Editorial

The more things don’t change, the more they stay the same

Flipping through old editions of Pro Tem in search of information about Winter Carnival, I had a shocking sense of déjà vu. Here are some of the news headlines, an overview of what’s happened at Glendon since 1991: Services cut to the bone; As the rumour mill grinds; L’AECG fait son travail (a defense of the GCSU by the 1991 director of academic affairs); Proposal: pub takeover; Le Café is losing its aroma; Be young, have fun, don’t pepsi; January 25: strike day; Pub’s new face; Apathy at Glendon; Le Carnaval nous revient...

It occurred to me that everything I have written about this year, including my complaints about apathy and nothing ever getting done, is not really news at all. It’s all been done before. The Pub has always been in trouble, the GCSU has tried to incorporate several times, we’ve always been worried about big corporations and what they’re doing to us, Glendon has always been a breeding ground for rumours, the GCSU has always felt the need to defend itself, and students have always tried to fight tuition increases.

Every year the same things happen, and every year they seem like a really big deal. I feel like I’m stuck in the movie Groundhog Day, only I don’t know for sure if one day we’ll get it right and be able to get on with our lives. Or maybe we won’t get it right, we’ll just graduate and get on with our lives that way, leaving a legacy of the same problems for the next generation of Glendonites.

In writing this article I didn’t just want it to convey a sense of despair by saying that no matter what we do, we can’t make a difference. Although I felt that way when I first made the discovery, it was actually good for me to get perspective and see that things really aren’t quite the big deal that they seem to be at the time. But what I really want to do is issue a challenge to those of you who do have big ideas and big plans. A lot of you want to make changes, or at least you say you do. But if you don’t make sure those changes get made, who will? Just talking about them, or working on them for a couple of weeks and then giving up, won’t make a difference, although it might make headlines. Things will just stay the same, students will face the same problems year after year, and news editors after me will continue to complain that nothing ever gets done. Do you want that? To take a highly overrated phrase and immortalize it for the Pro Tem archives: It’s a new millennium, let’s make a difference.

-CM

Letters to the editor

Theater Glendon reviving a dadaist classic: Tristan Tzara and “The Gas Heart”

Theatre Glendon mounted a memorable production of Tristan Tzara’s Dadaist classic The Gas Heart under the super direction of Robert Wallace. The Dada movement was founded by Tzara amidst the horrors of World War I as a nihilistic protest against war and Western culture generally. Other members of the group were Hugo Ball and Jean Arp, mainly based in Zurich. The artistic and literary revolt spread to Berlin, New York and Paris. Dada set out to protest against war and Western culture generally. Other members of the group were Hugo Ball and Jean Arp, mainly based in Zurich. The artistic and literary revolt spread to Berlin, New York and Paris. Dada set out to

Café de la Terrasse: Under New Management

Check out some of the new changes and upcoming events:

- New vegetarian menu specials every week
  - daily & egg-free meals, with organic ingredients
  - Sunday nights, all you can eat chilli & torta, $5
  - Jan 19th: free live music, Stay (Girls’ Hunt)
  - Jan 24th: posta night
  - Jan 28th: free step dance lessons before Pub night
  - free pub night admission to those who participate
  - Jan 30th: Superbowl party, all you can eat chilli & torta, Sa
  - Feb 4th: hockey pub
Commentary

P Ghetto Bastard-
In a recent series on the homeless John Stackhouse, a staff writer at the Globe and Mail decided to trade his writer's garb for a dirty old blanket and take to the streets. He apparently spent 6 nights and 7 days on the streets. In the beginning, he carried with him no money, no identification and in his own words "no surname or history." Later Stackhouse admits that he indeed was carrying a bit of money on him.

The conclusions, which Stackhouse advertises are rather scathing. Firstly, he admits that the great majority of homeless people are addicted to one drug or another. He adds that scarce public resources are abused by crack dealers, chronic alcoholics, drug abusers and other criminals.

The first flaw in Mr. Stackhouse's theory is that he managed to lose his surname and history. I guarantee that at no time during his field trip did this writer forget who he was and what he was doing. You cannot be rid of your own self Mr. Stackhouse no matter what type of costume you put on.

Even by giving this writer the benefit of the doubt and assuming that his story was a credible account of his observations on the street we must hold onto a dear caution. For what do we know about Mr. Stackhouse: in the first line of his piece Mr. Stackhouse admits, "I did not appreciate the true meaning of homelessness" before his excursion. Well Mr. Stackhouse I may not understand this phenomena myself but by golly I carry a distinct appreciation for homeless people.

For the rest of the year there will be a column in Pro Tem which will attempt to shed some light upon the situation of homelessness in Toronto. Pro Tem will publish interviews with various individuals who unlike Mr. Stackhouse are not award winning journalists. I personally find the 7 Days On the Street series offensive and misleading. Yet, Mr. Stackhouse without your idea I might not have come up with my own and for this I am grateful.

At one point in his series, Mr. Stackhouse wrote: "I was surprised by how few voices were coming from the street." Well Mr. Stackhouse I dedicate the first installment of Voices Unheard to you. Perhaps if you are not too distracted you might hear those voices, which you are supposedly trying so hard to hear.
News/Nouvelles

U of T TAs demand tuition rebate

TORONTO (CUP) - Strike teaching assistants at the University of Toronto swarmed the entranceway of Simcoe Hall late Friday.

"Let's be fair! The money's there!" They chanted outside the campus building.

"The Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) is not looking for a war with the University of Toronto (U of T)," said CUPE president Judy Darcy. "But they drew that line in the sand and we are going to make sure that we're going to win this war."

On Thursday, January 6, members of CUPE Local 3902 voted to reject U of T's latest offer - a raise of 2.75 and 2 percent for a two-year contract, one more guaranteed TA appointment for PhD candidates and a small increase in dental benefits.

"We told them on Friday what our members wanted on Thursday, which was tuition relief, and they left for a couple of hours and came back and said that they had nothing new to offer," said Michael Swayne, chief negotiator for CUPE 3902.

"So we said 'that's nice,' and left."

The union had planned to strike after December exams, but delayed until the membership could vote on the offer.

"We want the administration to start talking specifically around the tuition a wage package, because money's money, so our members don't lose money to work here," said Swayne, explaining why the offer was overwhelmingly rejected.

However, Vice-Provost David Cook says the university has tried its best to accommodate the TAs.

"We are disappointed that the TAs rejected the last offer," he said, adding that the university has now given the union its highest offer.

He says that the forum for a discussion of a tuition rebate is not for the bargaining table but for the governing council itself.

"A full tuition rebate is enormously expensive, therefore it could only be done at the governing level," he said.

Cook also noted the fact that the university has recently set up a task force to look into financial support in light of high tuition.

"Members of CUPE 3902, as of this moment you are officially locked out," announced Stephen Pender, a CUPE 3902 union steward and former president of the Graduate Students' Union, as union members gathered outside of Simcoe Hall Friday. President of the University's Faculty Association Bill Graham was met with strong approval when he decried faculty support for the strike.

"Instead of putting money into contracts for workers at the University of Toronto, they are putting money into their endowment. The endowment of this university is now at $1.2 billion - we are the richest in Canada," he boomed into a microphone as the crowd cheered.

"The Faculty Association is calling on all faculty members in the university to support the TAs in their endeavour for a good contract, and we support them in this strike."

On January 20, the Glendon College Student Union (GCSU) will be holding a general assembly to inform students about Access 2000 and to ask them whether they want to strike on February 2. Access 2000 is an effort by post-secondary students to fight for accessible education. It is organized by the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS), and the student unions of all the universities in Toronto (UofT, York, Ryerson) are taking part, as well as George Brown College, University of Guelph, and Brock University.

Their goals are to restore federal transfer payments to the provinces for post-secondary education, implement a national system of student grants, and set standards for "quality, accessibility and mobility" in post-secondary education among all Canadian provinces. All this, of course, is with the general aim of reducing tuition fees, in order to make post-secondary education accessible to all.

To make their point to the Ontario government, the GCSU proposes that students shut down Glendon between 8:30 am and 12:30 pm on February 2. Ideally, they want to stop anyone from entering at the front gates, therefore preventing classes from being taught, as well as stopping food and library services (they have committed to providing food and drink for those in residence). After 12:30, they would join the other schools at a mass protest at Queen's Park, where at least 100,000 students are expected to join together in protest and solidarity,” according to Director of External Affairs Danny Tan. However, it seems not everyone is quite as enthusiastic. Already one student has called this strike "a waste of time, it won't change anything.” Some students may be upset if the classes they've paid so much for are cancelled because of a strike, but others may feel that it's worth it if they can pay less in the future. Democracy will only win out if at least 10% of Glendon (around 200 students) votes on January 20. If this number is not met, the GCSU has the right to make the decision on their own.

Do we want to strike?

This year's Winter Carnival starts this week

Winter Carnival starts this week

This is a great way to celebrate the Canadian winter, meet people, and forget about the stress of school for a little while. To participate, sign up at the GCSU office by Wednesday, January 19.
Managerial Upheaval at the campus Pub

Patrick Tomlinson
So you say you want a revolution. Well Glendon, you got one! The last months of the second millennium will go down in the history books as a classic battle for control, which ended up with the manager of the campus pub bar, Café de la Terrasse, seeking political asylum off campus. There have been no actual sightings of the fellow as of yet, however a very reliable informant has revealed to Pro Tem that, in fact, he has sought anonymity in the concrete jungle of the centre ville. Pro Tem has investigated the allegations but as of yet no leads can be confirmed.

As the students of Glendon College slowly filtered back onto campus hearing that the dust had finally settled, what stood before them was a new leader. In a show of charisma and abundant confidence this new diva faced her constituents armed solely with a master plan which is destined to change the pub considerably. This nouvelle patronne, known to her cronies as Jen but to her many business associates as Mrs. Joynt; has indeed taken over the reigns of the once prominent Pub of Glendon College. In another show of distinguished journalism, the editor of Pro Tem managed to “get inside” the established circle of influence and get to the bottom of things. It was once coined that the first victim of battle is the Truth. In classic Glendon fashion, tumultuous rumors concerning the state of affairs at the Pub have drowned out the College. Mrs. Joynt, in a show of good faith, was more than willing to answer any questions on the subject. Clearly, the woman was born to load.

Mrs. Joynt is not new to the Glendon scene. She mentions emphatically that she has been on the Board of Directors for 2 years and has held a post on the GCSU. She also has been involved with frosh week and the Winter Carnival. Yet while speaking with her, one certainly senses an air of simple cocky pride. She fully admits that she is not fully trained for her job as of yet and that while she is taking care of the day to day business, she is also training herself.

She speaks proudly of her new post, for in her own words “I have always wanted to be the manager of the Pub”. But fear not Glendon, Mrs. Joynt does not seem to carry the chip on her shoulder, which exists with other oligarchs. Like a skilled rhetorician Mrs. Joynt deviates the attention paid to her position in favor of her constituents and clearly points out the flaws of the previous regime: “It was a non-Glendonite running the Pub last semester who really didn’t get to know the students or anything.”

Mrs. Joynt has effectively put an end to the weekly Tuesday night “pub club” would be formed, made up of both Pub staff and students, who would try to find out what would make students want to come to the pub, and work on making improvements. For anyone interested in making suggestions, this “pub club” will be meeting on Tuesdays at 6:30 in the Pub.

Trouble on the Terrasse

Colleen McConnell
The Café de la Terrasse, otherwise known as “Pub”, is faced with a tough decision: close down, to minimize financial damage, or find ways to increase sales. The Pub has been in financial trouble for many years. But now that it is under new management, they are seriously looking at how they can entice more students to spend more time there, to try and pay off the $20,000 in debt loads. New manager Jen Joynt has already put a large amount of effort into improving Pub’s appearance, and other details such as changing the menu, but much more is needed.

On January 11, they held a general meeting for anyone concerned about the Pub’s situation, and close to 30 students showed up, plus Associate Principal Louise Lewin. Many ideas were tossed about, including encouraging professors to bring their classes down there, making the Pub a comfortable hang-out even for those who don’t drink (they have food too!), and even moving the Pub to the current location of the bookstore. Another option, as used when the Pub was in dire straits in 1992, would be a student referendum to approve a $14.50 contribution from each student, which would be added to their tuition fees next year. According to Treasurer Cedric Meade, this money would be used in the first year to pay off the debt, in the second year to make “capital improvements” to the Pub, and in the third year, hopefully, to reduce prices.

Mrs. Joynt says she is willing to rely on the help and suggestions of students, to turn the Café de la Terrasse into a place where everyone feels comfortable. At the meeting, it was decided that a “pub club” would be formed, made up of both Pub staff and students, who would try to find out what would make students want to come to the pub, and work on making improvements. For anyone interested in making suggestions, this “pub club” will be meeting on Tuesdays at 6:30 in the Pub.

We are in charge again, that’s the way I feel that, although the GCSU will now have access to all the records and private meetings of the Pub staff, this power is not omnipotent.

Yet what does the future hold for the sacred watering hole? Well Mrs. Joynt is confident that the Pub will stay open for the rest of the semester. She readily admits that last semester was one of the worst ones on record but ensures that she has conceived of “major changes”. For example, she hopes to broaden her clientele by catering to various interest groups, which have in the past been under represented. She insists that there will be more vegetarian food and a more hospitable environment for nonsmokers, faculty and alumni.

Mrs. Joynt has effectively put an end to the weekly Tuesday night concerts in favor of monthly shows which will highlight “bigger” bands. She insists that the Pub’s schedule is all but booked for Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights through to the end of February. Clearly Mrs. Joynt is the driving force behind the all mighty winds of change. Her priorities lie with the students who do not yet frequent the Pub’s hallowed halls. As for the regulars, Mrs. Joynt concedes “those people liked it the old way, and they will like it the new way.”

There is always a cautious aroma which hovers around the air of revolution, and Glendon is no exception. There are already skeptics who believe that Mrs. Joynt’s major changes are in fact simply minor renovations. Rather than eliminating those people who cause only friction, Mrs. Joynt poetically embraces them. She has established a web site, which she insists is a medium to accept criticism. She encourages everyone to write to the site and express any concerns or problems. She adds that a list server will also soon commence enabling anyone who wishes an opportunity to be part of the “Pub Club”.

Is Mrs. Joynt the key to bringing a stable future to the Café? Like any great mogul she believes she is and perhaps that is all that matters.

Glpub@glendon.yorku.ca

Pub Club Meeting on January 18th 2000 at 7:00pm in the Café de la Terrasse
HE WAS PACKING HIS BAG, he had a long trip ahead of him. Bennett was of the mind that shit was going to happen this new year’s, big shit. he filled his sack with the obvious necessities for a hike in northern ontario at this time of the year. along with extra layers of warm clothes, he brought some food packages, just mix it with water, and you wouldn’t need to carry a stove or a bottle of whiskey; he could always melt snow, but he would have to do it during the day. you see, you can’t tell yellow snow from white by daylight. small tent, surplus sleeping ensemble and other little camping gear items... oh, he had almost forgotten the gun. he had bought it for fifty dollars from an acquaintance, and if he didn’t use it when it was all over with, he would just turn it in to the police, no wait, he realized, they don’t need more guns. he would turn it in to a farmer, and ask the farmer to turn it into farming equipment, like a ploughshare or something. he said goodbye and goodwishes to his family, he was greatly fond of them. they lived a peculiarly communal life together, where the authority was experience, and its checks love, as Bennett set out on his journey that december 30th, little did he know of what constitutes change. for the world around him by the world within him. he had mapped out an escape route that would lead him to the town of wilberforce. he knew a love cause with. he passed by many schools, of differing pedagogical levels, styles and spirits, all separated by geography and personality, judged not equally or justly, but only by formula of common curriculum. so many different concepts of space going on from the inner-cities all the way to the sparse communities where demand is seen as lower because they simply don’t have the populations. people in low-population areas do not demand less as individuals than individuals in high-population areas, do they? then why are there barriers restricting access? it is a similar gap between low-income and high-income areas. why is everyone treated the same instead of equally? way of hospitals and shelters, both offering some kind health to their visitors, by way of medicine or meals, warmth or escape. to either one, or as is common, both are a refuge from the world’s insanity. where is the only rational place to go, other than to your grave, when you want to be sane in an insane world? to the sanitarium of course, or maybe they have to turn you away and you just go down to the shelter or the TTC subway and... but no, the lake near wilberforce will be just fine for now. as he continues along his route, Bennett sees less and less anthropo-architecture, and more of mother earth’s own meticulous construction. he wanders over to a grove of evergreens, where he knows inside will be old cobs, webs left over from, well not cobbs but spiders anyway, inside this grove he is a little warmer because of the cover, and the ground has no snow, just a heavy blanketing layer of needles, very soft to sit on in the right clothing of course! just then, a big mac combo appears, steaming in its already grease-stained bag. it is in the branches, just within his reach. Bennett chooses to ignore it and feeds instead on some dry snack that he had packed away. he thinks of how the half-life of that burger in that bag is much too long to be any help inside his body. often Bennett has passed by one of the mcdonald outlets in his morning and evening travels, and he always sees blind-mellons filling their bellies without thinking about it.

"MAYBE MARKET RESEARCH is not about what people want, but JUST HOW MUCH they‘ll take?" he takes a swig of whiskey, remembering that he had a belly of his own that he had to keep warm, now that he was outside of the city and there were no greenhouses gasses to keep him warm during this winter season. awakening from a simple, delightful state of ponderance, he resumed his trek to wilberforce. you see, Bennett often returned to that state, rather he preferred to call it a province, of ponderance, instead of watching television, or pop culture. though, to the best of the narrator’s recollection, he never knew Bennett to wear a black trench coat at anytime in his life, not even at a fi-ne-real. he was almost at his destination, and the combination of fresh air, good diet, and healthy mind was sharpening Bennett’s senses, though most of the terraformed, farm homestead landscape was mostly covered by snow, he caught whiffs of life, and was aware of presence without striuc-
door, and he turned to realise that they had just announced his name as the winner of the raffle; the prize was a platinum mastercard with a $50 thousand dollar spending limit. They were all quite anxious to see what his reaction would be. Bennett blushed dimple deeply, and declined the prize, rummaging instead in his bag. He pulled out the gun, and handed it over to a man with no hands. It was his notion that they all knew the tool he use better than he. and that he had been foolish enough to think that they might know it use. So he went to the lake and set up his space, a rather lightweight construction that he carried in his mind. Bennett began meditating on time structures as the last sunlight of 1999 fall away in the peaceful spheres of his eyes. He thought of people's dreaming states-er.. provinces, how honest that province sometimes sounded, or rather how close to a true self one can get when later paying attention to a dream that wasn't dictated. He began to beat faster in his mind. Bennett spent the next millennia, what was three months by our measurements, but he knew that the time was right to return and face the world, changed as it might be.

He passed where the legion hall had been, and was sad, his heart began to beat faster in anticipation. Down the long 2 lane highways, through fields that looked ravaged by some blight or disease, his small grove of cobweb trees had been uprooted, and he began to cry.

"what has happened?" he asked himself from a province of non-commitment that lay somewhere near the province of desperation. He walked near hospitals that looked condemned, and shelters that were fire gutted. His legs, bowed by sadness and the pain of a dawning realization, could barely carry Bennett past schools that had been turned into factories, assembly lines rolling off widgets composed of super-sized entities that were supposed to appear exactly on one side, though at the expense of the flip side.

FINALLY, HE ARRIVED where he remembered his home to be. In its place, he saw a large crater. Bennett, no longer able to support himself under the weight of his agony, crumbled to a heap on the ground. What he didn't see was that there was no crater, and the house was actually there before him. His very own mother ran out to greet him and he did not see her, all he saw was destruction. But far in the distance he saw that the destruction was not absolute, some things had escaped the bombing. As this dreamt of Bennett's rolled over the horizon, he saw great gleaming buildings rising out of the rubble. They were labeled with the names of mega-corporations, mega-banks, and mega-political parties. He muttered a few words through the threshold of the closing door of catazoma, and finally his body collapsed onto what he thought was a pile of rubble, what were really his mother's arms. She called the hospital and he was admitted to the proper ward at the proper hospital. Bennett spent the next millennia, what was three months by our measurements, at his retreat in willerforce, in his mind, when he awoke from his dream province, he wrote this letter to his contemporaries.

"THIS IS TO ALL OF YOU who missed the bombs and explosions and destruction that happened during the Y2K disaster. you all focused on the business community, forgetting the reality of your individuality, this business community has had an entire year to profit from the hype they fabricated. They have also profited from being able to re-outfit their technical needs and write the entire cost off as a deductible Y2K upgrading effort. These problems were not real, can't you all see that? They did not happen. All the costs were supposed to appear exactly on one side, though at the expense of the flip side.

FEATURES

-BY I.J O'Rourke-
Perhaps tomorrow, grandpa. Perhaps tomorrow.

Steven Irving
THE NIGHT WAS MOIST.

Moist like a damp cloth, not like soil after a good rainin'. It was days like this one, which kept Owen humble. Curious... Owen thought. Why was this night so different from last Thursday on the train? Owen recalled the quiet, little smile that the man across from him had sported. That smug, pompous, arrogant, fucking smile. His pleasant cardigan and button-up shirt draped on him like he was fucking god. Oh, and that pristine, stack-up bitch of a woman sitting beside him staring out into Canada's great wide open.

"What a pretty blouse."

"I'm a snob, you know." Owen commented. "Soar..."

"Pompous fu'cks."

"Which one are you?"

"They're saying we are what we eat... then it's life."

"It's force like a damp cloth. not like—"

"You can have my slippers."

"This however is what Uncle Newo said."

"Moist evenings... last night... doesn't wear sandals."

"You get them separately?"

"HEARD OF AGE?"

"TomFoolery.

"He doesn't pretend to be, and make them cry."

"I have pads made of lilies."

"You're a twister."

"Moist evenings... last Thursday... the acorn... Birthday party..."

"Sonic dome."

"Now there was little doubt in his mind. It was all related."

"Most evenings... last Thursday... the acorn... Birthday party..."

"Sudden..."

"Fear of age?"

"Where? P's & Q's... let your hair down for a while. Take the sun in a huge inhale and hold it till you die. Warm, fuzzy, safe, and secure. Plant me."

"I'm done."

"It paused, made a cat noise and continued, "It's hard to describe one's own life."

"This the best way to start is what do you think I'm thinking... or perhaps what do you think I should describe myself as? Afterall, you're going to take this, aren't you? Meaner doto dit dit blaque perutoo chea-tong."

"WHAT WAS THAT? WAS that hobbled from hope? Was it from the acorn? Strange, Owen thought. Even now, as the dump night woke into morning gloires, he knew the Bishop was laughing as he prepared, "Hold them. Love them. Respect them."

"If it's your image they will gain, you'd better be able to look at yourself in the mirror. There should be as much confusion about what to do. Sit and ponder of the possibilities and don't forget the denomenator. Simplicity is all around the pop-bottled vision you live within. Share wealth and keep in mind that experience is priceless. Figure it out and keep figurin' it out... once you have the answers, it's time to move on to the next life."

"Perhaps tomorrow."

"The Bishop's laughs were deep from his round, little belly too, not from the back of his throat like moist of the other times. Moist of the other times? Curious, Owen thought. Why did I just use moist instead of most? Was this another sign?

"Moist evenings... last Thursday... the acorn... Birthday laughing..."

"If it were any other time other than 6:48 AM Owen knew all this speculations would be irrelevent, but it was 6:48 AM and Owen wouldn't... no wait... couldn't overlook all these gifts. They had to fit together. No. They would fit together. Afterall, the acorn's inner master control operated as follows: high fan, low fan, high cool, low cool, and OFF. Hmm... master control, eh?"

"INTERESTING. HE'D HEARD of this master control before but where? Was it in a Bond movie or was it on the toaster? NO, that's something about light and dark. Racist fucking bread machine. Why don't they just write triple special K on the side? If Owen had said it once, he'd have said it a thousand times... "You can't paint without the paint and you can't break a few eggs if you ain't got the God-damn eggs... so smash my forehead and call me late for dinner!"

"Well then, back to the issue at hand. Owen tried the first setting... nothing... so much for high fan. Next... nothing. Either the acorn was busted or the blackout had condemned his curiosity. Next setting... nothing. Well it's up to low cool and OFF now. A quick turn of the magic knob and... nothing. He started to lose patience with the bastard of a contraption. Still one chance. But it was 6:48 AM and OFF worked."

"Sweet carnivals of Jean-Guy Rubper-Poots!!! OFF worked. Not a humming, not a purr, not a whisper or... just the blissful sound of silence. Oh, the fuck isn't that bad he guessed, but it hardly seems worth the loss of life all around the blackened streets of home, does it? Owen took a deep breath, let his wings down, and then leapt into the crimson morning. Perhaps tomorrow, Grandpa. Perhaps tomorrow.
It’s A Monster! AOL takes over Time Warner

Rob Shaw–
Back in November, 50 000 people took to the streets of Seattle in a grassroots protest aimed at the World Trade Organization. If anything was accomplished during the five-day conflict with the MAN, it was that mainstream society became exposed to the evils of the WTO and their global agenda.

There is definitely something scary about mega-mergers between corporations that have more influence and power than some sovereign states. There is something even scarier about this recent takeover by America On Line, who surpassed the gross national product of Australia. It couldn’t be a better deal for Wall Street investors and others who hold stocks, bonds, and mutual funds. However, for the rest of us, it reveals a future that has the potential to be dominated by one media monopoly. The major concern of this is for the Internet, which as of the deal on Monday, may not be the information highway any longer. The freedom that one once had online is anticipated by some to be disrupted.

The main theme behind the deal is that each corporation involved can share technology with each other. Time Warner holds access to a large amount of subscribers. For example, right now these two corporations hold a huge series of interest in the North American entertainment and information communities. Time Warner, which owns magazines, like Sports Illustrated, as well as the rights to musical groups, like Metallica, also owns the second biggest cable television system in America. This corporation has an estimated 35 million customers through cable television, plus they have close to 28 million customers through their publishing industry. America On Line has close to 22 million subscribers, which means when the deal becomes finalized these consumers will become the hook to create a monopolized Internet market. This monopoly market will squeeze out the existing Internet market by having such a dominant consumer force. Smaller companies that exist on the Internet will not be able to compete and will be forced to join AOL or disappear. The problem with this takeover is that it involves AOL, which, historically, was the first company that gave the world “hand holding” Internet access or censorship on the information highway. In the early ‘90’s, when the Internet was free of advertising, credit card forms, and commercial spam, it was a device where one was granted unrestricted access to information around the world. It was also a place where any group that attempted to limit the freedom or censor the flow of information was seen as evil. AOL was the most famous in their attempts to censor information and restrict what their users posted on the Internet. Their notion of restricting what one could do lead critics to believe that they, as a company, would fade away in the future. However, this didn’t happen. In fact, AOL has become the largest provider of access on the Internet. Their agenda of forming a system where the average computer user could be walked through the information highway has become so big that they are reported to be ten times larger than their closest competition.

The simple solution would be to go somewhere else; however, with this huge buildup of users, we can begin to watch smaller independent companies forced out of the Internet. This does not mean that present web sites will be inaccessible, but it does mean that it will be harder for information that is not in the best interest of AOL to be accessed. This meaning that AOL would not provide the resources needed to find a specific site. In a sense, they will restrict the user to what information best suits their corporation and advertisers.

This takeover basically says to the competition: keep up with our technology, or be prepared to get out. The future of this takeover is for AOL to devise a technology that will display television programming with online access, allowing the already existing devices of media (CD Players, VCR’s, Telephones) to be packaged as one product. Not only does this takeover threaten the future of the Internet, but television as well. For example, if a smaller company like Yahoo! or an independent television station cannot compete with the increasing technology of AOL, they will be forced out of the market.

This past week, stockholders’ investments in the new AOL has left the present competition scrambling for funds. If companies don’t reinvent themselves to the same value that AOL has on the stock market, then they risk probable buyouts by the likes of a conglomerate like AOL/Time Warner.

The risk to us is that, once again, the information we wish to access will soon be filtered through one corporation. This means that the information becomes watered down to the interests of a certain person and that our sense of freedom of information becomes further controlled by a force. The Internet, which once stood as a source for a wide array of freedom, can soon be expected to become a profit-oriented center for corporations of the world. What this means is that this post-modern device can soon become a modernist invention to create an absolute and future global domination.
Art et culture
Tableaux d’une exposition

Deuxième récital annuel de l’Ensemble de musique classique de Glendon

L’Ensemble musical de Glendon et le Bureau des affaires étudiantes présentent un récital de musique classique intitulé "Tableaux d’une exposition", les mercredis 9 et 17 janvier 2000, à 20 h au Théâtre Glendon.

Le récital de cette année sera varié et comprendra notamment des pièces pour violon et piano de Floir Tchaïkovski et de Pablo de Sarasate, de petits arrangements pour flûte et piano, une série de chants profanes de 4 voix du XVIe siècle français, interprétés par la chorale de Glendon récemment créée, et la suite pour piano de Modest Moussorgsky, Tableaux d’une exposition, qui a donné son nom à la soirée.

Le chœur est composé d’Érin O’Hara, Josée Charbonneau (soprano); Marie-Eve Leduc, Irena Kolbuszewska, Velia Mastrantonio (section alto); Lionel Toma (ténor); David Clarke, Ryan Austin (basses). Les musiciens sont : Christopher Benson (violon); Rae Perigoe (flûte); George Cummings (piano) et directeur de l’Ensemble musical de Glendon.

Le premier récital de musique classique, 24 préludes de Chopin, qui a eu lieu au Théâtre Glendon en novembre 1998, a connu un grand succès auprès de la collectivité de Glendon. Nous sommes donc heureux de présenter cette année deux représentations.


Quelques mots sur l’Ensemble musical de Glendon
L’Ensemble musical de Glendon a été formé en octobre 1999 par le Bureau des affaires étudiantes et sa division culturelle et artistique dans les buts suivants :
1. Encourager et promouvoir la recherche interdisciplinaire et le partenariat entre les disciplines;
2. Élargir le champ des études musicales et artistiques aux étudiants et au public;
3. Combiner harmonieusement ces activités aux études universitaires.

De plus, on cherchera à avenir à soutenir la participation musicale à d’autres activités culturelles organisées par les étudiants ou par les Affaires étudiantes.

À l'issue de chaque récital, l’Ensemble musical de Glendon compte dix membres et deux membres associés, et il est à la recherche d’autres chantiers et instrumentistes. Au cours de l’année 2000, il projette notamment de mettre sur pied une bibliothèque de répertoire chorale, de former un ensemble à cordes et un ensemble de flûtes à bec.

Catherine Hancock - The Truth Shall Set You Free

The real story of Rubin "Hurricane" Carter must be one of the greatest stories of the Century. It is about a black man in the late sixties who was framed for murder by a racist cop. Innocent, Rubin was sentenced to serve three life terms behind bars. With no hope of being set free, Carter wrote a book to tell his side of the story. A young boy named Lesra Martin basically learned to read from Carter's book.

The movie was the chance to meet Mr. Carter himself. He spoke to the audience after the film about his life: past, present and future. Just days before he had visited the White House to watch his film alongside President Clinton. He told us how, near the end of the film, Clinton leaned over to Chelsy and said "This is a good movie".

so he leaned in and said, "Mr. President, this is why capital punishment is so dangerous." Rubin Carter now lives in Toronto since it was Torontonians who set him free. The young Lesra Martin who learned to read from Carter's book now practices law in Vancouver.

Deuce Bigalo, Male Gigalo

I laughed much more than I expected to. I just can't believe I used to think Rob Schneider was cute.

The Green Mile

There is no doubt that this is written by Stephen King. It is superbly acted and I nominate David Morse for best supporting actor.

Holiday Movies

The Talented Mr. Ripley
Too pointless. Too boring. Too long. And Dickie is not long enough.

Galaxy Quest
The writing is slickly enjoyable. This is a pure source of entertainment.

Cindy Sherman at the AGO

Rae Perigoe - For the first time in recent memory, the Art Gallery of Ontario presented three shows by women artists all at the same time. Cindy Sherman and Helen McNicoll both had major shows that displayed works from their whole careers, while Joyce Wieland’s drawings of male nudes were put on display. Unquestionably, the show that raised the most controversy of the three was Cindy Sherman’s "Retroactive". The show was deemed to be offensive and unfit for the student audience that makes up a large part of the AGO’s public. Particularly controversial was the "Sex Pictures" section. Sherman, a photographer, created pictures that were nightmarish parodies of conventional pornography. The pictures abounded in grossly inflated phalluses, hermaphroditic torsos and vaginas stuffed with unusual items.

Responsible to the cries of moral outrage from the school boards, the AGO moved the "Sex Pictures" to a back room, so that teachers could choose for themselves whether their students would be exposed to the graphic photos.

My interest piqued by the controversy, I recently went to the AGO to see whether Sherman was, in fact, leading us downward to moral decay. My less spectacular reaction was that Sherman is a fascinating, sometimes brilliant artist who wants to question the way we look at art.

The first thing you see upon visiting the exhibit is a series of five photographs, all of Sherman. What is startling is that there seem to be five different people staring back at you. One wears a flapper hat, another has an engineer’s hat and male features. In these photos Sherman undermines the notion of a unified self, showing herself to be protein, ever-changing, with multiple identities.

Sherman’s world is one of carnivore, of the bizarre, of the animal nature behind our façade of civilized society. This is never more evident than in the "Fairy Tales" section. Sherman’s "Fairy Tales" vaguely relate to the fairy tales we all heard as children, but show the darker side of the fairy world. In these riveting photos, Sherman transforms herself from pig-man to a giant to a scorching woman with prosthetic breasts. I sense a kind of quality of liberation in these pictures, as if Sherman has entirely abandoned any notion of realism so that she can transform herself into any being she chooses.

And, finally, the "Sex Pictures". Never have I seen an artist play with the supposedly sacred symbols of sex in such amusing ways. In these pictures Sherman revels in the artificial, making fun of stereotypical images of sex and exaggerating them to the point where they are revealed as ridiculous.

We see monstrosities, like "Untitled #259", in which a decapitated mannequin head gazes simultaneously back at the viewer and at the central object, which is a disturbing joining of a cock-ringed penis with a vagina. Sherman’s show at the AGO reveals her as a creator of fascinating images with the power to shock and to reexamine cultural attitudes.
How FENIXtx and Blink182 stole my heart and my ... 

Catherine Hancock

When FENIXtx & Blink182 walked into the room, my heart sank into my stomach. I was a virgin interviewer, nervous about experiencing my first time. Fenis was blowing up inflatable (3 foot long) dildos - just what a virgin needs to be looking at. But these guys are cool, and I was soon at ease. Originally from Texas, I immediately fell in love with their faded southern accents - especially Damon’s. FENIXtx consists of Willie Safizar (24) on vocals and guitar, Damon Delapar (25) on guitar, Adam Lewis (20) on bass, and Donnie Reyes (25) on Drums. From San Diego, Blink182 is Mark Hoppus (27) on vocals and bass, Tom DeLonge (23) on vocals, and guitar and Travis Barker (24) on drums. I should also mention it was a group interview; eight of us took turns asking questions. And so the interview begins...

How did you guys hook up with Blink182?

Dann. Mark’s our manager. His sister gave him our CD and he liked it...

How’s the music scene different in Canada than it is in San Diego?

Dann. Well, it’s been good. I can say this. Every show we’ve played here has been bigger than the ones we’ve played anywhere else. Will

There’s probably just so many bands in the States, who are just dying to be with Seth Green - (Okay, right about now I would have cut in because he just said Seth Green, only I was lost in Travis’ tattoos. Dammit.) You used to be on an indie label called Grilled Cheese. What are some of the perks and benefits from signing with MCA?

Mark. The best thing about being on a major label is that legally, they can’t rip you off. For example, Grilled Cheese said, “We don’t feel like paying you royalties this year.”

Tom. They didn’t pay us for a year and a half. Have you guys ever dreamt of being a porn star? Tom. I’ve never dreamt of being a porn star, but I wouldn’t mind being with one of those porn stars. Any guy would look at a girl who has sex for money and think that’s sad because they like sex, or they wouldn’t do it professionally.

Don. Travis is a porn star. Trav. You know it.

What is the worst job that you had before you broke out into the music business?

Dann. Plumbers assistant. Don. I used to sell shoes. Trav. I was a trash man.

Will. Tom I lifted concrete. I drove around a truck and delivered concrete by hand... Fuck, I hated that job. Mark. I was an intern working for the guy who cleans up the semen at the

Donnie Reyes

pornography theaters. Will I was a projectionist at one of those pornography theaters. Damon. You were a projectionist in a regular theater. What band that you’re spoofing in the video for All The Small Things do you secretly listen to?

Tom. Honestly, I really don’t listen to any of those bands, but that Ricky Martin song, She’s all I ever had, it’s fucking great. A lot of people are saying that you are becoming too soft and too mainstream; what do you think of that?

Will. When were you guys ever hard?

Tom. The difference is we just took more time and tried to sing everything correctly. People might think it’s over-produced, but being in a band, you don’t want to create a half-produced record. And it’s obvious there are going to be a lot of punk kids that think that we’ve sold out or trying to become commercial. But when we wrote our first song that got on the radio, we never once thought of the radio. ...Our fastest song we’ve ever written is on this record, and our slowest.

Will. It’s hardcore fans that think: “This is the only band I listen to and this is the only band I’m going to listen to - forever. And they better not get on the radio where everybody else can hear them, and I can’t be the only one.”

Mark. If you’re a journalist writing a fanzy and Spin Magazine says “We want to give you a bunch of money and let you start your own magazine. Do it your way.” Then do it and other people [say you’ve] totally sold out. Why wouldn’t you want to be successful at what you do?

How important is the visual side of expressing yourselves?

Tom. I think it’s really important because we’re a band that has a lot of personality. I think playing live’s really important for us too. ...If you come to a show you can see that we’re assholes. We’ve got very bad mouths, we talk about naked ladies and sex and acting like we’re eight years old. But we’ve always maintained a young state of mind and probably always will.

Where is your biggest fan base?

Tom. It used to be Montreal, but now it’s probably L.A. Our biggest shows have ever been in Montreal.

Mark. I think our biggest show now would be San Diego. Dann. That and Arizona, for us. Will. ...But I remember years ago, we would come up to Montreal and the shows would be so rad. We always totally looked forward to going to Montreal. Will. I like Canadians.

The interview was over, but we kept talking. It was the informal moments that made me realize just how cool these guys are. They’re just a bunch of normal guys - who happen to be in a band.

It was quite possibly the best forty-five minutes of my life. Right now, you’re probably thinking "this girl must be a serious loser." But until you experience what I did that day, you’ll never be able to understand the satisfaction that I now feel. And that, my friends, is how Blink182 and FENIXtx stole my heart. And as far as me... to quote Donnie, it’s "run uh you business too."
Poetry and fiction

What is this civilized manner?
Have you forgotten that desire within you?
We live by some silly fictitious game.
Measuring ourselves against it.
Deciding the acceptability of others using it,
Automations all of us!
Have we forgotten the rage?
Have we forgotten the joys of the run?
To dance, to drink, to fuck.
Look into your teachers,
Is there any burning there?
Your friends, any joy...........only numbness
There is no need to hold on.
You are already dead.

Noel Barnett-
"I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed.
The Leprechaun lookin' fella at the end of line uttered this phrase only a few seconds after the big ball drop that promised a great many amongst us a fresh new hat. I stared on. The line was 'conga' and there were more than ten of us snakin' through the small space of Audreys' livin' room, holdin' bottles of Sugar Ray to our lips like drunkin' sods cryin' alligator tears an' rollin' down rabbit holes towards salted seas and Alice on crack.
We had sat in the teevee, and invites from the orphanages 'All Night Eve Socca Dance Social' littering the carpet. Big bowls of ox-tail and dried poulets covered the furniture and Teddy was playin' charades all by himself, to himself, and finally, for himself.
Yet above the bang and the clatter, I heard the words of that very short and green fella and they cut me to the quick, I knew even through the haze of rum and dandelion wine; twas Myrtle Farnsworth from the PSYC course. 'Personality' 3220 3.0 A.
I could forget neither the name of the course, nor the face of that young man. When an' how he'd appeared in our midst remains somewhat of a mystery to me, but I'd been with my head in the cupboard for the better part of the evening, lookin' for reggae music and bones to play and both continued to elude me.
Farnsworth face, the big satellite dish ears made from bright pink gristle and wax, branchin' out from the sides, almost heralding its approach, as though it were Caesar. His eyes were orange like his hair, and he hailed from Oshawa; his teeth were the size of dominos and in my drunken state I nearly reached for the inside of his mouth, pining for a game as I was; his nose was pert and sharp as a flake of white marble; and finally, covered: I say, COV- ERED, the boy was with lime-stone freckles and he stunk of Bullys Irish.
I wrenched his arm from the socket and began to beat him with it. "Why such sad talk on such an auspicious occasion, Leprechaun?"
"If you please," he drawled rather calmly and motioned for the return of his appendage.
Fixing it back on, he continued, "If your ears are indeed that long, sir, that they require appearing to any mans mere mumbly, than you, sir, are a 'Fassy-hole.'"
My tongue was a sponge thick with Wray & Nephews finest Jamaican rum and so I stammered to catch up with the insult. "By 'fassy-hole, you would be referring to the notion of 'fastness'?
"I would, Sir."
"And an individual who 'fasts' in other peoples business?"
"That very same individual, sir?"
"And have you no fear of God, man?"
Indeed I do, sir, and that brings me to my present distress and why I count myself as a bigger fool than all others present, yourself included, sir."
His sad expression was one of sincere sobriety that I had seen on some 'song and dance men', when the last temples of vaudeville closed and reopened as GAPs. He was as serious as suicide and for all the confetti and balloons in the world, I could not recapture the spirit of celebration, or harbor any hostility towards the Irish freak with the midwest handle who was its thief.
Tell me about it, Myrtle."
"Ohh, sir..." he sighed and cast face towards the ground, "I'm a finished man, I am."
"Why?"
"Graduated, sir. I've been granted early graduation on account of certain credits from another university being finally awarded to me, sir."
But that 'supercalifragilistic, Merle? Hell, you beat the clock, kid! You're outta there!! We all envy you!" I slapped him on those little green felt shoulders, beginning to feel good again.
"Ahh, that you would, sir..." he sighed and removed the top hat and dandled it on his knee. "...after all, you're as dunder as any other, sir, you'll forgive me no doubt, but that one eye of yours is as blind as an elephant ear, sir."
I fixed him with my best Gary Coleman pout circa 1980 and replied in earnest, "What you talkin' bout, Merle?"
Now, without the slightest hint of coming near air, he fit a small cob pipe and let go a smile. "You think you know anything, sir? Believe in fortune afresh do you, sir? But I've been launched out into the thick of it."

Time calls me to swim for my very life. 'Equip yourself!' it cries, but in vain, sir, in vain.
For now the full realization is thrust upon me; society has no use for my talents, sir. The trades I search daily, sir, and daily I am disappointed.

After a short period of quiet afforded the elf what amounted to being my sincere condolences, "There is a place for you in this world, Merle. Especially for someone as unique as yourself. Perhaps you'll write your own role before long."
"Ahb," he sighed, "poor romant­
cic fool such as yourself, sir. God bless you for it, sir, for that perpet­u­ally dreaming nogggin' of yours. You'll need it, god knows, sir. After all, I'm only a psych major, but you're a lin­guist if I recall correctly, sir and 'I'll soon be up shit creek worse than myself. No one needs a linguist, sir, that's for sure. They want couriers from A to Z, forklift operators, and people who write a flavor of coffee, sir. Maybe eventually with my degree I'll find work cleaning bedpans in Bellevue, but you sir, I'm afraid are fucked, plain and simple like."
He blew a thin stream of blush-gray smoke at the passing conga line, then looked directly into my eyes. I must admit, I had no choice but to turn away. Once again, he'd cut me to the quick. "What you heard me say sir was that 'I cannot dig...' meaning manual labor frightens me to death and I am not accustomed to it; ....and to beg, I am ashamed" which needs no trans­lation. I will have dwindled my stored funds by the end of the first week of the new year. Then, sir, then the spectacle that is my life will begin and I fear for the worst."

Bewitched by his argument, I held silent. We sort of nodded between ourselves and sat down slowly to watch the innocent and ignorant dance despite dis­mays' presence in the place.
So, they hooted and hollered and finished more and more bottles, while Merle murmured his lamentations, and I prayed for the pot of gold he had some­where hidden in this crazy world, its whereabouts unbe­knownst to us.

Hear El Tuerto on CKRG, FM 90.7
Spoken word & music, every Mon 12-1pm.

Sarah