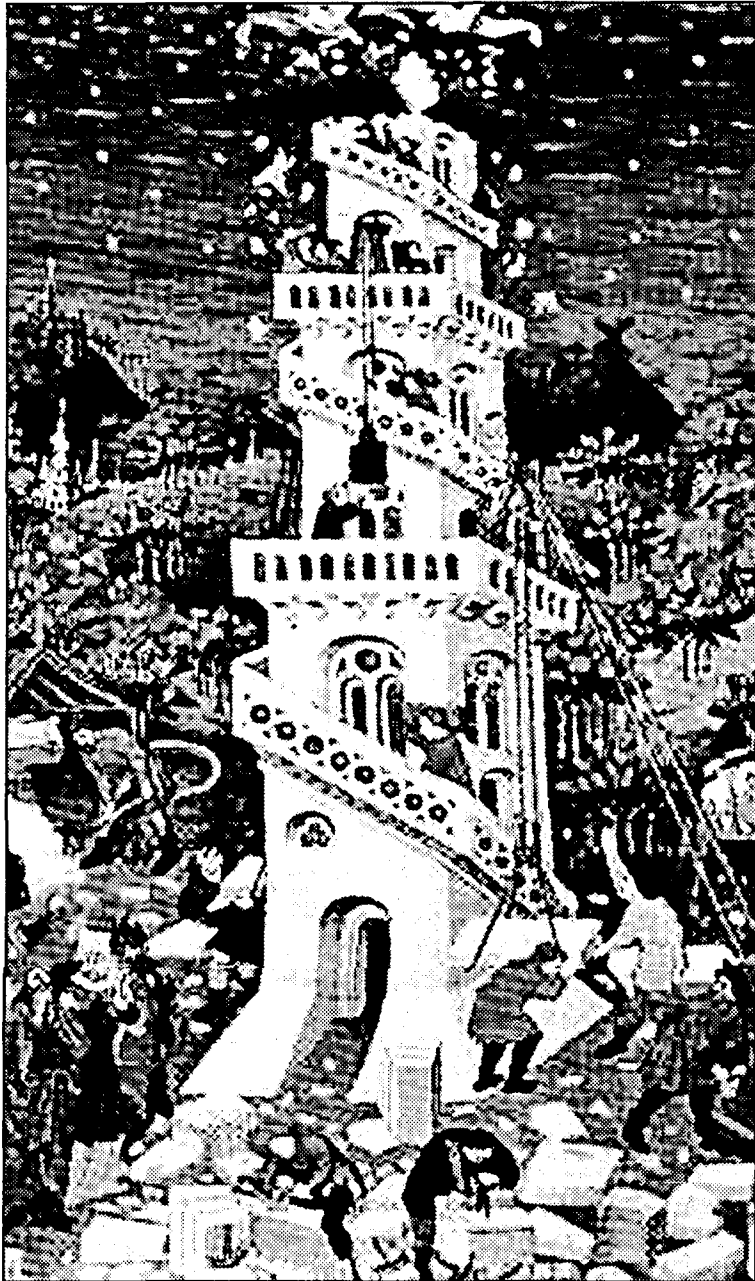
C: "But I thought he was gay!"

M: "No, that's his ROOMMATE."

C: "Oh, well congratulations, I guess."

M: "Thanks! Just don't tell anyone, because I'm not sure whether or not this is going anywhere, and I want to keep it quiet."

C: "Don't worry! I would never tell anyone!"



Joleen: "Have you seen Mary today?"

Carlie: "Actually, she was just in my room, and you won't BELIEVE what she told me!"

J: "What?"

C: "Well, I really shouldn't say..."

J: "Who would I tell?"

C: "Alright, just between us, she made out with Bobby today. You know, the one with the gay roommate on X 4th."

J: "Really? I heard he was dating Becky."

C: "Well, who knows? Maybe he's playing them both. Just don't tell anyone, ok? I'm not even supposed to be telling you this."

J: "Don't worry, I've got better things to worry about than spreading gossip."

J: "No, they broke up."

M: "Ah. I see. Well, thank you for your concern! It's good to know I have friends like you."

Marissa: "Well, I just got back from dinner with Bobby."

Carlie: "Oh, that's nice. Did you have a good time?"

M: "Well, yes, but I kept having disturbing thoughts the whole time; I heard today that he's sleeping with two different girls, and it just kind of made me question his honesty. Now, I haven't talked to HIM about it; I mean, I'm not even supposed to know anything. But you know how people confide in me... I hear everything that goes on in this place!"

C: "Yea, it seems like you can't trust anyone anymore!"

Joleen: "Where are you going?"

Marissa: "I'm having dinner with Bobby."

J: "You should watch out... I'm not going to say this to anyone else, but you're my good friend and I worry about you, so I'll tell you that he's screwing around with two girls right now."

M: "Well, we're just friends, so you have nothing to worry about. Who are the girls?"

J: "Oh, I really can't tell you that."

M: "Come on, you've already told me enough... maybe I'll just ask Bobby about it."

J: "Alright, I guess you'd find out anyway.... Becky and Mary."

M: "You're kidding! I thought that Mary was dating Bill!"

Mary: "I just got your message... you wanted to talk to me?"

Carlie: "Mary, you absolutely cannot see Bobby again, for your own sake. I've had suspi-

cions that Bobby was playing you, you know, seeing someone else at the same time and everything, and, well, I just had them confirmed by a very reliable source. In fact, it was one of the only people I trust in rez who told me, and she's good friends with him, too. Why didn't you TELL me you were fucking him? I wish you'd talked to me first! I heard that Becky, the other girl he's having sex with, was TESTED FOR CRABS. You should really be more careful!"

Well, here we are again. Exams are drawing near. Nerves are stretched taut, and sparks are ready to fly given the slightest provocation. The same people have been living in the same close, cramped quarters for three months now, and almost everybody is apparently concerned with everyone else's business. Stories are exchanged and exaggerated; some contain tiny fragments of truth, others are entirely false. Sometimes it's hard to distinguish fact from fiction, and it seems to be equally hard for

Commentary

people to remember that, regardless, it's none of their business unless they were directly involved in whatever supposed situation. People, I'm talking about the "Glendon rumor mill". The reason I'm writing this is to clearly separate, once and for all, the truth from the fiction in every rumor I've been approached with.

Here are the facts:

1. I'm sleeping with your boyfriend.
2. I'm sleeping with your girlfriend.
3. I have A.I.D.S.
4. I'm addicted to heroin.
5. The reason I go to the bathroom so much is that I have an eating disorder.
6. Those naked pictures on the

internet ARE me.

7. I'm the residence thief; all of your C.D.'s, not to mention your money, are in my room.

8. I'm the cock drawer.

9. I'm the one who is responsible for all the graffiti on campus.

10. Rob Shaw is jealous of the GREAT donkey on campus.

11. I'm the one who took down all the posters.

12. I cut up other people's pets. Just like Ed.

13. If by some fluke I haven't slept with your significant other yet, don't

worry; I will. In fact, I'm even working on Hilliard now.

14. Pat Tomlison slept his way to the Editorial position.

15. This IS your business.

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Perspectives

Le Caucase : une poudrière de type balkanique?

Martin Carrier-

Le Caucase, ce territoire d'Asie centrale (400 000 km²) localisé entre la mer Noire, la mer Caspienne, la Russie et qui a comme voisins au sud l'Iran et la Turquie, est une région de notre planète qui risque d'être inévitablement fertile en conflits armés en ce début de 21^e siècle. Voici les faits très brièvement.

Cette zone, habitée par un peu plus de 21 millions d'habitants, risque d'être la cible à court terme d'un cataclysme ethnique d'envergure, du fait que ce petit territoire assez densément peuplé représente une véritable mosaïque ethnique et religieuse. En effet, on y retrouve pas moins d'une cinquantaine de peuples distincts et pas moins de 12 langages différents, sans mentionner l'importance primordiale qu'occupe les nombreuses religions tel l'Islam (chiite et sunnite), l'Orthodoxie Géorgienne ainsi que l'Église d'Arménie. On se doit fermement de tenir compte des nombreux forages pétroliers sous la Caspienne, ces derniers augmentant considérablement la valeur potentielle de la région. Le Caucase est également doté d'un sous-sol assez riche en métaux de toutes sortes et est parsemé de vallées fertiles ou

l'on y cultive du tabac, du thé et des agrumes (surtout proche de la Mer Noire). Pour ce qui est des montagnes, l'élevage de moutons se veut l'industrie fondamentale tandis qu'aux abords de la Caspienne, les nombreux esturgeons fournissent un caviar hautement prisé.

Depuis l'implosion et le démembrement du régime soviétique, le Caucase a été plus ou moins laissé à lui-même et les nouvelles républiques qui y sont réapparues ont reçu lord du divorce des frontières conflictuelles et une population qui redécouvre subitement sa ferveur nationale. C'est le cas notamment de la Tchétchénie qui, depuis 1991, réclame son indépendance de la Russie, s'engageant dans une guerre contre celle-ci de 1994 à 1996. Cette année néanmoins, une vague d'attentats terroristes provenant (dit-on) de la Tchétchénie est venue secouer la Russie. En effet, les Tchétchènes, incitant le Daghestan dans la création de leur État islamique, ont servi de prétexte à une Russie sans confiance pour se mobiliser politiquement et se venger de leur échec relatif encouru quelques années plus tôt. Celle-ci, grâce à l'opinion publique favorable et l'intérêt stratégique du

Daghestan d'un point de vue pétrolier et militaire, a lancée une nouvelle offensive sur le territoire Tchétchène à qui la «punition» servira d'exemple à tout mouvement d'émancipation aux frontières de la Russie, mais plus particulièrement en ce qui a trait à la région du Nord-Caucase. Cette guerre fait toujours rage aujourd'hui.

Des affrontement ethniques eurent également lieu en Géorgie, lorsque des musulmans d'Abkhazie tentèrent de devenir autonome en 1992. Même problème encore pour les Géorgiens en ce qui concerne l'Ossétie du Sud, qui recherche sa réunification avec l'Ossétie du Nord depuis 1991. Je me dois également de mentionner les vingt millions de Kurdes qui réclament toujours une autonomie effective pour le Kurdistan, à la suite des promesses du traité de Sèvres (1920) non respectées par les alliés après la Première Guerre Mondiale.

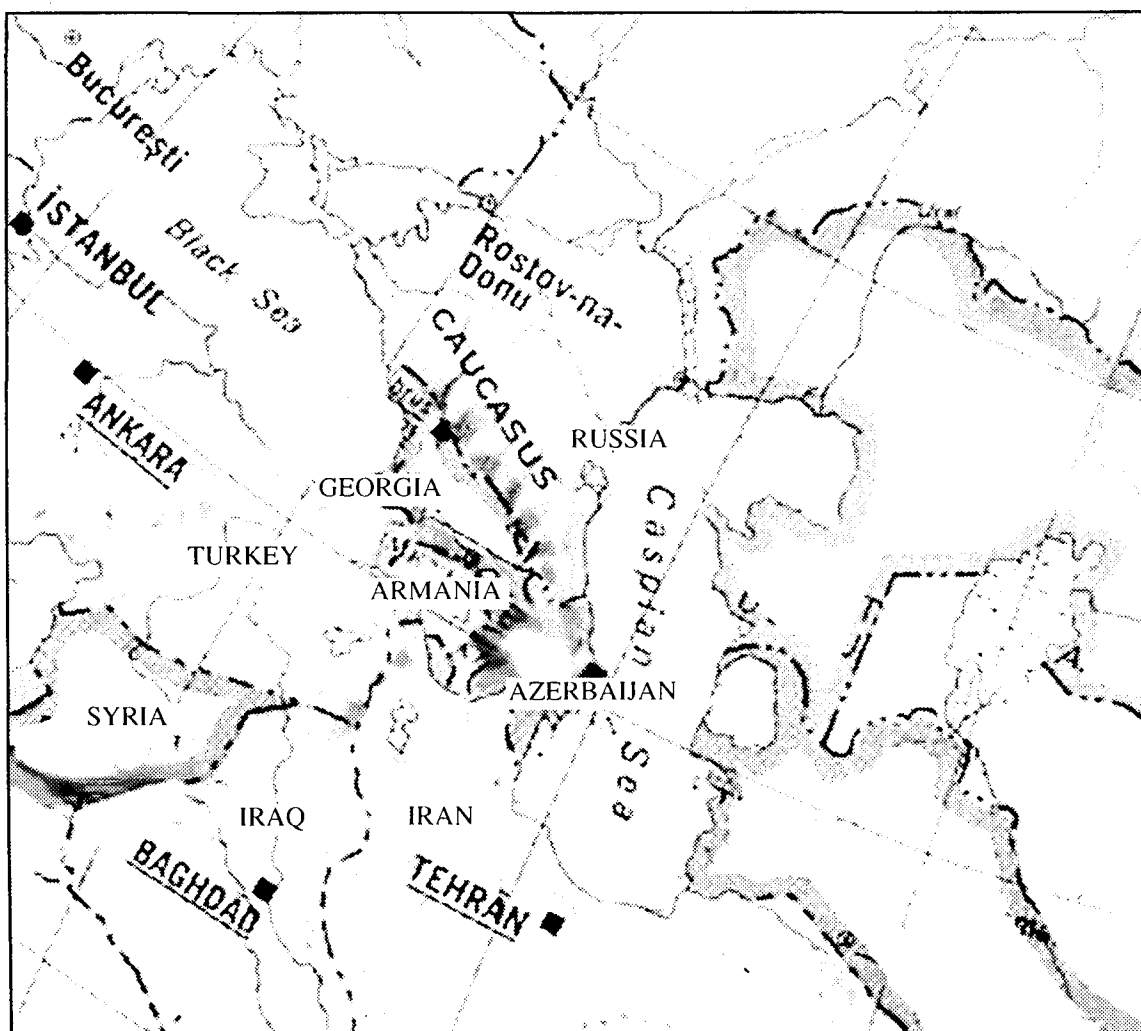
Pour participer à l'institution du chaos régionale, l'Arménie et l'Azerbaïdjan se disputent une zone peuplée d'Arméniens qui se nomme le Haut-Karabakh. Le mois passé, des terroristes de cette région ont pénétré au Parlement et fait feu sur le Premier Ministre Sarkissian

ainsi que sur sept autres ministres, tuant ces huit hommes politiques. Tout ceci simplement parce que ces terroristes réclamaient, semble-t-il, l'annexion du Haut-Karabakh à l'Arménie ainsi que la fin de l'effritement national, tout en dénonçant du même fait la corruption du régime arménien.

Mais quelles sont les causes fondamentales derrière toute cette discorde? Il semble ardu d'isoler le problème exact, mais il existe des malaises majeurs que nous nous devons d'identifier. Le premier problème en est un qui a influencé presque chaque nouveau conflit dans le Caucase : la disparité religieuse. Sous le régime «communiste», la religion n'était pas en accord avec la sécularisation de l'URSS mais au cours de l'effondrement du pouvoir central soviétique, une redécouverte de celle-ci a forgé un caractère distinct (et donc un sentiment national) pour des ethnies de la région. Le Caucase, dont la population est à moitié musulmane, est aussi en train de faire connaissance avec l'Islamisme radical, mouvement qui justifie l'usage de la force et qui heureusement ne regroupe qu'une fraction minime des musulmans proprement dit. Je me doit également de signaler

que les autres religions du Caucase ne sont pas nécessairement plus tolérantes, ni même plus pacifiques. Tout ceci saupoudré de frontières arbitraires et désuètes et d'une répartition des richesses excessivement inégales contribuent sans contredit à l'amorce d'une puissante bombe qui pourrait éclater à tout moment et, probablement, parviendrait à entraîner des voisins de taille considérable.

Le Caucase peut donc se comparer assez étroitement avec les Balkans. Cela est grandement dû à son fractionnement multiple survenu à la suite de l'écroulement du pouvoir dominant de la région, mais également du fait que ces deux territoires sont au prise avec un effritement constant causé par les différentes religions ainsi que les nombreux peuples distincts, comme en fait fie le Daghestan avec ses 40 ethnies locales! Si on semble maintenant tourner la page en ce qui concerne l'Europe du Sud-est, pourrions-nous tirer une leçon de l'expérience balkanique en ce qui concerne ce territoire d'Asie centrale? Aurons-nous droit à une autre «intervention internationale» qui pourrait éventuellement servir de détonateur pour cette poudrière humaine?



Do you think straight?

Karen Tacchi-

Recently one of my friends was a victim of what she called a "heterocism." This new "ism" is best defined as the automatic assumption that everyone is straight. It didn't take me long to realize that she was right; despite the fact that it is almost 2000 and homosexuals are busting out of the closet, the majority of society still assumes that homosexuality is taboo and homosexuals are rare. While it is true that we don't walk around with our sexuality tattooed on our foreheads, lesbians, gays and bisexuals are a part of society. That is an indisputable fact. We are everywhere, including Glendon. Glendon students, to the best of my knowledge, have always

been willing to take a stand for their rights, and keep up on the times. Well, assuming everyone is straight is passé. It is true that change is a slow process, but IT IS necessary. It's time to stop assuming that heterosexuality is the "norm." By changing your vocabulary and your way of thinking, you are making a small but significant step in acknowledging the full diversity of our society and respecting differences. For instance, rather than asking someone if they have a boyfriend or girlfriend ask if they are seeing someone. "Heterocisms" can be eliminated. I am writing this article to ask that you include us rather than alienate us.

Perspectives

Is Santa a Spy?

Rob Shaw-

Early morning in late September columns of tanks, armored personnel carriers and trucks bearing surface-to-air missiles move through Beijing, followed by decorated floats representing each of China's provinces: white plastic horses for inner Mongolia, a replica of Hong Kong's skyscraping skyline for China's newest territory. Army Veterans with medals, from their service in the communist revolution, wait in stands as the parade celebrating fifty years of communism takes to the streets. Early afternoon in late November, columns of high school marching bands, bag pipe brigades, clowns, kids, and decorated corporate floats move through the streets of Toronto, followed by a man, high above the rest, wearing a red felt coat and sporting a beard worthy of Marx. Children with parents watch impatiently on the cold sidewalks as the Santa Claus parade begins one more season of consumer warfare.

Back in September CNN had a field day covering the communist parade in China. Small documentary style footage showed soldiers marching in unison with tanks, missiles and artillery being paraded behind them. The Chinese people lined up along every avenue to get a glimpse of the "communist machine" rolling through town. In a sense, it was a way CNN could re-market the evil communist empire; after all, it seems to be a dying government. Nevertheless, CNN

and its army of foreign correspondents had a grand time recreating the cold war propaganda.

The other day I'm walking along Boor Street in Toronto as the Santa Claus parade is tirelessly going through the motions as it does every year. As I stopped to watch, I couldn't help but notice the many similarities between this parade and the communist Chinese parade. Aside from the obvious replacements like surface-to air missiles for Pokemon or the Chinese military bands for the 12th Highland Brigade, there wasn't much difference. Each parade was organized with military style precision as both events celebrated and showcased their own ideologies. On the one hand, the communists were parading discipline, authority and equality. On the other, the capitalists were parading material wealth, consumerism and production, which finished off with the old Coke icon himself, Santa.

As I watched, I thought: how is it that two parades on opposite sides of the world, with opposite ideologies, could look exactly alike? I concluded that there had to be someone tipping off the commies.

In 1931 Coca-Cola hired Swedish artist Haddon Sunblom to devise Santa Claus for their pre-Christmas advertising campaign. Before Santa became a living Coke bottle, the Dutch Saint Nikolass often wore blue,

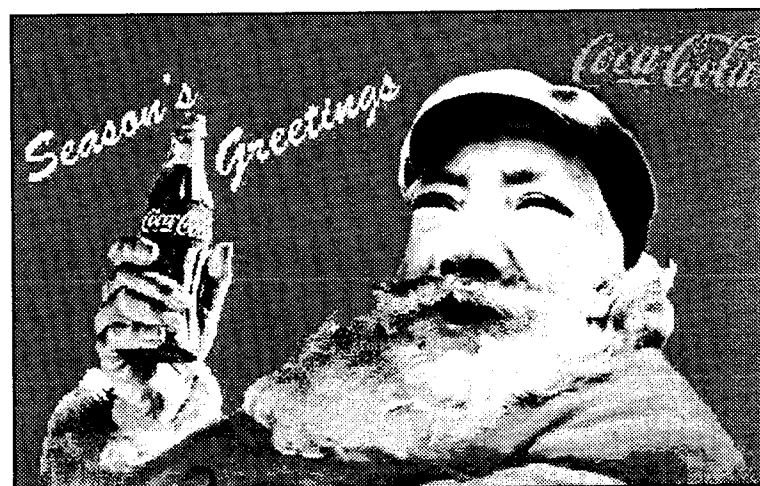
green, or yellow. He was thin, tall and had hallow cheeks. The western model was none other than a retired Coca-Cola salesman.

Prior to Coca-Cola's portrayal of Santa, he was seen as a mythological character that brought hope and happiness to the world. There are thousands of stories, but traditionally the old bastard would come into town and bring gifts to all the children. However, when Coca-Cola got a hold of him, this ideology of giving to all, or equally to everyone, was replaced with only the good get presents and the bad don't. In other words, the capitalist conformists get materials and the anti-conformists get left out.

Santa became a pretty darn good capitalist. But I could never figure out why he's wearing that big red coat and sporting a white beard. Then it hit me; Santa is a spy!

Back in the fifties when the Americans were executing spies like the Rosenbergs the communists had to re-evaluate their strategy. Essentially, what they did was recruit someone into their cold war spying operation that would not only be welcomed, but also would be paraded through the streets of North America. At the same time, they needed a figure that would be able to distract Westerners for a period of time in order to plan an attack.

In a top-secret document released by the Anti-Communist



Association of America, in the mid-eighties, it was revealed that communist Russia had reached a deal with Coca-Cola and Santa. Basically, it said that when the west was won, the Russians would make sure Pepsi would hit the road and that Coke would become the soft drink of the world.

The strategy behind the communist plan was to have Santa promote and encourage consumerism during late November and December. Through this he would have to orchestrate parades and visit local malls around North America. The communists believed that if the west could be pre-occupied for six weeks of the year with mass spending, then they could attack before anyone could do anything about it.

Santa has become a major influence in engineering this global take-over. However, as late as last week, the communists have been receiving information that the parades are getting bigger

with larger turnouts; that corporations are already claiming record profits; and credit card companies say that this year is the biggest spending ever. The communists figure that this is the season and we'll never see it coming.

My hope this holiday season is that we don't fall for Santa's communist tricks and that they don't invade. I can live in a world without Pepsi, but I don't think York can.

Just remember this Christmas when you're roaming through a mall that Santa is a really a communist disguised as a capitalist propagator of consumerism. Don't support his agenda. Buy nothing this Christmas. Take your money out of the bank and bury it in fields. Hide and let the war begin.

Inspired by the article Why I Hate You.

Solo Spice

Catherine Hancock-

In the past five years, we have all come to know Melanie C as Sparty Spice. She was the only Spice Girl who wasn't afraid to dress down and act normal. She was also, according to many critics, the only one who could sing. I, however, was not one of those critics.

Out of all the Spice Girls, Mel C was my least favorite. She couldn't sing - she could scream. She couldn't dance - she could jump around (sometimes to the beat). And although she was one of the few Spices who seemed to have her head screwed on straight, I didn't have any respect for her as a performer. I never understood what all the fuss was about - until now.

Northern Star is Melanie's first solo album. Whether you were a Spice fan or not, this is a good album. An amazing list of talented collaborators (Danny Saber, William Orbit and Bryan Adams, to name a few) backed Mel C up in the studio, creating a variety of different sounds.

Many of you have probably seen the video for her first single, "Goin' Down" on television. Why she chose to even release this track is beyond me. It's probably the worst song on the album. I guess she (or her management) figured that if you liked that one, you'd love the rest of the album. "I turn to you" sounds like it could find itself on Madonna's Ray Of Light CD. "Never be the same again" is a great number featur-

ing the infamous styles of none other than Left Eye, from TLC. From rock to uplifting acoustics to beautiful ballads - it's all here.

Her newest single, "Northern Star" is a gorgeous slow song. Unfortunately, the music video doesn't do it justice. The next time you see this video, close your eyes and just listen - you might be in for a shock.

It's strange how things work out that way. As a Spice Girl, I loved her looks and hated her voice. Now, it's the other way around.

Typical lyric: I've never been in love before / But this is where it has to end / I just can't love you anymore / Don't even want you as a friend



Features

Le collège universitaire de Glendon a pour mandat de promouvoir le bilinguisme français-anglais par tous les moyens mis à sa disposition. Mais la meilleure façon d'assurer la continuité du bilinguisme à Glendon est sans contredit d'avoir une présence équilibrée de francophones et d'anglophones. Pour ce qui est des anglophones, le bassin de population de la ville de Toronto assure la présence, pour ne pas dire la prédominance de l'anglais à Glendon. Par contre, des services administratifs et une formation universitaire prodigués dans la langue de Molière dans un environnement principalement anglophone ne manquent pas d'attirer pour tous ces francophones adeptes du bilinguisme. Même si quelques-uns d'entre eux viennent contribuer à la saveur internationale de Glendon, la plupart des francophones nous viennent d'un peu partout au Canada, plus particulièrement du Québec.

Quoi? Il y a des Québécois à Glendon?

Le Québec étant la province qui compte le plus de francophones au Canada, et qui, par le fait même, se trouve à être le principal porte étendard du français en Amérique, on serait porté à croire que les Québécois constituent une part importante, non seulement de la population francophone, mais de tout le corps étudiant à Glendon. Se serait pourtant se tromper gravement que de penser une telle chose. En effet, les francophones en général, les Québécois en particulier, représentent une très mince couche de la population étudiante de Glendon. Pour ne prendre que les Québécois, entre les années 1995 et 1998, ces derniers n'ont jamais représenté plus de quatre pour cent du nombre total d'étudiants inscrits

dans des programmes de premier cycle. Ce qui se résume, en chiffres absolus, à une cinquantaine d'étudiants québécois de premier cycle qui, chaque année, étudient à Glendon. Une baisse importante que les professeurs qui enseignent à Glendon depuis les années quatre-vingt vous avouent sans

doute avoir remarquée. Il serait bien difficile d'établir avec certitude les causes réelles de la quasi absence des Québécois à Glendon en cette fin de décennie. On serait sans doute tous portés à blâmer le bureau de liaison qui est responsable de la promotion de Glendon au Québec. Mais ce serait encore une fois faire fausse route. Après enquête, il s'avère que les membres du bureau de liaison font très bon usage des ressources allouées à la promotion de Glendon au Québec. Plus d'une trentaine de Cégeps sont en effet visités par un ou deux représentants du Collège. Le tout prenant place pendant la fameuse tournée des Cégeps, événement qui canalise plusieurs universités en un, même point, en un même temps, et qui ne manque jamais d'attirer les regards des jeunes Québécois qui souhaitent poursuivre des études universitaires, on peut difficilement imaginer une meilleure façon de promouvoir Glendon au Québec. Interrogée au sujet du si bas nombre de Québécois inscrit à Glendon, Marie-Claude Brassard, coordinatrice des vis-

ites de Cégeps au Québec, affirme que tout est mis en œuvre pour attirer les Québécois à Glendon, mais que les droits de scolarité, plus élevés en Ontario qu'au Québec (voir encadré), en rebutent plusieurs.

Dans le passé, une bourse spéciale d'une valeur de deux mille dollars était allouée par le gouvernement du Québec à tous les Québécois qui entreprenaient des études universitaires en anglais, qu'ils eussent choisi d'étudier hors Québec ou dans la belle province même. Malheureusement, il y a trois ans, dans un effort de réduction du fardeau fiscale de la province de Québec, le gouvernement péquiste de Lucien Bouchard a passé au couperet, un peu à la manière du gouvernement Harris en Ontario, tout ce qui était jugé « non essentiel » à la santé de l'État. La bourse d'étude en anglais fut parmi les premières victimes à tomber dans cette tuerie aveugle. Sans support financier et avec l'option de rester au Québec et de payer presque trois fois moins en droits de

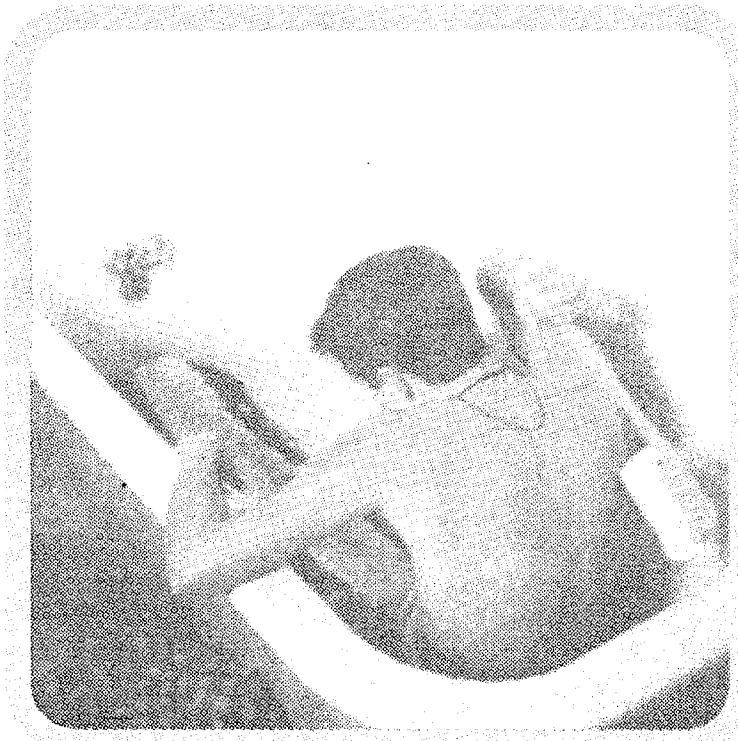
scolarité, il est facile d'imaginer pourquoi si peu d'étudiants québécois prennent la route de l'Ontario ou des autres provinces canadiennes.

Le principal de Glendon, M. McRoberts, confie en entrevue qu'il déplore le fait qu'il y ait si peu de Québécois à Glendon. Bien que le campus offre



Une goutte de bleu sur une toile rouge

Pa



Features

Pour un Québécois, il en coûte 4363.50\$ en droits de scolarité pour une année d'étude à Glendon (cinq cours complets). Ce qui équivaut à 145.45\$ par crédit. Ce même Québécois, s'il prend le même nombre de cours, payera 1839.30\$, ou 61.31\$ par crédit, s'il étudie à l'Université de Montréal, 1668.30\$, ou 55.61\$ par crédit, s'il étudie à l'université McGill, et 1668\$, ou 55.60\$ par crédit, s'il étudie à l'Université Laval. Il y a de quoi faire réfléchir!

n'ont alors pas vraiment le choix; ils commencent à Glendon et doivent y compléter leurs études, si, bien sûr, ils souhaitent continuer dans ce domaine. C'est en effet l'histoire de plusieurs. Mais cela pourrait bientôt être appelé à changer. L'Université de Montréal est sur le point de mettre sur pied un programme équivalent qui, s'il offre une formation de qualité, permettrait aux Québécois férus de politique internationale de pouvoir s'offrir une éducation à prix moindre. Malgré cela, il restera toujours à Glendon quelques programmes uniques en leur genre pour charmer les Québécois. Les études des femmes en attirent quelques-uns, ou devrais-je dire, quelques-unes qui ne regrettent pas leur choix. Et que dire de l'école de traduction! Elle n'est pas unique de par sa nature, mais le degré d'excellence qui s'y rattache la porte dans une classe à part.

Les Québécois à Glendon semblent être une race en voie de

disparition. L'habitat, bien que propice à leur développement, exerce de fortes tensions sur leur portefeuille. Trop fortes si on les compare à celles de l'habitat naturel qu'est le Québec. Cependant, les étudiants québécois sont peut-être à la veille de reprendre leurs vieilles habitudes migratoires. La destruction progressive de leur environnement naturel, c'est-à-dire l'augmentation continue des droits de scolarité au Québec, pourrait en effet les pousser à s'aventurer au-delà de la belle province. « L'herbe est toujours plus verte chez le voisin » dit le proverbe, mais souvent, ce qui nous pousse à aller vivre chez ce voisin c'est tout simplement que son herbe est moins jaune que la nôtre. Aussi l'herbe jaunée de Glendon ne sera-t-elle attrayante aux Québécois que lorsque la leur le sera encore plus.

le Campus et à donner une conférence sur les relations Québec-Ontario afin de faire connaître Glendon au sein du gouvernement québécois et de resserrer les liens existant déjà entre Glendon et le Québec. M. McRoberts ne souhaite cependant pas s'arrêter là. Des démarches ont été entreprises auprès du gouvernement québécois afin de discuter de l'importance des Québécois à Glendon. Les discussions n'en étant encore qu'au stade préliminaire, M. McRoberts n'a pas voulu en préciser la nature exacte. Bien que les efforts déployés par le service de liaison ne semblent pas avoir rapportés les gains escomptés, M. McRoberts ne souhaite pas remettre en question les sommes d'argent qui lui sont allouées. Selon lui, il n'y aurait qu'à figoler l'approche utilisée pour la promotion de Glendon. Aussi croit-il que plus d'emphase devrait être mis sur les attributs qui font de Glendon un endroit exceptionnel pour poursuivre des études universitaires. Il est ici question, entre autres, de son site enchanteur, de son faible ratio professeurs/étudiants et de ses excellents programmes de traduction, d'études internationales et d'études des femmes. Même si les campagnes de promotion des dernières années se sont avérées plutôt décevantes, le principal demeure confiant que, dans les années à venir, les Québécois « retrouveront » le chemin de Glendon.

Si les Québécois ne se bousculent plus pour entrer à Glendon, un certain nombre d'entre eux continue néanmoins de nous arriver à chaque année. La question qui se pose alors est la suivante : qu'est-ce qui pousse ces quelques individus à aller là où de moins en moins des leurs se rendent? Voici quelques suggestions.

Rester ou ne pas rester, là est la question!

Les Québécois de Glendon ont en général une idée commune en tête lorsqu'ils choisissent Glendon: apprendre l'anglais. Quoi de mieux, en effet, qu'une petite enclave francophone au milieu d'un océan anglophone pour parvenir à leurs fins? La possibilité de survivre et même de vivre en français qu'offre Glendon aux étudiants fraîchement arrivés de la belle province n'est pas sans en rassurer plusieurs. Que celui qui n'a jamais souhaité retomber dans les bras de sa langue maternelle après une éprouvante journée passée dans l'incertitude d'une langue étrangère me lance la première pierre! Certains Québécois, peu conscients de la

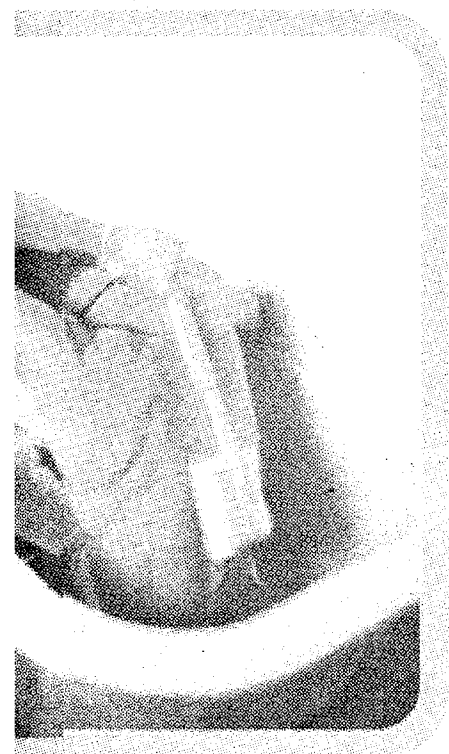
disparité réelle des frais de scolarité de l'Ontario et du Québec, se font leurrer par les nombreuses bourses d'entrées qu'offre Glendon. Ces dernières viendront amenuiser le fardeau que représente les droits de scolarité de la première année sans toutefois pourvoir aux besoins financiers des années subséquentes. Athéna Cyr, Québécoise qui est dans sa quatrième année d'étude en économie, ici, à Glendon et qui fut récipiendaire de plusieurs bourses d'entrée non renouvelables, ne s'est vraiment rendu compte de l'ampleur des droits de scolarité qu'à sa deuxième année. Il n'était alors plus question de retourner au Québec et de risquer de perdre toute une année de labeur. Son histoire est loin d'être unique, mais le fait qu'elle ait tenu le coup jusqu'à la dernière année mérite sûrement de faire la manchette! Certains décideront de clore leur aventure à Glendon et de plier bagage dès leur première année scolaire terminée, sous prétexte de vouloir éviter de payer la totalité des droits de scolarité qu'encourrait une deuxième année d'étude. Heureux, ils s'en retourneront souvent avec quelques crédits en poche et une année passée à apprendre l'anglais. D'autres, moins nombreux ceux-là, ne jetteront la serviette qu'après la deuxième ou la troisième année, faute d'argent, parce qu'ils ont le mal du pays, ou bien parce qu'ils se sentent désarmés face au fait que le français en vogue à Glendon soit celui de la France. Quelques-uns, avouons le, déçus du programme dans lequel ils sont inscrits, ou tout bêtement parce qu'ils n'aiment pas l'atmosphère d'étude plutôt relâchée qu'offre Glendon, partiront, que ce soit après la première année ou les années subséquentes, en se maudissant d'avoir mis le pied sur le campus.

Les Québécois ne quittent quand même pas tous Glendon avec la tête entre les jambes. Effectivement, bon nombre d'entre eux quittent Glendon avec la tête haute et avec un diplôme ou deux en poche. La raison la plus souvent évoquée par ces derniers pour expliquer leur présence à Glendon, raison qui n'est pas sans jeter quelques fleurs au campus, est le fait que le collège offre des programmes qui sont, ou bien unique en leur genre, ou bien très recherchés. C'est le cas, entre autres, du programmes d'études internationales. Nombre de Québécois aboutissent à Glendon tout simplement parce qu'il n'y pas d'université québécoise qui offrent un tel programme. Ces derniers



Jean-Philippe Nadeau

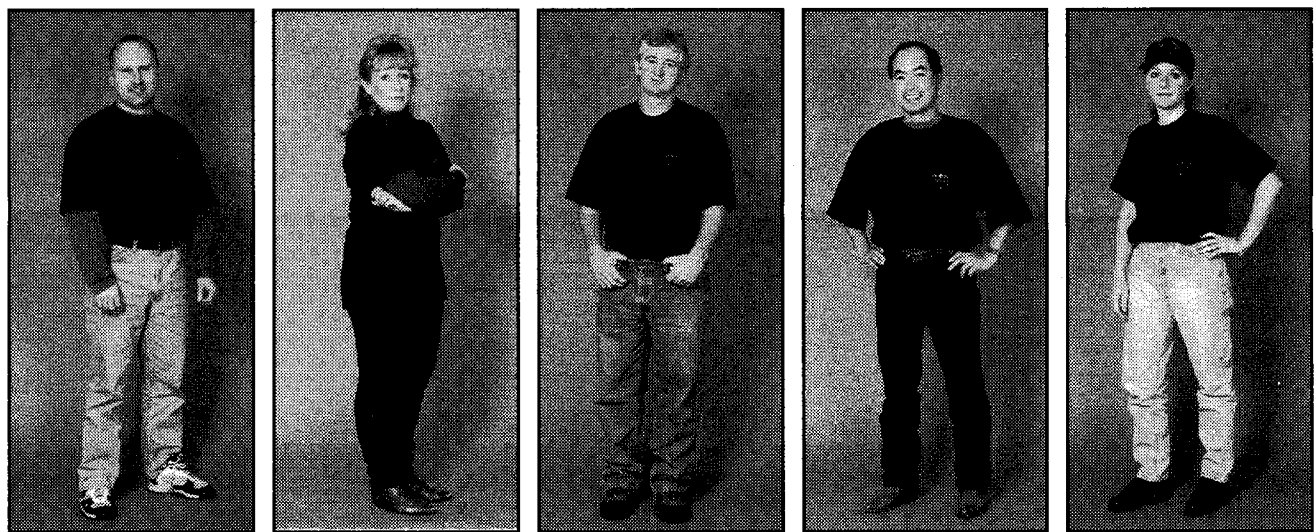
d'abord et avant tout une chance aux franco-ontariens de poursuivre des études universitaires en français, une présence accrue des Québécois à Glendon est plus que souhaitable, souligne-t-il. Dans cette optique, M. Joseph Facal, ministre québécois des affaires inter-provinciales, a été invité, le mois dernier, à visiter



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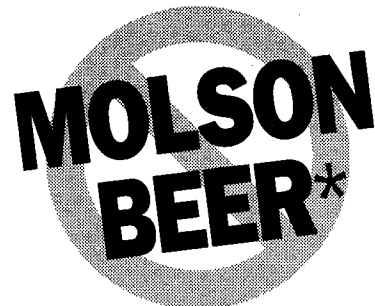


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Molson's workers
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*Canadian, Coors Light, Export, Golden, Black Ice, Molson Dry, Canadian Light, Canadian Ice, Miller Genuine Draft, Carling Light, Carling Draft, Carling Ice, Carling, Carling Dark, OV, O'Keefe, Milwaukee's Best, Stock, Club Ale

Perspectives/World issues

“Hollyworld”

Food for thought - Where's the beef?

- Steven Irvine

The world moves fast. Media is faster. No worries, it'll get faster... we have great power and it comes with a free juicer. "Who wants mind control?" "I do, I do!" "Me too please!" With great power comes great responsibility - heard that a thousand times and it continues to make perfect sense. Guess we have it really easy then, because great powers take care of us every day. We invite them into our lives, our homes, our families... our beds... [hee hee] "God? Yeah, I think I heard something about that guy... but did you hear that Tom & Nicole are getting a divorce? It apparently has something to do with Kubrick's death!"

"America bombards you with dreams and robs you of your own."

Politics and big money are patting their fat, gluttonous bellies. "I WON! I WON!" Print, music, movies, television, internet... Fuck image - Drink Sprite. All are brilliant in design and are well managed to keep us content. "I just painted my picket fence white." "Good for you, dear. It looks lovely." Media is not a sixth sense. "If you build it, they will come." Well, we've built it and have already cum many times over. Many of us on the planet have been taught to read as soon as we are able. Don't believe the type! DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF PURSUATION! "Hey Buddy, your fly is down." "There is a crack in everything. That's how the light gets in."

Image engulfs. Advertising sells. Obey your thirst! It is everywhere. Like it or not, people see you. Your image is in their eye - not your own. What you see in the mirror is only what you see in the mirror. Brown to one and shit to another. "Give the dog some more candy. It loves candy. Don't worry, it'll work it off when it sleeps." "I wish there was a book or program that would tell me how to be a better, modern man." The machine will give you money if you keep putting money into it. Time is money. Money makes the world go around, and around, and around,

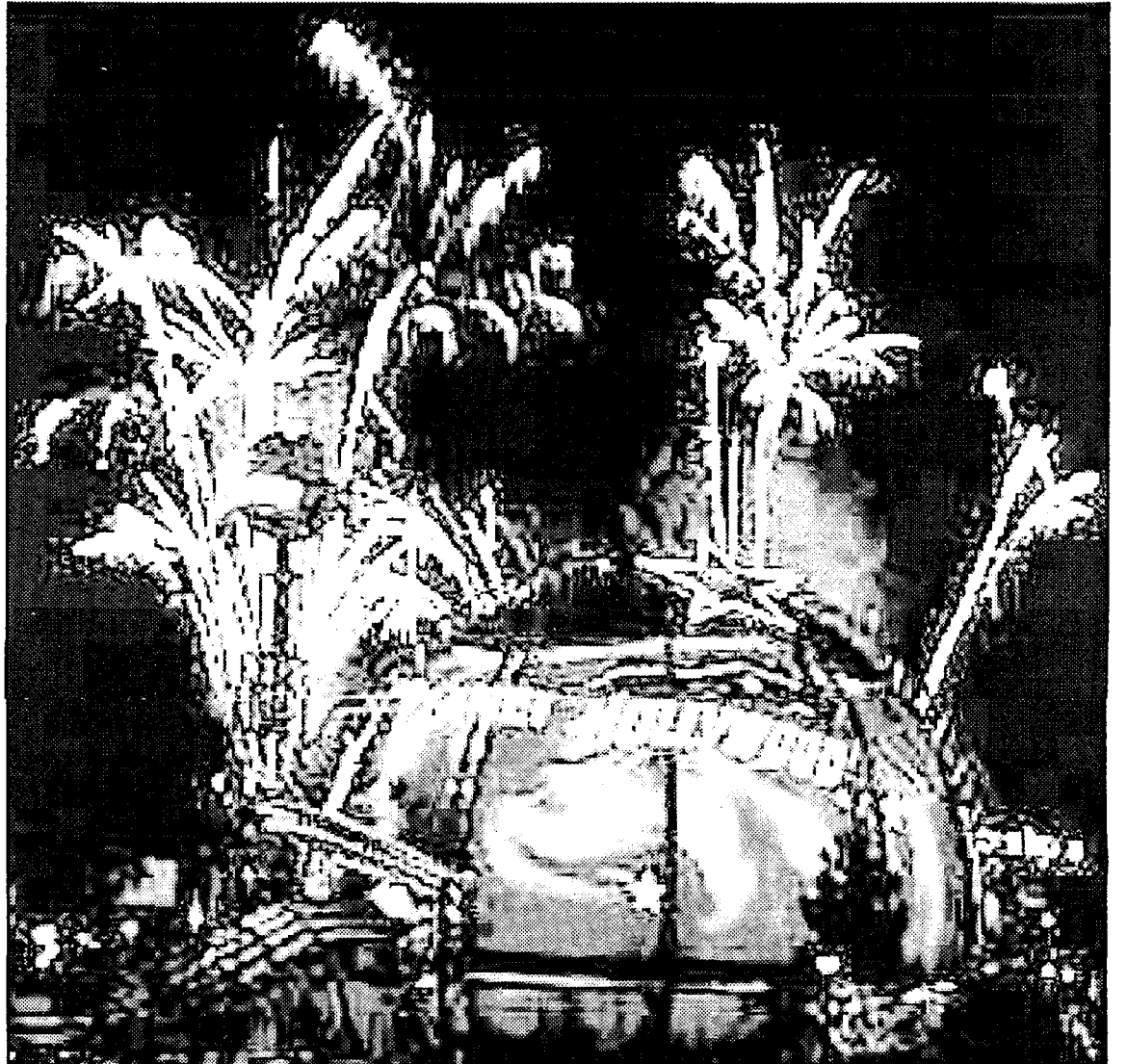
and around, and around... "Jane get me off this crazy thing!" If time is money, then stop wasting time.

Ode to The Golden Arches: Two mock-meat patties, unknown sauce, veggies please, stomach ulcers on a sesame seed bun.

Cola companies spend billions of dollars to ensure that people enjoy tasty beverages. "Hey guys! This one's fruity!" Imagine the freedom. Just do it... and do it wearing whatever you want to wear while you're doing it. Just the two of us, we can make it if we try, just the two of us, you and I. She's having my baby. What a lovely way to say how much she loves me. Walt Babysitter - With all of Disney's morals in 'em, what else does a healthy child need? I wanna' be like Mike. Billy Jean's not my lover, she's just a girl and she is living in a material world and she is a material girl. What does teen spirit smell like? I smell smoke and only you can prevent forest fires. Contrary to popular belief, researchers say that hamsters are not supposed to ride around rivers in hamster-sized boats. It seems they prefer doing more hamster-oriented hamster activities, but that's a different story and these are the days of our lives. Movies are stories that move. Sorta' like hunting with a bowl and spoon, b

Content... docile... fragile... Go ahead and live through the lives of man-made characters. Buy their products, act, and look like them. Chances are you'll never really interact with any of them so does it really matter? When did actors playing roles become more interesting than living? Who's life are you living? Stop worrying about whether or not Party of 90210's Place is going to get away from that abusive boyfriend and start looking out for yourself and your neighbor. There could be a world of neighbors just outside your door. All you need to do is walk over to it, reach out, turn the knob, etc.

Until the next, turn off the television and turn on your mind.



20 STUDENTS TOOK OUR MONEY LAST SUMMER. AND WE'D LIKE TO NAME NAMES.

The following students are guilty of working their butts off for a variety of charities this past summer. Thanks for a great job, from your friends at *Labatt*.

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|---------------------|
| SAMER ABOUD | RYAN LAPIDUS | CHRIS NEESER |
| EMILY CHEN | KATHIE MACHADO | NICOLE NILES |
| JESSICA FREEMAN | JEREMY MARK | JENNIFER PENDLEBURY |
| BONNI-MARIE FUGARD | JENNIFER MARTIN | ASABI PARKER |
| LISA I-TING FU | DOMINIC MASCOLL | RICHARD SAMUEL |
| DEBBIE KOLOZSVARI | MICHELLE MORGAN | TERESA WELSH |
| MARIE-JOSEE LALONDE | SHAUNA MORGAN | |



Art et culture

Sitting Comfortably in a Silverchair

Pamela Gordon- Almost every music interview I've read seems to follow some standard "interview formula". Unfortunately, I haven't gotten my hands on a copy of the rules so when I found out I would be interviewing Silverchair's drummer, Ben Gillies, I decided to throw convention out the window and ask the things I really wanted to know.

Pamela - Have you seen the movie "Alive"?

Ben - Is that the one where they crash the plane in the snow and they end up eating the people that die first?... Yes, I've seen that.

Pamela- If you were in that situation and you had to eat a person to survive, would you do it?

Ben - Yes.

Pamela - What part would you eat first?

Ben - Probably the least gross like the arms or the legs or something. I wouldn't go straight for the torso.

Pamela - If you could eat any person in the world (in that situation), who would it be?

Ben - Whoever died first and I was hungry then I would just go for it. Barbecue 'em up you know?

Pamela - What's your favorite word?

Ben - Probably doodles would be one I used quite a bit.

Pamela - Any reason?

Ben - One of the big awards nights in Australia, I took one of

my mates a couple of years ago and we got disgustingly drunk. They threw this big party after it and it was really stylish and cool. They had these people there, you know they do the balloon tying, and this one guy was asking people what they wanted to be tied. They came up to us and we were like "Do a doodle, make a doodle!", doodle obviously being male genitalia, but unfortunately he didn't do it. He made us a poodle instead and we were just so drunk we were yelling, "No, we want a doodle!" and ever since then, yeah...

Pamela - If your music career fell apart right now would you be satisfied writing jingles for commercials or writing for low budget movies or porn movies or something or would you get out of the industry completely?

Ben - No, I would definitely still be involved in the music industry if it's writing jingles for ads or if it's writing porn music or whatever. I mean, if our band doesn't make enough money to live a comfortable life than if that can pay my rent for a week, fine.

Pamela - Is there anything you think could jinx your show? Are you superstitious at all?

Ben - No, not really. If there's complications we try and push it under the carpet and just get over it.



Pamela - How do you feel about teeth?

Ben - Actually I really like my teeth. They're nice and straight. I had to wear braces. I think good teeth are big teeth. I like big teeth.

Pamela- What were you like as a child?

Ben - I was told by my mother that if I was first, 'cause I've got an older sister, that if I was born first she wouldn't have had another child. So, basically I just ran amuck. I'd always run off and shit, and break shit, and climb shit, and hurt myself and ... just a little rascal.

Pamela - Did you sleep with a teddy bear?

Ben - No, I didn't. I had lots of stuffed animals and shit all over my room but I never actually had one in bed sleeping with me.

Pamela - Beer or hard liquor?

Ben - Beer or hard liq... both. Well probably beer, 'cause being Australian...

Pamela - It's kind of a stereotype.

Ben - It is. But yeah probably beer then if you go out for a big night, later in the night we might get on the hard liquor.

Pamela - Have you met any of your childhood idols?

Ben - We got to meet Ozzy Ozbourne from Black Sabbath, which is pretty cool. We actually got to hang out and shit. But my biggest idol is John Bonham, the drummer from Led Zeppelin and unfortunately I can't meet him because he's passed away. But I actually met his daughter which is really cool and she actually came to one of our shows and to hang out the entire night and drink and got pissed with us. It was really cool.

*Well, so much for tradition...

For a look at the full six page interview, contact Pro Tem.

Upcoming Events

November 28 - December 2, 1999

She's So Funny

Yuk Yuk's (Yonge & Eglinton), Live Television Tapings. \$2.00 from each ticket goes to Canadian Women's Foundation

jeudi le 2 décembre, 1999

Regard sur les métiers d'art contemporains canadiens

Glendon Gallery/ Gallerie Glendon, 18h à 21h

November 29 -30, 1999

For the Love of Art / Pour l'amour de l'art

Glendon Gallery / Gallerie Glendon, (416) 487-6721

November 29 -December 5, 1999

Camino Real

Studion Theatre, 4 Glen Morris Street, 8:00 pm, \$15/\$10

December 1, 1999

Commemorating the 10th Anniversary of the Montreal Massacre

Anne Johnston Health Station, 2398 Yonge St., (416)486-8666

December 2 -4, 1999

I Hate Modern Dance

The du Maurier Theatre Centre, 231 Queens Quay West 8:00 pm, (416) 973-4000 \$20/\$12

Friday, December 3, 1999

Going for Baroque, ROM, 100 Queen's Park

Sunday, December 5, 1999

Not in our name: Violence against women and the law-and-order agenda

Buddies in Bad Times Theatre, 12 Alexander St., 1-4 pm

Monday, December 6, 1999

14 Remembered

The Music Gallery, 179 Richmond St. W, 8:00 pm. (416) 204-1080

Wednesday, December 8, 1999

Womanvoice '99, West End YMCA, 931 College, 7 pm

Friday, December 10, 1999

Holiday Magic

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

December 10 - 11, 1999

"Uncommon Denominators" Part 1 & 2

The du Maurier Theatre Centre, 231 Queens Quay West Part 1 7:30 pm, Part 2 9:00 pm, (416) 973-4000 \$20/\$12

Sunday, December 12, 1999

Millennium Fear Panel Discussion

Ontario Science Centre, 770 Don Mills Rd., 2:00 pm

December 26, 1999 - January 9, 2000

What the Wise Men Saw: A look at the Sky 2000 Years Ago

Ontario Science Centre, 770 Don Mills Rd.

December 27-30, 1999, January 3-7, 2000

Holiday Stories from Around the World

Ontario Science Centre, 770 Don Mills Rd.

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

*Science Centre events: (416) 429-4100 or www.osc.on.ca

Bistro

Opens at 5:00 pm, Monday to Thursday

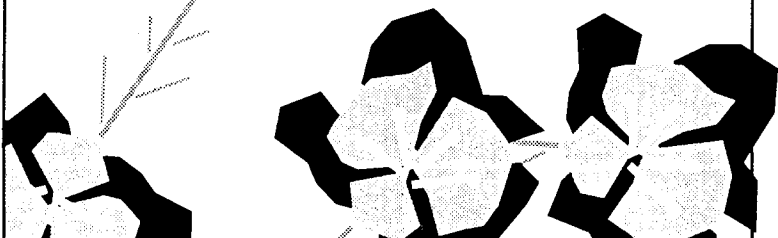
Last order is at 7:30 pm,

York Hall Basement

Ouverture à 17:00, du lundi au vendredi

Dernière commande à 19h30

Sous-sol de York Hall



Art and entertainment

Cindy Sherman : photographe ou artiste?

Jean-Philippe Nadeau-
ART. nm, du Latin ars, artis.

1. Ensemble de moyens, de procédés réglés qui tendent à une fin. (Petit Robert)

L'art tel que vu par les artistes des siècles passés se devait d'être « l'expression par les œuvres des humains, d'un idéal esthétique ». Malheureusement, l'art contemporain s'est écarté de cette voie. Comme on peut le constater à l'exposition *Cindy Sherman : retrospective* présentée du premier octobre au deux janvier à la Galerie d'art de l'Ontario, l'art n'est plus nécessairement synonyme de beauté.

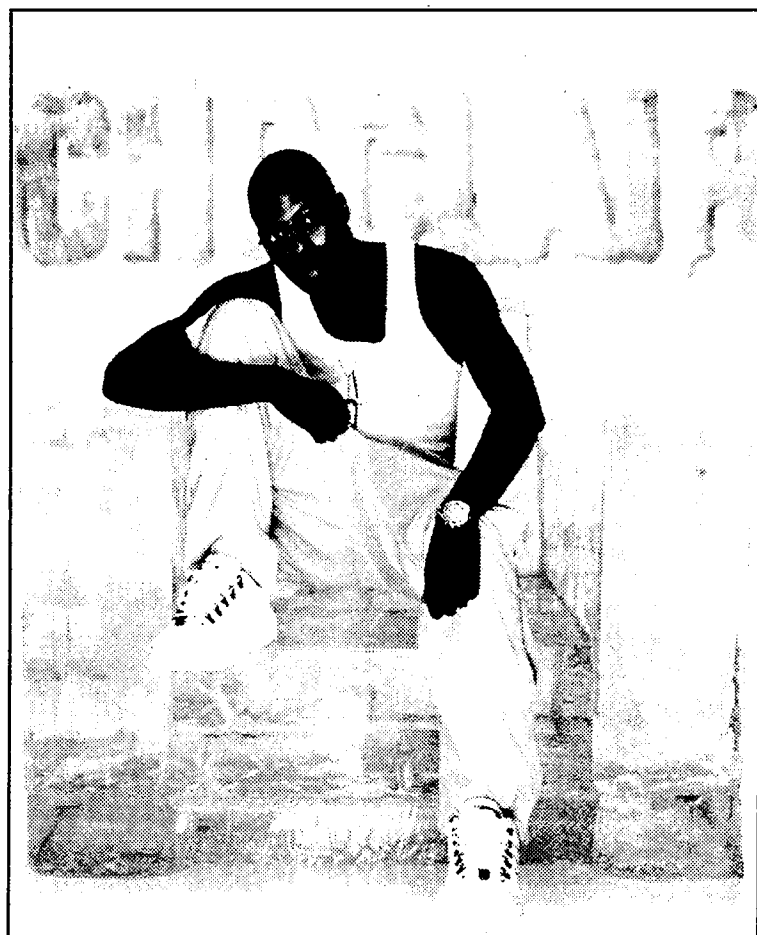
La photographe nous présente des échantillons de ses pellicules qui s'étalent de 1977 à 1996. L'ensemble de son œuvre est divisé en trois périodes qui sont chacune caractérisée par un style différent. Sherman connaît son premier succès avec une série de photographies prises entre 1977 et 1980 dans laquelle Sherman prend le rôle « d'actrice » dans une série de scènes qui encadrent les rôles occupés par les femmes dans les films de série noire. Bien que ces photogra-

phies en noir et blanc illustrent bien l'ambiance de ces films, le thème, lui, demeure banal ; c'est au mieux un prétexte à cette rhétorique féministe qui est le fil conducteur de son œuvre.

Sherman explore ensuite la culture pop et la mode. Dans ces séries, Sherman ne cherche pas à évoquer le réalisme par l'utilisation de décors élaborés ; elle tient plutôt à faire le portrait du rôle des femmes dans des univers où elles semblent être dépendantes des critères établis par la société. Ainsi, la beauté ne se trouve pas dans le sujet, mais plutôt dans la simplicité de sa relation avec le décor. Sherman ne célèbre pas la grâce et l'élégance de ses modèles ; elle tient plutôt à attirer l'attention sur ce qui se cache derrière l'apparat, et pour atteindre ce but elle se sert beaucoup des yeux, du regard poignant de ses sujets. Cette période représente selon moi l'apogée de sa carrière. Ce qui fait suite à ces séries marquées par de nombreuses métaphores intelligentes représente une véritable régression dans sa carrière.

D'une subtilité recherchée et intelligente, Sherman glisse dans le paroxysme du surréalisme et dans un style pornographique...de mauvais goût! Cette période de sa carrière est caractérisée par l'utilisation de mannequins et de masques comme modèles. Les photos de cette section, qui vont de la représentation de la femme comme objets sexuel, jusqu'à l'illustration de maladies transmises sexuellement, n'ont rien d'attrayantes et ne laisse aucune place à l'imagination ou à l'interprétation.

L'œuvre de Sherman se plie très bien à la nouvelle définition de l'art. C'est en effet un ensemble de moyens qui tendent à une fin. Seulement cette fin est très confuse. Le but de l'œuvre est-il de sensibiliser les gens aux injustices commises envers les femmes, ou bien de nous dégoûter ? Bien heureusement, le prix de l'exposition couvre également les frais d'entrée pour les collections permanentes du musée, de sorte que j'ai quand même pu admirer cette beauté tant recherchée!



Ice Cold Is Hot

Catherine Hancock-
Kareem Blake is the artists currently known as Choclair. He is not only a talented artist, he's also Canadian. It's not very often that Canadian Rap/Hip Hop artists earn respect on our side of the border, but Choclair has won a Juno for Best rap Recording in 1997, and in 1998 for his single, "Northern Touch"; as well as the Canadian Urban Music Award for Best

Male Hip Hop Single. Not bad, eh?

His singles have reached #1 across Canada, including his latest hit, "Let's Ride" from his debut album, *Ice Cold*. Choclair's album features many of Canada's elite hip hop artists; such as the Rascalz, Jully Black and Solitair.

Typical lyric: Witness the fitness / Who's next on the hit list/ Rap so exact that you can't do shit.

Bringing dada to Glendon

A review of Theatre Glendon's production of *The Gas Heart*

Rae Perigoe-

Everywhere you go (at least in theatre circles), you hear the same thing. Imagistic theatre is hot, imagistic theatre is "the next wave", imagistic theatre is "the theatre of the millenium". All this may be true, but if you were to scour through Toronto's theatres on any given weekend, you might not find a single example of "imagism". Unless you came to Theatre Glendon's production of Tristan Tzara's *The Gas Heart*.

The show was truly a refreshing change from the realism that tends to dominate Toronto's theatre scene. Tzara was a Dadaist, part of a school of modern art in the early twenties that wanted to dispose of logical principles in art. And logic, at least in terms of a coherent narrative, is most definitely absent from the production. However, director Robert Wallace (a professor in the English and Drama Studies departments) has shown that a coherent, logical structure is not necessary for gripping theatre.

He and his cast created a succession of images (hence the "imagistic" genre) that were often beautiful and sometimes startling. While such images did not tell a conventional "story", they were frequently compelling. One example of a sequence that continues to haunt me was the final few moments of the play, in which the audience was reminded of the horrors of war that still plague the planet.

The actors all seemed well prepared and rehearsed. Even though the script didn't make conventional sense, there was conviction and purpose behind every line. I particularly enjoyed Haida Gebru, who brought wonderful singing and dancing skills to the role of "Neck" (yes, neck, as in that thing below your chin). As well, Derek Brasier showed great stage presence as "Nose", and Todd Cleland was both a charming MC and a "Mouth" you could salivate over (that pun's so bad it had to go in). If

I had one criticism, it was that perhaps the actors could have been more varied in their approach to their lines. Sometimes the actors fell into predictable patterns of speech that made the production seem at times monotonous.

The technical elements of the production were well-designed and were tightly woven into the show. Rosie Driscoll's lighting design was both beautiful unto itself and helped to create the stunning images of the production. Stage manager Cassandra Maybee is to be congratulated for her ability to make the complex technical elements of the show work smoothly, and the show was produced at a professional level by Katrina Moore (who doubled as the show's Assistant Stage Manager and even got a few brief shining moments on stage).

Congrats to Drama Studies 2630 for a fabulous production of a difficult play.

Glendon's having a culture show & we want you to participate!

Un spectacle culturel aura lieu à Glendon et nous voulons que vous Participiez!



It has been planned for February 2000. If you can sing, dance or even just read!!! Then come see us at Office of Student Housing & Student Affairs! (In the Green House)
Le spectacle est planifié en février 2000. Si vous pouvez chanter, danser ou même lire!!! Venez nous voir au Bureau du service des service et affaires étudiantes! (dans le pavillon des Serres.)

Poetry/fiction

El Tuerto

On the ever apparent eve of the two thousand, I recon-
tred the daughter of the Dauphine who is the eldest son
of the King of France who was, and reigned during the
epoch of, my imagination. By cause of too much coffee
and the anxiety of incessant examination, my mind was
forced into apparent exile and it was the daughter of the
Dauphine who offered my soul some respite from all five
full time courses..

She got copper skin that she covers with clothes the
colour of bauxite and all that red earth gives glisten to her
full lips like the silk skin of a pink nightcrawler an' hell,
she got teeth that looketh like a flock a sheep come up
from the washing an' dark tresses that she pins to the
moon behind a cannon of beauty that King James could
not encompass no matter how many versions of the big
black book his publisher churns out.

Nope... she does defy all expectations and is even known
amongst celestial circles for chastising the indiscretion of
Angels who prefer sorrow to joy while on one of her
menthol smoke breaks from a Spanish class in extra-ter-
restrial literature.

She wears sunglasses without tint, swears without mal-
ice, dreams without caution and takes the offered arm of
a one-eyed man without hesitation. Let raccoons bear me
witness that I did drink tea and eat figs with the grand-
daughter of the King of France during a timeless moment
on the steps of the library beneath the lip of the sky when
the sun shone but for two shakes of a lambs tail.

Now I know it sounds far gone Kids, but remember,
we're on the eve of the big clock change and the lighted
ball drop and a child to spite himself will see what it is
he wants to see, regardless of what's in front of him. Let
him that hath ears to hear, hear. Nonetheless, allow me to
elucidate. You see, the Dauphine's daughter has on her
person some Assyrian silver that was thieved from the
household of Gilgamesh and does not wished to be
returned. Like all Assyrian silver it speaks when it talks
and tells a friend of things to come, what wuz, what it be,
what's the dilly-yo, etc..

I was taking the long walk around that ancient and oh' so
green mansion on my way to the frost when I first spied
the daughter looking directly north into the nothing blue
as though she was directing cloud traffics. I would have
passed her by were it not for the cry of the Argent 'round
her slender neck. So I stopped short and asked her where
she was from and she asked me if I'd ever seen the teevee
show called 'Fantasy Island' and I said, 'Yes, I had,' and
she said, 'dats wher I fram.' I said nothing 'cause ain't
nothin' to say to when somebody says they uncle is Fred
Sanford, they father is the Dauphine and they mother is
Sophia Loren. I just took one deep drink of those brown
eyes and believed every last word.

At that point the silver spoke up and said he and his mis-
tress were, in fact, fugitives from the Duke of Burgundy
who was one of her most forward, base and vile suitors.
I asked when they'd last seen him and Silver said, 'at the

taco bell on the south-east corner of Bathurst and Bloor.'
Hmmm, I knew the place all too well. It was a veritable
breeding ground for the foulest instruments of anti-
humanity that engendered beastly behavior, the catalyst
of which was too little ground beef, too much lettuce and
one too many refills of the boissons gazeuse.

Obviously, he was hot on their tracks an' dey, bein' da
childrens of folly was as likely to get caught as the lick-
le childrens of Dick Van Dyke by the Kid-Catcher in
Chitty Chitty Bang Bang when the ride of the same name
was stolen by the Bavarian king an' his wife who was
lookin' so Ivana Trump-like. For real, I could smell the
end of them both, but she did turn my head and I did set
all my faculties in forward motion for her sake alone, the
Silver and Santa be damned.

I told her with all urgency to stop any further payment of
her tuition and she assured me that she had yet to give
them a dime 'cause she like the folks in the castle to
sweat and the brotherhood of beaurocracy to suffer. I

said, 'pack your things and wait for me on the handful
of country road between the two lots of parking: the one
of heaven and the one of hell.'

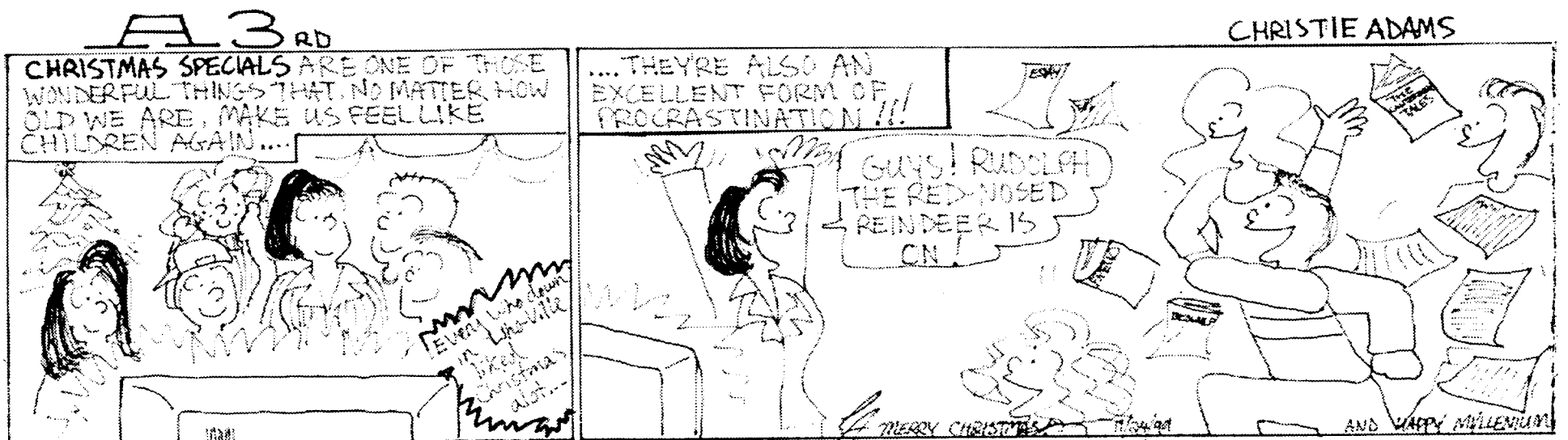
She sealed the promise with a Saint Lucian kiss and I
heard the dog of Burgundy howl like a bitch from some-
where in the middle earth, but it was all magic now and
there were no more plumbers in the world or healers or
ascetics or donkeys or belles or drunkards or gamblers
or philanthropists or tap dancers... Everyone was
lookin' more and more like everybody else and profes-
sors the same, and the answers to their exams were the
same, and the last lights out on the twentieth century
would swallow the final teaspoon of originality that had
made laughter a dear purchase.

I fled for office of the Ethiopian and begged him to
enlist King Solomon of the computer science to work
something on my behalf since my exam absences would
do me severe damage come covocation time. The brother
gave me a tub of lasagna for the journey ahead and
wished the 'I' good luck and bests of
everything.

The Princess Dauphine was smoking
her menthols and shivering in the
sharp wind that cut cross the valley
where they hide the handful of coun-
try road when I finally arrived. Silver
cried for us hurry and cross the river
Jordan 'fore it was too late an'
Burgundy bit the ass of us all,' but I
told him it was only the Don and he
wept worse than what I'd ever seen
and gave great wailings like, "Such a
vast distance that my soul cannot
bear, what unmerciful currents should
have ever brought us here?"

'Hush Silva, hush, yar batherin'
Tooto...' whispered the Princess to her
own bosom, but I made it plain to all
that indeed, Burgundy was merely a
matter of time and time is forever
upon the heels of us all so long as for-
ever continues to exist. The day that
we are without forever, fishing for
pavement in the depths of afternoon,
will have become anathema and
breakfast, lunch and dinner: the bril-
liant memories of a dismantled uni-
verse.

That said, I offered the Princess my
own brown hand and together, short-
sighted and lorn, we enjoyed the real-
ization of a brief moment of Pyrric
victory in leaving the past to putrefy
and soon disappeared from calendar
view.



Poetry/fiction

“EVERYBODY IN LEATHER”

L'inspiration

Les hiboux sortent la nuit ;
Mes idées aussi.
Sous le ciel gorgé d'étoiles,
Bleu, illuminant et majestueux.

Elles brillent dans la voûte céleste
Et les mots me viennent, restent.
Les crissements des feuilles dans le silence
Invitent mes paroles à la danse.

Elles coulent telles un flot de larmes
Qui inonde mon esprit sans armes
De tant de révélations lyriques.

J'attends sa pluie avec impatience
Et me prépare à la cadence
De ses vers magnifiques.

-Ilwad Ahmed

READ THIS NOW!
IT SAYS SO ON TV.
BE YOURSELF (BUT READ THIS!).

BE UNIQUE BY BEING LIKE US.
WHY EVEN THINK ABOUT IT?
WE'LL DO IT FOR YOU.
TV IS YOUR TOOL.
IT'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW.
OUR PAWNS WILL BE YOUR ICONS.
THE EARTH WILL BE YOUR TRASHCAN.
THROW AWAY WHAT'S OLD AND BUY SOME MORE.

YOU NEED US,
AND WE NEED YOU.
YOU GIVE TO US,
AND WE'LL TAKE FROM YOU.
CHOKO ON THE GOODS THAT WE THROW IN YOUR FACE.
DO IT WITH A SMILE, THROUGH YOUR OWN MOTIVATION.

READ THIS, SHUT YOUR MOUTH, AND DIE.
THANK YOU AND COME AGAIN.

- JEREMY

thE day I
fiNd
myseLf
Indifferent, (not because
I should Give up
but, for the reason tHat
I am conTent)
is thE day that I
will coNsider
My-
sElf alive.
Alive iN
The right place.

-K. Szymanski

I close my eyes
in this room full of smoke
refusing to see
your destruction.

Your hands holding the beer bottle
as you devour the liquid
which is your poison

I pretend my ears are stuffed
and can't listen
to the slurred words
of your drunken stupor

My mouth closes
with the bite of my tongue
not wanting to scream
how I despise
your fatal choices

The Lark



Pauvres Diables

Vous les femmes, vous le charme. Vos sourires nous attirent nous les hommes.
Vous les anges, adorables et nous sommes nous les hommes, « Pauvres Diables ».

Avec des milliers de Roses ont vous entourent, on vous aiment et sans le dire on vous le prouvent. On se croit très fort, on pense vous connaître. On vous dit toujours, vous répondez peut-être.

Vous les femmes, vous mon drame. Vous si douce, vous la source de nos larmes.
Pauvres Diables, et nous sommes vulnérable, misérable nous les hommes.

Pauvres Diables, Pauvres Diables.....

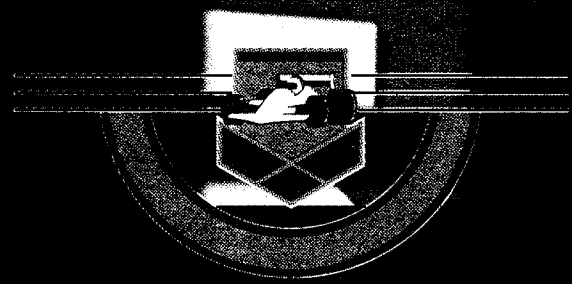
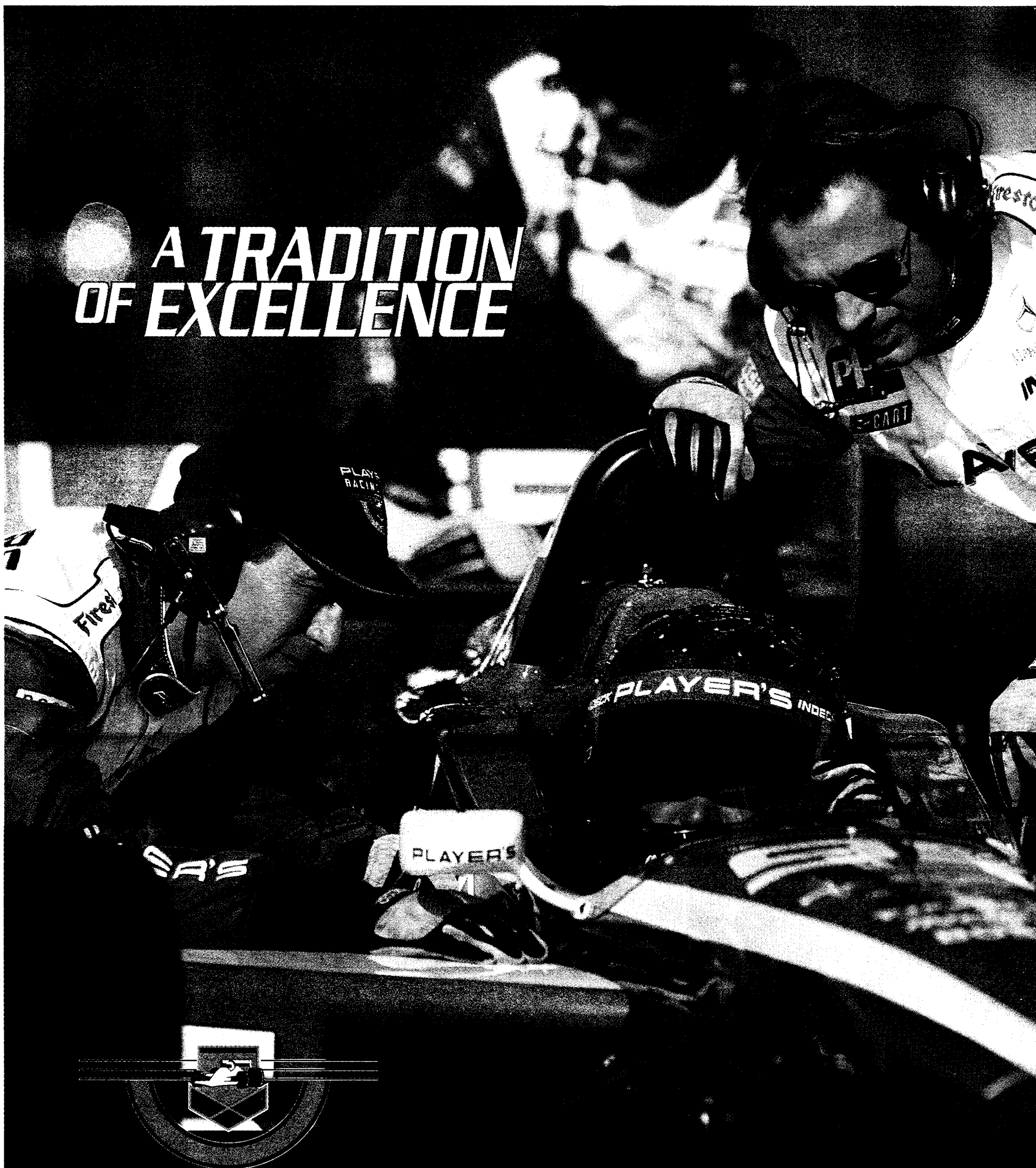
Des qu'un autre vous sourit, on a tendance à jouer plus ou moins bien l'indifférence. On fait tout pour se calmer puis on éclate. On est fou des jalousies et ça vous flattent.

Vous les femmes, vous le charme. Vos sourires nous attirent et nous désarment.
Pauvres Diables et nous sommes vulnérable, misérable nous les hommes.

Pauvres Diables, Pauvres Diables.....

- Sir Moonlight

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