



pro tem

40^{ième} année

Not making sense to people who understand nonsense since 1962

Glendon's bilingual newspaper

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Be Good

ROSALIE TAYLOR

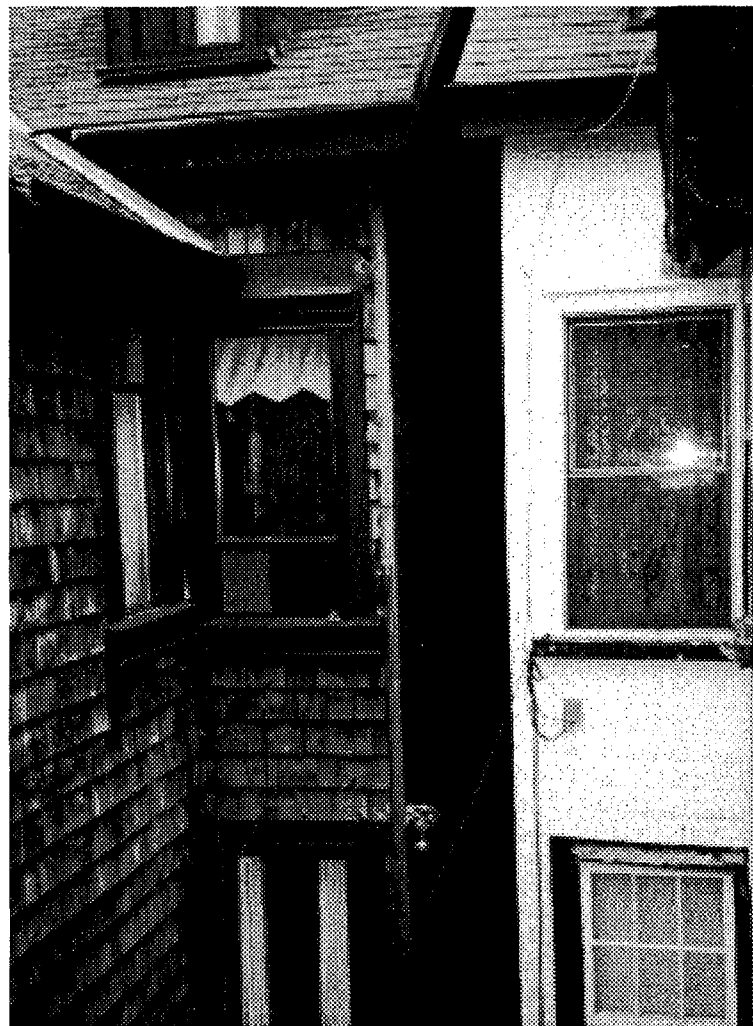
Be good. That's what she said when I was leaving. The streetcar was pulling up and I turned around and then she said it as I was walking away - be good. I couldn't believe it because that's what my uncle used to say to me, and when I told her that, her face fell and she apologized and looked away and said, 'Well, it's good advice'. I smiled a little and said, 'Yeah it is', and then I couldn't think of anything else to say, so I just turned and got on the streetcar with 'The House of the Rising Sun' humming in my

head. That's what he used to play for me, 'The House of the Rising Sun'. He could get those long arpeggios because his hands were big enough, but he could never sing it, none of us from my mother's side can sing. He would come over in the winter when he couldn't get work and my parents would find things for him to build and in the afternoon I'd come home from school to find him smoking in the garage. He would talk to me and follow me inside and go to the piano and play 'The House of the Rising Sun', and when I got older and started to play piano for myself he tried to teach me, but my hands were too small and I never got it. And then after a few weeks he would leave because my parents couldn't find anything else for him to do, so he'd do his laundry and then go to the door and turn around and say, 'Be good', and every time, every time he said it to me, I'd think, 'You too'. You

be good. But I never said it to him and I never told him what I thought of him, or that I loved him, or that I didn't think he was a bad person. And I never got to tell him because he died and that was it. And I never knew if he knew that I did love him and that he was good in his own way, and that I still can't play 'The House of the Rising Sun'.

When I went to his funeral I wrote him a letter and put it in the grave and I pictured him as an angel smoking a cigarette and I told him that, how funny it would be to see him wearing an angel suit, with big white wings and his long hair and stubble. I told him in the letter that I thought he was a good person and that I was sorry he died and that maybe he shouldn't have because his life was just turning around. The coroner even said he looked 5 years younger than he really was. But you can't say things like that. You can't believe that someone shouldn't have died because it won't help you, it won't let you go on, it will hold you back. And when he died, I had to believe that he was dead and let it go.

Be good is what she said and it was like smashing a light bulb in my head, remembering him saying it to me, and when she said it, I could see him walking out the door in that blue jacket



and I would think 'Be good', please be good and please stop drinking and killing yourself. I could see that it hurt my mom so much, and that's why I wanted him to stop and to be good, for her, because she deserved it, and she tried so hard to be there for him. Maybe he never knew how much it hurt her, and that it was

his fault entirely, but she didn't see it that way, she took it personally. She took responsibility for so long, took all the blame and now we're still here, watching for him as we walk through High Park, while he looks down in his angel costume, a cigarette hanging from his lips.

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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.

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Racing for a Network

J.J. O'ROURKE

Canadian television is now airing the beginning of a long series of episodes dedicated to our nations' history. This comes in part as a response to Canada's apparent need to assert an identity for itself; to create unity throughout itself by asserting a common view of history. So whenever historical issues are brought into the spotlight, the arguments about whether cultural bias perverts, or lead to outright inaccuracies in recounting, comes about. What seems to be missing ends up representing the people whom always 'miss out'.

The counter argument for the appearance of cultural bias in history is that it will always be there. No matter who is telling it, there is a prejudice that is always there. What some arguers seem to forget, is that some bias involve more justice and thought reflection than others do. Everyone is free to think what they want, but if we have 'make-believers' unjustly twisting an already gnarled root, then the integrity of the series is questionable.

If, on the other hand, there exists a more reflective account, by people whom were changed, not permeating same, then we would be closer to truth. The reason this perspective would have more insight comes from the fact that their experience involved two points of view; their former one, and the oppressing one. Its archival value is simply more complete when more references are available. If it is not used for anything like promoting an idea or identity but is used to remember many ideas and identities, it comes closer to the importance of history.

Preserving a culture, and preserving the integrity of a culture are two different things. The former is binding, regressive and too blindly nationalistic to be a credible avenue. The integrity of a culture, however, is what allows it to move forward carrying its best, and pay-



ing its dues for its past worst. The type of history/mis-story/mystery portrayed in the series, thus far, seems to help perpetuate old notions of culture, and the way it should record history.

Colonially! When we watch the first installment of the series, we can all recognise the influence that colonial thinking has on our society today. We say things like 'we've come so far', 'society has experienced progress since then', or even 'Indians are given billions of dollars, and they're still crying, when are we gonna stop letting them live off our country's hard workers?'. We think we are being fair, that in Canadian societies today, the nightmares are over, but are they really?

It will be important to observe the direction that certain parts of Canada will take as we move away from some type of federal identity, towards... a global citizenship? Perhaps an unaffiliated collection of sovereign states? It will be important to observe those who usually 'miss out'.

Well, important for those who want more integrity from their history. For you others, you may not like where this is

going.

The fact is, this country IS going somewhere with this issue. We now have political parties that not only represent the interest of different classes, but also different geographies. If we do not start paying attention to the way these issues are not only being resolved, but by whom, then we are sure to lose out on an important chance. The chance to show the world how special Canada can be. Not only do we have to pay our respects to the injustices of the past, we must also resolve the problem of an exploitative attitude that remains in a lot of our policies. Policies that were developed to preserve a dominant culture, rather than allow all cultures the dignity of realising the dream of a 'Canadian free space'.

The nations to watch include Newfoundland, Québec and the Aboriginal Nations. These are peoples who are arguably living a different experience of Canada than most. This is not to disclude the large number of other immigrant populations that are here. Quite the opposite, they must be included; perhaps it is a first step to truly establishing the beginnings of a

global citizenship.

Perhaps this change in attitude could direct our inter-national policy, where we now deal mostly with the sources of colonialism, or their ideological children. If we were to align ourselves with other countries that are having trouble keeping integrity in the face of cultural oppressors, perhaps the free space could attain a global reality.

Some naysayers would admit that this would obliterate the country, fragment it to unman-

ageable, unreconcilable bits. Only if we don't pay attention now, is the response. The policy of free space as applied to Canada could help to resolve many already divisive issues. The way to develop this policy starts with paying attention to who is defending what histories. Asking 'Where is the integrity?'. Perhaps this could be the new Canadian identity; 'Canadian- one who participates in the effort to establish a global citizenship that is free from unjust policies.'

Notice

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Tuesday November 7 at 7:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall. La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mardi, 7 novembre à 19h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

If you have any comments or questions, feel free to contact us at 487-6736 or by e-mail at protem1@yahoo.ca. Letters to the editor should include your name and a phone number where you can be reached. Your letters should not exceed 400 words. Thank you!

Si vous avez des questions ou commentaires, n'hésitez pas à nous contacter au 487-6736 ou par courriel à protem1@yahoo.ca. Toutes les lettres au rédacteurs doivent être signées et inclure votre numéro de téléphone. Les lettres ne doivent en outre pas contenir plus de 400 mots. Merci!

One College Student

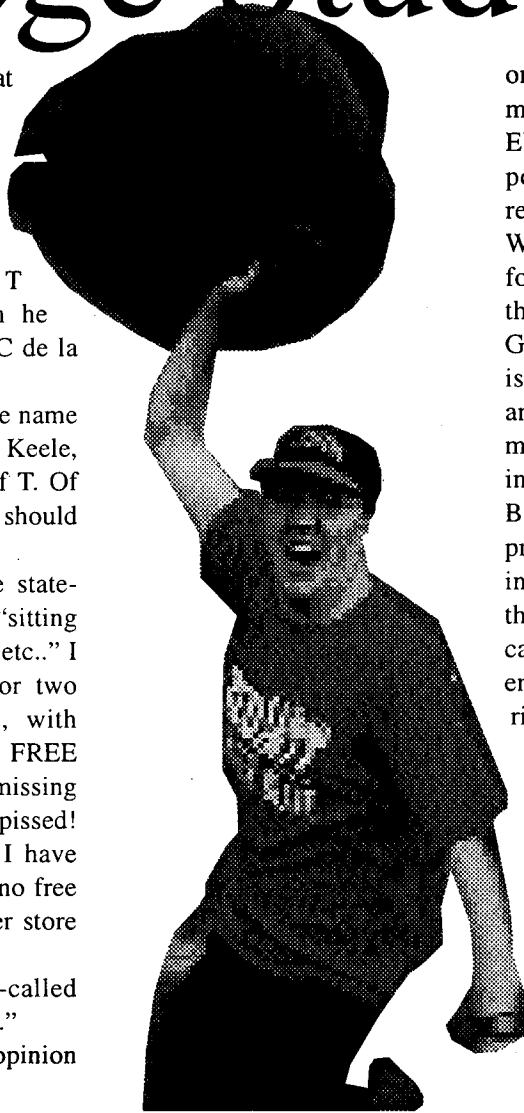
Dear Editor,
I am writing in response to the article entitled 'The little student that could...' [Pro Tem, le 17 octobre 2000, p.5] First I need to point out that I write this article on behalf of myself; not the GCSU. The GCSU is not aware on my intention to respond, and as such is independent of this article. I am questioning what the point of his article was. I question second year student, Mihnea Dumitru, as to why he is still here if he is so obviously dissatisfied with both his experience and education. I further call into question the amount of research that went into his article. For example, the comment of "there was not a soul in York Main or U of T that did not know of Café de la Terrasse." First, why most we still use the term York Main? Do you consider this York Other? Or York Inferior? We are the original York campus. The, in my humble opinion,

superior campus. But that is deviating from my original point. I strongly, strongly doubt that the writer asked every single student who attended Keele or U of T from the era of which he speaks if they knew of C de la T.

I ask you if you know the name of every campus bar at Keele, or better yet any at U of T. Of course you don't. Why should you?

Secondly I question the statement that the GCSU is "sitting on their butts, free beer, etc.." I have been on GCSU for two years now, and I ask, with anger, WHERE IS MY FREE BEER?! If I have been missing out on this, damn am I pissed! The GCSU, as long as I have been here, has received no free beer. The guy at the beer store will certify this for me.

Moving from the so-called "lack of professionalism." I call into question his opinion



on the poetry issue. "I don't mind reading a poem by T.S. Eliot instead of some wannabe poet who needs crack to remember what a stanza is." While I have written no poetry for Pro Tem myself, I challenge the author's statements that Glendon's artistic community is one of crack-heads. Style and talent are subjective. One might feel that they were lacking from your very own article. But it is not solely to attack the previous article that I am writing. I am writing to challenge the question, "How many of us can actually say that they are enjoying their university experience?" I am! Working to pay off my debt and all; it's part of the experience. However, if you are not pleased with the experience that you are having here I challenge you to do one of two things: One; find an institution that will better satisfy your desires, or Two; work towards improving this

one instead of complaining about it.

-Sean Bawden

One Proud Glendon College Student!

*Dear ProTem reader,
The point of the article was a call to excellence for students, and apparently your obliviousness to this notion causes you to miss the interpellation, and stops you from flocking to the banner. The way in which you critiqued the article is telling of the influence the past GCSU members have had on you, in other words, you missed the point. As for the free beer, you misread the author's intention, ask him about it. Aside from that, I believe that a certain beer representative provided some beer, at no cost, for the GCSU to use at a function. Whether all the beer was used for that function... it was still free.-ed.*

Fictional Interview 101

BY PATRICK BOIS

I consider myself to be lucky. Last week, I saw Yoko Ono shopping at some bargain bin on Spadina. I approached her and introduced myself as Gino Kolbasa, my favourite Italian porn star. She told me that I did not look like Gino Kolbasa and continued on filtering through a basket of butterfly sunglasses. I offered her 5 bux for the interview and she declined. I told her I'd give her 10 bux and what do you know, she smiled like a vagrant.

- Hello Yoko.
- Hello.
- Wassup.
- What?
- Anyway, how old are you?

You must be closing in on 80.
- ?

- Ok, lets start the interview. Before I ask you why you plotted your husband's death, let

me ask you a few simple questions.

- I think I will leave now.

- You know 10 bux could buy you a lot of those butterfly sunglasses.

- Ok, you're right Mr. Kolbasa. (she begins to blush)

- Ok, first off. Why do you smell like turnips?

- Well, I haven't washed in over 2 weeks. It's part of my revitalisation routine.

- You're a filthy pig.

- ?

- What do you do. Smear that crap all over yourself.

- No, I just...

- Forget it, you smell worse than my grandma after she's taken a jog.

- You're mean.

- 10 bux.

- OK, you're right.

- Second question: Why do you pick your nose while I'm interviewing you?

At this point, she begins to dance like a chicken. I almost vomit because it smells like my mom's ragout. To my amazement, she runs out in the street, still screaming and dancing like a chicken. A trans-am screeches from a corner and hits her in the behind. She flies 30 feet in the air. What a sight. I run to her and find that she's still singing and flapping.

I ask her a few questions.

- Are you OK?

- Gawk, gawk, me chicken, me chicken.

- Here's your 10 bux. Go take

a damn shower, you filthy, filthy swine.

And then she smiles at me with her vagrant teeth and continues on grinning like a retard.

Did you know...

Menthol leaves are often used in various skincare products to open up your pores so you may extract the dirt and pollution out of your skin. But when Menthol is used in cigarettes (Benson & Hedges Slim 100 Menthols or Craven A Menthols), menthol opens up your tongue, throat and lung pores so that all the nicotine, charcoal and other chemicals can enter your body more efficiently, making

you more dependent on the cancer sticks. Normally your pores close up as a reaction to the toxins in cigarettes, but menthol fools your pores into opening, letting the toxins in.

Did you know...

The biggest species of animal are the coral reefs. Yes they are alive and they are the largest - not the whale. Although, the whale is still the largest mammal.

The Road to Golgotha: Network Competitors



MIHNEA DUMITRU

Jerusalem, the Holy City. It represents a sacred ground for three religions. It is the heart of ardent nationalism, as it unwinds a history spanning hundreds of years of conflict between cultures. It is ultimately a physical space too small to be inhabited by irreconcilable problems.

The subject of peace between the Palestinians and Israelis rests primarily on the status of this city that has been a home to Christians, Jews and Muslims for the past 13 centuries. Added to this existing tension is the issue of hundreds of thousands of Palestinian refugees throughout the neighbouring states as well as within Israel's boundaries. The problem arises with the extremely scarce water resources which need to be shared with neighbouring states as well as the desired emancipation of the Palestinians under their own nation state.

It is through these matters that the media finds its foothold, and deviously foreshadows the half-truths that ultimately spark discord. As tensions rise over the

old battlements of Crusader ruins, holy sites, and the heads of millions of innocents, diplomatic pressures and political interests seem to lose their strength.

One can see the almost insurmountable difficulties in finding peace for the region. Both Ehud Barak and Yasser Arafat are fighting to maintain control of their political power, as they find themselves in a constant gridlock between their extremist and moderate factions, constantly aware of the ever-growing danger of an armed conflict.

Attempts for peace made by the United States and the international community don't seem to take on the same progress since the signing of the peace treaty last year. This is becoming especially difficult with the coming of the American elections in just two weeks.

Meanwhile, in the last thirty days, close to 130 Israelis and Palestinians have died in street fights and general unrest.

In such a volatile situation as the present one, it would seem the people will have the last word to say as the future becomes ever more uncertain. But such pic-

tures are set aside by the media apparatus of the West, which seems to thrive by reporting the frequent skirmishes in the region. The heartless corporation that is the audiovisual realm stands untouched by the martyrdom of the millions of Jews and Arabs living in the region. And as they raise their voices together, begging for peace, their cries fade away in regional dispute, largely unheard by the international community. Instead, the smell of war, foreign policy interests, economic disarray and possible reconstruction projects come together to seal their fate. It is much easier to present random acts of violence as conspiracies and extremist activities rather than as the hiatus of a desperation for a state in turmoil, misrepresented in its interests and misled unto the road of destruction. It is much more profitable, as we have seen throughout the past decade, to nurture a small fire in Bosnia, East Timor, and slowly escalate it through the power of news, rather than to present an unbiased view of the issues and players. It benefits US domestic pol-

itics to present problems from a Jewish perspective instead of diving deeper into the issues and mapping the Palestinian struggle for unification. The powers of the Middle East improperly represented, the problems of the region simplified and mystified beyond recognition, and the faces of the people transformed into preconceptions all build up into a massive onslaught against our intelligence.

And it is within the minds of the people, through decades of intelligence sterilization, and phobia development that the process of feeding lies to the masses occurs. And until we actually decide to wake up and reform our minds to the present darkness that surrounds us, to try to make a sense of issues that plague us even in the 13th hour of the 20th century; until we're ready to defy the diseased perspectives, falsely attributed to interest rather than bias, we will not be able to live our rebirth as a global community. It is in this miseducation of the millions that the power of the individual subsides to mere ignorance.

The Final Cut

Hold me
Until the dawn passes
Until the fresh wound appears
Together with grace
You watch me
Make the first cut
Will you make the final cut?

Up above
The sunlight
Penetrates through the woods
Branches twist and see
The golden paths
Paved with dirt

In the wet mirth
In dense fog
I find my stainless talisman
You have seen me
Make the first cut
Let me watch you
Make the final cut
And watch the sunrise at dusk
The trees whisper
The branches cradle me
Their scarlet leaves
A tender caress
Before my final flight
Above, to skies of glowing
luminescence

When I find you
I will not be
In forlorn lands of enchantment
I will be alone
Staring at the mirror
Tiny red droplets dripping into
the sink
My hand shivering for the
answer to the question:
Will I make the final cut?

Tout plein de rien du tout

NICHOLAS L.

Je suis tout et rien à la fois
Je suis la terre, le ciel et l'eau
Je suis la terre dans laquelle est
profondément enraciné un arbre
Je suis un érable dont les
branches déjà dénudées se bril-
lagent au gré du vent
Je suis le mistral combattant le
courage des oiseaux migrateurs
Je suis un moineau cherchant
désespérément une branche
généreuse
Je suis l'océan ou l'oiseau à bout
de force s'est laissé tomber
Je ne suis qu'un rêveur essayant
de me sortir de la passivité de
ma vie
Et en même temps, je ne suis
qu'un idiot, inutilement fuyant
son destruction

Getting Stoned at Lee's

PHIL RUTLAND

This rules! Free show. Free CD. If only the booze was free. Oh well. I had lots of booze at pub night and I didn't come here to get shitfaced. I came here to see Tchort's release party for their latest album 'Love Metal', essentially a double EP (hopefully you can see a review of it elsewhere in this issue). There were two other bands to step up to the stage at Lee's Palace the night of Saturday the 21st. I can't remember the first band's name and their music didn't strike me as worth remembering either.

After their set I met up with my radio partner in Metal madness, J-M and a couple of his Black Metal bandmates (they're looking for a bassist by the way). The second band to step up was Jaww, whose guitarist Ethan Bolduc is blessed with the heaviest guitar tone this side of Entombed.

Jaww's set was, in a word, fucking heavy! They had me and a lot of other people screaming for more. After their set, the soundman played 'Angel of Death' which sounded rather tame in comparison to Jaww's crushing blend of hardcore metal.

We then headed out to the pit area waiting for the headliners (Tchort) to show up. Eventually they did and introduced us to their brand of stoner metal. It's rare that stoner metal doesn't sound like a rip-off of either Black Sabbath or Kyuss. They have their own sound - sounding stoner-ish without going overdrive into Blues riffs. Tchort's fronted by Eric Coucke, a man with a great presence on stage. The band saw it in their graces to dole out free CD's to those who headbanged the hardest (almost enough to make me regret cutting my hair). Even doing some sort of cool magic trick to get the fans interested.



Fan participation was a must during the song 'Love Metal'. 'Love Metal' is destined to become like Metallica's 'Whiplash', and half of Manowar's song catalogue; a classic metal anthem, which there has been a solid lack of this past decade (not counting annoying Power Metal 'cause its all 3rd rate Maiden and Helloween

rip-offs). Les Godfrey seared through the set with his amazing guitar leads; he even played the last half of the set with a broken headstock!

Overall it was a very good show. Technical glitches, if any, were at a minimum. All the bands played with enthusiasm, and the more experienced acts showed their onstage wisdom. Seeing Tchort was the topping on an amazing weekend! Still, it would've been nice if they had played some Mayhem!

B-raie du Q ou le manifeste du béret



JULIEN DAVIAU &
JULIE SAGE

Le béret comment ça marche? Tout d'abord, bande de moules, sachez que le béret ne marche

pas, il se porte que diable. Après cette petite mise au point (tout a fait indispensable vous en conviendrez), définissons maintenant la problématique : Le béret est-il véritablement

une synecdoque du Français? Pour répondre à une question aussi métaphysique que celle-ci, encore faudrait-il savoir de quoi qu'on cause. Couvre-chef du Gaulois moyen, le béret nous vient du pays basque je le vaut bien. Né au XIXe siècle, du croisement fructueux d'une bouteille de gros rouge et d'une baguette éfilée, fine et élancée, il a grandi dans un univers champêtre et bucolique avant de prendre le maquis en tant que fier symbole de la Résistance.

Si l'on en croit Larousse, le béret est je cite : «une coiffure souple, sans visière ni bord, et dont la calotte ronde et plate est resserrée autour de la tête sur une lisière intérieure ». Si l'on en croit Lablonde, le béret est je cite : «une espèce de bouse hyper ringarde pas vachement in, ca fait tache dans les soirées en boîte, pas cool quoi!» Mais comme de toute façon on croit pas les blondes, R.A.P (Rien A

Péter). Laissons donc de côté ces sophismes sans intérêt pour reparler de notre vrai béret : le seul l'unique l'inimitable l'incrochable béret. Oh toi beau béret qui ne me quitte jamais! Rendons lui justice, loin d'être matériel, le béret est surtout spirituel. En effet, par nature opposé à la chaussette, le béret est l'ami de la tête. Mais attention, novices que vous êtes, le béret ne couvre pas n'importe quelle tête. Notre galette a habillé les plus belles têtes, c'est lui qui a gardé au chaud le génie de nos génies tels Picasso, Prévert, Cendrars, Sage, Dali, Daviau, Bourvil (incroyable mais vrai)... A notre grand regret, le béret disparaît. Il se trouve menacé dans cette société dépravée où l'on préfère la casquette à la bonne vieille galette ; tout ce perd, tout fout le camps, y a plus de valeurs, ca m'écœure.

Le béret salue cordialement la

tuque canadienne.

Variations sur le mythe du béret :

Si tu es bête comme tes pieds, tu ne mérites pas le béret

Un béret vaut mieux que deux tu l'auras

Si tu n'as pas de béret c'est la berezina

Avec ton béret t'as pas l'air bête
Le béret est à la tête ce que les chaussettes sont aux pieds

Quand le béret est parti les casquettes dansent

Le beret ne fait pas le Français

Le beret justifie les moyens

On ne dit pas beret je ne te mettrai jamais

Un beret peu en cacher un autre

La parenthèse enchantée :
Dancer in the dark (Lars Von Trier). Rien a dire dans le sens où je ne veux rien dire car tout est à voir. Go Go Go!!

Protesters and Protestees: Network Competitors

LINDSAY PORTER,
CARLETON UNIVERSITY

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 2000 started as a great day for a protest. Plenty of sun shot the temperature upwards of 18 degrees Celsius. The people of Toronto were in the best of moods. The streets were exceptionally clean and the air seemed a little less smoggy. A splendid day for a protest indeed.

The Canadian Federation of Students held the demonstration against Mike Harris at a PC Policy Convention in Simcoe Park, across the street from the Metro Toronto Convention Centre. The CFS expected plenty of students and other supporters for their protest Against Globalisation. It would appear police forces from across the GTA and other regions including Peel and Durham, expected a great number of students as well. Their defense against the students was thus: A very cleverly constructed barrier was in place on the side of the road next to the park and was guarded by at least 40 pissed-off looking cops in regular blue attire. Across the street at the Convention Centre was another line of police in regular blue. No more metal barriers though - one was satisfactory. If you looked East or West, you could see police on horses, or police on motorcycles. And if you stopped and listened, you could hear the thumping of the blades of the cop-chopper hovering up above. In total, I would say at least 200 cops were there by the end of the protest.

THE DEMONSTRATION started as any other. Speeches were given by assorted guest speakers. A couple of politically aware musicians got the crowd rawkin' out. The Raging Grannies were also there to show their support. As were the CAW, CUPE and the Steelworkers of Toronto. Students from assorted univer-

sities and high schools were present, including the likes of Carleton University.

So, in essence, it was a rawkin' time, but evidently it was not rawkin' enough for some. Some guy jumped up on the stage, grabbed a mic while one of the last bands was trying to figure out some technical difficulties, and started to

were getting very antsy, and others were getting pretty pissed off since the cops had ruined their marching fun. That "damn the man" fever was catching and only got worse as time went on. And "damn the man" fever plus lots of angry protesters is a recipe for rash actions. One angry protester decided it

woman was of sound mind, but she was cool and I think she really shook the police up.

THE COPS ARRESTED

six protesters in total - some of whom sustained injuries from their encounter with "Toronto's Finest." As I ran about snapping photos of the

**“Unfortunately for the would-be marchers,
the police said ‘You and your punk-ass
friends ain’t going nowhere near the
Financial District! Get your stanky student
asses back to Simcoe Park!’”**

tell the masses that a march around to the Financial District had been organised. Since this impromptu march was not part of CFS' agenda, the young man was ushered away from the microphone. The CFS made it clear that they would have no part of this walk that was being organised. Nonetheless, many people were down with the idea of marching around, and so the troops rallied and began to head toward King Street.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR the would-be marchers, the police said "You and your punk-ass friends ain't going nowhere near the Financial District! Get your stanky student asses back to Simcoe Park!" (note: this is paraphrased ever so slightly). We were stopped just north of Roy Thompson Hall as a makeshift barricade of motorcycles and police had been set up. As a reaction, a few students tried to conduct a sit-in. It failed and people stood up and started to march back to Simcoe Park, singing songs of solidarity. We were, of course, accompanied by the police force.

When we arrived back at Simcoe Park, some people

would be a good idea to occupy the CBC building. What relevance this had to the cause of stopping the Tories, I will never know. Mike Harris: Provincial Government; CBC: public-funded media forum with some funding from parliamentary appropriations. However, it was the closest big-up building that did not have barricades in front of it. The masses were angry and students forced their way in. This is when the shit really started to go down. Some people managed to get inside, so the CBC security locked their doors. One moment the guy who had earlier jumped up on stage to organize the march was banging on the front door trying to get in, and the next, this plain-clothes cop came from inside the building and grabbed him and took him back out. He and his plain-clothes buddies wrestled him down to the ground. From my view, it didn't look like he was resisting arrest, but perhaps I was mistaken. The people that were outside the CBC building started yelling "Police brutality!" One bystander in particular showed her dismay by lifting her bike up on its back wheel and shaking it furiously. I am not entirely sure that this

injured and arrested, I looked up to see a group of big cops in black. "Ah, fuck!", I thought to myself. "It's the flippin' riot police squad!" But they didn't have those big plastic shields, so maybe they were semi-riot police. They moved in an eerie wave across the front of the building. I snapped a photo of some students yelling at them, but avoided the cops for most of it. But as I stood up from taking a photo, I was shoved from behind - the pain that came from my shoulders told me I had not paid enough attention. I turned around and was face to face with a large man who resembled the Terminator. "Get MOVING NOW!!!" he yelled. I assured him I would get moving when I got my thoughts in order. This was the first time I had ever seen someone getting beaten up by the police in real life, so I was kinda scatter-brained; being shoved by a big cop didn't exactly help. I suppose I didn't get my thoughts together fast enough for the man, because he shoved me a second time. Harder this time. I looked up at him and told him I was on my way. He started to put his hand down on his baton.

That's all I needed. I was out of there in a flash. I was rubbing my shoulder as I walked away from the carnage and some creepy lawyer saw this and approached me and asked "Do you need a lawyer?". Argh. An ambulance chaser. "No thanks. I'll be fine". As I walked further, I bumped into a couple of my sisters' friends. "What are you kids doing down here today?", I asked them. "We are here for a taping of Jonovision!", they replied. I looked back over my shoulder at the multitude of cops, media folk, and angry citizens and told them that I didn't think they would be getting into the CBC any time soon. "Oh no?", they said. "Are they shooting a movie or something?" I shook my head, and said that this was real life. I noticed the creep-o lawyer was milling about, so I took off. The crowd that was left then decided to do a peaceful stroll down to Union station and go home. Once again, we were accompanied by the cops. This time, though, the riot police had their plastic shields. When we arrived at Union, some guy with a megaphone advised us on how to get home, i.e. travel in groups, etc. As he spoke, the sounds of approaching fire trucks could be heard. From what one of my friends told me, the police sometimes bring in the fire department so they can hose down any rowdy citizens. Or perhaps some bad-ass pulled the fire alarm. Gut instinct tells me that it was a case of the former though.

EPILOGUE: THE DAY

after the protest, the six protesters arrested and charged were released on bail. The people facing charges are Jesse Black-Allen, 23, Davin Wayne Charney, 28, Sean Donnegan, 19, Hamid Izadi, 21, Derek Shawn Laventure, 24, and Lily Phan, 23. They are scheduled to appear in court on November 1.

L'écoute électronique au Canada: Écoute que coûte

PASCAL FAUCHER,
MONTRÉAL CAMPUS

MONTREAL (PUIQ)-Allié d'un système de surveillance mondial, le Canada peut théoriquement intercepter toute forme de communication électronique. En cas de besoin, la protection de la vie privée est rapidement mise de côté au profit de la sécurité nationale.

Satisfait de son dernier courriel, l'internaute le transmet en toute confiance à son interlocuteur. S'il doute un instant de la confidentialité de ce type de communication, son inquiétude est justifiée. Grâce à un système hautement sophistiqué de collecte de renseignements, auquel le Canada participe, toute transmission par Internet, cellulaire, télécopieur ou simplement par téléphone peut être enregistrée puis analysée.

Depuis 1948, le Canada fait partie de l'Ukusa Security Agreement, un gigantesque réseau mis en place par les pays du Commonwealth et les États-Unis afin d'espionner les régimes communistes. Son outil? Le système Echelon, un complexe de surveillance secret basé en Angleterre et équipé de douzaines de coupes liées aux 25 satellites Intelstat, utilisés par toutes les compagnies de téléphone. "Echelon est si puissant que ses ordinateurs balayent constamment les ondes à la recherche de mots-clés qui leur signalent une conversation ou un message électronique particulièrement intéressant", explique le journaliste et spécialiste des services secrets fédéraux Normand Lester.

En somme, il s'agit d'un immense "aspirateur" à information capable de capter toutes les communications électroniques dans le monde. Créé au temps de la guerre froide, sa charge de travail ne s'est toujours pas réduite, loin de là, les moyens de commu-

nication utilisés par la population s'étant multipliés.

Espionnage à la canadienne

Au Canada, les données d'Echelon sont traitées par le Centre de sécurité des télécommunications (CST), affilié au Service canadien du renseignement de sécurité, une division du ministère de la Défense nationale.

"Organisation la plus secrète du gouvernement canadien", selon Normand Lester, le CST emploie 2000 personnes et est doté d'un budget annuel de 195 millions \$. Il est le service officiel d'espionnage et de contre-espionnage canadien.

Toute information précise quant aux agissements du CST est classée confidentielle. Le rapport annuel du ministère de la Défense nationale stipule que le Centre a pour mandat "d'obtenir l'information unique et en un temps opportun sur les intentions, les capacités et les activités de nations, d'organisations ou de personnes étrangères". L'écoute du continent eurasiatique incombe au Canada, et le CST l'exécute à partir de la base d'Alert, dans l'île d'Ellesmere près du cercle arctique, et toutes les institutions et ambassades canadiennes sont à sa disposition pour ses activités de "surveillance".

Comme le CST n'est régi par aucune loi, il a toute la liberté d'agir comme bon lui semble. "Aux États-Unis, le Congrès peut demander des comptes à la National Security Agency. Pas au Canada. Si les partis politiques se succèdent, le CST, lui, ne change pas. Il se rapporte uniquement au premier ministre ou à son conseil", précise le chercheur au sein du ministère de la Défense nationale et chargé de cours à l'UQAM Claude Beauregard.

Si toutes les communications nationales peuvent théoriquement être interceptées, le gou-

vernement fédéral se fait rassurant. "Les renseignements personnels officiels des Canadiens ne sont pas complétés par de l'écoute électronique", indique l'agente du Commissaire à la protection de la vie privée du Canada, Susan Wheeler. Mais l'écoute électronique n'est pas illégale, elle dépend des circonstances. Elle peut, par exemple, être autorisée dans le cadre d'une enquête policière."

Team Québec

Plusieurs médias, dont le Ottawa Citizen et le Globe and Mail, ont justement avancé que le CST surveille des Canadiens pour des raisons de sécurité. Ex-employé du Centre, Michael Frost a publié en 1994 un livre troublant sur les services de renseignements canadiens, *Moi, Mike Frost, espion canadien*. Il y dévoile l'efficacité de l'espionnage intérieur, dont la cible de choix est le Québec. Selon l'auteur, les agents du CST ont concentré leurs énergies sur la province francophone après la victoire du Parti québécois aux élections de 1976. À partir de la Norvège, Ottawa interceptait les communications entre le Québec et la France. Depuis, une section entière, baptisée "French Problem", est assignée à temps plein à l'écoute des dirigeants québécois, révèle Michael Frost.

Le gouvernement de Jean Chrétien a toujours nié ces allégations. Le CST s'occupe uniquement des renseignements étrangers, plaide-t-il. Or, les communications entre le gouvernement québécois et l'extérieur sont légalement incluses dans cette définition... Dans son ouvrage *Enquêtes sur les services secrets* publié en 1998, Normand Lester affirme avoir appris que René Lévesque, Jacques Parizeau et Louise Beaudoin faisaient partie de la liste des personnalités surveillées peu avant l'élection du Parti Québécois en 1976.

"Le gouvernement respecte les lois, mais dans les situations de calme seulement, reprend Normand Lester. Il ne craint pas d'avoir recours à des mesures illégales en temps de crise. Un exemple: pendant la révolte d'Oka en 1990, la CST a établi une opération d'écoute sur les Warriors et leurs alliés autochtones aux États-Unis."

Compagnies à l'écoute

Les accusations d'espionnage commercial sont fortement démenties par le Département d'État des États-Unis, qui assure que la NSA, gestionnaire du système Echelon, ne fait pas de surveillance auprès des entreprises privées. Avec un budget de 26,7 milliards de dollars et deux fois plus de personnel que la Central Intelligence Agency, la NSA est la moins connue et la plus importante agence de renseignements américaine.

Plusieurs ex-employés de l'Agence ont révélé publiquement les activités secrètes de la NSA et, par extension, celles du gouvernement canadien. Dans son livre *The Puzzle Palace: a Report on America's Most Secret Agency*, publié en 1982, l'auteur James Bamford mentionne que l'espionnage commercial et industriel est chose courante au sein de la NSA. Les compagnies AT&T et General Motors en auraient notamment profité au détriment de leurs concurrents japonais et allemands.

"Le Canada a lui-même espionné le Mexique durant les négociations de l'Accord de libre-échange nord-américain, rappelle Normand Lester. Il collabore étroitement avec Echelon, par exemple en surveillant les satellites latino-américains. Ces informations ont même aidé à

Bombardier à contrecarrer les moyens commerciaux abusifs de certaines compagnies mexicaines, dans l'attribution de contrats au Mexique."

L'espionnage commercial est toutefois exceptionnel, de l'avis de Charles-Philippe David, titulaire de la Chaire Téléglobe-Raoul-Dandurand de l'UQAM et spécialiste en politique étrangère américaine. "La NSA se concentre davantage sur le terrorisme international, le blanchiment d'argent ou l'écoute de dictateurs. Dans le domaine du renseignement, les pays ont avantage à collaborer étroitement, puisque l'écoute électronique est devenue le seul moyen de lutter contre les terroristes, eux-mêmes de véritables entreprises transnationales."

Dans la même veine, Normand Lester ne juge pas que la population doit s'inquiéter outre mesure. "Je doute que le CST fasse constamment de l'espionnage au Canada. Ils doivent répondre à une rationalité politique et économique. Faire de l'écoute électronique coûte très cher, et le budget du CST est limité. Il y a toutefois beaucoup plus de chances que vous soyez écouté si vous avez, par exemple, des amis au Hezbollah."

Did you know...

Paper normally has a brownish yellow colour, but it is bleached and this causes environmental pollution. Not to mention clear cutting.

don't know how to make the red pigments stay in your hair. Because of this, red hair dye always washes out - even the permanent ones. The original Red dye #9 (I don't think its from Clairol), caused cancer in lab rats and was discontinued.

Did you know...

Companies such as Clairol

A Not So Ghastly Ghost: Network Competitor



MELISSA MAJOR

So rumour has it that there is a ghost in the Central Static Centre of Toronto. An interview with several of the employees there revealed that some people are spooked, while other employees are quite excited about the entity that lurks between the walls of the giant building.

"It was kind of scary the first time anything ever happened," reports the receptionist. "But now that everyone is pretty sure the ghost is just doing harmless pranks and not out to hurt anyone, it's not as bad."

What exactly was the first ordeal? During the second week of January 2000, when the company took over the building, the transparent face of a woman appeared in the giant front window that looks out to the street. With attempts made by the cleaning services to wipe the face out of the window, the face only became more solid.

"I bet people thought we had just painted the window as a kind of display or

something, but everyone in the whole office building knew something was up," said Rojam Assilem.

Since that first incident, numerous other things have happened. These included doors opening by themselves and strange voices in empty corridors. It would appear that someone is just playing a big trick on the company, but some of the events, workers believe, are much too complicated to be pulled off by a person.

The most interesting of the tricks was during an executive board meeting. It was said that before the meeting was adjourned, each of the people present stood up to find their pants being pulled down to their ankles by a strange force. A whisper-like laughter could be heard all around as each of the employees embarrassingly struggled to pull their pants back up.

So as you can see, this is no regular poltergeist from scary movies, just your everyday trickster like Nanabush. Except that it happens to be a ghost.

The Dove And The Deep

To face...
The reflection of embers
Staring upon the midnight river
Little wake to see
Undisturbed by visions
Shadowless

I saw your dreams
I was not of lore
Banished before my acceptance
Oh... your flame
It burns so brightly
Your radiance
Heaven in my hands
A visual serenade
To bathe and cry

I awake and your silken gown is gone
My heaven was a dream
Abandonment woke me in a nightmare
Lycia crumbled and was burned
Hope the butterfly... flew
Alone in the night...
I gazed
Under the moist stone bridge
Your face I could not see
Your voice I could not hear
Your breathing I could not feel
And I knew (fate)
That you left me
(Vanishing in the night, running through the woods)

My soul was yours
You laughed

Years later I found it
Discarded away (garbage)
Forgotten, broken (garbage)
Like I

How I would dream
Alone on the river
Dejectedly watching the union of souls
Despondently acknowledging them
I wish only for a time
To be alone with you
You are monolithic (beauty)
A bird laughing, flying, singing
I yearn for your sweet songs
Yet I do not wish to be
The arrow to bring your down-fall

(destroying your happiness for mine own)
My yearning is desperate
Yet I wish to see you remain in flight
You will laugh and I will weep

In a sainted field
Fallen doves are abound
Yet this land is far away
I must traverse ancient, treacherous lands
For that I must accept
The greatest failure
Who seeps from the deepest depths...
Acceptance (of fate)
Loveless



To a Man Who Knows

PATRICK BOIS

Golden Olden, where did you wither to?

From the Coffee Shop to an unknown zither

Smokin' Olden, what did you uncover?

From the urban came an unwelcomed ado

Sitting, perplexing the enrichment of life.

Explaining, realizing that enlightenment is strife

Mussolini linguini, Franco antipasto

His existence survives below.

To Be

Dr. Wolf

Rain dripping on cottage lawn slowly talking about responsibility, life decisions, cultural positioning as though you know. Hiding your self beneath a black shawl

sipping coffee, cigarette in hand, listening to you.

Once more, always you listening and suggesting things. Better things for us. But you don't hear or see anymore. Smiling, lying, smiling

it all relies on something to be

Mel Lastman: Network

KATERINA BAKALIS

SO MEL LASTMAN is basically a shoo-in as Mayor for Toronto in the November 13 municipal elections, or so they say. But there's been a lot of criticism coming from citizens of Toronto about Mayor Mel, and it's only gotten worse after the huge ruckus he caused trying to persuade City Council to pass the Adam's Mine Dump proposal. (Which, if you haven't already heard, has fallen through.)

Even though he's Toronto's most famous mayor - (who will ever be able to forget his annoying Badboy slogan?) - his celebrity status is actually a black eye for Mayor Mel, and his elitist attitudes and \$2,500-a-person, special-invitation-only fundraisers aren't doing much for his public image as a man of the people. Instead of helping to pay for government housing and putting more money into shelters and food banks, or doing something about the vacancy rate in Toronto (which is down to less than 1% at present), he deals with the homeless situation by paying hundreds of thousands of dollars to enforce 'Community Action Policing'. Masked as an initiative to keep the city streets safe from crime, it has now turned into a bombardment of harassment on the homeless population, kicking them out of city parks and other public places, even though they have nowhere else to go.

THIS REMINDS ME of a funny little story I read about just the other day, when Mel was quoted as having said that there are "no homeless people in North York." The same day he issued that statement, police were trying to identify the body of a homeless woman found dead at a gas station...in North York. Way to go, Mel! You're really on top of things. It is a tragedy, of course, but the fact that Mel chooses to deny its

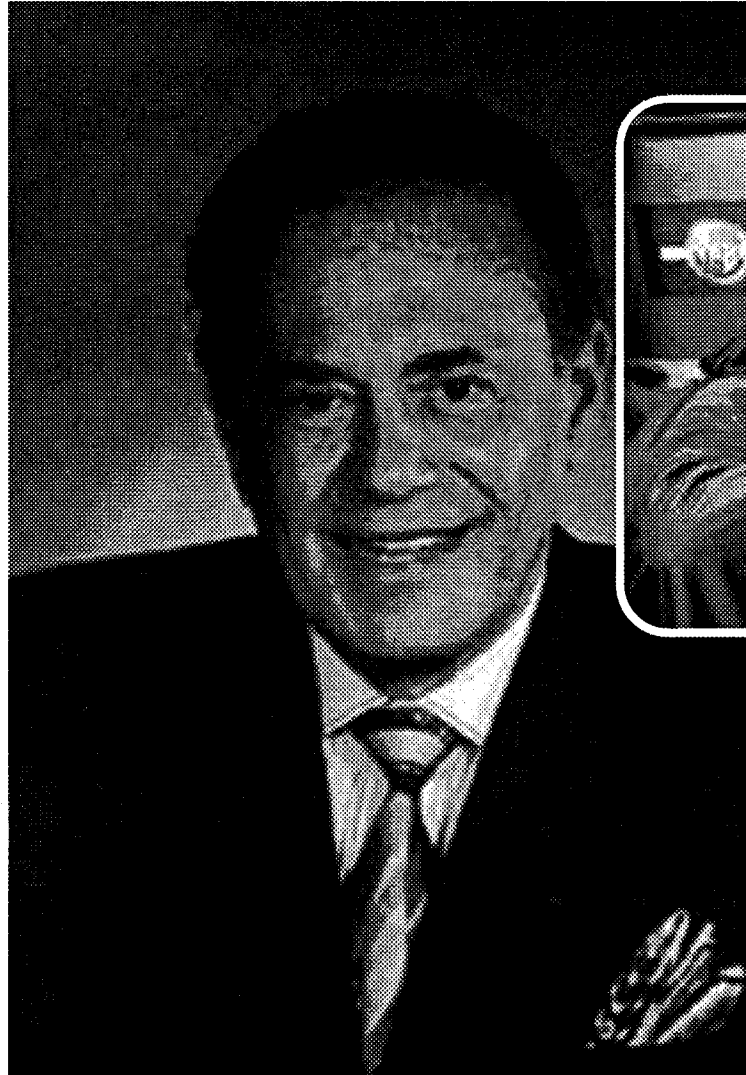
existence is even more disturbing.

And what does Mayor Mel think about squeegee kids? Let's not get him started on that one! "They're beggars, that's all they are. Out!" Well, at least they don't resort to stealing, like your wife did, right Mel? "If they don't pay their tickets, they're in jail." Who can pay tickets when they're on the street begging for change? Nooooo-body!!!

WHICH BRINGS ME to the shameful incident I briefly mentioned a second ago that occurred last year, when Mrs. Marilyn Lastman was caught stealing a pair of designer jeans from Eaton's department store at the Promenade mall in Thornhill. The incident was dismissed by police on grounds that Mrs. Lastman had no previous outstanding arrests, and - get this - because of her age. Excuse me if I'm mistaken, but I was under the impression that there are no stipulations in the law that say you are exempt from arrest if you are between 45 and 60! There are senior citizens living out the last few years of their life sentences in jails right now as I write! As the web-page author pointed out, this is a clear case of rich and powerful (not to mention important-public-figure) consumer racism. If anyone else had been caught, they would have been arrested. Mrs. Lastman should have been no exception.

ON TOP OF that, Adam Vaughan, a reporter for CBC news, tried to talk to Mayor Mel about the incident, and reports Mel as saying, "I heard you've been talking about my wife... Leave my family alone. If you don't fucking leave them alone, I'll kill you!"

Now please, readers, forgive my intolerance of threatening behaviour from our elected



representatives, but what the HELL was that? Police later brushed the matter aside, comparing it to a temper tantrum a kid might throw at school, spewing obscenities out of frustration. Is it just me, or does no one else realize that death threats are kind of **ILLEGAL**? As well as completely unacceptable and vial misconduct coming from a government personality who is in charge of running the city.

ANOTHER SLOGAN WHICH made me laugh out loud was "Mel Lastman - the Lastman on Earth who should be in charge of Canada's Largest City!" Too True. But more than his lack of concern for the majority of the people that live here in Toronto - that is, those of us who are not corporate execs, CEO's or millionaire supporters of Mel - is the fact that the police force

and the justice system are allowing him and his wife to commit crimes and get away with them. What kind of democracy are we living in anyway? Whatever happened to the rule of law? It's a sad day indeed when we can't even trust our authority figures to enforce laws on all individuals equally and not resort to socio-economic/political discrimination. For

that matter, it's even more pathetic that a man who is supposed to be setting an example for the rest of society (and his wife) refuse to act like mature adults and pay the consequences of their deviant actions.

PEOPLE WANT PRACTICAL solutions to real problems that affect their everyday lives, and their impatience with a self-absorbed mayor, who only pays attention to how much money he can rake in for the Big Boys of the city, is intensifying with every wrong move that Mel makes. When we glance a little closer at public opinion, it's quite obvious that Mel's popularity is waning, and not just slightly. While browsing the web, I came upon several different

“And what does Mayor Mel think kids? Let's not get him started
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K Competitor

web-sites crying out against his outrageous platforms which include the bid for the 2008 Olympic Games to be held in Toronto, and a waterfront re-structuring project with an estimated cost of \$12 billion. Perhaps the Olympic bid could be seen as generating a lot of money and boosting the economy, if we get it. These are desirable goals for the betterment of the city in general, I agree, but a good leader knows when to focus on large economic achievements, and when to focus on the "little people" or the majority of the population who are the cogs and wheels of the bigger picture and keep everything running so smoothly. And with a number like 60,000 homeless Torontonians, and a garbage re-routing question that has as yet to be answered, Mel doesn't seem to have a good understanding of what the city and its people really need right now. After all, big corporations like Rogers Video, Toys R Us and McDonald's would not be making stellar profits if it wasn't for those minimum-wage employees at the bottom of the food chain doing the same redundant thing, day in and day out. Mel's projects are neither sensible nor pragmatic, and he's only wasting taxpayers' money and a lot of resources that could be used for things more beneficial to the people.

SO NOW I ask myself - who could replace Mel and stop his

about squeegee
on that one!
e. Out!" Well, at
ke your wife did,
tickets, they're in
they're on the
ooo-body!!!"

legacy from continuing further? Out of the 26 or so other candidates running for mayor, (aside from Ben Kerr, an eccentric gentleman who sings Kareoke at the corner of Yonge and Bloor everyday and has been a candidate for mayor in the last 3 elections), one man in particular stands out of the crowd. His name is Tooker Gomberg, and his campaign, initiatives and ideologies make sense.

Before coming to Toronto and working for the Worm

front us today and he has built a platform based on resolving them. It's time we made these issues the top priority in every election at all levels of government."

Some of Tooker's platform planks include: homelessness; garbage as a resource; tenant's rights; clean energy, like wind and solar; and greening the city with gardens and parks.

ON 12:01 A.M., Sunday, October 22nd, Tooker and a

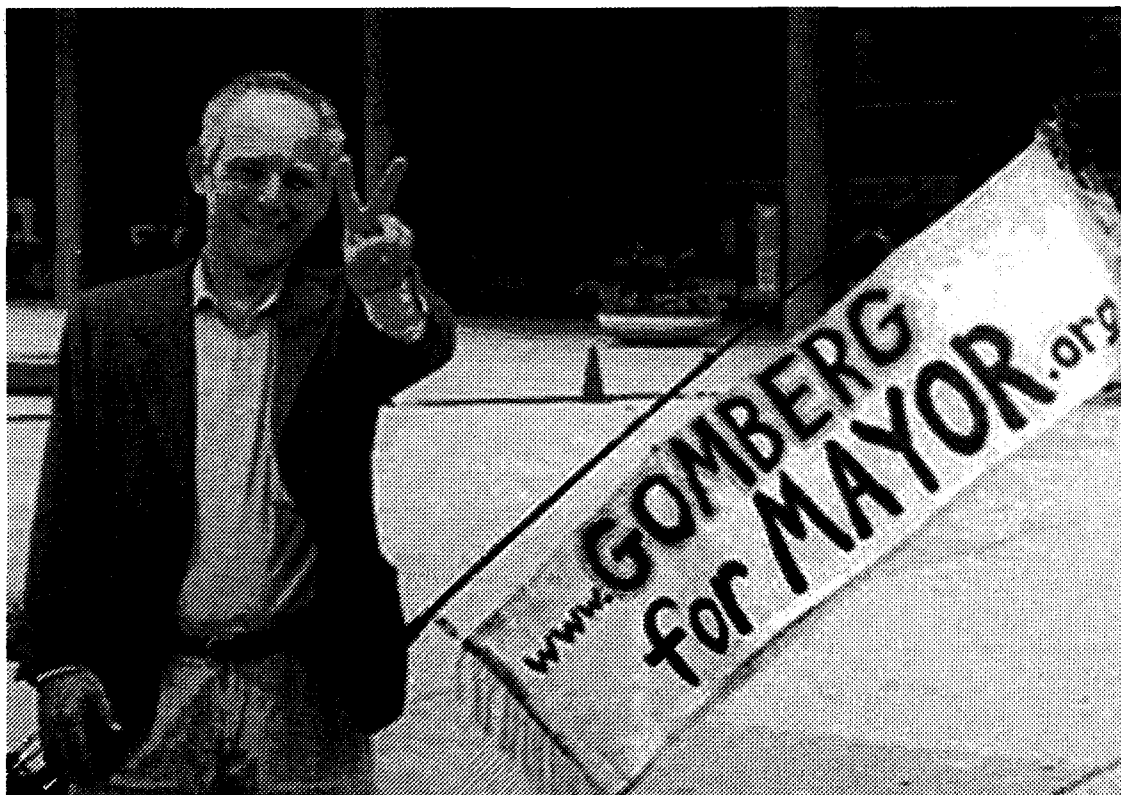
are another demand, seeing as how the homeless situation has been declared an emergency. 46% of the 60,000 homeless in Toronto are families with young children.

THAT'S NOT ALL. Affordable housing is another major concern. He's looking to enact a National Housing Policy with funding, as well as restoring rent freezes and the Rental Housing Protection Act to reinforce and make stronger

SEEM FARFETCHED?

That's alright, because Tooker Gomberg's positive and community-oriented attitudes give him an approachable and down-to-earth public image that speaks volumes about his dedication to Toronto's well-being. His hopes for a cleaner environment and helping the economically under-privileged are worthy causes that he will not give up on, even if he doesn't win. And it doesn't phase him when people say he is a 'fringe' candidate, retorting that Mel Lastman surely fits into the same category when the only attendees at his functions are those rich enough to afford the pricey admission.

THERE HAS HISTORICALLY been a great deal of dissent toward political campaigns such as Tooker Gomberg's, because people care more about money instead of the fact that their lives and the survival of their children all depends on a healthier environment, and a community of people who are mentally well and economically secure. We have to stop brushing away the sad truths of the direction in which our society is headed. People don't get involved, they don't care about anyone around them, they figure whatever happens happens and that's that. This sort of mentality in Canadian political culture has to end, because our society is on a one-way trip to nowhere. And we, as citizens, are just standing idly by and allowing politicians without a broad comprehension of the city's real problems, like Mel Lastman, to take us on that downward spiral. This November 13th, go out and vote. Contribute to the well-being of your society and your community by making an informed choice that will benefit your future. If we don't now, who knows what the future holds in store.



Composting Program as well as Greenpeace, he worked on the Edmonton City Council for 3 years between 1992 and 1995. An environmentalist at heart, he wants to eradicate pesticides, promote land preservation by cultivating gardens in the city that produce their own food, and restrict the urban sprawl. Even David Suzuki is endorsing his campaign, stating that "Tooker Gomberg is one of the few politicians I have met who has a deep understanding of the environmental and social justice issues that con-

dozen Torontonians supporting him set up tents in Nathan Phillips Square, in front of the City Hall, where he has been sleeping since, and calling it "Tent City". They were protesting against the lack of action towards ameliorating the homeless problem, which is a big concern on Tooker's plate. He wants to open an armoury in Toronto and ask that the homeless be allowed to set up tents in city parks and be allowed to sleep there until the situation can be helped a little more. More hostels and beds, as well as more food banks,

tenants' legal rights. Beginning January 1st 2001, the province of Ontario will be hoisting its financial responsibilities for affordable housing onto municipalities. Without provincial funding, new social housing doesn't sound plausible. If Mr. Gomberg can help it, he won't let the province go so easily - asking for help to build 6 000 new low-cost social housing units over the next three years, and establishing a postulate that 25% of all new rental construction be low-income housing.

Theatre Review: Cloud 9



MELISSA MAJOR

Caryl Churchill's *Cloud Nine* is an epic play that specifically focuses on gender, sexuality and race. It is very political by means of addressing a wide variety of other issues such as gender stereotyping, patriarchy and sexual oppression, loyalty, monarchism and colonial oppression, homosexuality, and pedophilia. It breaks through the barriers of conventional theatre and makes a broad statement about the way humans are supposed to act, in the omniscient view of the eyes of society. It is about change, as well as about learning how to love yourself for who you really are inside and not to fall into a trap where loving means being told who to be. Churchill has created a work that is not only magnificently entertaining from a theatre perspective, but is also astoundingly inspiring and thought-provoking on a philosophical and moral level.

The performance at the Harbourfront Centre, put on by the Equity Showcase Theatre, had an original and insightful

approach in their version of *Cloud Nine*. There was little left to be desired and thus, negative criticism is not really an issue.

Director Daryl Cloran undoubtedly had a very precise vision of what he wanted to see on stage for this production. To watch the action on the stage was to be peeking into this interesting slice of a bizarre style of living. The fourth wall convention was by all means effective.

Characters who were cross-cast were incredibly believable in their roles. James Greenwood and Anna MacKay-Smith for instance, who played Betty and Edward, (a man playing a woman and a woman playing a little boy), were so convincing as portraying people who were trapped inside the role of who their husband and father, Clive, wanted them to be. When the explorer, Harry Bagley, talks of touching Joshua, it is disgusting because the actor is so convincing in her role as a young boy, who just happens to think like a girl inside. In act two, Shane Carty, a grown man, plays a five year old girl. After getting used to the moustache and large body

inside the little pink dress, even this is convincing.

One aspect that made the production so successful was the creative use of the set and the ingenious set design itself. If for no other reason but because it was very operationally efficient. It was extremely multi-purposeful and meaningful, with its melting British flag painted on the backdrop which had three doors that emerged from it. As a whole, the set was definitely one of the features of the production and an integral part of what made everything work so well.

The production as a whole, all elements considered, was indeed a success. There is no doubt that it achieved the presentation of issues, by method of this very moving story, in just the way Caryl Churchill intended. Taking into consideration the complexity of the script, those involved with this production did an excellent job at using the elements of theatre available, such as directing, acting, set, costumes and make-up, to bring this politically provoking, emotional and entertaining tale to life.

Les Voix Humaines

CATHERINE HANCOCK

On Monday November 6, the Glendon Gallery welcomes "Les Voix Humaines", a duo from Montreal. They will perform an all-German program of baroque chamber music on the viola da gamba. The art exhibit, "Some Variations", will be on display at the same time.

The viola da gamba became popular in the 17th and 18th centuries and was the preferred musical instrument among the aristocrats. It sounds best in small settings because of its sweet sounds as well as the mellow nuances of its tone. The Glendon Gallery provides excellent acoustics for such an instrument.

The musicians, Suzie Napper and Margaret Little, have released numerous recordings, one of which earned them the Prix de l'ADISQ in 1998. They have played together since 1985, touring all over the world. In 1996, they received the support of the «Conseil des Arts et des Lettres du Québec», part of The Canada Council.

They are both excited to be performing here at Glendon and are even working with the Glendon Musical Ensemble, directed by the meticulously observant George Cummings, for one musical piece. The show starts at 7:30 p.m. and tickets are free for Glendon Students. For more information, call reservations at: (416) 487-6716.

Dreamer

AGGIE GASIOR

She sat on the park bench.
Lit an unfiltered cigarette.
Taking a long drag,
Closing her gray eyes,
Leaning her head back,
She dreams.
Christmas dinner,
Family,
Replaced by the sneering face
Of her father
Looming above her.
Dreams of becoming a
Movie star.
Many handsome admirers.
Instead they're all old men
Driven by their
Needs.
Dreams of freedom.
Sees only a dingy, cheap
motel room
With no way out.
Dreams of true love.
All she feels is
Lust
That's consumed her
Sixteen years of life.
Hot sensation at her fingertips
Jolts her back into
Reality.

Throwing burned cigarette
onto moist ground,
She grinds it with her
Boot heel.
Tiredly,
Head held high,
She stands.
Hiking up her tight skirt,
Pulling down her
Low-cut top.
Time to get back to work.
With that she struts back out
Into the night
Streets.



Did you know...

Pro Tem is looking for someone who is interested in layout, production and design. Applicants should have previous experience with QuarkXpress, Photoshop and Mac computers. If interested apply at the Pro Tem directly (rm.117, Glendon Hall), call 487-6736, or e-mail to protem1@yahoo.ca.

And She Said

UNKNOWN

"...and she said 'Losing love is like a window in your heart. Everybody sees you're blown apart. Everybody feels the wind blow.'"

-Paul Simon, Graceland

There was a little cork-shaped cul-de-sac tucked in some corner of Willowdale twelve or fifteen years ago. The kids there would only have come up to your knees, and they spent days roaming the streets in hi-tops and overalls, on BMX bikes and three-wheelers, eating open-faced sandwiches and picking fresh peas and carrots from their friends' gardens. They would play hide-and-seek and run through sprinklers until the Sun

began to set and it was time to come in for dinner.

Every once in a while, on one of those summer days, the activity would collect around the centre of the street where my dad would stand, grinning with a soccer ball in his hands. He was handsome with his short wavy hair and shapely dimpled cheeks. He wasn't strikingly tall or lean and his round belly could produce an easy laugh that bounced his broad shoulders up and down. I can remember as a young child running my hand across or resting my head against those broad shoulders. He would hold that ball out, take a few steps and, with a swift kick, send it hurtling towards the sky and we would all crane our necks to see it soar and then

plummet back to earth, having been caught by gravity.

This is one of the memories I have of my dad. Tomorrow will mark the seventh year since his death, and stories like the one above are what I have now to remember him by. I think this is an article about absolute death and transformation and the inevitable "carpe diem" cliché. For those of you who have never lost anyone, and I believe all of us have, this is for you. It's for the people who can say, "Oh, I've been to a funeral once," and not bat an eye. It's for the folks who have felt that tight grip on your insides, squeezing tears out of your eyes. It's for those of you who deal with it every day. The one thing you can count on with death is that it's real. You



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Meals

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- Veggie Burger.....2.10
- Hot Dog.....1.40
- Veggie Dog.....1.40
- Quiche.....3.27
- Spinach or Ham & Onion*
- Chicken Pot Pie...3.74
- Soup.....2.43
- 10oz with crackers*
- Veggie Sticks.....1.17
- Pizza Pocket.....1.40
- Pogo.....1.40
- Roti Roll.....2.25
- Spiced Chick Peas; Lentil & Spinach; Mixed Veg. Fritters & Chutney; Sun-Dried Tomato & Eggplant*
- Jamaican Patty...1.40
- Mild, Spicy, Chicken or*

Vegetable (2 for 1 on Tuesdays)

- Chicken
- Chichimanga.....1.87
- Samosa.....99
- Pekora.....75
- Grilled Cheese.....1.87

Sweets

- Butter Tart.....70
- Cinnamon
- Crunchie.....1.31
- Cookie.....70
- Dutch Chocolate Chunk or Macadamia Chocolate Chip*
- Passion Flakie.....93
- Joe Louis.....93
- Pudding.....93
- Ah Caramel.....93

In order to maintain freshness, product availability may vary.

Pool and Euchre

every Wednesday night, beginning November 1

remember when your boy/girl-friend went away for a long time and how you wrote the dates on the calendar with red pen of when they left and would get back? Remember how you'd wait by the phone at 11 p.m. for their call and sigh with relief when it rang? This death thing is that feeling you get when you've been waiting there for an hour and he's been gone for two months. Obviously it's on a different level but that little metaphor is fine for my purposes. The phone ain't ringing and he isn't coming home, and I remember thinking at one point after his death that whatever I last said to him better have been damn good. Realizing your parents' mortality is hard. Someone who created me and raised me has died. Realizing the huge gap that's left by their absence is hard too. You can bet I wonder what my life would be like if he hadn't died. But one of the biggest things is figuring out that the shit I was feeling is the same shit my siblings were going through and, on a grander scale, what my mom was going through. I think the loss of a spouse, someone who has taken on so many roles,

has to be one of the most horrific experiences that can happen in a lifetime.

I've developed a neat little fear of abandonment as a result that carries over into many aspects of my life. The incredible relationship I am lucky to be in right now is tainted every once in a while because of my insecurities related to that. Moving out of my house a few blocks North has had its trying moments. Going from a house of six to nine to a room with only me has been fun and different, but lonely sometimes. There's no one to yell "I'm home!" to when I unlock this door.

But those are all the bad things. My life is different than it would have been had my dad not died. I hope it has given me a deeper sensitivity to what I don't know. I know I can enjoy a long walk and look around and appreciate things that perhaps before I wouldn't have. I know things have finally worked out between my siblings and I. I know if I'm having a really hard time there are people around me I can turn to for help. I hope that you can find that kind of support when you need it. I hope everyone is that lucky.

CUPE 3903: The Issues and Consequences

MIHNEA DUMITRU

On the 26th of October, the members of CUPE 3903, composed of graduate students, contract faculty, and teaching and research assistants went on strike. Picketing at the entrance of Glendon started early in the morning with a rather small

turnout of strikers, yet steadily increased in the later hours. Some full time faculty members joined the demonstrators also. The gathered group managed to turn around a part of the incoming traffic, as vehicles queued up at the entrance.

The conflict between CUPE and the administration of York

University returns to haunt students and faculty regularly. Most contracts signed by the university with its non-tenure faculty have to be renewed on a yearly basis. The issues at stake this year largely deal with tuition protection, wage hikes, financial assistance, and equal treatment of graduate students.

CUPE has requested a 3.75% increase on wages. York has offered a yearly wage increase of 2% over the next two years. The strikers are also requesting a reduction of class sizes and equal treatment of all graduate students. This issue is especially important due to tuition indexations, as new legislation



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"SPHERION.... We Are Changing The Way CANADA HIRES"

from the Ontario government has prompted York administration to refuse offering any protection from tuition hikes to future graduate students. According to CUPE, graduate assistants are further hindered by not receiving the same health benefits as other groups of the union and by not receiving 'a fair first contract'. York is reportedly offering a \$4,500 minimum, which is severely different from the \$9,000 starting sum that CUPE is requesting.

During the bargaining process, Pro Tem approached Principal Kenneth McRoberts and inquired about the impact of a potential strike, as well as the consequences for the students. Mr. McRoberts had no comments to make.

For the students, this period represents a mixed blessing between cancelled courses and stacked-up assignments. Many of us uphold the principles that CUPE is protecting on behalf of its members. Other students feel that whereas this is an important case for all interested parties, the students should not be hindered in their studying process. York University officially promised to try and commit itself to 'minimizing the disruption to students.' However, courses have been cancelled, and the ones that have taken place have seen a meager student turnout.

Note: Information regarding the strike can be found at <http://3903.cupe.ca>. Updates on the protest, rights that students have in this situation, as well as the settlement offer from the administration, can be found at the York Main homepage, <http://www.yorku.ca>.

In It for the Money

CATHERINE HANCOCK

The film industry as well as the music industry seem more concerned with how many records they can break in sales during opening week, than the quality of the actual product itself. As film, art, music and books have become increasingly popular, it has become apparent that there is a growing gap between those who make art for the love of art and those who make art simply for production.

Furthermore, the media seems to give credit to films that make a lot of money, whether they are quality projects or not. Take the film, "Lost In Space", starring Matt LeBlanc ("Friends") for example. That movie sucked, plain and simple. It is probably one of, if not the worst movies I have ever seen. Yet it was number one for several weeks. Because of its place on the charts, many view it as a success. It was a piece of crap. A waste of two hours, in my opinion.

So it seems as though there are conscious manipulations taking place. Movie and music makers know what kind of images produce a certain impact. They have been in the business for many years and they know

exactly which formulas work and which ones do not. They are not going to release a film if they feel it will not be well received.

Companies like Famous Players and Cineplex Odeon choose what films they will release in their theatres with one thing in mind: profit. The other movies are often sent straight to video (if they are even released at all) and many of them are extremely difficult to find in the video store.

We are constantly hearing of new films that break boundaries and explore new horizons, but this is not necessarily true. The art makers may claim to make changes, but even if they do, these changes remain small and for the most part, insignificant. Through all these changes, one thing remains the same: the formula to which these modifications happen.

The main purpose of these industries is to make money. There are people behind each industry with only one goal: to become rich.

And we are the ones paying their salaries. The consequence is that our identities have been formed by the movies we go see, the music we listen to, the television we watch, the books



we read, and the art we appreciate. Whether we are conscious

of it or not, we are the consumers.

Two thousand and none

PATRICK BOIS

Benjamin Kasparian (John Turturro) stars in this brilliant dramedy about the anxieties of knowing one's own doom. Told that he has a terminal disease and that his life is submerged into the hands of four weeks, his ex-wife and his friends try to console him, but only through the most inane methods.

The movie has a slight touch of the supernatural which, at some occasions, is somewhat laughable. Only a few mundane morons, who had the preconceived notion that this is supposed to be a really funny movie, laughed and thus ruined it for some. There weren't many roars within me because the movie dealt with the somber theme of being set against time and doing what one would truly want to do. I stress the word "truly" because Turturro nails the parts where he is, proverbially speaking, coming out of his skin and acting on his instinct. Although the comedic parts were only a sideshow to the theme of the movie, I believe that they were not needed.

The thought of only having a few weeks left to live makes one wonder about dreams, as if a man has been beset behind his childhood set of eyes. There are only a few scenes in the film (such as Turturro admiring the beauty of names) that clearly demonstrate this, but I believe that they are the most vital to the film.

This movie is a good one only if you contain a certain type of patience that would pertain to the theme. I thoroughly enjoyed it so I decided to give it 4 out of 5 kicks. Because after all, I do this for kicks.

I also thought I could add an adage that I wrote a few weeks ago that goes well with this film:

God's greatest gift that can be endowed to you are the lens you had as a child.

Chipmunk Checks Out Pro Tem

TONY SPEARS

Chipmunk incursions at Pro Tem have increased exponentially since its origin in 1962. Chipmunks have been seen on campus in large numbers, but generally these sightings have not occurred in the Pro Tem office. Local residents theorise that this large volume of animals is due to the warm weather that Glendon residents have been experiencing.

On Wednesday, October 25, 2000, a chipmunk, described as being tan with black, white and brown stripes, standing two

inches tall and three to five inches in length, had been spotted in the Pro Tem office.

One eyewitness, who prefers not to be named, stated that he barely had time to exclaim that "that was a chipmunk", before it scurried under the desk of Pro Tem features editor Noel Barnett.

It was later confirmed that the chipmunk's appearance prompted a Pro Tem journalist to retreat into the main office and shut the door. An altercation with the chipmunk was fortunately avoided when he could not be found to be escort-

ed out.

Rob Shaw, chief co-editor at Pro Tem said, "Pro Tem is open to everything and everybody. I can't close the door on a chipmunk just as I can't close the door on another student. I would prefer, however, that if the chipmunk is interested in Pro Tem, that he or she join our meetings every Tuesday at 7:00, like the rest of the students."

Conversely, Aggie, a writer here who would only give her first name, went on the record saying that "Pro Tem is a professional work environment

and no place for fun and games.

If the chipmunk is not here to work, then it shouldn't be here period. This is no place for chipmunks. The only good chipmunks are the band."

Any persons spotting the alleged chipmunk are asked to kindly usher him or her to the closest available exit. We ask that he or she be treated with the respect and dignity suited to a visiting guest.

Sabrina Villaseñor's Embodiment

JEREMY FORTIER

In case you didn't know, between September 21 and October 20, there was an art display in the Glendon Gallery, featuring the exhibit "Embodiment", by international Mexican artist, Sabrina Villaseñor.

Villaseñor's creations are focused on the human body and the abstract, to which she gives elasticity through various media: the inks, oil, charcoal, pastel, texture and collages.

Many of her Embodiment pieces were like big jigsaw puzzles that really drew your attention and made you say things like, "What the hell is that supposed to be?!" But the fun part was trying to figure it all out by



sitivity towards the intangible spaces among the parts that conform the essence of reality. In order to maintain the unity of those amorphous components, a fine and delicate mesh is woven, transforming into a whole..blah, blah, blah..." I don't know who wrote this spiel, but it's a little too crazy in my opinion. All I know is that I visited this exhibit twice and I thought it was pretty neat in the way she twisted up her figures and sort of cut the pictures up and made you put them back together. She didn't twist up all her paintings (some were just of big blue naked women), but the exhibit was still good and even better because it was free!

The only bad thing now is that the exhibit is over and if you missed it, well, there ain't much you can do. So if you did miss Embodiment (or didn't even know about the Glendon Gallery), go inside the Manor next time you're walking by and see what's going on. It's free, and you just might dig what you see.

(For more info, email the Gallery at galler@glendon.yorku.ca)

bending your head at odd angles. I'm no art critic, but I did recognize the creativity and thought put into Villaseñor's work. Her art was definitely not just a bunch of lame-assed stripes on a piece of canvas.

The official description of the exhibit starts like this: "Exploring the intrinsic maze of the self, one develops a sen-

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Did you know...

When you listen to a CD the actual sound is generated by 0s and 1s which is what it means to be digital. Vinyl on the other hand is taken from a true analog signal. The music that you listen to on a CD is filtered (you cannot hear all the sounds), where a Vinyl gives more highs and lows (this

makes you 'feel' more sounds on a Vinyl).

Did you know...

In New York your average cops are shorter than ones in Toronto. This is because N.Y. lowered their height requirements and standards for physical fitness (they have a higher crime rate and in turn need more cops).

Glendon College Counselling and Career Centre Presents
PSYCHOLOGY DAY

Tues, Nov. 7th
10:30am-
2:30pm
In the Salon
Garigue.



mardi le 7 nov
10h30-
14h30
dans le
Salon Garigue

JOURNÉE DE LA PSYCHOLOGIE

Présentée par le Centre de consultation psychologique et d'orientation professionnelle du collège Glendon

Warning - Admittance restricted to those 18 years of age and over

TONY SPEARS

While new writers for Pro Tem are constantly being sought out and are always welcome to contribute to an issue or two, I feel that it is my duty to inform you, the potential Pro Tem proseur, about the dangerously offensive and unprofessional things that flourish in this office, resplendent among the disorder of our dimly lit, smoke-filled chambers.

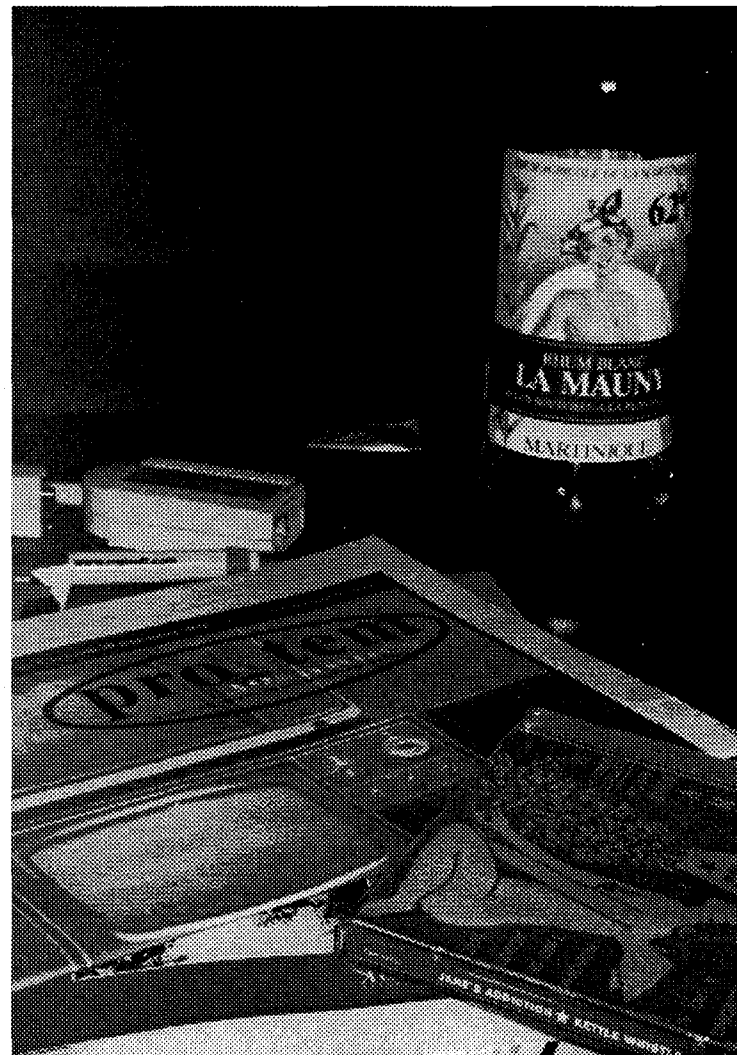
The smoke is, actually, a most particularly offensive part of the Pro Tem office area. Cigarette packages bear grave warnings about the hazards of smoking, so why doesn't Pro Tem follow suit? In fact, I would, in my self-appointed job of defender of the student body's health and well-being, become superfluous if there were suitable warnings on both the door of the office and the paper itself such as WARNING - PRO TEM CAUSES CANCER, WARNING - READING PRO TEM DURING PREGNANCY CAN HARM YOUR BABY, or even WHEN READING PRO TEM, ALWAYS WEAR A CONDOM (with apologies to Lenny Henry). We could even expand the creative minds of those writing the warning labels by introducing a precautionary message reminiscent of Carl Jung, like WARNING - READING PRO TEM POLLUTES THE OVERMIND OF THE HUMAN

RACE. But I digress, especially as the smoke is merely the tip of the iceberg and there are many complaints that beg to be voiced.

What should concern all of you is that a complaint was made by an anonymous person to the vice-president of SA, Louise Lewen herself, who subsequently relayed it to JJ O'Rourke, chief co-editor of Pro Tem. The complainant, who we will, for the sake of simplicity, refer to as Burton G. Cummings, wished to complain about the offensive material on our chamber door and walls. Well, with good reason. The walls here at Pro Tem are rife with horrid, wicked things. For example there is a picture of Malcolm X on one of the walls which would shock and appall any member of the Ku Klux Klan who might be dropping by. And non-thespians (gay or otherwise) may take issue with the barrage of movie posters that assail the senses as one enters what was once disparagingly referred to as the "couch room". I, for one, am totally offended by the Pulp Fiction poster that currently adorns the left-most corner of our chambre principale. It features a fully clothed Uma Thurman holding a novel. Suppose that I prefer my women naked. It is infinitely more aesthetically pleasing, as well as beautiful. And, as Keats quoted

so elegantly in his Ode to a Grecian Urn, truth is beauty and beauty, truth. If one accepts this as true than one can come to the conclusion that a naked woman would present a more truthful and, since honesty has its roots in truth, honest face at Pro Tem. Burton G. Cummings would probably disagree. However, rather than defend his position or even identify the material(s) which he considers to be offensive, he cringes, doglike, behind his veil of anonymity where he spews unfounded accusations to higher powers. If Burton G. Cummings was familiar with words like 'honour' or 'integrity', as opposed to words such as 'bitch, bitch, bitch', than he would have brought his concerns up with the Pro Tem staff in one of our meetings (every Tuesday at 7:00), instead of going over the heads of our chief co-editors, which is an affront to their dignity.

Despite the ambiguity and anonymity of the complaint, Pro Tem has taken the initiative to address these concerns. As of Tuesday, October 17, our office has been non-smoking to accommodate any and all non-smokers who think better when they can see the other side of the room that they're in. However, at the meeting that occurred on October 17, we polled our present staff plus our present collaborators and determined, in a



unanimous vote, that there is nothing that could be construed to be offensive. So I challenge you, Burton G. Cummings, wherever you may be, to walk up to the gates of the manor, make a right at the end of the hall and enter the lair of Pro Tem

to voice your complaints to us in person. Better yet, join us on any Tuesday at 7:00 pm where you can make your case in front of the staff. Or at the very least, don't try to play power games with us. It's immature and unnecessary.

Bedazzled

KELLEY GREEN & CATHERINE HANCOCK

Rather than writing your average revue, we decided to record our conversation about this film and share it with you instead.

C: I'm not too sure if I liked this movie. It was cute, but I don't think it did it for me.

K: It was okay - but just okay. It is a little too typical. The entire "3 wishes" was seven; and of course there was an argument about how many actually occurred... Elizabeth Hurley, are you beautiful?

C: Yes, she is. But I found that her movements were too exaggerated. It was as if she was trying to be sexy. Does she not realize that she is? She doesn't need to accentuate her walk or her speech. It wasn't natural.

K: But remember she is a model. She walks like that for a living! It's imprinted on her psyche. One thing I did like about the movie was the fact that she screwed up every wish in some way. It is representative of the fact that nothing is perfect. After a while, I was slightly annoyed.

C: Probably because it's true. I think that was the point the director was trying to make. The things we wish for aren't always the things that will make us happy.

K: True that, girlfriend, true that. If I were Ebert, I'd give it a thumbs down, hands down. It wasn't what I was expecting. You?

C: I'm still not sure. I mean, the writers took the original "Bedazzled" from the 1960s, and just adapted it to fit our society today. A lot of changes have been made since then and they made a lot of it work, yet main-

ly on a superficial level. I did like how they cast the devil as a woman this time. I think that worked well.

K: And God was a black man. Although you and I had some disagreements on that. I thought it was his Guardian angel - you came up with the God idea.

C: Another good aspect of the film was Brendan Fraser. He'll do anything. His performance wasn't "Oscar-worthy" or anything like that, but it was cool to see him take on different roles with his different wishes.

K: Affirmative, Catherine.

I must admit that I never really liked Brendan Fraser that much. Don't get me wrong, "Encino Man" - loved it. But I'm not a real fan of his work. I gained one thing from this not-so-good movie: respect for Brendan Fraser.

C: Still say, "thumbs down, hands down"?

K: Yeah. It didn't meet my expectations.

C: I'd probably give it a D+.

K: Then D+ translates to thumbs down. Peace out. Keep it real.

2630's ON THE VERGE...

Srimoyee Mitra

A play that requires you to rise above reality and explore your imagination. In an unknown beach in 1888, three female "trekkers" travel from the 19th century to the American southwest of the 1950's. On their journey they go through jungles, swamps, steep gorges, winds, and ice storms, and encounter an array of strange characters and unfamiliar objects, which add to the hilarity of the plot. An exploration of time and space, their journey of self-discovery, articulated to the audience by their witty diary entries. 'On the Verge or The Geography of Yearning' is an exciting and creative recap of the world from 1888 to the 1950's brought to you by the ENGL/DRST Modern Drama.

2630 Modern Drama...hmmm, sounds interesting, entertaining, theatrical enough... Modern Drama, yes definitely.... that's what I'm going to take. So I got enrolled, and went into my Modern Drama class for the first time, and found out that I wasn't the only one craving for some theatrical action. Most of us were. A diverse class, where for few this was a major career move; for some, this was something they had always been interested in; and for many, this was their passion. 2630 Modern Drama, the uniqueness of this class lies in the fact that the learning process starts from working in Theatre Glendon, learning in every step from being a part of an actual production to assimilating that experience in a classroom.

In our first class, after a brief introduction from Professor Wallace, we left with the knowledge that next week we were having auditions. Auditions, oh...okay, I can deal with that (Two days after)... "Oh my god!!" I can't remember the last time I auditioned. I have to find a piece, memorize it, and then perform, I have to.. uhh... find a pieceuhhh memorize it...and... uhhh perform!! I can't even remember

the last time I auditioned.

So the auditions came, we found our pieces, memorized them, and presented them. "Oh, I hope I get a part"...The auditions went by, the play was cast, a few upset people, and a few excited to begin their journey of 'theatrical action'. "Acting is only 35% of a production, the remaining 65% depends on the crew." The designers: light, set, sound, costume, prop, make-up, the production manager, stage manager, assistant stage manager and the list goes on. We took out our papers and jotted down all posts which made up 65% of the production.

A week after the auditions, everyone was assigned roles. It is hard to articulate the process of a theatre production, as there are so many avenue's one can explore. Although every job has different requirements, a different goal to achieve, within different periods of time, the intriguing characteristic of drama is that, ultimately, all these avenue's converge into one final product. All of which make up the play.

As Professor Wallace said, "We are creating a human being, giving its bones a definite structure, then adding flesh, and finally the skin."

Four weeks into the production and it feels like we have been in it forever. A few weeks ago, most of us were trying to merely understand what the job encompasses, what we might need, what problems we might have to wade through, and how to get a head start. All this has now been accomplished. What remains is to draw on what we have learned and researched separately, and allow the two to blend in together, to accomplish our final product. Now it feels like we are almost on the verge - of creating our human being, a little intimidated, a little overwhelmed, perhaps, but with tremendous amounts of energy and anticipation. This is a process which allows us, as the crew and actors to rise above reality, imagine and believe in a world that we are creating.

ENGL/DRST 2630 Modern Drama presents Eric Overmyer's 'On the Verge, or The Geography of Yearning,' a play with many layers, which questions the assumptions made by society, portraying three comic 'trekkers', and their fantastical journey.

This show runs from November 14th - 18th, at 8pm in Theatre Glendon(York Hall). Tickets

are \$6 for adults and \$3 for students, with pay what you can on November 14th and 15th. You can also call (416) 487-6822 to reserve seats for a particular show.

So has 2630 quenched your thirst for theatre?! Another intriguing fact about theatre, is that it never quenches your thirst, instead it only pushes you for more! And yes we're all

On the Verge of being pushed against the wall, but this is our creative journey, from now until the 14th, where we'll encounter an array of bizarre last minute objects and unfamiliar problems.

From the our journey of self-discovery to that of Eric Overmyer's, don't miss, 'On the Verge or Geography of Yearning.'

ON THE VERGE
OR
THE GEOGRAPHY OF YEARNING
BY ERIC OVERMYER
DIRECTED BY ROBERT WALLACE

November 14-18, 8pm
November 14-15 pay what you can
November 16-18 \$6, students \$3

In Theatre Glendon York Hall
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CORALIE COCHIN &
AMANDINE ODY

“Jaoui-Bacri”. des noms bien familiers pour nous autres français fraîchement débarqués au Canada. Quoi? ILS seraient ici? À Toronto? Pas possible! Eh ben non, c'était pas possible. Trop beau pour être vrai. Et pourtant, si les deux auteurs français n'ont pas participé à la reprise Canadienne de leur pièce, «Un Air de Famille», leur humour a bel et bien traversé l'Atlantique. C'est à une troupe d'acteurs francophones du Québec et de l'Ontario qu'on le doit ainsi qu'à l'esprit de cette pièce à l'humour typiquement français qui sera jouée au TFT jusqu'au 4 novembre.

famille je vous hais

“Le père tranquille”, bistro dont a hérité Henri, est, tous les vendredis soirs, le théâtre des réunions houlouses de la famille Ménard. Il ne faut pas bien longtemps pour comprendre que ce passage obligé avant



d'aller au restaurant ennuie tout le monde. Empêtré dans sa mesquinerie, tout le monde se parle mais personne ne s'écoute. La mère aux idées bien arrêtées sur les choses de la vie, est au centre de ce microcosme qui stigmatise une société où chacun est absorbé par ses petits problèmes.

Bourru et râleur, Henri souffre d'être le fils mal-aimé de la famille et ose à peine dire aux siens que si sa femme n'est pas là ce soir, c'est qu'elle s'ap-

prête à le quitter. Fille unique de la famille, Betty, est une rebelle à la petite semaine: persuadée d'avoir accompli un acte de bravoure en envoyant promener son patron elle n'est pourtant pas capable d'avouer sa liaison avec Denis, simple garçon de café. Quant à Phillipe, le jeune cadre dynamique auquel personne n'aimerait ressembler, il ne montre guère plus de tendresse envers sa femme Yolande qu'envers carusso, le chien

apphone et paralysé dont à “hérité” Henri. Très vite, la gentille petite réunion tourne au vinaigre.

Ce qu'on en a pensé

Ceux qui n'ont pas vu l'original apprécieront toujours l'humour grossier et grinçant du texte conservé par la reprise de la pièce. Quant aux autres, la meilleure chose reste encore d'oublier le film, l'espace de la représentation, afin d'éviter toute comparaison injustifiée, qui nous rendrait presque nostalgiques de certains de nos acteurs fétiches.

Mention spéciale toute fois à Marie Eykel, déjà connue au Québec pour son rôle dans “Passe-Partout”, qui, dans le personnage de la mère, contribue largement à redonner souffle et vie à la pièce.

Nos trois questions à Olivier L'Ecuyer (Henri)

1. Qu'est-ce qui vous a amené à jouer la pièce?

Ce n'est pas vraiment moi qui

aie demandé à faire partie de la distribution. Alors que je me trouvais à Montréal, j'ai reçu un appel de Guy Mignault (NDLR: directeur artistique et metteur en scène du TFT) me proposant le rôle.

2. Vous êtes-vous inspiré du film français pour interpréter le personnage d'Henri?

Pas du tout, je n'ai même pas vu ce film. Je connais J.P. Bacri, bien-sûr, mais notre but était précisément de ne pas copier ce qui avait été fait en France. Nous nous sommes simplement inspirés du texte et l'avons interprété à notre façon avec un jeu de scène et des intonations plus proches de ce qui se fait ici.

3. La réaction de public a-t-elle répondu à vos attentes?

Le public rit (C'est déjà ça!) Mais certains détails ne sont pas encore au point. Nous avons d'ailleurs eu des petits changements de distribution depuis le début des représentations. Le temps aidera la pièce à s'affiner.

Cookin' Up A Storm

ROSALIE TAYLOR

It's Friday, October 20, and the lights are glowing dimly at the Living Arts Centre in Mississauga. The audience is tense with anticipation as the lights go down and a man runs on stage and begins a solo on a pair of bongos. Soon after, the man of the hour arrives - Jesse Cook, flamenco virtuoso guitarist. Maybe it's his youthful energy, or his charismatic good looks, but the crowd loves him. With the first strums of his guitar, everyone in the audience is captivated and begins clapping along.

Throughout the show, the Parisian-born Cook describes himself several times as 'just a guy who likes to party,' that he's going to make the show a little

wild, and that we should all pretend that we're in a friend's basement, having a good time. The stuffy, upper-class group of the crowd seems to enjoy this, since they probably don't usually have parties in their friends' basements, so they think they're doing something slightly out of the ordinary. And the younger group enjoys Cook's sense of 'party' as well. One kid on the third balcony got up and began raving in the aisles.

Jesse Cook seems to be the kind of guy who can pick up a guitar and have it become another appendage on his body. He's been playing almost since he was born. By the age of three, while living in Spain, he learned to play along with his mother's flamenco guitar records. At the age of six, he moved to Canada

to begin serious study of the guitar. But Canada didn't seem to offer him enough inspiration, so he moved back to Spain to rediscover the richness of the flamenco of his childhood. Once he even found himself on a rooftop in Arles jamming with the Gypsy Kings (who happen to be one of his major influences). And his musical studies have paid off. The show at the Living Arts Centre wasn't just a concert. It was complete entertainment. Several highlights include the presentation of professional flamenco-style dance artist Carmen Romina, and Chinese string instrumentalist George Gao. Gao's appearance was particularly pleasing, as the instrument he plays is not a very common one - it is the erhu, which is much like a violin, but

only has two strings. The combination of Cook's rich guitar playing with Gao's eerie wailing sound made the show quite spectacular.

So if you're into the likes of the Gypsy Kings, and you like a guitar player that knows a lot more than power chords, go get Cook's latest CD, Gravity.

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CD REVIEW: Tchort
 LOVE METAL/GOVERNMENT ISSUE ROCK N' ROLL

PHIL RUTLAND

This is a double EP release bunched together on one CD. The first four songs on the CD are the Love Metal EP. It begins with a cool cover of Rasputin (it's a shame I don't know who they covered it from!). It contains two versions of the song Love Metal, the original and a radio edit. I don't believe in radio edits (ever heard the abominable radio edit of Type O Negative's 'Love You To Death'?), but the radio edit

doesn't compromise much and therefore I'll give 'em the benefit of the doubt. Love Metal contains the chorus line: Bad Metal-no such Metal. I used to believe that, then I heard of a band called Korn. The second part of the CD is the 5 track Government Issue Rock N' Roll. Despite the fact that this is essentially two different albums bunched together there is no lack of flow, one can sense the steady evolution without it sounding like a different band.

The leads are just as searing as they were live. The riffs glow with that warm stoner luminescence and driving rhythm and groove. Highlights from the second half would be 'Obsessed' and the CD closer, 'Sunday Morning Exorcism'. If you're interested in Tchort, contact them at tchortm@hotmail.com

G-Major
 DENZEL WASHINGTON

Depress the sixth string with your third finger, on the third fret.
 Depress the fifth string, with your second finger, on the second fret.
 Depress the first string, with your baby finger on the third fret.
 Strum all chords beginning with the sixth through to the first.
 Repeat if necessary.



Shampoo Posters
 by Patrick Bois

Shampoo posters, Kenmore dryers
 slow down world, slow down
 Taboo mothers, Evermore lovers
 Slow down world, slow down
 Easter peasants wore long

togas
 adorned o'levers and fedoras
 Slaven ebony micks, thunderous tricks
 What yore depicts, can it afflict?
 Whose eon is bound
 Is it this age of freon, neon and

savings bonds?
 Or Is it this age of Zion, Epsilon and Babylon
 Answer = Fractioned Evolution



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