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Editorial

Suicide note for the clique mentality

here we are, heading into the 40th anniversary of ProTem. Rob Shaw and I are the ‘leaders’ of what is arguably the campus’ most powerful ‘clique’, but what is a ‘clique’ anyway, other than simply a way of looking at things. the fact that many people are labelling different groups on campus as ‘cliques’, or ‘gangs’, or even ‘leaders’ goes to show just how fragmented the student body really is. much of what made this view popular is in the past. lousy administration of GCSU resources have left students feeling hopeless, careless, and often angry when you consider JUST HOW MUCH can be done with the framework we student have, the support network than CAN touch every part of your student experience. but next year could be different. fortunately for all of us, the new GCSU president. Mike Drummond, does not see the world of Glendon as a ‘clique’, but conversations with him regarding the vast opportunities for relationships between students, their clubs, their activities and the Union, I know that to him, all students are equal individuals who can work together. we have talked about the identity crisis that plagued the power hungry GCSU in the past, and how that has successfully isolated the GCSU from the interests of the student population. well, its time to break down those petty barriers. I truly believe that the days of our Union dictating policy to us will be replaced by a Union that will act as a bridge. a bridge between what? well, if your class has a problem with the way your prof is treating you all, then you can approach the GCSU with this concern, they have the ability to bring focus to the problem, and get it fixed. if things are running too slowly, then the media, like ProTem and CKNK will run stories about the problem. from there, other student clubs and individuals can be called upon for support. this, for me, seems to be the way a Union should work optimally for all of us.

in the past, the fragmentation caused a breakdown in trust between the levels of resources, but now, I have trust in Mike Drummond. not that he will always think and do the right thing, but that he will go out and find out what students FEEL is the right thing. the difference in this case is that he is more dedicated to the concept of true representation than past GCSU presidents.

I’m not saying that we should all be friends, that’s a politician’s statement, and it is not honest. but to all who have existed in the outside world, you know that a brilliant working, professional relationship CAN be built without being friends with someone. if Mike Drummond succeeds or fails, it all depends on how you, the student body, choose to deal with your ‘clique’-mentality. get rid of it, it is only hurting us all. JJOR

Letters to the editor

Why Glendon Has Lost My Vote?

Besides my personal reasons for not returning to Glendon next year, there are several other politically charged reasons. I am finishing my second year here at Glendon but will not be returning in September to finish my degree. Instead, I will be transferring to another university.

Although I have enjoyed my Glendon experience for all it has been, Glendon has now lost my vote for the following reasons: GCSU – I admit that politics are not my specialty and in fact I really hate them but I do know that our student union is useless! For the past two years I have seen the GSCU do ONE thing: enforce their poster policy. Is this the only thing that we pay our student representatives to do? It is sad that we must elect and pay people to do such a mindless and unnecessary task.

York University? - What do you mean Glendon is part of York University? I cannot take my major at Glendon and get a minor from the main campus. What kind of liaison is this? Student Participation - I know when I came to Glendon that the student body was not overly interested in school spirit. However, why do so few people show up to activities that are (perhaps rarely) organized by and for students? Glendon’s participation is pitiful.

Is it a Bus or a Van? - The “bus” schedule, running 6 times a day is hardly representative of ANY student’s actual schedule! Voting and Campaigns - Didn’t the director of Communications this past year (Ian Wigglesworth) promise to create an informative newsletter (monthly?) so students knew what was happening on campus with the different clubs and organizations? Yes, he did make this campaign promise. Did you see the publication? He did not return to Glendon next year. No, Vote for who? “All” positions were acclaimed. This is crazy! Then again, why run when we all know how useless the GSCU has become on campus?

Food - Granted, cafeteria food is never great. As far as I am not sure it could get any worse! And talk about profit; SOME-ONE is making A LOT of money off us in that cafeteria. You cannot eat a complete “meal” for under $8.00, and forget a cheap bottle of vitamin ‘C’... that’ll cost ya! The prices & taste are ridiculous. I cannot believe that even Glendon may have a $30% applicability rise this year, but what would be interesting is to calculate how many people are actually voting or attending here at Glendon but will not be due to the above mentioned things... it will be grace the people and the beautiful campus. Enough is enough. How many votes has Glendon lost?

-Alyshia Bestard

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An Election and two referenda

Colleen McConnell
All GCSU positions for next year except one are acclaimed, but there was an election for that one position, as well as two referendum questions, last Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Before the election, members of next year’s Council gave acclamation speeches, and one of the two candidates for the position of Academic Affairs (Ian Smith) gave his election speech. This assembly was also an occasion to discuss the issue of incorporation, which was approved by referendum last week, and for the new Editors-in-Chief of Pro Tern to present themselves, since a referendum was also held to decide whether to ratify their position. As with the previous day’s assembly, many of the speeches, and many of the students’ questions, centred on the accountability and availability of Council. Ian Smith said that “being available for students doesn’t just mean spending six hours a week in the GCSU office... you should be able to talk to me anytime... call me at home...” New Vice-President Joe Nicolas said “I’m going to make sure every director does their job. If they’re not doing their job, they’re going to get impeached.” New President Mike Drummond responded to that by saying that he hopes Mr. Nicolas will enforce that for him as well: “I want the GCSU and all the students to hold me to my position.”

Tom Muth, the new Director of External Affairs, says that “the reason I’m on Council is to bring it back to the students.” He feels that the abundance of acclaimed positions for next year’s council is a rebuff from students, who are showing that they do not want to be involved in Council. As he stated in the previous day’s YFS assembly, he feels that the fact that so few people want to run is “a result of the GCSU’s image in previous years and this year.”

Fourth-year International Studies student Danielle Maheu told Council that “I came here for debates, and saw nothing but acclamation speeches.” She is also “appalled at the fact that we have no choice in who will run the student union next year,” and suggested that there should be a process for ratifying the positions of President and Vice-President when they are acclaimed. In response to a question from Melanie Cadieux on the issue of continuing to give money to Café de la Terrasse, VP Joe Nicolas says that “if pub next year needs money, we will give them the money to keep going.” However, according to Mike Drummond, there will be limits to the GCSU’s generosity. If it turns out to be a bad investment, “common sense would say you don’t throw money into a pit.” It appears that the members of next year’s Council are determined to make the necessary changes to Council in order to make its executive more accountable and available to students. Only time will tell whether they will reach their goals and make Glendon a better place...

3 stop advising

I know that essays and exams and the summer job search have probably gotten you all stressed out, and the last thing you want to do right now is think about your course selection for next year, but the school’s administration is trying to help us out, trying to make things a little easier. It’s a brilliant event when the academic world can transfer a concept from the marketing world, and actually develop it into something practical.

This is what the admin. here at Glendon have tried to do for us students. It is the Advising Extra Value Meal. Just three simple steps and you can get your next year’s all arranged before you go away for the summer.

On April 5-7, and 11-13 you can find out what you need for future courses and your degree. Ask all the questions you want. They’re there to answer them for you. There’s even a place to find out how to choose a major on April 5 and 11 in the senate chamber. Again on April 5-7, and 11-13, the next step is to choose your courses, and organise your timetable. If you have no more questions should be directed to tel. (416) 487-6715.

La journée de la francophonie à Glendon

Colleen Mcconnell
Le samedi 18 mars, Glendon a été le lieu de rencontre des francophones de Toronto. C’était une célébration de la Journée internationale de la francophonie, qui a inclut la présentation d’un film, de deux documentaires, Baudot, la langue de Toronto, et un café littéraire, et un buffet gourmand offert par le Pro Tern.

The following GCSU positions have been elected:

Director of Academic Affairs: Karen D. Foon

The following GCSU positions have been acclaimed:

President: Mike Drummond
Vice-President: Joe Nicolas
Director of Communications: Sean Bowden
Director of External Affairs: Tony Madh

The following YFS positions have been elected:

President: Adam Gofor
Vice-President: Enis Gofor
External Affairs: Ian Smith
Societies: Will Patterson and Karen Elasick
Councillors: Nicky Dyer and Jodi Eadie

The following YFS positions have been acquired:

Director of Bilingual Affairs: Christian Landry
Director of Clubs and Services: Derek Brasier
Director of Cultural Affairs: Andromache Otsuwski
Senators: Will Patterson and Karen Elasick
Councillors: Nicky Dyer and Jodi Eadie

YFS Representative: Wil Pasieznik

Pro Tern

The last Pro Tern meeting will be held on Monday, March 27th at 7:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall. La dernière réunion de Pro Tern aura lieu le mardi 27 mars à 19h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

The following positions are still available for next year: Perspectives Editor, Feature Editor, Webmaster, French.

If you have any comments or questions, feel free to contact us at 487-6715 or by e-mail at ps面前on@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca.

Thank you!
Si vous avez des questions ou commentaires, n’hésitez pas à nous contacter au 487-6715 ou par courriel à ps面前on@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca. Merci!
Anyone want Pepsi money?

Colleen McConnell-
It seems that the Pepsi Committee is having trouble giving away money. The fund set up through the "Cold Beverage Agreement," an agreement between Pepsi and York University stipulating that only Pepsi beverages can be sold on campus, provides York with $7.5 million, of which Glendon gets $25,000 per year for 10 years. The money is to be distributed according to the guiding principles set up by Colleen McConnell-Comité de direction et de développement des étudiants (CCSD). It is a bit of a problem at Glendon.

A further reason for not using the money is that it must be used for programming at Glendon. "The fund is still waiting to be used because we all know that involvement is a definite answer towards the justness of Russian intervention. At any rate, the conference was of great success, and shows the ability of our college in organizing such events. With such a large amount of advertising and preparations, I only wish that there had been more students present. I personally enjoyed the entire conference, exactly because of the existence of such a dimension (in contrast to placing the label for purely patriotic reasons). While Canada and Russia could not be seen on the same level militarily or politically, they nonetheless share a very important relationship in international affairs. Ms. Leahy pointed this out in a most eloquent and powerful way.

Miheaa Dumitru-
This last Wednesday, I had the pleasure of taking part in the John Holmes Memorial Lecture, with Ms. Leahy as the key note speaker. This annual gathering originated in 1989, and it commemorates the life and achievements of John Holmes, an eminent diplomat, writer and professor of International Studies here at Glendon College. The entire conference was superbly set up, from the overall organization to small details such as flower arrangements and welcoming staff.

The guests of the conference included many high-end diplomats, from a host of countries around the world. Press, professors and students were also present there. The main theme of the proceedings, "Canada and Russia, 100 years later," examined the intricate relationships between these two countries. The discussion also addressed the current issues affecting Russia and the former Soviet Union nations and tried to assess the future of east-west relations in the upcoming Putin era. I was personally impressed by Ms. Leahy's deep understanding of the affairs of East Europe, and in particular, Russia. A summary of her speech would point out such issues as Russia's continued existence as a world power, even after the fall of communism, the willingness of the West to assist Russia both financially and politically in the transition which began in 1991, and Canada's growing role in ensuring Russia's growth, as well as the development of stronger bilateral ties between the two nations. One point which Ms. Leahy was not afraid to tackle was the issue of Chechenya as a growing concern in the international arena. The question compared Kosovo and the NATO intervention to the recent happenings in the Russian republic. Ms. Leahy mentioned her own concern about the matter and pointed out the differences between the two situations. She, however, failed to give us a definite answer towards the justness of Russian intervention.
Commentary

What I’ve learned

Colleen McConnell -

Here are a few things that I’ve learned by being news editor for this paper over the past 6 months (based on the form of an e-mail I received recently):

I’ve learned that how you ask a question can make a big difference in how much of an answer you get.

I’ve learned that sometimes people judge you for what they think you stand for, not what you are, and that it’s not easy to get them to change their minds.

I’ve learned that by making an effort, you can’t always fix everything, but you can sometimes get people to trust you, and that can go a long way.

I’ve learned that you can make friends with people you never thought you’d be able to make friends with.

I’ve learned that being really busy can make you feel really important, but that you can’t let yourself forget what really is important.

I’ve learned that when someone does something that you don’t agree with, it helps a whole lot to talk to them about it.

I’ve learned that some people like rules, and others like freedom, and that neither should be judged right or wrong.

I’ve been told that cheesiness is the worst crime... but that it’s right up there with ignorance.

So thank you for allowing me a moment of cheesiness, and for allowing me to make a small dent in that ignorance.

What I’ve learned

Mihnea Damiru -

It is troubling. It truly is. I could even go as far as to say it’s shameful that the student population of Glendon is not even remotely interested in the happenings of this world.

Whether you like it or not, and no matter what that green beer did to you, you’re still an integral part of the human race, my friends. If you ignore the events around the globe, you fall into something worse than the darkest nightmares: ignorance.

There are 401 students in the Glendon residences. Not even 50 of them were present at Sunday’s conference on peace in the Middle East. Not only did the organizing students work hard to bring the speakers together, but they rearranged the entire conference.

Most of the people who showed up were either friends of the organizers, or invited professors. Interestingly enough, most of the students were either foreigners or French speaking.

There were many issues discussed during the 5 hours of the conference. The speakers brilliantly covered an entire spectrum of topics, from the issue of water in the region, to the security of Israel and Palestine. These were current issues, which the government of the respective nations are trying to solve as we speak. If the conference would have been on the Thirty Years War and its impact on Terra del Fuego, I would have understood the small turnout. Yes, we do live on a different continent, and have a different perspective into the problems of the Middle East.

The speeches of Dr. David Goldberg and Prof. Houchang Hassan-Yari were the most divergent. Actually, tensions went very high as these two key speakers entered into a heated debate. To my dismay, the moderators didn’t attempt to stop the small brawl, and it took a person in the audience to cool down the spirits.

However, this only served the purpose of showing the people who were present, the strain that exists between the two sides.

In the last edition of Pro Tem there was an article which argued that the issue of land is not a problem, but that it’s still not enough to give you an alibi as to why you didn’t attend.

For that matter, I thought that the so-called Canadian perspective towards the problems of the Middle East was more than unnecessary. First of all, the speaker might as well have handed in sheets with the official statement of his department. His speech was basically the government’s point of view on the subject. Second of all... why? Maybe it was done to raise the awareness of the people present towards Canadian involvement in the specific issues presented.

Maybe it was done to tie together the loose ends that the previous speakers -the heated debaters- had left untouched. Of what importance is the Canadian perspective in a conference that tries to see things from an international standpoint? Sure, Canada is part of the international arena, but my personal opinion is that its view should not be used to conclude such a conference. An international perspective involves a synthesis of all other points of view, not just a bad paint job to close up the conference.

At any rate, the meeting went well, and the organizing students all deserve a big A+ for their hard work and participation. Next time it would be great if more people could come.

Tentanda Via? How can you try the way if you don’t know what each path leads to? More like tempting life...
experiment. John Oswald was forced to surrender all remaining copies of his CD Plunderphonics. The lawsuit, which was alleging copyright violations brought on by both the Canadian Recording Industry Association (CRIA) and CBS Records, ordered Oswald to have all the remaining copies of the CD in his possession destroyed. This lawsuit not only gave light to this very unique musical technique, appropriately coined by Oswald as Plunderphonics, but also opened up a long standing debate revolving around the issue of intellectual property. This meaning: to which extent does an artist, composer, and writer own the expressions in the work that they publish, and to what extent can another person not reproduce or create something through these expressions. As Oswald said: “Can the sounding materials that inspire composition be sometimes considered composition themselves? Is the piano the musical creation of Bartolomeo Cristofori (1655-1731) or merely the vehicle engineered by Ludwig Van and others to maneuver through their musical territory?”

The term Plunderphonics, as described by Robert Hoshowsky in his article Plunderphonics Pioneer, is the act of using analogue and digital editing which is slowed down, sped up, cut, stretched and folded. Folding can be described as layering the second half of a sound on top of the first half and doubling the density of the sound in half the time. At the same time, Chris Cutler added, in his article Plunderphonia, that Plunderphonics radically underlines three of the central parts of art-music. These are as follows: originality, because it only deals with copies; individuality, because it only uses the voice of others; and copyright, the breaching of which is its very existence. For example, Oswald’s Plunderphonics is an unofficial but recognizable quote within the music. This could be anything from country and western lyric, to the power chords of Metallica or the guitar solos of Jerry Garcia found on Oswald’s 1986 release Grayfolded. Plunderphonics is the musical manipulation of recordings, which invents a sound only found in the composer’s imagination and one that isn’t one technique to abide by. Incidentally, this invention comes to us only as a result of a twentieth century filled with advancements in technology has allowed bands such as Musique concerte was taking the studio recordings and being able to manipulate, play back, cut, paste, and in a sense reorganize the sound and the message the sound was making. By the 1980’s with the introduction of both the sampler and compact disc this form of “avant garde” music making had become as much a part of the recording industry as the instruments themselves. For example, the sampler has allowed a single guitar chord from Led Zeppelin II to become the driving force behind Herbie Hancock’s song ‘Rockit’. As well, this technology has allowed bands such as Negativland to create a collage of samples in their album Escape from Noise, which is a sarcastic comment on noise pollution, suburban culture and the over consumption of materials.

As much as this music seems to be the next step in the evolution of music and technology, it continues to evolve against the legal wall of copyright. The idea of sampling for profit is seen by the recording industry as theft, whereas as samples, like Oswald, see it as its own expression and an entirely different medium to that of the original. It has become a battlefield between the independent artist using their resources and the economically orientated record industry protecting theirs. Steve Jones...
Intelligence

wrote: “Within the music industry’s economic framework, digital recording... has called into question authorship, uniqueness and reproducibility. Copyright has traditionally been regarded as an author’s protection against the copying and pirating of music. But it is also a means for record companies and music publishers, who usually own the copyrights to songs, to ensure income. Copyrights are bought, sold and exploited via licensing fees and royalties. But digital recording technology has taken an industry once premised on the exploitation of copyright and turned it on its head.

debate is timbre, which is what a sampler is able to reproduce. Timbre, by definition, is the distinctive character or quality of sound. This means a musical voice or instrument, which is distinguishable apart from its pitch and intensity. For example, the listener is able to recognize the singer by their voice or the musician by their instrument; this could either be Beethoven’s piano or Michael Jackson’s voice. However, the argument, as Holm-Hudson wrote, is whether sampling a sound is theft. He believes that the same phrase played on another instrument could be regarded as quotation and that seems to imply that somehow timbre is seen by the record industry as intellectual property.

On the flip side of the debate are the copyright administrators who, with the introduction of samplers and digitalization gained a growing concern towards copyright infringements. Gordon Gow, who wrote in his essay Copyright Reform in Canada, that presently there are two requirements for securing a copyright and that both should be met. Gow believes that fixation becomes a pastel concept in the digital age. The problem with digitalization in terms of the copyright act is that it revolutionizes the term intellectual property.

Gow says that this works in two ways: the first is that binary code is a universal medium that collapses the material distinctions between creative works (music, text, and art work can be digitized and manipulated with computers). His second point is that once the work is digitalized and downloaded into a computer all works can become interactive in the sense the user can modify them. For example, in Plunderphonics the music is manipulated with computers, which could manipulate artwork or literary texts. Gow further concludes that this creates a problem for what he sees as intellectual property. If anything, there would be no way to prevent a computer from using a piece on a computer it, in other words, becomes widely accessible and very hard for the tracking of copyright administration.

However, John Oswald in his legal battle between the CRIA and CBS Records was based on the idea that Plunderphonics was artistically suspect and not acceptable to the recording industry. Oswald’s CD came under attack when it was found to have used and credited an artist like Michael Jackson. Incidentally, Jackson’s face appeared on the cover of the album attached to the body of a naked woman. The reason was that Island Records felt that Negativland was inappropriately using U2’s sound and trying to pass it off as their own creation. Island Records filed a copyright suit against the band, which led them to court. The suit claimed that Island Records felt that Negativland was inappropriately using U2’s sound and trying to pass it off as their own creation. Island Records feared the consumer would be confused and buy the Negativland CD instead of U2’s.

The intellectual property issue comes into play by saying that this not the case and further, it implies that all forms of expression found in a piece are the sole property of the artist. However, can anyone own or can they, for example, copyright an expression so that no person can use that expression or art for their own creation? Plunderphonics is a medium that uses these expressions to create an entirely new piece that, as Oswald implies, has no connection to the original by way of meaning and the only possible connection is through the citing of sources used. The Incidentalist Manifesto, Draft VI, 1995 reads: “Any and all attempts to control intellectual property are Theft. Words, colours, shapes, movements, sounds and all other forms of expressions can not be owned and can not be inherent, good or bad.”

Theorists have much to say about originality, and art work can be digitized and manipulated with computers. The problem came to Oswald as a.

Oswald had distributed for free, to local libraries and independent radio stations, maintained that this was a not for profit work and encouraged listeners to make recordings. As Oswald pointed out that he was not using the works of these musicians for profit and therefore not infringing on the copyright law. The problem came to Oswald as a result of him crediting all the sources that he used. As Oswald said in an interview: “Most often cited by pop culture, with the exception of rappers, is that it’s O.K. to sample as long as the sample doesn’t sound too much like the original. Meaning: Oswald records and manipulates Plunderphonics. Like Oswald’s techniques, Negativland plundered the U2 song ‘Still Haven’t Found What I’m Looking For’ and mixed it with outfits from a studio session of Casey Kasem. The result was a humorous piece that mocked both the band U2 and Casey Kasem, as he could be heard in the piece cursing at his employees. Upon releasing the CD appropriately titled The Letter U and the Numerals 2, Island Records filed a copyright suit against the band, which led them to court. The suit claimed that Island Records felt that Negativland was inappropriately using U2’s sound and trying to pass it off as their own creation. Island Records feared the consumer would be confused and buy the Negativland CD instead of U2’s.

In the history of both the literary and art world we can find hundreds, if not thousands, of cases of theft or borrowing. There are even accounts of artists bragging about how much they’ve stolen from others. It could be assumed that each era of the twentieth century of art is taken from the next or as I mentioned earlier, the next logical step. Could one argue that Post-Expressionism is not spoiled from Impressionism and that sampled from the one before and so on until we come to cave drawings? Truthfully, it sounds a little ridiculous, but isn’t that the evolution of art as well as music. If a person sees a painting, sculpture, text, or listens to a song that inspires them to create something similar, is that not implying that the artist has done their job. The debate around intellectual property leads one to conclude that like Oswald said, “don’t get caught.” However, there seems to be something lost in the present day artist having to play by those rules. It leaves one to conclude that everything we see or hear seems to be the property of someone else. That, under that notion, the present day pop musician does own a chord, a pitch, a sequence of notes and their intelligence.
Kyla Aylsworth

"Ah yes, contributing to the Global domination of Western culture... it's on the Internet - it's on the Slurpee machines - it's on the doors that all say PUSH even though they swing both ways. That's the sort of thing that is kind of characterizing Thai humour for me these days. It's not that they are all tickled f**king pink, that you've come for a little holiday - it's just that they seem to be so resilient - so binding... the 'culture' is so ancient and yet an integral part of the culture seems to be this anawaver adaptation to change. Their ancient wisdom says 'yes, yes - we're going with the flow... and THAT's why we're still here and thriving compared to Burma and Cambodia. PUSH the door says! As it comforts the welcome FARANG, PUSH the door invites you to push it - sometimes the door has a handle and sometimes it does not. Like the 24-hour 7-ELEVEN, with its locks, this sign points quietly to its direction. "HAVE A NICE DAY", says the Slurpee machine. Everything else on the machine is in Thai... EXCEPT the logos for Slurpee and 7-ELEVEN (well! you know NUMBERS are universal!), and I think, "Yes. The logos will get them first", Coca-Cola and Calvin Klein. Heineken and Happy New Year! Even the products that are not identified in English are recognizable by layout and design. The colours and bubbles on a can of Sprite... the flavour of Lay's potato chips. The word must be "insidious" for this reversal of Babylon."

OPEN FOR DISCUSSION: Sometimes I take long blind swings on vines made of bull-shit but from the front lines I'll throw this one attached: tonight I felt strange walking down the streets; barely able to read the stoplights and keep my flip-flops on at the same time. I walked and found that people smiled at me... they smiled in a dreamy sort of way and always said hello. They seemed awed by my Blonde appearance and even the girls would follow me with their eyes down the street.

So I spent the next couple of blocks taking, where I could, the evidence of what that blondness represented. Outside a music store I saw a large poster mounted of Princess Diana. This poster was piece of merchandise that promoted a Tribute album to Lady Di (another one). Then I saw an airbrushed wall hanging or TOWEL or something (I didn't get close enough to TOUCH it) of a fully naked BLOND, porno-type chick, with lifted breasts, a sun tan and wild wavy hair. All of the Universally Recognizable advertisements are of white (predominantly blond) women in sunglasses and Armani, sporting the effects of shampoo and hair removal systems... it never struck me as ODD in Bangkok but now that I'm here... I don't know. I do know that none of this is NEW NEWS. We've seen Baraka and read the reports. What was creepy is this: I felt like an involuntary member of an infantry. Like someone who signed up for the Peace Corps and then realized it was all about selling the locals on how wonderful it would be to work for Exxon when they set up shop on pilfered coastal waterways. Like an extension of the Machine.

Because even in this fully Buddhist nation - the Xian concepts come in... The Virgin Mother and the Whore (of Babylon)... both are totally appealing in their own way. The mere fact that so many women in this country are living off the wages of prostitution... well, it throws a bit of a spin on the whore concept. So who's more economically viable? When everyone knows English - it certainly won't be ME. Although I'm sure that without 25 years of silent indoctrination I'd make a bloody killing in the sex-trade (tooting my own horn?)... But what if everyone here accepts the wrap that there is a difference amongst women? That some are virginal and that some are whorish? But hey! If that Xian ideology comes wriggling in through shampoo and pop culture... who's to say that it isn't just that? Cultural preservation is just for feeble Canadians who wouldn't know back bacon from boiled red pork! RIGHT? So the fall of Babylon and all its messy quagmires was, in retrospect: GOOD AND BAD. This reversal... this rebuilding of the famed tower & its implications... is it just a little bit of both? Or pure fatalism? I don't know. But there's something about being in Thailand that gives me the shivers. What would Owen Meany say about that? It sounds like I'm really dogmatic about something but I'm not. I'm just not bored. I can thank the Living Christ/Buddha for that because tonight I saw a dead bird on the side of the road and a bird in a cage in a window. I'd rather be a dead bird than a caged bird and that is all I know.

I feel like I'm just a pot-stirrer. I always have been... One day I just might walk the streets of Babylon."

A3RD

\textbf{CHRISTIE ADAMS}

\begin{itemize}
\item \textbf{Ah, the Pro Tern, Glendon's Bilingual Newspaper, Monday March 27th 2000}
\item \textbf{Perspectives}
\item \textbf{The Famed Tower}
\item \textbf{Kyra Aylsworth}
\item \textbf{OPEN FOR DISCUSSION:}
\item Sometimes I take long blind swings on vines made of bull-shit but from the front lines I'll throw this one attached: tonight I felt strange walking down the streets; barely able to read the stoplights and keep my flip-flops on at the same time. I walked and found that people smiled at me... they smiled in a dreamy sort of way and always said hello. They seemed awed by my blonde appearance and even the girls would follow me with their eyes down the street.
\item So I spent the next couple of blocks taking, where I could, the evidence of what that blondness represented. Outside a music store I saw a large poster mounted of Princess Diana. This poster was piece of merchandise that promoted a Tribute album to Lady Di (another one). Then I saw an airbrushed wall hanging or TOWEL or something (I didn't get close enough to TOUCH it) of a fully naked BLOND, porno-type chick, with lifted breasts, a sun tan and wild wavy hair. All of the Universally Recognizable advertisements are of white (predominantly blond) women in sunglasses and Armani, sporting the effects of shampoo and hair removal systems... it never struck me as ODD in Bangkok but now that I'm here... I don't know. I do know that none of this is NEW NEWS. We've seen Baraka and read the reports. What was creepy is this: I felt like an involuntary member of an infantry. Like someone who signed up for the Peace Corps and then realized it was all about selling the locals on how wonderful it would be to work for Exxon when they set up shop on pilfered coastal waterways. Like an extension of the Machine.
\item Because even in this fully Buddhist nation - the Xian concepts come in... The Virgin Mother and the Whore (of Babylon)... both are totally appealing in their own way. The mere fact that so many women in this country are living off the wages of prostitution... well, it throws a bit of a spin on the whore concept. So who's more economically viable? When everyone knows English - it certainly won't be ME. Although I'm sure that without 25 years of silent indoctrination I'd make a bloody killing in the sex-trade (tooting my own horn?)... But what if everyone here accepts the wrap that there is a difference amongst women? That some are virginal and that some are whorish? But hey! If that Xian ideology comes wriggling in through shampoo and pop culture... who's to say that it isn't just that? Cultural preservation is just for feeble Canadians who wouldn't know back bacon from boiled red pork! RIGHT? So the fall of Babylon and all its messy quagmires was, in retrospect: GOOD AND BAD. This reversal... this rebuilding of the famed tower & its implications... is it just a little bit of both? Or pure fatalism? I don't know. But there's something about being in Thailand that gives me the shivers. What would Owen Meany say about that? It sounds like I'm really dogmatic about something but I'm not. I'm just not bored. I can thank the Living Christ/Buddha for that because tonight I saw a dead bird on the side of the road and a bird in a cage in a window. I'd rather be a dead bird than a caged bird and that is all I know.
\item I feel like I'm just a pot-stirrer. Who said there EVER had to be a POINT? I'm outta here. Just mixing... all mixing according to plan.
\end{itemize}
Drew Barrymore's Breasts

Michael Bryson
I was watching television with my mother the night Drew Barrymore flashed David Letterman. I don't know if you saw this. Drew jumped up on Dave's desk, danced a round for a few seconds, then lifted her shirt and showed Dave her breasts.
After she returned to her seat, Dave said: “You don’t know how much I thank you for that.” Drew laughed. Later she would tell Dave that she had multiple personality disorder, so it wasn’t necessary for her to create characters when she acted. All she had to do was call up one of her personalities.
My mother fell asleep before Drew showed Dave her breasts, but when I woke her up to guide her to her room she saw one of the many times the producers replaid it. “What was that all about?” she asked. “Nothing,” I said. It was late. I led her to her bedroom and kissed her on the cheek, pulled the door shut and walked down the hallway to my room.
All the lights were out in the house except the one in the front room, where we had the television. I could walk around that house for weeks blindedfolded and not bump into anything. I have lived here my whole life. I walked into my room and took a bottle of whiskey out of the top drawer of my dresser. I have a Led Zeppelin poster over my bed. It has been there since I was fifteen. I was thinking about taking it down, since I just graduated from college.
I took the whiskey into the kitchen. My mother didn’t like to see me drinking. My father had stopped drinking two years ago because he was an alcoholic. My mother didn’t like to see me drinking, but she didn’t stop me. I took some ice cubes out of the freezer and dropped them in a glass. I took the whiskey and the glass full of ice cubes with me to the front room. Letterman was still on. I picked up the remote control and pressed “stop” on the VCR.
The machine clicked, then whirled when I pressed “rewind.” I wanted to watch Drew Barrymore again. She jumps up on his desk and you can tell by the look on his face that he’s thinking, Oh, boy. What now? The interview is out of his control. Then she lifts up her shirt. You can’t see anything. Maybe the side of her breast. Just a shadow. She’s facing Dave and he’s staring up at her breasts. For maybe half a second he’s sitting there staring up at her breasts. For he can definitely see both of her nipples.
The camera shows you Dave under Drew’s right elbow and his eyes are hanging out of his face. Drew jumps off the desk and sits down. She’s nervous about what he’s going to say, you can tell. She took control of the interview, but then she gave it back. She sits there looking like a nervous school girl, nibbling on her fingernails. But Dave thanks her and she laughs. She’s relieved. You can tell she’s thinking. It was good. I didn’t ruin the interview. The audience is screaming and clapping and the producers replay it over and over. My mother looked at it and shook her head. She never used to watch Letterman. My father had died two months before. My poor mother. She’s not very well. She works at the local library. They gave her a leave of absence when my father died, but she hasn’t gone back. “They don’t need me,” she said when I asked her about it. But you need them, I thought. She had barely been outside since she put my father in the ground. I didn’t push her, though. You don’t get anywhere by pushing people, I can tell you that. I took a sip of whiskey. It burned the back of my throat. Dave was saying to the audience: “I’m at work here! You people come here for entertainment, but this is my job!” He made his eyes go big and took a drink from his mug.
“This is my job!” he said again, and they replayed Drew lifting up her shirt.

My father drove a taxi, ok. He was killed when a passenger demanded his money. He turned over the money, and the passenger shot him in the back of the head. My mother cried all the way through the funeral. The church was packed with taxi drivers from as far away as Ottawa and Montreal. Death can bring people together, I guess.
I stopped the VCR and began flipping through the channels. I stopped on an old episode of Three’s Company, then flipped to a conversation two old guys were having about the work of the Devil.


Manhattan Uber Alles
Attack on art in the yuppie police state

Geoffrey Young
It was at one time that New York city, particularly Manhattan was at the forefront of the great American cultural machine. William Burroughs used to hole up for weeks in the Hotel Chelsea (now 150$/night) to write and, er, expand his consciousness. A couple of decades later, it was the Punk Rock scene, The Ramones, Patti Smith et al.
Not any more, hell no. Now the artistic pulse of New York has long surpassed creativity or the culture at large that art is lit­tered with. It was obvious that the alienation as the most common state in art.

There were some 20 galleries in the Chelsea Arts building, 2 store with floors in the centre of the building. Most had an impressed view of the harbour and the statue. There was the Van Gough cover versions gallery, the ever exciting words on a screen and any number of objects inspired by spent ideas. There was a picture for every imaginable New York living room wall.
It was a purely passive experience. There was no experience to be had as there was really none offered. It was all hands off and stay away from the art. We had Berkely (age 6) with us and she was watched like a mouse watched by hawks. She’d wander around and look at the stuff that interested her, ignore the stuff that didn’t, saying what she thought as she went. For a few hours, we was the scouge of the New York art scene. Whenever I offered any sort of opinion or question to any of the staff people I was answered with a schizophrenic mix of ass kissing (in case I had money) and condescension (I wasn’t descended right) that made me really uncomfortable in an indigestion sort of way.

It was the systematic dehuman­ization of art in favour of objects that are made to be sold. The very fact that they call themselves galleries or arts buildings is an insult to anyone who considers themselves to be an artist. They are convincing the culture at large that art is a little more than a commodity. They say they’re artists but in fact they are disseminating any sort of art scene in favour of a few thousand dollars here and there.
It is possible, on isolated occasions that art can make a little money. However, the suggestion that money can make art is pre­posterous and deeply offensive. The art is what happens when the producer exceeds he has some­thing to say and says it. Therefore it is often dependant on people other than the origina­tor of the idea to provide the insights that lead up to the expression of the idea. If the artist has the expression of an idea as his goal his idea should be as involving as possi­ble for the people who are going to be subjected to the art and should be shown in an environ­ment where the expression is allowed maximum resonance. The idea should be released to the public and discussion or response to the idea should be encouraged in order to better develop and refine the original expression to achieve maximum resonance. Any attempt to control the resonance of the idea is theft of the idea itself.
By placing us in an uncomfort­able, snobbery environment and by creating artificial separations of snobbery between the viewer and the work, the art is distorted and becomes a simple object. Control over the artistic land­scape of Manhattan has been sold—scarcely long ago to the commercial sector. The city is flooded with money and the people have lost control of the places they grew up. Creativity has breathed its dying breath on the island and all reports say that its spreading through the boroughs like a plague.
Sure we’ve got our fair share of snobbery in Toronto but there is also a solid vein of creativity and expression in the city. The kids drumming on corner are proof (sitting is illegal in NYC and punishable with a serious fine). It occurred to us during the return trip that as far as art is concerned, Toronto has everything New York thinks it has but doesn’t...
Art et culture

Blue Ink

Catherine Hancock

I sat down with Mark Fontana, the lead vocals and bass guitar player for The Blue Hawaiians. We talked about his family, his life and, of course, the band.

In your own words, describe your music.

- You'd think I would get something down pat that I could say, but I still haven't been able to put a finger on it. If anything describes it, it's revur, it's got a revur Sound to it. There's a movie soundtrack quality to it. There's been comparison from everything from Roy Orbison, Chris Isaak to lounge. When the band started it was done that way on purpose, to be that eclectic. I just think it's hard to describe. How did you guys get on a major label? Did Quentin Tarantino's Pulp Fiction help?

- When the band started 6 years ago at the Lava Lounge, it started specifically for the club. Michelle Marini, who owns the club, is a friend of mine. And she asked me to put a band together to play her club that just opened. So I called up Tom Maxwell and Mark Spronell and another guy (no longer in the band). After about six months, I knew that we had some unique thing going on. The first night we played, there were maybe 20 people and six months later the place was packed, with a line outside. And after Pulp Fiction came out you had to wait two hours to get in. I also knew that Michelle, by virtue of who she was, and her connection to the film business in Hollywood, people like Quentin Tarantino (directors and producers and actors) would be hanging out at her club. Everything has stemmed from that club. Including this record. Pick a song, from your album, that best describes yourselves.

- There are two sides of the band that I think reflect the sound of the band. One is "A Cheat" which is a sort of moody, pulsating type of a song. And then a song like "Trouble Bay" which has got these surf influences with a vocal track as opposed to being an instrumental track. Do you sing in the shower?

- Yes, Marty Robins. My favorite male singers are singers with a deeper voice. People like Marty Robins and Roy Orbison. I prefer to croon than to scream. What CD is in your player at this moment?

- For the last year or so, I've been listening more to movie soundtracks- or movie scores. Soundtracks have become something other than what they used to be. Soundtracks are now just away of selling records. I've been listening to movie scores a lot lately like "City Of Lost Children". And also the "Elephant Man" soundtrack. What is your most prized possession?

- My son, but he's not really my possession. And my wife also.

but obviously there's a difference between a grownup and a child. And the fact that this is my first child. He's going to be 4 in January. He is the thing that really keeps me going. What did you listen to growing up?

- My parents' records, Arthur Limon's, some lounge recordings from that period, from the early 60's. If you could change one thing about the band, what would you change?

- I wouldn't change anything. I really wouldn't think that it's going to continue to grow and change. Playing in a band is not easy, and I don't mean from the standpoint that the work's hard. Just keeping the band together. Especially on the road, you've got 5/6 guys, all the different quirks of their personalities and egos. What makes it easier for me is having a child and realizing that all these little things that happen are not big deals. And its how you deal with them.

Limblifter

Catherine Hancock

I sat down for a drink in Bar Italia with Ryan Dahlle, the singer, songwriter and guitar player for Limblifter. We were supposed to discuss the band's new CD, "Bellaclava", but we didn't. I didn't really know much about him or his band so I only had a few basic questions for him. Ryan then challenged me to interview him without looking at my list of questions. So I did my best, only I had to admit that I had't heard of him. Ouch, that's a blow to the ego. He laughed. "It's kinda funny. It's really rare to talk to somebody who doesn't know anything about us. It's kinda neat. But I guess it's gonna happen, sometime." He asked me how they got started. Ryan explains. "We were self managed for years. I did all the management of our band in the early days." The band had two other members, his brother, Kurt Dahlle, is the drummer and Todd Fancey plays the guitar. They like to think of their sound as unique. I asked Ryan if they had been inspired by a particular band, or style of music. "Not really, no," he replied. "There's been a lot of people that I've liked over the years but I try not to be derivative; so therefore we don't end up sounding like one set thing, hopefully... We kinda set out to make an album that was all different. Really diverse. So I don't think that there's just one song that best represents us. Maybe the first single represents the record a bit. The first single is "ariel vs. lotus". If you haven't heard it you tune into 102.1 or 99.9, it's getting amazing air time. "So am I the first person who didn't know you?" He nods his head yes. And once I found out more about him, I realised that I had heard of him before. He and his brother used to be in the band Age of Electric and he owns his own record label, LIMBLIFTER RECORDS. So even though I thought I knew nothing about him, I actually did. I don't know why he didn't tell me.

The school year has come to an end and so Pro Tem must stop the presses until September. I am happy to say that I will be the Arts and Entertainment Editor again next year.

This year I was learning the ropes and I think we managed to keep the A&E section fresh and full of current events. My expectations for next year are enormous and I really hope that I'll be able to live up to them. I could always use some extra help so if you're interested in covering something, be sure to come to a meeting and let me know about it. J'aimerais bien avoir des écrivains français.

I still plan to review the more "mainstream" events, and I want more interviews with even bigger names than this year; however, I also plan on covering more community events as well. Making the A & E section more balanced between the mainstream, the independent and the Glendon entertainment world.

Here are just some of the arts events we covered this year: We interviewed famous bands like Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, Blink 182 and Silverchair and we introduced you to new bands like Ebony Run, FenixTX and Simon Says. We also warned you about bands like McMaster & James, We reviewed all sorts of CD's like Chocair, Melanie C, Our Lady Peace and Suicide Machines. We reviewed award winning films like American Beauty, Boys Don't Cry and The Hurricane as well as other films like Best Laid Plans, Mystery Alaska and The Whole Nine Yards. On a aussi écrit à propos du théâtre français. Encore une fois, si vous permettez et Une lune d'eau sautée.

Finalement, les événements ici à Glendon: Tableaux d'une exposition, Le salon de livre, Gallerie Glendon et Bravo 2000. Même si on ne pouvait pas écrire à propos d'un événement, on nous avait informé sur le sujet dans l'Upcoming Events calendar. What a year it's been! Let's make next year section even better.
Art and entertainment

A bout de soufflet...
Réimprimé avec la permission d’André Petit

André Petit-
Après le long périple routier de jullet dernier à travers l’Asie Mineure, les Balkans et l’Europe méridionale, je retrouve au port de Beyrouth la Peugeot 504, réexpédiée de France par cargo. Empoussièrement, mais prête à affronter mille huit cents kilomètres de désert, plein Sud, jusqu’à Djeddah.
Bien calé par d’épaisses couvertures et protégé d’éventuels tourbillons de sable dans son étui noir, repose, sur le siège arrière, un accordéon, cadeau de mon père, en récente visite à Paris, où j’étais moi-même en mission officielle.
Frontière syrienne puis jordaniennne. Formalités allégées à la vue des plaques diplomatiques, ornées de deux sabres et d’un palme, vœux de bonne route... Le soir tombe soudainement... La température fraîche. A l’horizon, ruines romaines et vieil amphithéâtre de Jerash éclairant leurs ombres. Canyon ouvert vers la cathédrale nabatéenne de Petra. Paysages villages, où le temps semble s’être figé depuis la Bible... Petits ânes trotinant dans la pousière, guidés par des bambins aux cheveux bouclés et visages d’ange... Silhouettes de vieilles femmes, chargées de fagots... Vais-je croiser quelque prophète, cherchant sans fin, une longue canne à la main?
Jusqu’à Tabouk, quelques kilomètres d’asphalte. Comme à l’aller, étape prévue. Les militaires français de la Soufina m’assureront le gite et le couvert, avant d’entreprendre l’ultime traversée du Désert de Néfoud.
Avant-poste frontière. A demi caché par de désorires sacs de terre, un garde moustachu veille, armé d’un impressionnant fusil, qu’il a prêté à Lawrence d’Arabie.
Présentation de documents... Salutations empreintes d’une extrême corti­sono... Rappel de la Toute Puissance d’Allah... Berço­ng les phrases de bienvenue, le vent léger chuchote et déplace de fines pellicules de sable. “Ah, tu es français?”
“Je m’appelle la France... DIGOL BOMBIDOU.P...” J’ai quelque peine à réfréner un sourire : s’agirait-il de notre Général, le Premier Ministre de la plus célèbre marque de voiture française dans le Royaume?

M’offrant un thé brunâtre, il con­tourne alors le véhicule, vérifie les plaques, aperçoit sur le siège l’énorme botte noire, occultant taillée au premier plan, cheveux de Yvette Homer. Large sourire d’une connaissance. Son Chef a le même appareil, me révèle-t-il? Je suis surpris qu’à ses heures libres, un Officier des Douanes soit artiste musical, dans un pays aussi austère que l’Arabie, qui interdit aux autochtones l’importation de tels instruments.
A l’appui de sa remarque, il m’offre un café. Je m’émerveille. C’est le chariot. Hamdoulilah! Se servir un café et un petit dej’ en plein Sud, sous un ciel étincelant de myriades d’étoiles, il semble évoquer dans un songe, transporté par la magie de la musique qui, par dela cultures millénaires, vient de nous unir, dans une intense communion.
Ultime tasse de thé. Visiblement émus, nous nous séparons...
Pour ma part, je n’oublierai jamais ces instants indécibles, où le temps a stoppé sa marche à la rencontre de deux mondes.

Erin Brockovich

Catherine Hancock-Julia Roberts booms with charm as Erin Brockovich, a twice­divorced mother of three with no job, no money, but plenty of spirit. Erin Brockovich is based on the true story of an underdog who takes on tf: bad guys and wins.
When she loses her lawsuit after a car accident, Erin begs her lawyer (played by Albert Finney) to hire her. There, she stumbles upon a real estate file with medical documents enclosed. Curious, she talks her boss into letting her investigate. She discovers that a gas and electric company has been contaminating the water, leaving many of the surrounding residents seriously ill. This may sound a lot like John Travolta’s “Class Action”, but it’s not. What separates this movie from the others is that in the end not only does Erin help others, but she also helps herself. AND her law firm wins.

Romeo Must Die

Colin Macready-Romeo Must Die is a riveting action film with fast cars and big kicks. A heart­warning story about one man avenging his brother’s death. In the middle of it all is a real­estate deal that just got too complicated. Greed was the real murderer of his brother. When he comes to America to find the murderer of his brother, he finds a lot more.
"There are hundreds, thousands of youth who enter upon the hard calling of the arts with extravagant hopes; but for the most part they come to terms with their mediocrity and find somewhere in life a niche where they can escape starvation."

-Somerset Maugham

Today I would tell of a boy who found me out. It wasn’t so much his fault, although I’ll tell him that it was. He had no way of knowing how he fit my fancy. He knew only that I cursed myself as I demanded him, not of the long-towed criteria which he shaped exactly. He could never know how a sixteen year old’s dream had predicted him twenty six today. Yet he did know so much as I was fallen, the bastard. I hated him for finding, beneath my strength, the submission I wouldn’t release and the domination that I secretly wanted to wield underneath. I had gotten used to ignoring this desire; I was surviving on my own, and that knowledge gave me the smile I needed to face the bullshit. To give in to this wanting was to take the braces from my knees, and I despised my whims as they were realized. I found out in my years alone how many things there were that were more important than this, and I relished them. In my hours spent pondering existence or reading other’s takes on such or condemning society I considered myself, my thoughts, and my drives superior to those of people who would “die for love”. I held this as a base and useless self-deception, a placebo to distract in place of drugs whilst ignoring the things that REALLY MATTERED. I deemed it the same as TV, which of course I do not watch. To have these pillars shattered in one fell swoop was disarming, to say the least. I have found within this self that I do not understand emotions for which I did not know a capacity. At first I felt I was demeaning myself in allowing these thoughts time, no matter what they would pay or cost me. Then, as I found myself incapable of denying them, I became aware of them as a part of a hierarchy. I would never be able to pursue insight when lacking in knowledge of my own faculties. Thus did I accept my own deviant indulgence, thus did I understand what I used to pity in others, and such do I now share with you, whether or not you care. Yet I print it where I know he will not read, even as a part of me wishes he would.

-Danielle

Editor’s note: Many of you have I shared time with here at Glendon, and I thank you for adding to my perceptions and joys. I will not be returning here, excepting the occasional visit. (You didn’t think I’d stay away FOREVER, did you?) Many of you will remain in my memories and thoughts as I move in this next stage, (you know who you are) and I wish you the best of everything you may encounter on your journey. In case you’re wondering, the reason that two of the items on this page were written by yours truly and the other by a body not a student is that I received NO SUBMISSIONS this week! We will be having no further issues this year, but for those of you who are returning, I KNOW SOME OF YOU ARE WRITERS, SO SUBMIT! You may find you like it!

-pro tem, Glendon’s Bilingual Newspaper, Monday March 27th 2000-

she put it last night in terms underneath the outlines our words present We rejected our possession and threw the shapes aside and it felt in a way where good had no boundary but to spite this, now I wonder what our accomplishment was, if anything.

-Danielle

this is not the story. as if the days and the nights & the & nights of me ever happened that way you say as if time is memorized counted in seconds and years to reach you here

as if your vision’s clear extending me as you say me into even evened lines a linking text. a subject, plot, delineation now experienced. I am for you a necessary fiction.

- Erin Price Grigg