

pro.tem

39^e année

Innocently redundant since 1962

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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 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 been happening 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 drink Pepsi; January 25: strike day; Pub's new face; Apathy at Glendon; Le Carnaval nous revient...

It occurred to me that everything I've 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. And 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 overused phrase and immortalize it for the Pro Tem archives: It's a new millenium, 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 superb 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 shock and startle and negate aesthetic values by a deliberate incomprehensibility in its artis-

tic and literary methodology. While the movement faded in the twenties, it was revived in the fifties and sixties, especially in New York, with artists like Andy Warhol.

In this English translation, the theatrical conception has been expanded into a ninety minute theatrical experience involving music, dance, mime, staging and drama, which strikes the audience with a profound psychological and emotional effect. As the director notes, speech is liberated "from the constraints of reason." In this original work, we can see the origins of the

"theatre of the absurd" and a continuity which resonates in more accessible works by Ionesco, Genet, Becket, Pinter and the new playwrights. We are urged "to explore the potential of language and movement in the theatre to maximum effect." Again, as the director explains in his programme notes: "There is no need to suspend belief during this production; on the contrary, it is preferable that you pay close attention to the methods by which we construct the performance."

How the cast bring out the wonderful imagery and symbolism of the piece. The satanic tactile feel of the gas mask, the primordial egg from which we can trace our ancestry to that single Darwinian cell, the mobile cages in which we poor humans imprison ourselves and the existential futility and banality of much of our human modern life. The ensemble playing of the cast was uniformly good. It included Amaryah Rene as Eye, Todd Cleland as Mouth, Derek Brasier as Nose, Christen Smith as Ear, Haida Gebu as Neck, and Nicole Schmidt as Eyebrow. The set was effective with its

chessboard stage and the surrounding black drapes. The lighting was effective and all the "stage business" faultlessly coordinated.

Children can dwell and function on a level of fantasy and reality in their play because they possess two precious qualities: imagination and innocence. While the adult audience laughed at some of the absurdist dialogue sensing double entendre, practically all the children in the audience with their parents laughed in a way that enhanced the show because they function effortlessly at a level of fantasy which most "armoured" adults, in the way they are described by the psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich, are incapable of doing, because they lack both innocence and imagination. The connection between Dada and Freud goes without saying. Suffice to say that in the Dadaist cannon there is truth, beauty and poetry be found if we can decipher the ambiguities with the wisdom of the young. Sadly the show ended on November 27.

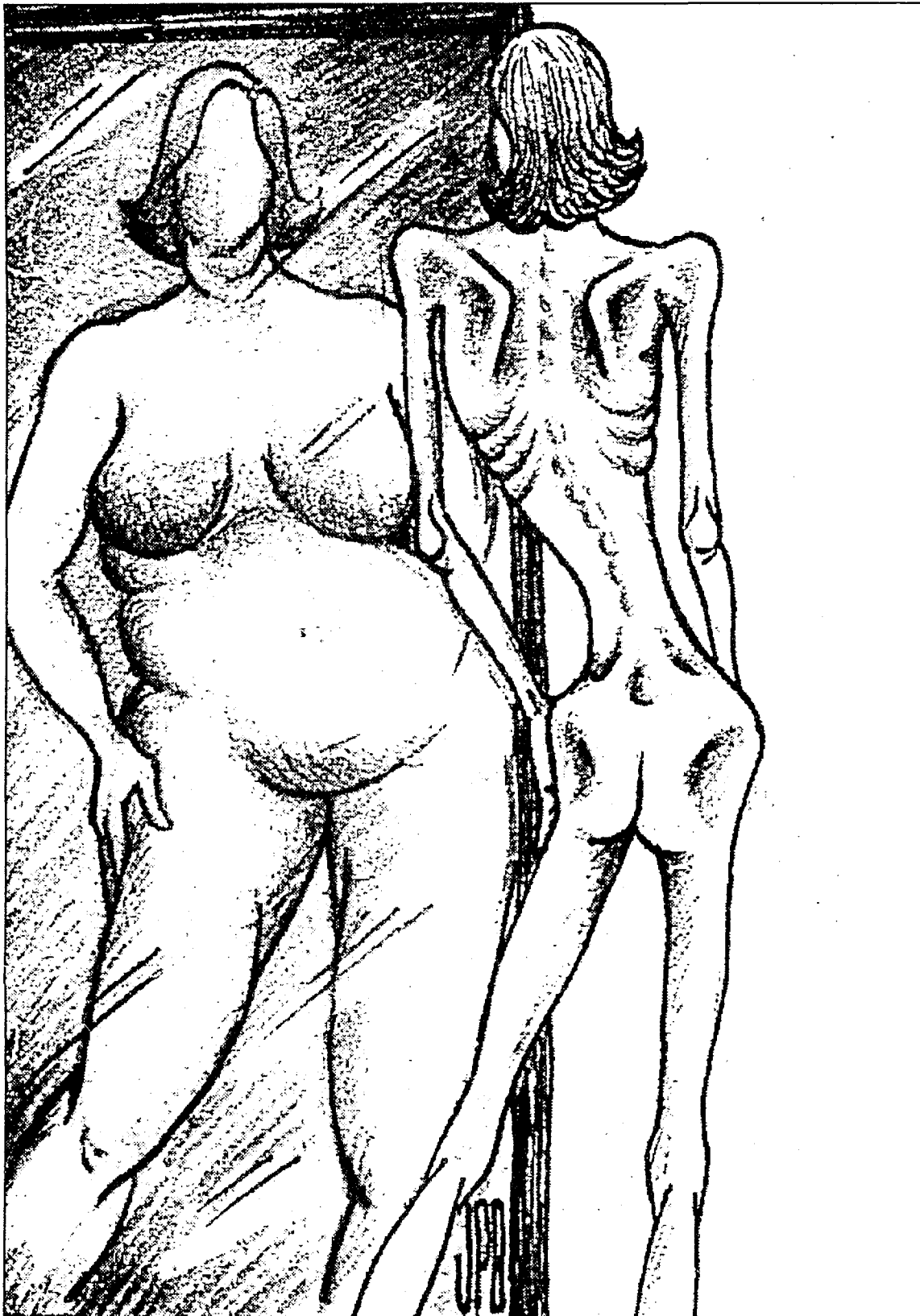
-Clifford G. Holland

Café de la Terrasse: Under New Management

Check out some of the new changes and upcoming events:

- **New vegetarian menu specials every week...** dairy & egg-free meals, also made with organic ingredients.
- **Sunday nights...** all you can eat chili & toast, \$5.
- **Jan 19th:** free live music, 9pm (Seth's band!).
- **Jan 24th:** pasta 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 chili & toast, \$4.
- **Feb 4th:** hockey pub.

Commentary



News/Nouvelles

Voices Unheard

Doug-
YONGE AND
BLOOR-

"There are people out here who are trying to straighten out their lives. If some people just took the time to talk to us instead of telling us to fuck off, I think that's pretty rude. Just say sorry or thank you and just try and be polite. Twenty-two points, plus triple-word-score, plus fifty points for using all my letters. Game's over. I'm outta here.

What stresses me out is when your out there pan-ning and people come up and say get a job or say, if you let me kick you I will give you \$5. It is unbelievable what people ask you. I've had at least 20 or 30 guys come up and say I will give you \$500 if you will suck my dick. I have been hit seven or eight times by people who wanted me to go with them. They think everybody is willing to do something for money but that is not my price.....It is just the stress of everyone telling you off, telling you to get a job instead of just asking what you are doing out here. They just presume what you are doing with the money. So the stress just builds up throughout the day until sometimes you need a relaxer, like a joint.

I just look at it now as like if you want to spare change great, if not, then it is your own problem. You can't really let that bother you because if you do you will just get stressed out and explode on somebody. I have seen it quite a few examples of violence, but it just depends on all the stress and how you handle it. One of my first panning lines was well you can kick me for a buck. People would say well here is the buck. I won't kick you. You have to throw a bit of comedy in once in awhile, keep changing your line, its for yourself but also for the people too.....If someone doesn't give me change but still sits down to find out what I am doing out here it makes me happy any way. It happens sometimes. There are people out there, its just that, maybe they are afraid because something is going to happen.....Almost anybody you meet on the street you can get along with because they are in the same situation as you are. There are a few younger people who when they first get out here they go on a power trip, but you don't really have to prove anything, just be yourself and you will get along great with almost everybody. Just don't step on anybody's toes."

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.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
12			RHYTHMS		
1	Punk Drawk			big backyard	SOCIAL AWARENESS
2	With Jeff	howulikeit?	TBA	More Dead	With Tom
3	KRAZY PUNK	kitchen	MILLENIUM	Air	
4				And now for somethin & completel y	
5	75 LIVE	DEAD AIR	IN BA TRENCHES	different...	unauthoriz ed Music
6				THE	Idlo/audio (radio)
7	DIRGES OF MICHAEL	GLENDON ELECTRONIC	Sonic Union	SCOPE	infinity
8		COLLECTIVE			
9	CLASSIC ROCK MONDAYS		Jaundic e Joel	PUBNIT E	
				the one and only	

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 last 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 Mikael Swayze, 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 or a wage package, because money's money, so our members don't lose money to work here," said Swayze, 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 declared 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.

Winter Carnival starts this week

This year's Winter Carnival begins on Thursday. Originally organized by Director of Cultural Affairs Jen Joynt, now (since Ms. Joynt took on the position of Pub manager) by Vandana Kapoor, this event is a Glendon tradition.

Along with the traditional events, such as banner and cheer competitions, karaoke, and the drag king and queen competition, there will also be a toga night and a formal night. Many Carnival events have always been held at the Pub, but there is even more emphasis on that this year, to try and bring in more sales to the financially hurting Café de la Terrasse. In fact, there will even be a Fundraising Day, which will aim to raise funds for both the Pub and a Toronto charity.

Teams consist of 8 to 12 students, and can be chosen by the students or made up by the GCSU. Ms. Kapoor is hoping for 8 to 10 teams to compete against each other, as there have been often in the past, although last year there were only five.



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.

Journée MBA

Présentée par le Centre de consultation et d'orientation

Date: mardi le 1er fév.
Heures: 10h - 14h00
Lieu: Salon Garigue
Cout: Gratuit!

Cherchez de l'information sur: les GMAT, les applications, et les programmes

MBA DAY

Presented by the Counselling and Career Centre

Date: Tuesday, Feb. 1st
Time: 10 am - 2:00 pm
Location: Salon Garigue
Cost: Free!

Drop in and pick up information on: GMAT, applications, programs, etc.

News/Nouvelles

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 cam-

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

lished 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 lead.

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 in speaking with her, one clearly senses an air of simple modesty. 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 at 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. We are in charge again, that's the way I feel, not just me but we all have a say."

Mrs. Joynt is also keen on the new relationship the Pub will entertain with the local student

government the GCSU. "I feel that it is really important that they (GCSU) have a say in the way the Pub is run if they have to take on our debt". Mrs. Joynt is referring to the obscure York policy, which governs the various Colleges of the University. Simply stated the student government is responsible for any debts incurred by student organizations existing within the college. She casually approximates the Pub's current debt at roughly \$24 000.

Mrs. Joynt is quick to follow

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

"It was a non-Glendonite running the Pub last semester who really didn't get to know the students or anything."

pus 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.

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 estab-

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 non-smokers, faculty and alumnus. 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

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 serve 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

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 \$28,000 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 Cederic 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.

Ms. 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.



Features

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 usuals 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 when you walk for long enough, it starts tasting like the best food in the whole world.

"should i bring water too, will i need it as much as the rest of these yahoos lining up at springs and big accessible shopping complexes, looking like an all too familiar third world snapshot of the daily reality of water line ups?" he settled for 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 firelight.

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 check- 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 lovely lake there, to which he often returned in his meditations. he wanted to be there when the madness started, he would then judge a good time for his return. the route took him past many of the architectural representations of ideals that he found common 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 anthro-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 cobwebs 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 bigmac 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.

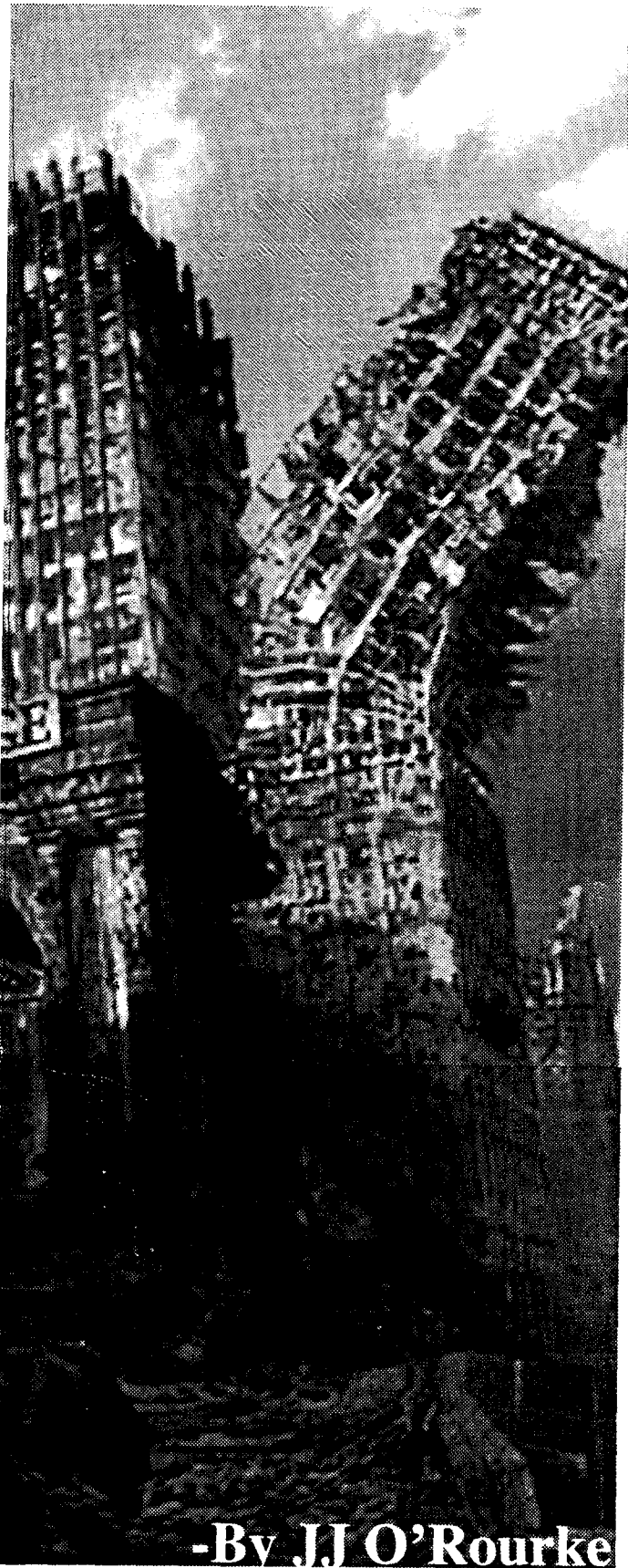
"MAYBE MARKET RESEARCH is not about what people want, but **JUST HOW MUCH** they'll take?" he takes a swig of whiskey, remembering that he had a belly of his own that he had to keep warm, now that he was outside of the city and there were no greenhouse gasses to keep him warm during this win-

ter 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 fu-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 struc-

Features



-By J.J O'Rourke

turally seeing it in structure form. then he saw a legion hall. inside, he met many men trying to forgive their sons and daughters for not protecting that which they had ensured half a century before. leaving nightmares behind them, they returned home to see a new cowardly enemy, one that wouldn't even look you in the eye so you could shoot it.

"what enemy is that?". Bennett dogged them for an answer. before anyone made any attempt to answer, and they were to quick to reply, he blurted "RESPONSIBILITY?" they all looked away, except one woman. she sidled in along the booth Bennett had chosen near the back of the hall, and asked him if he would buy a raffle

ticket.

"most non members usually have to be a guest or pay a fee to come into here. for you they waived it, you know, it bein' the seventh day of christmas, seven bein' a lucky number and seein' as how it's new year's eve, the minellium is comin'..." he bought a ticket just to shut her up, not wanting to take the responsibility of listening to the mad rantings of this old geezer. what did she know, she was probably senile.

SINCE IT WAS GETTING late, Bennett decided that he should get going up to the lake and settle on a spot near one of the beaches, just off to the side in the woods. somebody called his name as he went out the

door, and he turned to realize 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's use better than he, and that he had been foolish to think that he might know its use.

off 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 fell away in the peaceful spheres of his eyes. he thought of peoples dreaming states-er... provinces. how honest that province sometimes seemed. or rather how close to a true self one can get when later paying attention to a dream that wasn't dictated, or imposed upon by outside structure.

McStructures get so ingrained in every one's lines of sight?" Bennett posed as he pondered once again. what he saw were herds of vulnerable people waking up every morning, and just when they could take some personal time to recollect their dreaming province productions, their attention would quickly switch their focus away from themselves as individuals. they were then slaves. they had no time, or so the McMan wanted them to believe. he enforced this belief with McBills that had to be McPaid. it was a cold, calculated control that had been the result of years of data collection in the realm of not what people wanted, but JUST HOW MUCH they could take. the plan was to steal their mornings. when they wake up, the natural wonderment of a new day must be replaced with a role. this way, at the end of the day, which is

when the McMan gives these people time to themselves, they could look back on the life that was created for them; instead of letting the people have time before the day to look at what they want to make of themselves.

"IF PEOPLE HAD TIME TO get in touch with their selves, not the roles or names that McSociety gives to them, but their true selves, would they still want these roles?" Bennett asked himself at last. he was anxious to find out if this Y2K would be the key that would unlock the chest of opportunity. Bennett spent much time at his retreat, he did not know how long by conventional 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-commitance 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-posed entities that were supposed to appear exactly the same 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 dreamsight 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 catatonia, 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 millennium, what was three months by our measurements, at his retreat in wilberforce, 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! in one way, they get to make a pile of cash, and on the other hand, they get to spend a bunch of cash that the taxes WE pay will reimburse them for. they all got ahead, they all grew, and relatively speaking, when that happened, WE all lost out. we all got a little smaller as a result of the fabricated lie they fed us. you see, it's as if they bombed us, and that is the world i now see. Bennett."

Perspectives

Perhaps tomorrow, grandpa. Perhaps tomorrow.

Steven Irvine-

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 quaint, 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 a fucking god. Oh, and that pristine, stuck-up bitch of a woman sitting beside him staring out into Canada's great wide open. "My what a pretty blouse, ma'am." "Why thank you." "Did you get that with the skirt, or did you get them separately?" Like it makes one fuck of a difference. "Can I get you anything else? Coffee, tea, lint remover, blow job?" Wait a second... out the window... a completely different vibe. Rolling hillside... rich green meadow... autumn trees and brush... and the sky - free of clouds - a radiant example of nature's purity.

NICE WORK VIA. NICE fucking work. It's hard to make the connection some times. Moist evenings... last Thursday... they must be related some how. That much was obvious, but how? Dammit. Dammit. How? It doesn't have blue lines or off-sides. It doesn't have neon lights to fuck with the minds of moths. It doesn't follow you to the doctor's to steal your after check-up sucker. It doesn't change colours in the fall. It doesn't drop its litter in the mall. It doesn't chase birds with pellets. It doesn't vacuum the cat's mess. It doesn't fish. It doesn't catch you in the middle of your thoughts. It doesn't burn twigs. It doesn't throw out your cornhusks. It doesn't paint your face red and ask for change. It doesn't taste like prune juice. It doesn't shed its skin. It doesn't hop the scotch and butter it afterwards. It doesn't lose your baggage. It doesn't take the squirrels far away from home. It doesn't kiss the girls and make them cry. It doesn't have pads made of lilies. It doesn't pretend to be TomFoolery. It doesn't wear

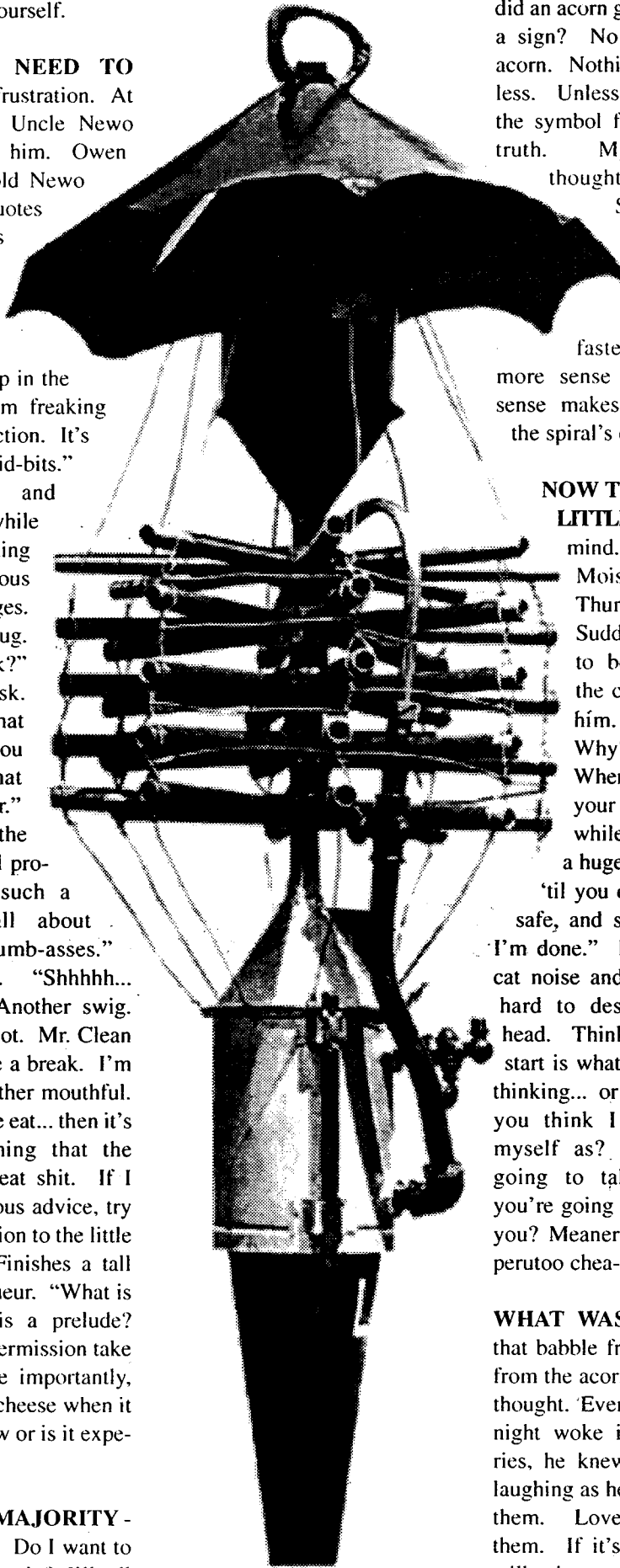
slippers... Calm yourself.

THERE'S NO NEED TO

reduce things to frustration. At least that's what Uncle Newo used to drill into him. Owen could still hear old Newo spitting out his quotes of the day. "Fences and chains. Young toughs and rhubarb. Ignorance and innocence. I'm up in the air like blue. I'm freaking mad with no direction. It's all samples and tid-bits." He would rant and holler for hours while intermittently taking swigs off of various alcoholic beverages. Again. On a mug. "You feeling ok?" Owen would ask. "For starters, what the hell is ok? If you can give me that much, I'll answer." (Solitude. On the beat.) "When did protection become such a taboo? It's all about respect, you dumb-asses." Pulls off a 26er. "Shhhhh... intruder alert." Another swig. "Waste and whatnot. Mr. Clean / Germs - give me a break. I'm not an egg." Another mouthful. "If we are what we eat... then it's a damn good thing that the majority doesn't eat shit. If I can give any serious advice, try to pay close attention to the little things in life." Finishes a tall glass of green liqueur. "What is a start? What is a prelude? When does the intermission take place? And more importantly, can I get tacos & cheese when it comes? Is life now or is it experience?"

FAITH IN THE MAJORITY -

What the hell for? Do I want to have beaucoup de coin? I'll tell 'ya one thing - if I turn out like the upper-class shits in the zone next to me - you can have my share straight up 'yer ass instead. I'm beginning to understand something about myself more and more as I climb the financial ladder: People who live with more money than others are usually pompous fucks. Oh, did I mention I've come to terms with judging everyone



around me? Who's to say if I'm a better person than anyone else? Not I - that's for sure, 'cuz I don't trust myself with that decision." Downs the tail end of a lager. "When your back is against the wall, don't force the situation. Stay calm and reach into your pocket for a clue." Owen tried his front pockets... nothing... then he tried the rear ones... an acorn. Strange, how

did an acorn get in there? Was it a sign? No wait. It was an acorn. Nothing more - nothing less. Unless the acorn carried the symbol for Newo's certain truth. My word, Owen thought... It's there.

Smack-dab in the center of the acorn's little hat - an inward spiral with "The faster life gets, the more sense stuff that makes sense makes" engraved along the spiral's edge.

NOW THERE WAS

LITTLE doubt in his mind. It was all related. Moist evenings... last Thursday... the acorn... Suddenly hope seemed to be peeping around the corner. It spoke to him. "Fear of age? Why? How? When? Where? P's & Q's... let your hair down for a while. Take the sun in a huge inhale and hold it 'til 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 head. Think 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 however you're going to take this, aren't you? Meaner doto dit dit blaque perutoo chea-tong."

WHAT WAS THAT? WAS

that babble from hope? Was it from the acorn? Strange, Owen thought. Even now, as the damp night woke into morning glories, he knew the Bishop was laughing as he preached. "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 shouldn't be as much confusion about what to do. Sit and ponder of the possibilities and don't forget the denominator. Simplicity is all around the pop-bottled vision you live within. Share the 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

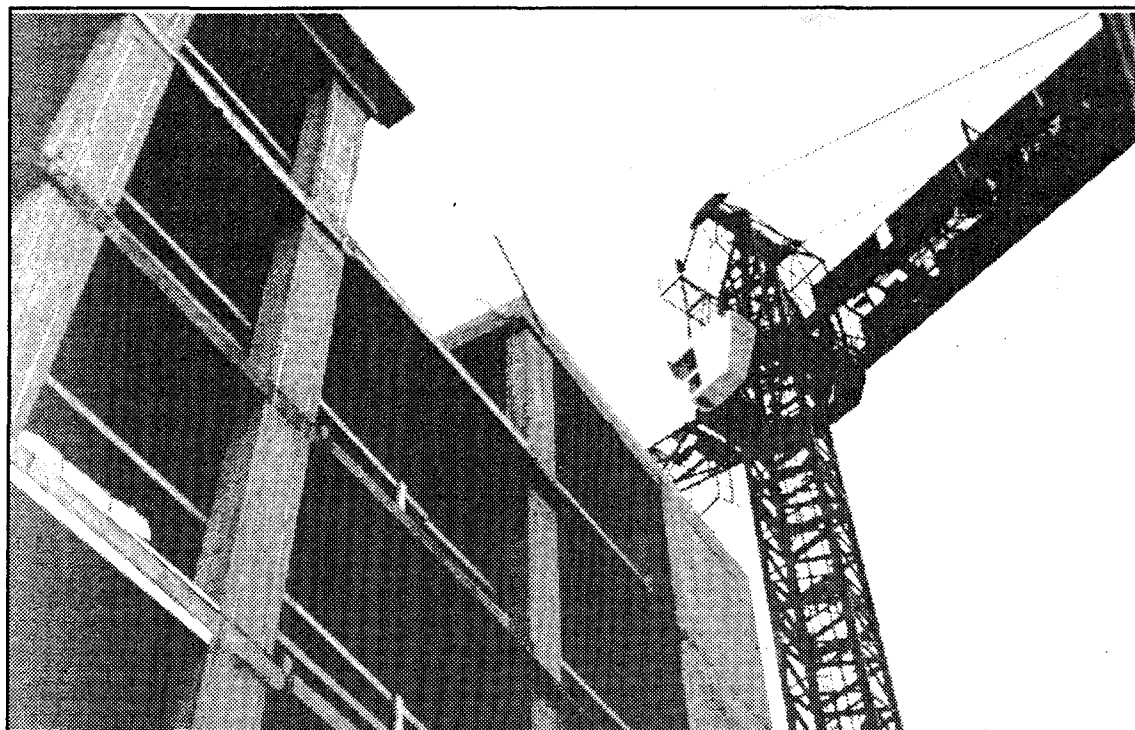
on to the next life. Soar, Putz. Soar." The Bishop's laughs were deep from his round, little belly too, not from the back of his throat like moist of the other times. Moist of the other times? Curious, Owen thought. Why did I just use moist instead of most? Was this another sign? Moist evenings... last Thursday... the acorn... Bishop laughing... If it were any other time other than 6:48 AM Owen knew all this speculation would be irrelevant, 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. Hmmm... 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 smack 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 for sanity... OFF! Sweet carnivals of Jean-Guy Rubper-Poots!!! OFF worked. Not a hum, not a purr, not a thunk or twirl... just the blissful sound of chaos. One out of five 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, squatted, and then leapt into the crimson morning. Perhaps tomorrow, Grandpa. Perhaps tomorrow.

Perspectives

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 the majority of cable lines around the world. They believe that the future of the Internet is to replace the already existing phone lines to provide a faster more efficient service. This means that AOL will now be the major provider of faster service

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 be 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 infor-

mation 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-orientated 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.

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FACULTÉ D'ÉDUCATION



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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 mercredi 19 et jeudi 20 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 Piotr Tchaïkovski et de Pablo de Sarasate, de petits arrangements pour flûte et piano, une série de chants profanes à 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'Erin O'Hara, Josée Charbonneau (sopranos); Marie-Ève Leduc, Irena Kolbuszewska, Velia Mastrantoni (section alto); Lionel Tona (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.

Les billets seront mis en vente dès le lundi 10 janvier 2000 devant la cafétéria au prix de 5 \$ (3 \$ pour les étudiants). Réservations par l'intermédiaire du site web après le 1er janvier 2000 : <http://hottub.ca/~george/recital/recital.html>.

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

dans la collectivité de Glendon l'étude de la musique classique européenne (de la Renaissance au début du XXe siècle) ;

2. Présenter à la collectivité de Glendon des récitals de musique classique dont la magie est éternelle ;

3. Combiner harmonieusement ces activités aux études universitaires.

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

À l'heure actuelle, l'Ensemble musical de Glendon compte dix membres et deux membres associés, et il est à la recherche

d'autres chanteurs et instrumentistes. Au cours de l'an 2000, il projette notamment de mettre sur pied une bibliothèque de répertoire choral, de former un ensemble à cordes et un ensemble de flûtes à bec.

- 30 -

Une photographie du groupe de l'Ensemble musical de Glendon est disponible sur le site web. Renseignement : Martine Rheault, coordonnatrice des affaires artistiques et culturelles, 487-6859, courriel mrheault@glendon.yorku.ca ou George Cummings, directeur de l'Ensemble musical de Glendon, courriel, georges_c@hotmail.com.

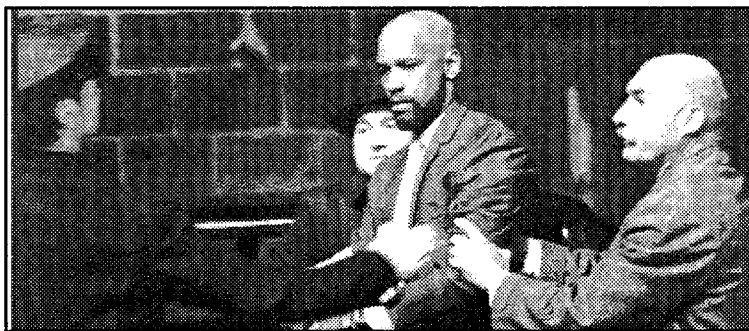
The Truth Shall Set You Free Holiday Movies

Catherine Hancock-

The true 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 learns to read from that very book. He is drawn to help set his idol free. With the help of thirteen Canadians (in the film there are three), the truth is uncovered and "The Hurricane" is set free. What touched me even more

than 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 Chelsey 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.



Catherine Hancock-

Every year during the holiday season a whole bunch of movies are released at once. It's hard to see every film in a matter of two weeks - lucky for me, I had four. So here are some quick reviews of the movies I spent my time and money on over the holidays.

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.

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

Stuart Little *** Adorable. I love that kid - and the mouse is cute too.

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 "Retrospective". 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, creat-

ed pictures that were nightmarish parodies of conventional pornography. The pictures abounded in grossly inflated phalluses, hermaphroditic torsos and vaginas stuffed with unusual items.

Responding 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, some-

times 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 protean, ever-changing, with multiple identities. Sherman's world is one of carnival, 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 seething 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 #250", in which a prosthetic vagina is stuffed with a line of sausages. Sherman also insists in playing with our gaze in these photos, such as in "Untitled #263", where 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.

Art and entertainment

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. Fenix was blowing up inflatable (3 foot long) dicks - 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 Salazar (24) on vocals and guitar, Damon Delapaz (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 intercourse begins...

How did you guys hook up with Blink 182?

Dam. 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?

Dam. 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 rad 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?

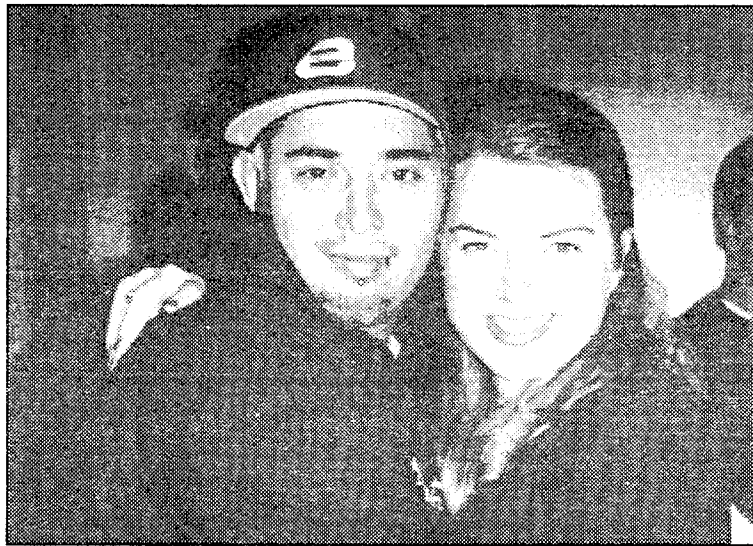
Dam. Plumbers assistant.

Don. I used to sell shoes.

Trav. I was a trash man.

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.

Dam. 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 you 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 I it's probably L.A. Our biggest shows ever have been in Montreal.

Mark I think our biggest show now would be San Diego.

Dam. That and Arizona, for us.

Tom ...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 about 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 my..., to quote Donnie, it's "nun uh yo bizness foo."

Upcoming Events

Friday, January 21, 2000

Titus

Starring Anthony Hopkins & Jessica Lange opens in Theaters

Sunday, January 23, 2000

Timescape talks

The Science Centre

Guest speaker, Prof. Bert Hall from UofT explains Calendars

Thursday, January 27, 2000

Wonders of the Winter Sky

The ROM - 6:30 to 8:30 p.m.

Friday, January 28, 2000

Island of Sharks

OMNIMAX Theatre (Science Centre)

Tuesday, February 1, 2000

MBA Day

Salon Garigue, 10 to 2 p.m.

Friday, February 4, 2000

Sympatico

Starring Nick Nolte,

Jeff Bridges, Albert Finney & Sharon Stone opens in Theaters

Sunday, February 6, 2000

Timescape Talks

The Science Centre

Guest Speaker, Prof. Shelley Hornstein from York U remembers the Holocaust

Sunday, February 13, 2000

Music of Egypt and the Middle East

Eaton Court @ the ROM - 2:30 p.m.

Monday, February 14, 2000

The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution

The ROM - 7:00 p.m.

For more info. on ROM: 586-8000

For more info. on Science Centre: 696-3127, OMNIMAX: 696-1000

CARNIVAL D'HIVER WINTER CARNIVAL

Du 20 janvier au 27 janvier
From January 20th to 27th

Le carnaval d'hiver est une activité que consiste des équipes de jusqu'à 12 membres qui participent à des événements pour une semaine complète.

Winter Carnival is a week long activity that consists of teams with a maximum of 12 members participating in events.

The Events of the Week/Événements de la semaine

20 jan: Banner & Cheer Contest/Concour de bannière et d'esprit.

<<Toga>> Pub

21 jan: Pool & Euchre Night/ Soirée de billard et Euchre

22 jan: Snow Olympics/Olympique d'hiver

23 jan: Fundraiser/Lever de fonds

24 jan: Breakfast at Pub/Le petit déjeuner au pub

25 jan: Drag King & Queen/ Roi & Reine transvesti

26 jan: Karaoke;

27 jan: Formal Pub Night/Soirée formal au pub

CHOOSE YOUR TEAM RIGHT AWAY!!!

The sign-up forms can be found in the GCSU office.

CHOISISSEZ VOTRE ÉQUIPE

EMMÉDIATEMENT!!!

Les formulaires d'inscription peuvent être retrouvés au bureau de l'AÉCG

TOUT LES AGES/ ALL AGES

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 acceptableness of others using it,
 Automats 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.

-Sarah



FOREVERSLEEP

She envelops my body,
 her darkness penetrates my eyes.
 My muscles relax as I
 collapse into her.
 No more pain,
 fear,
 anger,
 sorrow-
 all are replaced by numbness...
 acceptance.
 She is the serenity I have longed for,
 the relief I have prayed for.
 And she is here.
 Holding my hand,
 angel kissing my forehead,
 shushing in my ear.
 quieting me, relaxing me.
 I am one with all, all with her.
 A foreversleep.
 Finally...
 no more gasping, screaming.
 No more tears.
 A neverending deafening silence,
 soothing me.
 She has arrived and
 I leave my physicality
 for the eternal happiness that lies ahead.

-Bridget van Voorde

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 brand start on life. 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 drinkin' sods cryin' alligator
 tears an' rollin' down rabbit
 holes towards salted seas and
 Alice on crack.

We had BET on the teevee, and
 invites from the orphanages 'All
 Night Eve Soca 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.

But that 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 dominoes
 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, COVERED,
 the boy was with limestone
 freckles and he stunk of
 Baileys 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
 appeasing to any mans mere
 mumble, 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's 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 from his head, "...after
 all, you're as dunce as any
 other, sir, you'll forgive me
 no doubt, but that one eye of
 yours is as blind as an
 elephant arse, 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 condescending air,
 he lit 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."

Here, I took a stop and offered
 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."

"Ahh," he sighed, "poor
 romantic fool such as yourself,
 sir. God bless you for it, sir,
 for that perpetually dreaming
 noggin' 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
 bluish-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