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40ième année

Shallow yet Philosophical since 1962

Glendon's bilingual newspaper

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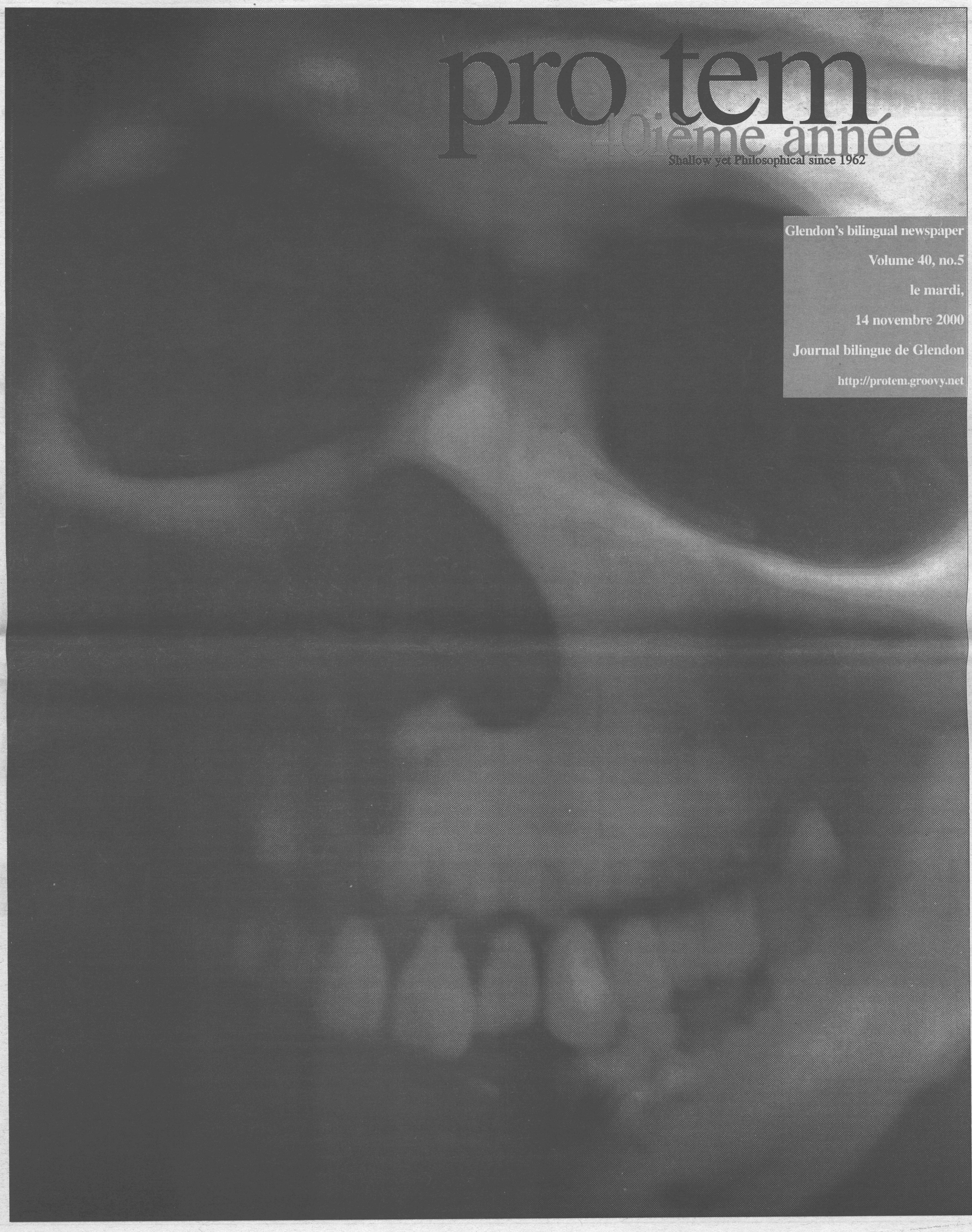

Letter to the editor: I am Russian...

Hi. My name is Elena; I am 21 years old, Christian, Russian. I am not looking for a "prince of the white horse" and I have never owned "a pink power suit" in my life. I am far from, what you say, "even-tempered" and I do not really believe in astrology. Unfortunately, I know nothing about baking and the "growing of home flowers". Also, I do not expect anybody to provide me more security than I can provide to myself. Nevertheless, I am still Russian. However, this is not an issue I am here to thrash out. My intent is to ask you if there can be something more noteworthy than deliberation over "the bonus ad" to an "Order Viagra Online Promotional offer" in a student's newspaper. I am taken aback by the fact that articles like "Love in the Afternoon" are created by students of York, who are assumed to be "global thinkers" kind of people. Is it a lack of methodical skills or else simple imagination that cause us chat about insignificant matters? Perhaps, this is just another round of "Polish Catholic Girls" against "Russian Marinas" for Kate Zankowicz. Although, in order to create an argument, you would state that nowhere else in a world anybody uses Internet in order to find a husband or wife. (Which would not be true).

There are things, like "Companions" in "Toronto Star", "Personals" in other newspapers and many other places you may advertise your lone status. They exist not only in Russia and Canada, but in other parts of the world as well. In fact, following a line of investigation on "date.coms" I (surprisingly) found that Polish women are not exception of all and sundry (giving examples here is not ethical). In all honesty, I cannot reveal something unheard of here. Other than I imply, that lots of people are seeking their mates everywhere possible. Moreover, not all of them are waiting for "American Sugar Daddy" to come. And if they are, I doubt, that it is a subject to irony. As people who "live on less than one dollar a day are present and we are not the ones to judge them for trying to find any way out of there. Instead, we could work towards making sure that nobody in the world will have to rely on some "professional daters online" in order to move their life in better direction. So, let's bring something reasonable next time we waste Pro Tem's paper.

- Elena Lapine

Dear reader,
Are we to assume that your denigrating diatribe about Polish women is indicative of your ability to think globally? Thanks for your letter -ed.

JOEL RAMIREZ

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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independant newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York Universtiy. 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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A simple act of civil disobedience

ROB SHAW

JEREMY FORTIER

There was a story about how during the 1996 Atlanta Olympics the authorities and government were working together to clear the streets of any 'minor discrepancies'. People such as the homeless were either put into jail or given a bus ticket and driven out of town. City officials wanted to make the state presentable to the millions of tourists and media coming to cover the games. Let them see the clean streets of Georgia and not the American division between the rich and the poor.

It's the same sort of story from city to city throughout North America. Presently, in New York City, Mayor Giuliani's gentrification brigade has forced the removal of hundreds of thousands of lower to zero income 'dwellers' from the cement island. Sending them to Brooklyn, Coney Island, other states.

At the same time, in Toronto, Mayor Mel has used countless tactics towards removing unwanted street kids and the homeless. He has accomplished this by using a bigger police force, implementing by-laws and, basically, doing everything he can in order to avoid the real issue.

Unfortunately, places like Toronto, New York and Atlanta are stocked full of elected representatives who are not concerned with facing the problem, but simply getting rid of it. It seems to be a growing theme within the political framework. Instead of the Atlanta officials figuring out a way that they could keep the city 'clean' without removing the homeless. They in turn used the lack of homelessness as a sort of vehicle to delude the public into thinking that everything was fine in the south.

This way of thinking and, for the most part, self-agenda is a trend that has found itself happening at many institutional levels. It's a pattern that the recent strike at York has been following and being that this strike, like the actions of the elected representatives, is not about groups trying to solve a problem, but about groups engaged in avoiding the problem.

CUPE strikers have shown this by using the students at York as a catalyst for their demands. The administration has done the same. Both parties have put the students in a disruptive situation in order to further their own agendas. It is hard to say whether this was a forced confrontation or that it was just something that appeared. Either way, each side has put the students in the middle of the dispute and left it up to them to somehow resolve their feelings about it.

Logically, the students can't solve this conflict nor can it be solved by an increase in wages; this simply won't end with a new contract. This strike has brought to light a disease that has been infesting institutions for years and a problem that, like homelessness, won't simply disappear.

Earlier this month, nine students blocked traffic at the front gates of Glendon College. This was the first message towards the disputing parties that the cure was not coming from them. However, this seemed to be ignored by both CUPE and the administration. As the sit-in began, both groups collectively worked together to get the students to stop blocking the entrance. On the one side, CUPE was inviting the students to join their picket line, saying the bigger the better; in a sense, assuming that the students were there for them. On the other side, the administration acted the only way they knew how when they called the police and threatened to charge the students with civil disobedience.

A civil disobedient act essentially says that a person or party are unwilling to cooperate with the person(s) in charge. These students were civilly disobedient, according to the administration, because they were sitting on the street and blocking traffic, making the roadway into Glendon difficult to get through. They were disobedient because they were trying to get the two sides to end their dispute for the simple reason that their lives were being unfairly altered because of it.

By calling the police the administration was hoping for a rectification of order. I'm sure they would have got it. That's what the police do; they temporarily rectify a situation for a brief moment of time. They get rid of the problem, but they don't solve it. They, like the institution, cannot function or maintain existence through the solving of problems.

There are people who wish to work hard, so to speak, and then there are others who work differently. Find their own groove or niche and mould themselves within it. Not everyone sees things the way they were meant or interpreted to be seen. Art is not art. People live and survive the way they know how or the best they can. The spineless acts by the administration and CUPE, like those of both the American government and Toronto's mayor, call into question, how much is too much? Are the powers who are presently self-expressing themselves in this coming election or the administration of York, truly being accountable to the people they represent? Do they work for our interest -to better us- or is it all about working towards their own goal? The way it has always been: a simple act of civil disobedience.

The students at the gate left. Silently walked away, the way that they had come. No one said a thing. Not a word or comment from the strikers who walked in order, forming a circle of certainty, or the administrators who stayed with the police, trading recipes of success. The sun was bright as it is on afternoons in November, floating highly, as it does, above people who are thinking and feeling that it's all revolving around them.

Notice

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Tuesday November 28 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!

Expo photo ROM

CHARLES-ANTOINE ROUYER

Une petite exposition photographique du Musée royal de l'Ontario révèle la mosaïque culturelle de Toronto, foisonnante de diversité, à travers les jardins privés de familles torontoises.

Si vous passez par le ROM pour la « Franco Fête » du 17 novembre, ne manquez pas de faire un détour au sous-sol. Des bouffées de bonheur en toute simplicité humaine vous envahirons sans doute au fil de l'exposition «Cultures vivantes/Growing cultures ».

La quarantaine de photos couleur et noir et blanc illustre comment le jardinage permet aux nouveaux arrivants de se créer de nouvelles racines dans cette terre d'accueil, tout en célébrant leur patrimoine d'origine. En termes plus académiques, ce documentaire contemporain témoigne de l'évolution multiculturelle du payage urbain domestique et dépeint l'architecture du paysage dans sa plus simple expression.

En légende sous la photo d'une libanaise d'origine arborant une tomate de son jardin, vous pourrez lirez par exemple ce que symbolisait sa première récolte-maison : « Après avoir sans doute tout laissé derrière soi pour venir ici, ça donne l'impression d'avoir comme une petite parcelle de terre... On se sent comme rattaché à ce pays. On n'est plus un étranger. On se sent chez soi. On a soi-même fait pousser cette plante.»

Un peu plus loin, vous apprendrez comment des voisins d'origine italienne et japonaise ont retiré la clôture qui séparait leurs jardins, pour partager la spécificité et la différence de l'autre. Imaginez le contraste : la sobriété méditative du jardin japonais des Shimadas, leur cascade, leur mare sombre et leurs gros rochers, et le foisonnement du jardin potager des Monteleones, qui produisent leur propre vin à l'automne, sans parler de l'ail impérial ou de l'aubergine voluptueuse, entre autres.

Les photos de Vincenzo Pietropaolo s'agencent selon cinq thèmes : du jardin à la table, soit le jardin potager dans sa fonction de production agricole ; prendre racines - des cultures transplantées ou comment les immigrés transmettent leurs traditions culturelles en cultivant des plantes à usage culinaire ou médicinal; un défi aux conventions, soit les portraits de jardins originaux où s'exprime la créativité et l'imaginaire de leurs propriétaires, ici un jardin portatif de pots inombrables ou là ce jardin orné de jouets trouvés ; des quartiers à cultiver : les jardins communautaires, un rappel de l'importance de ces potagers collectifs pour tisser des liens sociaux au sein d'une collectivité, tout en produisant, pour les moins nantis, des légumes biologiques qui ont du goût, ou des fleurs ; enfin, un régal pour les yeux, consacré aux jardins traditionnels anglais et tournés davantage vers l'esthétique.

« Après avoir sans doute tout laissé derrière soi pour venir ici, ça donne l'impression d'avoir comme une petite parcelle de terre... On se sent comme rattaché à ce pays. On n'est plus un étranger. On se sent chez soi. On a soi-même fait pousser cette plante.»

MONDIALISATION HUMAINE

Le volet jardins communautaires rend d'ailleurs hommage au groupe communautaire torontois Foodshare, qui fournit légumes frais aux plus démunis mais qui comporte aussi un programme de semences du patrimoine, soit des graines d'espèces végétales presque oubliées. À ce titre, « Cultures vivantes » incarne finalement la mondialisation souhaitable, à visages humains multiples à l'échelle locale, et non l'internationalisme des multinationales qui magasinent la planète en quête des coûts du travail les moins chers ou qui tentent de s'accaparer les brevets de graines traditionnelles.

« Cultures vivantes » vous permettra aussi de découvrir derrière l'image de « cash city », la puritaine anglo-saxonne, l'autre Toronto : la babel du 21e siècle, avec sa multitude de quartiers où l'on voyage sans voyager ; Toronto, «le lieu de rencontre» en amérindien, où l'on parlerait 170 langues selon la Mairie : un avant-goût du monde dans plusieurs siècles...

Musée royal de l'Ontario, 100, Queen's Park, Tél. : (416) 586-8000, www.rom.on.ca, depuis le 6 mai 2000 jusqu'en janvier 2002, affichage entièrement bilingue Fra-Angl. Entrée : 15 $ adultes.

Charles-Antoine Rouyer est un journaliste torontois spécialisé en écologie urbaine, diplomé de Glendon en 1990 et ancien collaborateur à Pro Tem. Cet article est paru dans Le Devoir (Montréal) et l'Express (Toronto).

Get into the rhythm

CATHERINE HANCOCK

It's story time boys and girls. No seriously. Before I can go into my thoughts on this performance, I have to take you back to thirteen years ago, when I was eight years old and living in Germany.

One night, my parents decided to take my sister and I to a concert at a nearby cathedral. None of us spoke German so we thought we were going to see an organ recital. As we were waiting for the show to begin, all we could see were gongs on the stage. Then, a man comes out and hits the gongs for about 15 minutes and finally finishes the first song. I was quickly bored and trying to sleep while the rest of my family sat there politely, praying for the show to finish. Suddenly, one spectator got so into it that he stood up and began chanting. We left the show because we couldn't contain ourselves. Everyone had the giggles. It's still a good conversation at the dinner table.

Now we're back to November 6 in the year 2000. I have this pass to go and check out something called "New Music - New Instruments" at Massey Hall. It was a performance by the Evergreen Club Contemporary Gamelan featuring guests Erica Goodman, Thomas Stacy, and the Elmer Iseler Singers.

I then decided that I should check it out and immediately thought of my mother because if you are a big fan of the symphony, you know who these musical guests are. We arrived at Massey Hall to see several different types of gongs on the stage. Oh no!

For the first number, the choir accompanied the Evergreen Club by chanting oohs and aahs. Although we were in Massey Hall where the sound was excellent, I was very worried about the direction this performance seemed to be taking.

Nevertheless, it was a good show. Neither of us laughed and we found it more relaxing than stressful. It was music to meditate to. The instrumentation only uses a 5 tone scale: C, Db, Eb, G and Ab. They are not tuned to Western standards so the choir singing with them had to adjust its pitch accordingly. It really was new music on old instruments.

The last song, Disasters of the Sun, is written by Ramond Luedeke, who made a special appearance to explain his masterpiece before it was performed. It is a combination of poetry by Dorothy Livesay and two Balinese classics. The choir sang as the Evergreen Club played the Gamelan Degung to create a disaster. It was quite stressful on the ears and a terrible way to end the show.

Overall, the music is not bad or weird or wrong, it's just new and different.

A Student Speaks Out

MARTIN GEGUS

ON OCTOBER 26, 2000, hundreds of CUPE 3903 members shouldered their pickets and walked out of the classroom. "Protecting the Quality of Education" proclaimed the banners as striking CUPE members walked alongside of some tenured professors and students, united in solidarity. Proudly they stood together, defiant of the York administration that threatened their livelihood. Placards demanding "Better Job Security" and "Reductions in Class Sizes" were carried by men and women crusading for a "fair settlement." To the casual onlooker the meaning was clear: negotiations had failed, more drastic action was required. Words and veiled threats would suffice no longer. It was time for CUPE to take a stand. And take it, they did. On October 26, 2000 a strike began. On the same day, the needs and rights of the diligent undergraduate student were buried in the clamour that ensued.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that some matters must come down to a strike before a resolution is reached. What should disturb us more however, is the fact that the weight of any university labour dispute is always carried on the backs of the innocent. These are the individuals who pay their tuition, work hard, and are forced to stand aside as two raging powers fight their political duel. While many debate the merit of CUPE's demands and York's counter-offer, they fail to take into account the one loser that really counts. Let us clear our minds for a moment and look at this labour dispute from the third, largely ignored perspective: the perspective of the student.

Tuition costs money. That is the unfortunate reality that faces us all. This reality is felt even more deeply by the students that have seen their tuition soar in the past few years. The cost of tuition for a full time student is around $4,500 per year. If that student chooses to stay in residence, he or she can expect to pay an additional $4,500. Throwing in textbooks and school supplies plus some pocket money throughout the year, a year of university can easily cost over $11,000. Let's assume for a moment that this student manages to find work that pays $10/hr and works for the entire summer. Even without any income tax, EI or CPP deductions, this student will only earn $7,600. After deductions, this figure approaches $6,000. Let's also remember that a large number of undergraduate students work for less than that amount. Why am I mentioning all of this? I am trying to show that many undergraduates pay $400 per week for schooling, whether classes are being taught or not. Fellow readers, are you aware that by the time you see this article in print, many of you will have contributed over $1,000 for your schooling without receiving anything in return. CUPE 3903 doesn't seem to care about this minor detail. How many of you have taken out student loans to finance your education, and how many of you are truly getting your money's worth? I would maintain that many of your are not.

AS A PAYING customer, one should not have to care about the merits of CUPE's demands nor should one have to be concerned with the latest power struggle. The fundamental issue is simple: are you getting that which was promised? When a student registers in a course and pays for it, he enters into moral contract. A contract with the university to provide a location for his courses and a contract with the faculty to deliver the course material. When faculty members decide to strike, they breach that trust. Worse still, the student is left with no recourse. He cannot demand a refund of his tuition nor can he resume his courses elsewhere. Furthermore, if the strike lasts long enough, the university is empowered under Senate Policy 3.3.4.6 "not to grant credit for affected the courses." Let's think about this for a moment: if CUPE's strike lasts long enough, the students will not be granted credits for their courses. The courses for which they've already paid! On Wednesday October 8, the Senate Executive Committee declared that "quarter, half and full term courses will require remedial action." Talk about "Protecting the Quality of Education."

TO BE FAIR, I will for a moment give CUPE the benefit of the doubt. It is quite possible that they do in fact have some legitimate grievances. In this case, the question must be asked: "Does the end justify the means?" The answer can only be a resounding "NO!" Why? Because of the way that the strike was timed. It was timed to cause the most disruption to classes and cause maximum damage to the students. Let's look reality in the face: what costs does the strike impose on the administration? None. York is actually saving money because it does not have to pay CUPE their regular wages. Sure, it poses a minor inconvenience, but the cost savings far outweigh the inconvenience. So who then is really feeling the impact of the strike? Remember the undergraduate that paid all of his tuition at the beginning of the term naively believing that he was going to get a year's worth of education? That is the only person that is truly hurting.

SOME MAY SAY that CUPE has no choice, there is no other way to make an impression on the impassive administration. Let's suppose for a moment that a strike was their only recourse. Is it possible to strike without hurting the students? Yes it is! If CUPE really cared about the well being of the students they could have planned their strike much differently. It is already known that negotiations had been in progress since the summer and the reason for the strike was a lack of progress. CUPE could have walked out at the beginning of the year! Imagine what would have occurred if CUPE had gone on strike before we had paid our tuition and enrolled in our courses! Imagine how differently the administration would have reacted if the millions that they collect in September had been withheld because students refused to pay for courses that had not started yet. It is here that the self-serving stance of CUPE is best illustrated. The contract employees were afraid to strike at the beginning of the term for fear that they may not get their contracts renewed for the coming year. Instead, they opted to accept their contracts and walk out after their positions were secured. In this way, they would not be the losers. The students, well, they're not the focus of their negotiations, and you, fellow readers, should not be beguiled into believing otherwise. The issue at stake is not "Quality of Education," the main issue is "Money".[power-ed.] Please don't misunderstand, I support a person's right to fight for a fair wage. What I cannot tolerate is an arrogant union that decides to strike in order to cause the most disruption to classes with complete disregard to the impact it has on the students. It is easy to fight for principles when other people are being burned. I don't feel that students should have to foot the bill if CUPE decides that it wants to play hardball. It is not the administration that pays CUPE's wages, it is us, the students.

IN FAIRNESS, I don't believe that everyone in the picket line is self-serving and heartless. In fact, most people out on the picket line really have legitimate grievances that they are attempting to right. I saw many professors out there and I have much respect for them. But unfortunately, they have put themselves into a position that really alienates their students. The strike has caused a "them vs. us" scenario. And believe me, it is really difficult to feel sympathy for someone's cause when one is shelling out $400 per week and getting nothing in return. The faculty members should understand, it is not the ends that we abhor, it is the means by which they're achieved.

I am going to end this article with a plea. This is not a plea to CUPE, but it is a plea to the men and women who are standing on the streets, pickets in hand:

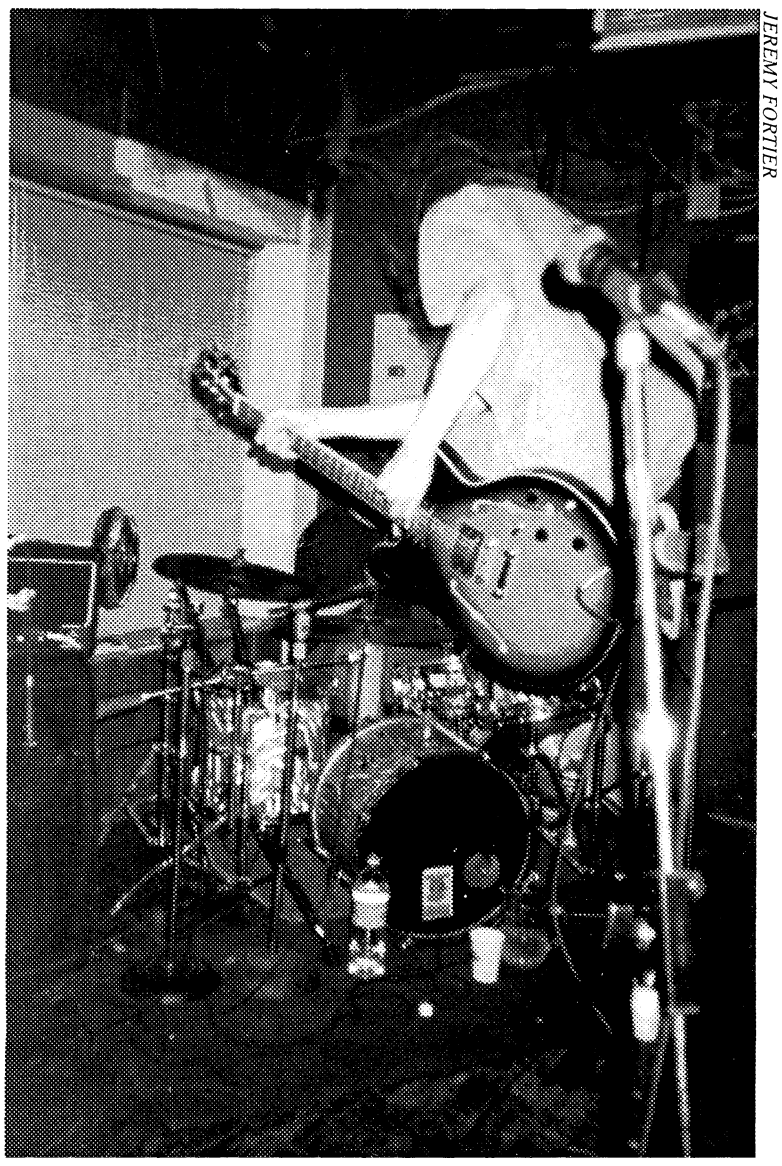
The students need you. Many of us have sweated through the summer to pay for our education. Many of us are piling on debt in order to hear you lecture on the material that you've mastered. Please show us the same respect that we've shown you, demonstrate that you care. We put our trust in you in September when we handed over the fruits of our summer labours. Please don't throw that trust away. We are counting on you.

And on this note I will end:

Put down you pickets,
Put down your swords,
Swallow that pride.
And strong fighting words.
Brokers of knowledge
Do hear our pleas,
Impart your wisdom,
We've paid our fees.

"Does the end justify the means?" The answer can only be a resounding "NO!" Why? Because of the way that the strike was timed. It was timed to cause the most disruption to classes and cause maximum damage to the students. Let's look reality in the face: what costs does the strike impose on the administration? None.

Soirée Musicale à Glendon



JEREMY FORTIER

CATHIA BADIERE

«... la Voix humaine... jamais Instrument n'en a aproché de plus près que la Viole...» Jean Rousseau, Traité de la viole, 1687

On the evening of Monday November 6, the Glendon Gallery was the intimate site for a wonderfully unique musical experience. Students and the surrounding community were invited to a performance of Les Voix Humaines, two musicians playing the viola da gamba. Also called viols, these instruments date back to the 17th and 18th centuries, when today's distinguished violin was merely an instrument of the plebeian masses. Viols were used for chamber music at a time when such performances were limited private gatherings of the nobility. The quieter viola da gamba was ideal for smaller settings. Once public concerts started becoming popular and lucrative, the louder violin and cello became the instruments of choice.

There were several different forces at play, which made Monday evening's performance the memorable event that it was. First, the concert was held in our own Glendon Gallery, which is currently the site of an exhibit entitled Some Variations. The collection is composed of work from several artists. It had a definite yet subtle presence at the concert, and from the moment of the first note, it too seemed to be listening to the music. Secondly, having been announced in the francophone media, this event brought members of Toronto's French-speaking community into Glendon. The evening was conducted in both languages, staying with our bilingual spirit.

Before the viola da gamba duo played, some members of the Glendon Musical Ensemble graced the audience with their music. How wonderful to hear the melodious voices of friends and classmates raised in song! Finally the main event of the evening exposed many of us to the viola da gamba for the first time. Artists Susie Napper and Margaret Little played and educated. Ms. Napper's viol actually dated back about 300 years and its age showed when one of the frets came loose! Although the viola da gamba somewhat resembles the cello, its sound is less robust. The musicians make up for this by giving each phrase intense drama. It was interesting to hear how many crescendos and decrescendos they could play in a single bow stroke. The evening left me reflecting on how grateful I am to have access to performances and an active gallery, at a college with no music or art programmes.

Les Voix Humaines has their own website, should you desire more info: www.pages.infinit.net/voix/ Should you wish to view Glendon Gallery's exhibit, Some Variations, be sure to do so before the 30th of November, when it closes. Gallery hours are Tuesday to Friday 12:00 - 3:00 pm, Saturday 1:00 - 4:00 pm. Admission, of course, is FREE!

COLLÈGE GLENDON COLLEGE

SNOWBALL

BAL DES NEIGES

Saturday, November 18th, 2000
samedi, le 18 novembre, 2000

6:00 pm until 1:00 am / 18h00 jusqu'à 01h00
Dinner at 7 pm Souper à 19h00
at the / au Moonlight Ballroom,
3125 Bayview Avenue

****All Ages*** ****Tous Ages***
****Formal Dress Attire*** ****Tenue Habillée***

Les billets sont disponsibles au bureau de l'A.É.C.G. pour 40$ par personne
Tickets are available at the G,C.S.U. office for $40 a person

Billets limités, premier arrive, premier servi!
Limited tickets, first come first serve !

Spiritualize Your Soul

KATERINA BAKALIS

You've got a whole lot of love
Won't you give some to me
if you send some my way
I will take good care of it
For the love that you send
Will come back to you someday
And the good times you bring
I will give to you someday

If you don't already know the mind and heart behind these words ... shame on YOU! The brilliant musician commonly known as J. Spaceman, founder and creator of the psychedelic gospel/rock band, Spiritualized, has mysteriously disappeared after the break up of the band in June 1999. Did I cry? Believe me, I needed "an endless river to wash away all of my tears" (from the album 'Pure Phase', the song all of my tears, 1995).

Spiritualized changed my life forever when I discovered them early in 1997, just months before their third and final album, Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating in Space, was released. As I listened to the soft, calming sound of fender guitar and harmonica, accompanied by Jason's soothing voice, moving into an explosion of guitar, drum, keyboards and vocals in Think I'm in Love, my heart soared to great heights and my soul was filled with exultant euphoria. The sad medley of French horns, harmonica and desperate lyrics in Broken Heart, moved me, evoked a sensation of wanton despair, longing and emptiness, forcing my eyes to well up.

Jason Spaceman has an uncanny knack for taking human emotion and transforming it into brilliant musical perfection, composing, producing and mixing everything that has come out of Spiritualized since its inception in 1991, with the release of their first ever ingenious EP, Feel So Sad. Jason can easily be compared with the likes of Philip Glass, Mozart, and John Coltrane. He engulfs you in a swirl of intense emotions, up and down and all around, feelings only those who have experienced either hardcore mind-and-mood altering drugs, or true love, can identify with.

Sound interesting? If you have a taste for the dramatically intimate and evocative, if you want to know what it is like to really FEEL something from way deep inside you, to let yourself go completely, sit back and let Spiritualized sweep you away. It will blow your mind.

Thinking à la GCSU:
Multiple political disorder

MIHNEA DUMITRU

I SAT THERE, dirty socks thrown around the room as if in disrespect to the poor mites finding their abode within the murky carpeting, laundry redrawing a Picasso all over the furniture, and myself immersed in dozens of library books and projects, all finding their resolution sometime in a very grey future. Outside my room, punk rock combined with trance and hip-hop to create the most imperfect onomatopoeic experience, as if discarding the hate mail and spammed email boxes of their owners. In this cacophony of the severe audiovisual, my thoughts ran rampant as I decided to walk outside the four walls of my discontent.

I slowly stepped out of my humble abode, wished happiness and long life to all the idols taking seats in my absence, playing away the poker game of life to some unsuspecting body. The walls of Hilliard dimmed in the background, and I walked towards the entrance of Glendon, closed gate to the encirclement that had defined my Toronto experience.

I STOPPED TO see the campus caught in a siege of CUPE strikers, who appeared with daily accuracy at the main entrance and annoyed the innocent incoming students, as if expecting thanks from us for the missed classes and assignments. With most of the administration arriving well before the matinée of righteous demonstrators, and further members of the faculty finding the undefended back entrance to Glendon as more than acceptable, Kerkaporta from the underpaid and the desperate, I stood there and wondered at the futility of these actions, mediocre attempts at attention.

And as I was gazing into nothingness, thinking of little more than my own money, and how they were heading out the window without a serious right of appeal - due to our own student representatives' impotence in front of the administration, and moreover, because of the willingness of certain students to benefit from the strike by not meeting their assignments - I realized the importance of a student outcry, one that would shake the bastions of ignorance, braving the rapids of bureaucratic nonsense and personal interests. Firmly, I stood on the grounds of Glendon College, York University, and felt like screaming my rights into the free sunlight. Under siege from all sides, by an administration willing to deal students as nothing more than bargaining chips, by representatives who do not take the case of the students as their own, but rather shift between sides in a Machiavellian dance of interest, and finally by a faculty group which thinks only of its own problems, I could not help but feel deprived of the most basic rights as a human being: that of free speech.

SO IS THAT why I felt a certain feeling of pride when students from our university sat down in front of the entrance to Glendon, despising the cold asphalt, the vehicles coming towards them, and the obvious illegality of their actions? I felt a certain tremble in me at the thought of freedom as an individual, when in the face of administration officials and strikers, they sat there without a word, not answering threats and belittling comments. A silence that screamed a thousand words could not break through the ignorance of accomplished stupidity. And yet their message was clear and crisp to those who listened, outlining wishes that were threatening to go unheard for too long. The nine defenders of individualism sat there, with the administration and CUPE strikers all looking on, their minds unable to comprehend the reason for this radical attempt at a resolution. For it is in the action of these select few that a whole new dimension was opened to the empty eyes of the crowd. A simple group of students had the power to come between the belligerent parties, union and university, reminding them of their most basic building block, their most important asset.

HOW SHAMEFUL IS it, members of the student body, to attempt such a desperate measure? How many more acts like these will it take for you to realize that our student representatives are not taking the necessary actions towards our benefit?

It is unacceptable for the GCSU to take a neutral stance on this issue, as it does not benefit the students in any way. This STUDENT organization should not be affected by this strike. Are we to take this action of theirs as a well thought of political maneuver, destined to appease all sides of the conflict, or maybe just as another sign of impotence?

FURTHERMORE, IT IS insulting to our intelligence that the Vice President of the Glendon College Student Union holds a placard and marches in rank with CUPE at the entrance of our college, and the next day sings the neutrality song, just 300 feet away, in his office.[Vice President Joe Nicolas happened to be one of the nine silent students-ed.] The greater good of the student body is the issue our representatives should be concerned about, not their own personal stances on the matter. And if we are to actually believe their fragmented logic, do they really have the ability to separate so well between individual and GCSU member without having any conflicts within themselves? Are we, by any trick of imagination, holding a separate voting ballot for the person, and then for the position? And therefore, should we draw the conclusion that the student representative then doesn't actually put any soul to his work, any true passion and dedication to those who pay for his crown? No, the moment you have been voted in such a position, you lose your own view on the matter.

AS A WRITER for Pro Tem, and ultimately an international student, I have the right to disagree, as well as to protest whenever the people whom I pay to represent me do not meet my wishes. It's not a question of observing students' rights, but one of seeing the larger picture, and through it, the greater good of those very individuals. I expected this union that represents us to grow not as an appendage of the administration, yet another office where papers are shuffled in an ever-growing maelstrom of bureaucratic nonsense, but as a true agent for its students.

NO MATTER HOW many hours of work and dedication our student representatives have taken on our behalf, they have fallen short of many of our expectations. Ironically, their attempts to represent all views and all individuals backfired into chaos, forever framed in our minds as their choice for organized indecision. As they frantically attempted to make up their minds on what the Glendon student truly wanted, nine true representatives of the student body walked on and destroyed their basis on power. Radical action took the place of nonsensical declarations. Not a word was said, no sign was raised, and no dollar was lost.

What are we to ourselves, if instead of seeking for our own rights as paying customers to the services provided by the company that is York University, we unanimously agree to be held hostage by its tantrums? Maybe I want to go to my course and take that exam, or hand in that piece of writing, as a separate process from the happenings at the gate. Maybe I agree with CUPE and its requests, but I realize that my money, my time and my willingness to learn something represent more to me than anything else? At that point, I put on the garb of the egotist, and ask for my own rights in this affair.

A meeting place

SCOTT BRADLEY

The City of Toronto has along the way become affectionately known as "Toronto the Good." Different parts of the city would say otherwise, but regardless, this city has more than its fair share of life - however you classify it. In no other city in the world that I have visited - having travelled largely through Europe - have I seen a city that has neighbourhoods named Little Italy, Caribbean Village, Greektown or Little India. Maybe it's just because I haven't travelled far enough or to the right places. Perhaps somewhere in America there is a street in some city called Little Italy.

I believe that perhaps this city took the saying global village to heart when it started to take shape. And with all that jazz that comes with globalization, Toronto has become a city that one never has to leave to see the existence of other great cultures. They all exist right here in the mecca of a North American dream. Downtown is where this city begins and ends. It's where I often go with friends for a few pints at a bar on College Street, where each street sign has the colours of the Italian flag; where the home of CHIN, Canada's multicultural TV channel resides (eternally playing the tunes of Vince Lombardi on Sunday afternoons); where you can go to a cafe and sit for hours drinking espresso that doesn't come in a paper cup; where one can go to get drunk amongst friends. It's life as the Europeans wrote it - except the streets are wider, there's more space around you and cars dominate the road. And when the night's over, it's only a subway or cab ride home at two o'clock. It's last call for alcohol in "Toronto the Good" on a Saturday night.

College Street bars are perhaps some of the most plentiful and great. There is always one in sight as far as the eye can see. Places like Bar Code, Ted's Wrecking Yard, College St. Bar, and Cafe Diplomatico. It's a stretch of slurred conversations, endless rivers of lager and hapless youth looking for all of the above and more.

North from here is one of the best neighbourhoods to find more restaurants, coffee shops, bars and bookstores. It's one of the places where artists and students go to ponder the meaning of the great mysteries of this city and the ever shrinking world beyond. It's a place that attracts the lost and the found by its name alone - The Annex. When the above gets boring the above goes to Queen Street to waltz the streets and bars amongst clubbies and punks and others that somehow seem less notable. It's home to the media types, as City T.V is close by; a place to party without a thought about the day's worries and trivial mysteries - each one seemingly endless in scope and bother. Here is where time is spent without credit.

PATRICK TOMLINSON

No where else would I rather be than living in this great city. I could spend the rest of my life travelling and could guarantee that nowhere in the world is there another Toronto, another city so 'Good.'

Urban Time Spent With a Man

PATRICK BOIS

Can you spare a dime called the man who sang?
Sorry, excuse me, pardon me
His beard is scratchless, yet his tics are fangs
His over-bellied laughs heard in a distant country
From this gentleman, I further my steps
Dialing cracks from calls in sidewalks
Eccentricities muster their strength in egocentric depth
While oddities are bombardments allowed from street talk.

In tune with our spaces, collectivity amasses
We are bound so close that my glare encompasses
I begin to hear a roar from behind a sea
"That's alright mister. You've done enough for me."
Why must I retrieve my smile when a soul escapes?
Or is it I who refutes into a close knit shell?
As simple as it may be, our closeness cannot dwell
As simple as it can be, a grin erases any hate

Looking down at hands, I notice that they are dancing
Once repetitive, always constant
They teach me how to be a maniacal earthling
Although by now, they are causing more distance
This clock on my wrist serves a distressful purpose
That is to separate us from one another
An exponential measure has become my circus
Thus, how can I turn back without any bother?

I look at the skies and this is what I see:

Clouds running around, yet idle in sound
Opaque in substance, yet clearness abound
Rose colored orb, yet what beauty is found
Burning through colour, yet imprints are towns
Graceful beings of flight, what candid delight
Acting as children, they shall prance all night
And as they come down, a thought crosses by
Time is but a lie. Time can make you die

Thus, I pause for many a seconds and glance around me
To my relief, only one soul has experienced my day dream
My trot revolves while I near an old corner
"I'm sorry Sir. Here, you can have my last dollar."

* * *

MELISSA MAJOR

She invited rape by proxy
That's what they said
about Glenda the good witch
who wrote to plastic heroes
With plastic limbs
And steroid brains
The heroes of puberty & pubescent fantasy
And they raped her because
She was the popular pornographic queen
So of course that gave them the right.

A Detour on Bayview

TONY SPEARS

MIHNEA DUMITRU

GLENDON - November 9th, students formed a picket line at the entrance to the Glendon campus. They protested the unreasonable delay of strike negotiations, and the failure of CUPE and the York administration to reach an agreement. The peaceful march did not interrupt any traffic, nor did not it disrupt any events on campus. There were no reported problems between the two separate picket lines, and there were no counter measures taken by the Glendon administration. Later on, the picketers moved to the actual intersection of Lawrence and Bayview and displayed signs at incoming motorists. This activity lasted for several hours, poor weather conditions sending the students back to Glendon, well before noon, to sit in front of the big screen.

The strike was organized by individual students, reportedly members of the GCSU executive were in no way affiliated with this action. The Glendon College Student Union maintains a neutral stance on the CUPE issue, and is functioning at minimum capacity, only as an information center for interested parties. The CUPE strike is ongoing, affecting classes, schedules and students. Its resolution is not mentioned on any TV listing for this week.

Just When you Think You Had a Choice...

Phil Rutland

So you don't know who to vote for in the election? You're not alone and can't be blamed. So I'll be giving you the basic run-down of all the major clowns running for Prime Minister (note: the Communist Party of Canada and the Green Party aren't major parties, even if they do get more votes than the NDP). I'm also excluding Gilles Duceppe because its impossible that he'll be elected Prime Minister and it's fairly obvious what his political goal is.

Starting off with the hopeless, I mean underdog, NDP's Alexa Mcdunwho? She's as anonymous as you can get. When all the health care debacle was going on, where was she? Without the NDP, there would be no health care as we know (or knew) it.

She's offering help to the homeless/poor, and promises to LOWER TUITION FEES!!!! Alright! Somebody who understands our plight. It's a shame that she doesn't have a rat's ass chance in the world of getting elected.

Next up is PC's, Joe Clark. The man who was Prime Minister... for six months. Thanks to Mulroney, people couldn't care less about the PC. This guy will be praised if the party stays alive. New, fresh leadership is needed for this party otherwise it will sink completely forever into the abyss of old memories.

Now it's time for everyone's favorite redneck: Stocky Day! That's right! The man who hates everybody except like-minded Christians. I don't have a problem with his religious beliefs. Normally, I could care less, but Stocky has made it such an issue that it can't be ignored. If Stocky becomes PM he'll make Canada an embarrassment to the world by re-instating the Death Penalty, using the notwithstanding clause in the Charter to punish everyone who's different from him, i.e. other religious denominations, homosexuals, your next door neighbor, etc, etc. He somehow thinks our prisons are soft. If they're so soft, how come he doesn't volunteer to spend a week in prison to prove his point? Oh right, picking up the bar of soap would contradict his religious beliefs.

Next is the Liberals with current Prime Minister Jean Cretin, I mean Chrétien. Aside from his many personal blunders in the past (not going to the funeral of Jordan's King Hussein, thinking an election term is only 3 years, his speech, etc.), he's the best of a bad lot. Chrétien vows to stand up for health care again, but he'll probably back down. The Liberals are a popular PC party; their leader is an egotistical has-been, and new leadership is needed. Still, they are somehow in touch with the country. Or maybe it's that just the other parties are so out of touch with Canada that the Liberals are the closest to where everyone is. I don't have much confidence in the Liberals with Chrétien as a leader, but if Paul Martin or the sadly departed Lloyd Axworthy were, I'd be screaming Liberal to the voting booth.

In the end, we're stuck with a couple of has-beens, a never-will-be, a lunatic redneck, and a sovereigntist. Not much choice but it's a bigger choice than the Americans had. Shit always gets shoved to the bottom and we'll be feeling the shit from whoever's PM. If it weren't for the Alliance/Reform, I'd vote for the NDP; their hopeless policies appeal to me. Therefore my vote is for Chrétien, but only cause I'm terrified of what Stockwell Day would do to this country if he were to become PM.

Autoshare et consommation durable

CHARLES-ANTOINE ROUYER

TORONTO - La voiture du XXIe siècle avance lentement mais surement à Toronto. Elle est écologique d'une certaine manière, quoi qu'elle fonctionne toujours à l'essence, pour l'instant. Rien de révolutionnaire, direz-vous.
Le moyen de transport est innovateur car il permet de bénéficier du service qu'offrirait d'ordinaire une voiture, sans avoir à investir dans le produit lui-même. Du coup, cela amène à se tourner aussi vers les transports en commun, le taxi ou la bicyclette à d'autres moments.

LE CONCEPT EST simple : une coopérative de location de voitures à l'heure, essence et assurance comprises, Autoshare. L'entreprise à but lucratif torontoise fondée en octobre 1998 progresse lentement mais surement. Elle vient de passer le cap des 225 membres et d'acquérir son seizième véhicule à compter de la fin février, après 18 mois de fonctionnement.
Chaque voiture d'Autoshare est stationnée à divers endroits en ville, généralement à proximité du métro. Les membres réservent leur auto par téléphone. Ils disposent de la clef d'une boîte à clefs où se trouve la clef de l'automobile. La location coûte deux dollars de l'heure et de 20 à 40 cents le kilomètre, selon le barême choisi, d'après le kilométrage annuel parcouru. Il faut ajouter à cela des frais d'adhésion de 500 $ (remboursables lorsque l'on quitte Autoshare) ainsi que des frais mensuels de cinq à 40 dollars.

L'INTÉRÊT PRINCIPAL réside dans la location à l'heure. « Cela concerne les gens qui parcourent moins de 12 000 kilomètres par an », explique Kevin McLaughlin de Autoshare, « soit les gens qui n'ont pas besoin de leur voiture pour aller au travail ou ceux qui ne peuvent pas se permettre de posséder une voiture.»

Voiture écologique?
Et la voiture écologique dans tout cela, direz-vous? Les responsables d'Autoshare soutiennent que le partage de voiture permet de «réduire de moitié les émissions contribuant au smog et au changement climatique, chaque automobile d'Autoshare remplaçant au moins cinq à six véhicules privés». Le partage-auto rend les coûts d'une automobile visible lors de chaque déplacement, rendant ainsi d'autres moyens de transports plus attrayants.

EN JARGON ÉCONOMIQUE, les coûts fixes, habituellement invisibles lorsque l'on monte dans son auto car déjà payés (soit le prix d'achat, l'assurance, l'entretien, les plaques) deviennent tous des coûts variables, soit qui augmentent avec l'utilisation, au même titre que l'essence. Ainsi le prix du taxi, du métro, du train ou du vélo deviennent plus compétitifs. Et les économies peuvent être considérables. Une automobile, selon l'Association canadienne des automobilistes (CAA), coûtait en 1999, en Ontario, 7 848,80 $ par an, soit 43,6 cents du kilomètre, pour 12 000 kilomètres parcourus avec une voiture de type compacte, soit les modèles que loue Autoshare (Toyota Tercel, Ford Escort familiale).

SOPHIE GARCEAU, UNE torontoise d'origine montréalaise et membre d'Autoshare depuis 6 mois, a vite fait le calcul . «J'ai vendu mon auto. Je me rends à mon travail en tramway. Je n'ai besoin d'une voiture qu'une fois par mois pour aller à Richmond Hill», dit-elle. Autoshare lui coûte 20 $ par mois, précise-t-elle, auxquels il faut ajouter le prix de l'abonnement mensuel à la TTC, de 88,50 $. «L'économie que l'on peut faire par mois est substantielle. Je n'ai plus d'assurance à payer, je n'ai plus d'essence à payer, je n'ai plus de contraventions à payer, ni de permis pour stationner. Et le fait de marcher, de vivre sans voiture, c'est extraordinaire. Alors le fait d'avoir Autoshare, c'est le mariage des deux. Avoir une auto quand on en a besoin, mais ne pas en avoir quand on n'en pas besoin», conclut Sophie Garceau.

Diversifier l'offre des transports

CÔTÉ POUVOIR PUBLICS, la TTC perçoit encore Autoshare comme un concurent et non un partenaire. Par contre, la Ville de Toronto se montre très favorable à ce type d'initiative, explique Sue Zelinsky, planificatrice aux transports pour la municipalité. « La Ville de Toronto est très intéressée d'explorer les démarches innovatrices dans le domaine du transport, dont Autoshare,» résume-t-elle. Sue Zelinski souligne ensuite comment certaines villes vont déjà beaucoup plus loin pour intégrer les divers services de transport disponibles. «À Paris, il y a une carte pour le métro, le bus, le train et même les banques et les autres services urbains. À Hong Kong, il y a une carte qui relie toutes sortes de transports en commun. À San Francisco, on est en train d'explorer d'autres options permettant d'intégrer les choix [de moyens de transports disponibles], explique-t-elle.« Et à Toronto, nous sommes en train d'explorer quelles sont les meilleures options pour nous,» annonce prudemment Sue Zelinski, illustrant à demi-mots comment le concept de diversification des moyens de transports a encore de la route à faire en Amérique du Nord, où la voiture mène la danse.
Autoshare, 24 Mercer St Tél. (416) 340-7888, www.autoshare.com

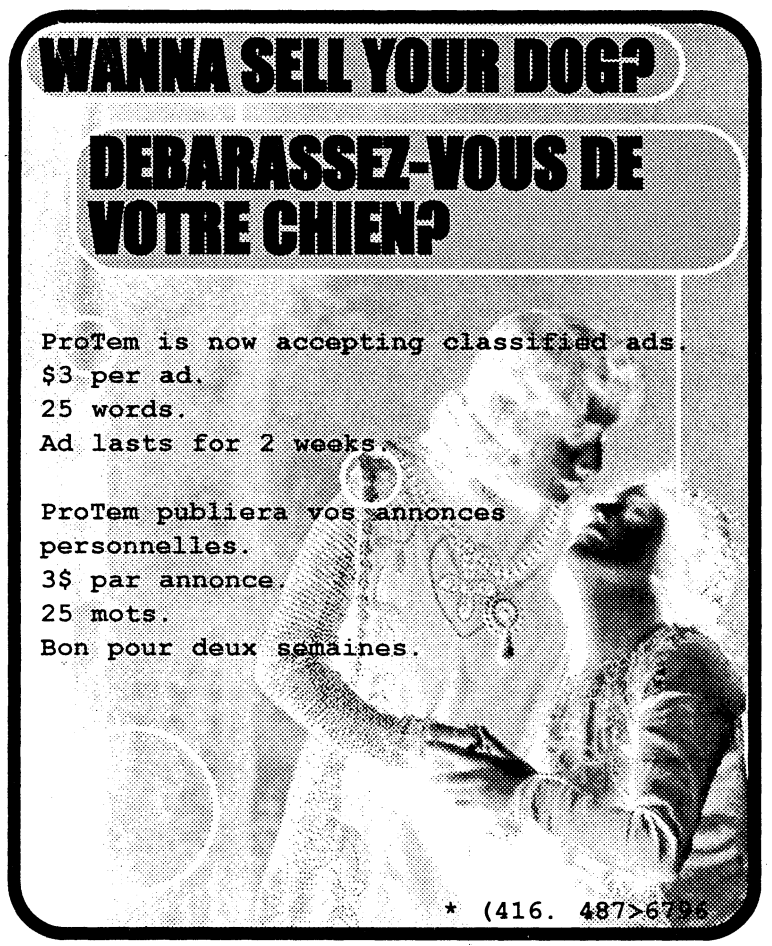
Consommation durable

LA CLEF DE la viabilité du partage auto réside dans la densité de population des quartiers. Les membres doivent vivre suffisamment près du point de stationnement et être assez nombreux pour amortir la voiture. À Toronto, les stationnements Autoshare se trouvent surtout dans l'Annex, College/Bathurst, et Riverdale (Danforth).

POURTANT LES banlieusards avides de kilomètres et généreux en gaz d'échappements, merci, pourraient également bénéficier du partage-auto, comme l'illustre un projet-pilote dans la grande région de San Francisco, la Bay Area. Matin et soir, des membres utilisent la voiture commune pour se rendre au BART, le Go Train local et pénétrer ainsi dans San Francisco. Pendant la journée, d'autres membres utilisent cette même voiture pour faire des courses en banlieue et ramène l'auto pour l'heure de pointe du soir.

AUTRE VARIANTE intéressante, la location inter-ville. Un membre de Communauto, la grande soeur montréalaise d'Autoshare, peut se rendre à Québec en train ou en autobus, et louer une voiture à la Communauto de Québec . «En Europe», explique Benoît Robert, le fondateur de Communauto, «un membre d'une coopérative à Berlin peut louer une automobile en Suisse.» La Suisse, soulignons-le, est le chef de file européen en la matière. Benoît Robert ajoute qu'un constructeur automobile allemand se prépare au partage-auto, «Volkswagen est en train de se positionner pour le partage de véhicule, car ils estiment que d'ici une dizaine d'année il y aurait un marché de près de deux millions de voitures en usage partagé».
Le partage-auto s'inscrit en fait dans la notion encore méconnue de consommation durable que l'UNEP (Programme pour l'environnement des Nations-Unies) met actuellement au point (www.unepie.org/sustain/home.html). La consommation durable insiste sur l'achat du service plutôt que sur l'achat du produit fournissant le service. Le fabriquant est encouragé à construire un meilleur produit, plus durable et finalement, plus écologique, plutôt que de tenter de vendre davantage d'unités de son produit...

Charles-Antoine Rouyer est un journaliste torontois spécialisé en écologie urbaine, diplomé de Glendon en 1990 et ancien collaborateur à Pro Tem.



We're Gonna Have a TV Party Tonight

ALEXANDER NIEVSKY

"The primary danger of the television screen lies not so much in the behaviour it produces - although there is danger there - as in the behaviour it prevents: the talks, the games, the festivities and arguments..." (Quote from 'The Plug-In Drug' by Marie Winn, 1985)

Extra! Extra! The Café de la Terrace offers gateway to cultural decline and mindlessness! Have you heard the buzz on campus? Glendon's Café de la Terrace now has its very own big-screen TV! Never again will students say that there's nothing to do on campus. Never again will they complain that the pub is boring. They will only revel at the pub's new permanent resident, which has consequently started rumours of the Café adopting the slogan "Café de la Terrace - Pub of the new millennium".

So is that what's supposed to be happening? Oh, okay. See I thought the pub was a place to meet people, listen to music and play some games. Yet it seems to me that the presence of the new TV has so effectively destroyed these activities that the Café has become more depressing than it has ever been.

Ever notice how when you're at a bar and your seat is facing a TV, that you can't stop looking at it? Even if you don't like what's on, you still stare at it just because its there. It sucks you in. The two small televisinas that the pub uses have this effect, but their new appliance definitely takes the cake. Though if the intention is to get more people into the pub, it sure seems to be working. The few times I've visited the pub since the TV arrived, I couldn't help but notice that the pub was indeed busier than usual. Yet what does this fact really tell you? It seems to me that the TV is pretty much all that the pub has going for it (I dig the Xmas lights though). How else can you explain the sudden increase in customers? Here's a perfect example of what I mean: The other night I was in the pub with some friends having a pint, enduring the incessant noise of the TV, which about 5 people were watching. At one point this guy who was sitting near us got up and grabbed the remote, muted the TV and put the radio on. Here's the funny part. All the people watching the tube got up and left! It's like they said, "Hell the TV's on mute, what are we gonna do now? Lets get outta here." So why did this happen? I think it's because the pub can't come up with any better ideas to get customers, other than the television. Think of all the other ways they could have spent the couple thousand that was devoted to the purchase of the big-screen. Geez, it's a wonder how regular bars without television make a profit, isn't it?

In all seriousness now, the big-screen doesn't have to be a horrible thing. The movie nights aren't a bad idea, though they essentially render the pub useless for any other activity during the movie. And being a hockey fan, I also cannot dispute the fact that watching sports on the TV is pretty good. Though why not keep the sound off so that others can talk and listen to music without distraction?

What makes the TV terribly annoying and depressing is that it seems to be on all the time, no matter what stupid show is on. If this keeps up, the pub will essentially drive away non-TV watchers and replace them with their counterparts. Does that seem to be a good solution to getting more customers? Hmmm, let me think about that one. I wonder why the management at the Café didn't have the good sense to put the TV in the couch room (and let people drink in there too, of course). That way there could always be music in the pub area, and TV in the couch room. I guess that would have made too much sense.

For more info on the evils of television, check out the Kill Your TV website at: http://othello.localaccess.com/hardebeck/

Stock, Mike, Mel: The Choice is Clear

TONY SPEARS

-"Who are you voting for, Chrétien or Bush?"

-"WHAT!!??"

-"I'm sorry, I meant Stockwell. I always get him and Dubya confused."

That little mix-up is entirely understandable. After all, aside from their nationality, age difference, and Stockwell's penchant for tight, revealing clothing, both are your average gun-totin', bible belt, small-minded, arch-conservative dinosaur. Or Texan, if you prefer. And I do. But this is not an anti-American, anti-Texan tirade. This is instead an anti-American-Texan ideals-in-Canada tirade. Let us pause for a moment to contemplate the future of Canada with Stockwell W. Day at the helm. I see a land where guns have become commonplace, where every Butch, Tex and Jane over the age of four proudly carries an assault rifle stuffed into their pants. (Yes, that is an AK-47, nobody's happy to see you.) I see a land where the wealthy prosper but the poor get poorer under the burden of crushing taxes, which the rich find delightfully agreeable as they actually have enough money to pay them many times over. I see a society where people try to cure themselves of their afflictions in stinking, decrepit, hospitals because they cannot afford the upper tier of the 'new and improved' health care system. Welcome to Canada's future. May you die a thousand deaths before you are subjected to it. Or if you prefer to experience it firsthand, please consult the United States of America.

What else could happen if Stockwell does become Prime Minister? Capital punishment will return and he'll start putting Texas and Florida to shame with his burning zeal to send criminals into the hands of God.

-"It's getting a bit cold up here."

-"Yeah, we'd better throw on another couple of varmints. Yee haw."

Speaking of God, all other religions may become illegal. Anyone suspected of witchcraft will be instantly burned at the stake while Stock, demonstrating just how much he loves his neighbours, will continue praying for the souls of those who have not yet taken the Lord Jesus or the Canadian Alliance into their hearts. Or anyone who writes unflattering things about him in the press. Tarnation, I think I'm now on Archbishop Stock's prayer list.

Not being one to stop at controlling people's beliefs, I'm sure that Mr. Canadian Conservative Reform Alliance Party (anyone remember CCRAP?) will be trying to get people's bodies under his domination as well. Actually, just women's bodies because those cute little girls don't know what's good for them. Oh, he'll kill a criminal of just about any description without batting an eyelid, even if there's the very real possibility of his or her innocence. On the other hand, for a collection of unfeeling cells, he'll fight for their rights as not quite human beings.

I have a question that I must ask Mr. Day. Do you masturbate? Well, do you? Don't just stand there, answer me! What? It's none of my business? Good God, Mr. Day, that's the first halfway intelligent thing that has crossed your lips in your political life, if not your actual one. There's hope for you yet. A great Canadian said that 'the state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation'. And just as it is none of my business whether or not you shellac lil' Stock, neither is it any of yours whether or not women choose to have abortions or whether gays and lesbians are respectively gay and lesbian.

Another question: Do you enjoy watching scenes like Columbine unfold in your country? And while it is true that as the standard NRA mantra goes, guns do not kill people, people do; guns certainly make it a good deal easier to off people when the opportunity presents itself. When you've got to deal with huge numbers of bureaucrats to get yourself any sort of gun, it tends to kill the homicidal tendencies. Conversely, Texans, with their recent concealed weapons law (which permits anyone to carry a concealed weapon) have an alarmingly permanent solution to their problems protruding from their pants. So keep gun control to keep Canada safe. Or, better yet, join the States. I'm sure you'd fit in there quite nicely.

The pennance of Am

or, The world acco

N. BARNETT

of vitriolic media railings against several black American athletes, in particular, Maurice Green and the US Men's 400m relay team during the Sydney 2000 games and more recently against Allen Iverson, the Philadelphia 76ers star NBA Guard.

In both cases the athletes were brought to task over what was termed by media analysts as 'unseemly behavior unbecoming of professional athletes who are regarded by many as role models for America's youth'. The tenor of discourse used in the majority of articles reveals a biased approach indicative of the authors' collective lack of personal experience on a given subject such as the evolution and nature of Rap music (relevant in the case of Iverson) as well as other symptoms stemming from cultural isolation.. No secret has been made of the fact that (a) the vast majority of sports columnists are mid to upper-class, middle-aged, white males, and (b) that sports writers are usually the last people qualified to make a well-planned and executed sociological assessment of anything outside the ring, rink, or court, yet their pens continue to write with abandon on such matters leaving an uninhibited product of opinion in their wake, which subsequently combines with a few chosen details of an event to finally masquerade as fact.

Olympic 'Oh no you don'ts'

AFTER MAURICE GREEN, Jon Drummond, Bernard Williams and Brian Lewis sped to victory in the 400x100m relay it was widely reported [September 30, 2000] that 'the US Men's relay team offends with victory display'. After four years of training with fleeting glimpses of success visible on the horizon, the elated four celebrated with the enthusiasm of playful adolescents, dancing, prancing and posing at race's end. Yet the subsequent articles on the subject left little allowance for child's play. Using terse prose and a cold eye to dissect the events, the AP article read: "The foursome — Greene, — preened and flexed their muscles during their victory lap and then also on the victory stand while receiving their medals. On the victory lap, the Americans — two of them bare-chested and wrapped in the stars and stripes — postured and posed for several minutes. After getting their medals from former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, the foursome clowned on the victory stand during ``The Star-Spangled Banner.'' Greene stuck his tongue out at cameras."

apparent media backlash, U.S. Olympic Committee vice president Sandy Baldwin was quoted as saying, ``I held my breath. I tell the athletes at every one of the briefings that American athletes are judged by different standards than the rest of the world, because we live in a blessed country. Any time we forget that for even a moment, we'll be criticized more than most people will."

IN FACT, THERE WERE Americans amongst those offended, including Nanceen Perry of the U.S. women's 400-meter relay team, "We were kind of ashamed. For us, we tried to handle it with more dignity. That's not the image we want up there. The whole way they were going about it, making all sorts of comical faces — you could do a little bit of that, but they were doing it throughout the national anthem, how do you expect anybody to respect our flag if you don't. I think foreigners think we're rude, anyway, so it just confirms the whole image they have of us."

were taken against the sprinters, yet Bob Costas felt it necessary to exact a repentant confession from Maurice Greene on NBC, after the smoke had cleared. Before talk of gold commenced, Bob immediately took Greene to task for the 'shameful display' while Greene sat there looking somewhat unaffected by the moral yardstick Costas was using to judge him. ``All of us had a talk,'' he said, "we've talked about it."

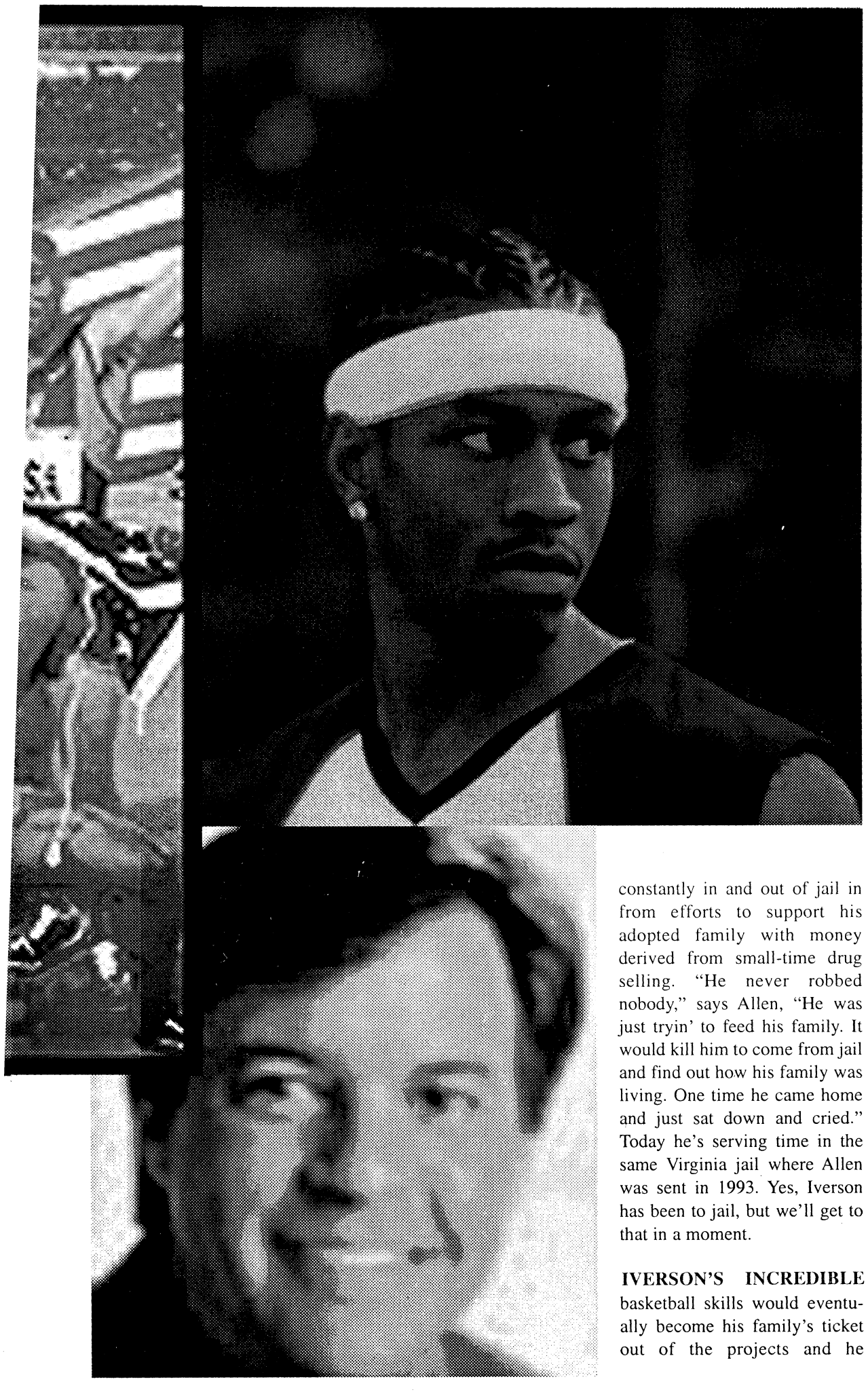
Dissatisfied that Greene hadn't offered him a cat-o-nine-tails with which to apply forty lashes right there in the studio, Costas again forced the issue saying 'but you went too far,' to which Greene relented, "As you say, we went too far. And we're truly sorry if we offended anyone."

clearly saw that Greene himself was not fully convinced that he had committed any wrong doing, while Costas, chief amongst self-righteous scribes, was certain that he had and spoke to such effect with the authority of a man convinced that he has the backing of the people. Fair enough, anyone even remotely familiar with sports broadcasting must have surmised by now that Bob Costas believes his own shit. How else could he have taken a TV crew to the bowels of an unnamed east coast inner city to search out and confront a former heavyweight champion turned vagrant junkie with lines like, "If I gave you five dollars right now, would you take it and buy crack?" "Just ignore him," whispered a fellow junkie, "that's just Bob being Bob."

The Allen Iverson affair

THE NBA'S HOMEPAGE lists Allen Iverson as: Position: Guard Born: 6/7/75 Height: 6-0 /1m 83cm Weight: 165 lbs. / 74.8kg College - Georgetown '96. What it doesn't mention is that Iverson grew up in the projects of Hampton, Virginia, as the son of a 15-year old single mother in a house that lay atop an oft ill-repaired sanitary sewer. It goes without saying they lived in dire poverty and were oft without water or electricity, but had unpaid bills in abundance. Often responsible for taking care of his younger sisters, he saw first hand the frustrations that accompany ghetto life with his stepfather

erica's black athletes
ding to Bob Costas



constantly in and out of jail in from efforts to support his adopted family with money derived from small-time drug selling. "He never robbed nobody," says Allen, "He was just tryin' to feed his family. It would kill him to come from jail and find out how his family was living. One time he came home and just sat down and cried." Today he's serving time in the same Virginia jail where Allen was sent in 1993. Yes, Iverson has been to jail, but we'll get to that in a moment.

IVERSON'S INCREDIBLE basketball skills would eventually become his family's ticket out of the projects and he received encouragement to that effect from his mother. Yet to negotiate the demanding and sometimes fragile labyrinth of American sports from the high schools to the junior colleges or division 1 universities and finally, the NBA, CBA or Europe, is no small feat and unforeseen personal tragedy often poses the greatest obstacle to achieving what is essentially financial success.

tragedy was the mishandled investigation of a local bowling alley brawl and the subsequent arrests that were made. Already a local celebrity for having taken Bethel high school to the state championships, Iverson was immediately recognized in a crowd of young Blacks patronizing the establishment. After the lively group had been admonished a few times for being 'too loud' by Bob Costas (just kidding) a shouting match arose between them and a group of white students. It quickly escalated into a melée or "brawl" as the Virginia lawmakers like to call it, and four persons, all black, were arrested, including Iverson and charged with an obscure Civil War era statute "maiming by mob" that had been created to, get this, protect Blacks from mob lynchings. I still don't understand what the hell that means, but the absurdity is indicative of the entire matter. Iverson had been fingered by a witness who claimed he 'threw a chair at a girl' and if convicted for the alleged act would face a maximum sentence of fifteen years. Said Iverson of the accusation, "For me to be in a bowling alley where everybody in the whole place knows who I am and be crackin' people upside the head with chairs and think nothin' gonna happen? That's crazy! And what kind of a man would I be to hit a girl in the head with a damn chair? I wish at least they'd said I hit some damn man."

Iverson was tried as an adult and sentenced to five years. Keep that in mind next time you end up in a diner without booths en route through Virginia. Some well-needed luck came his way when Virginia's first black Governor, Doug Wilder, granted him conditional release after four months behind bars, yet another absurdity of the trial was the fact that the prosecutor was a life-long member of the NAACP who insisted that none of the blacks in the fight wanted to pursue charges, and points out that several black witnesses also identified Iverson as the main culprit. Regardless, the trial and the verdict set off yet another American national debate on race politics. Iverson's supporters were outraged with the media's biased coverage of the incident during and after his incarceration, which brings us to the present circus surrounding his recent CD release.

at Georgetown University where he was recruited by coach John Thompson, a black man renowned for taking risks and giving urban kids with troubled pasts a shot at division one basketball, Iverson declared himself eligible for the NBA draft and was chosen as first pick by the 76ers. Over the last five years in Philadelphia, his past has provided fodder for sports writers looking to increase their dramatic content. He has been labeled a dissenter for not complying with coach Larry Brown's archaic tradition of players showing up on game day in suits, as well as for missing the occasional practice, despite the fact that he has consistently held the title of one of the League's leading scorers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

A Public Service Announcement

KELLEY GREEN

Facing a lot of issues, I decided to discuss the one that I feel will be the most relative to Glendon Students. This task will not be easy and I don't know exactly how I am going to go about doing this, but I will think of something, I always do. (Not to toot my own horn or anything.) You, the reader, will learn a few lessons about different things. I only hope you understand that these lessons are ones that I have learned and am sharing with you, so you don't run into the same problem. If you do, you may reflect on this article and the action taken. So here goes...

I do know that I would like to state that all the characters in this article are real, as well as the situations in which they partake. I would also like to say that this is an opinion and everyone is entitled to their own, as wrong as the reader may think it is. Just as you, the reader, are able to form an opinion about what I am about to reveal. So, in short, no hard feelings, eh?

Two weeks ago, a friend and I decided to go grocery shopping at the Dominion located at Eglinton and Bayview. Our journey to the store was pleasant. It was a sunny day, and we were both in great moods, unusual for me as my friends can confirm. We spoke of things such as other friends, families and the problems we had, each offering some advice for the other's situation.

Upon arriving at the store, I was famished. I hadn't eaten all day. I was in class and then we left rez to go to the store. Lesson #1 - do not go grocery shopping when you are hungry. I basically bought everything in sight and then some! Which was ridiculous since neither of us had change to take the bus back, and no bills. Only bank cards, so we were going to walk back to Glendon. Since we bought a pant load of food, we thought it would be beneficial to "borrow" a cart to push back to rez and then return on our next trip for groceries. Lesson #2 - BIG MISTAKE!! Apparently you are a criminal and will do hard time for the "theft of a shopping cart". Regardless, we took turns pushing the metal cart up the little hill, each taking breaks to munch on the food we had bought and sip our beverages.

We were just about home, another five minutes and we would have made it, when I spotted a cop cruiser. He sailed by and slowed down, at that point I turned my head, so he wouldn't be able to identify me in a line-up... if it came to that. Not even five minutes later, another cop drove by and this time slowed right down and demanded to know what we were doing with the shopping cart.

Cop- Where are you going with that shopping cart?

What I wanted to say- Taking a damn shower. What does it look like I am doing?

What I DID say- We are taking our groceries to our college, we couldn't carry them, they are too heavy.

Cop- Do you two realise that those things cost hundreds and hundreds of dollars?

What I wanted to say- I did not realize that, friend, did you realize that?

What I DID say- Really? Sorry Sir. We were going to bring it back...

Cop- That is still theft, if I went into your backyard and took your bike but brought it back the next week, I would be stealing.

What I wanted to say- No, that would be stupid. And by the way, my bike isn't in the backyard, it's locked up in the garage. And there aren't hundreds of them sitting around.

What I DID say- Yes sir. It won't happen again, I promise.

Cop- The two of you had better return that...

What I wanted to say- You are the one with nothing to do and a van. Why don't you return it, then go bust real criminals, I am sure there's a turf war going on at Jane and Finch. Don't you think it would be time well spent, not to mention tax dollars well spent, to investigate harder criminals?

What I DID say- Right after we empty our groceries, it's just that they are too heavy to carry all that way.

Cop- Yeah, well don't let it happen again.

Then he drove off, towards Dominion, probably to tell them and now we are going to be closely followed every time we enter the grocery store.

I went the other day and was scared when I saw a security guard sitting by the exit - an entire shiver overcame my body - but nothing was said. Thank god. So be well aware that the cops don't fool around, they mean serious business when it comes to the theft of grocery carts... you are in the big leagues now. This concludes the public service announcement. Please spread the word.

When does it end?

ESTA NAOMI

Sit back and think..

Life is simple. Life is what you make out of it and life is beginning right now for most of those who left, for the first time, their home nest. You see, some people sit back, relax, take the time to breathe and enjoy every little bit of life, at its fullest..

Most of the people, though, run, rush, wanna make sure they will be there and do that... etc, etc...

When does it end is my question?

When are we gonna stop running?

Running to catch the bus, that'll drop us at the train, that'll drive us downtown right on time for the grand opening of the brand new "look-like-Christina-and-dress-like-Britney-sponsored-by-98-degrees" store.

When does it end?

Why when I take a walk downtown, I see ten million Backstreet Boys; twelve Eminems and two Ricky Martins? We all know how to be ourselves, so, when does it end?

Why do I sit on the bus and hear 'bimbos' bitching about a messed up hair cut or a one night-stander that never called back; a five pound gain or a broken nail while, around the corner, people are starving and freezing to death, lost, or simply lonely; we all know that, so when does it end?

Doesn't it feel good to wake up one morning and receive a letter from someone, just because that person misses you, just because that person was thinking of you, for no other reason than 'just because'? Isn't it precious how friends make you feel, how friends make you laugh, how a conversation with someone who cares can feel as warm as a hug? Aren't friends, REAL FRIENDS, one of the most precious things? I truly think so. So why is it that so many people call you 'a friend', act like friends, even SOUND like friends but as soon as you turn around and walk away they run upstairs and start doing that 'G-thing' that I hate so much that I can't even talk about. (G-thing, a.k.a GOSSIP... The ultimate make-Esta-barf-word). Why is it that some people have the audacity to talk about you, judge you, talk more about you, ask a LOT around about you and finally, when they see you all they do is nod and smile. Why is it that most people grew up to be seventeen and while time was going by and they were getting older, something in their head (called maturity) got stuck at that particular age? Why? Why do people put so much time and effort in gossiping while they could be reinforcing friendships, writing a book, fishing, watching the game, picking their nose or bitching about the strike, anything!!!!!

This is what I think: ...A world filled with the idea that individual, intense, long and intelligent thought makes you a loner. Being a loner is, according to this stupid world, a bad thing. That is why most of the people fall into the low-but-have-a-lot-of-supposedly-friends-around-me life, of the gossiper. He said she said Esta says get a life, live your life, make the most out of it and if your life is THAT boring that you can only live it by talking about other people's lives then man, at least write a book about it so that you'll have something a little bit less stupid, less fucking immature and less selfishly done to share with the world.

As for everyone else, keep living the great simple life at its fullest, you all know who you are, don't we all?

Did you know:
By the time today's child reaches age 70, he or she will have spent approximately seven years watching TV. Source: American Academy of Pediatrics study, 1990

Did you know:
Body metabolism is an average of 14.5 percent lower when watching TV than when simply lying in bed. Source: Study by Robert Klesges at Memphis State University

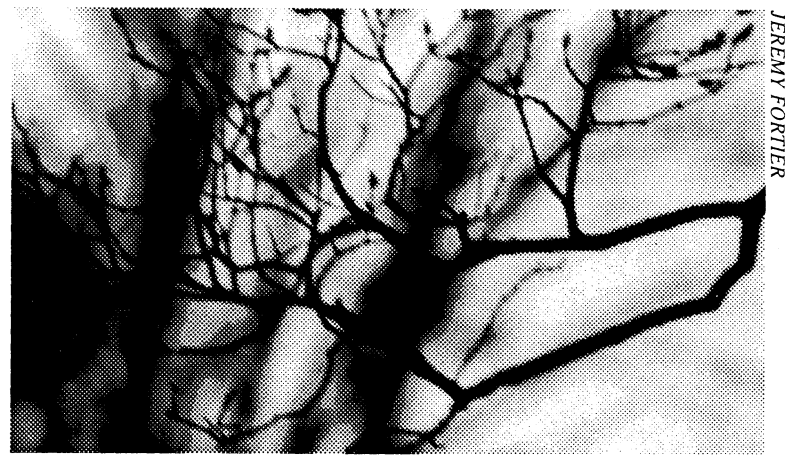
"Did you know
that L.M. is a lazy cheapskate, who is butt UGLY? But really, ugly."
-Yogi Berra

Did you know
that knowledge is unreliable, even when printed in the ProTem.

Did you know
that 75% of people who have watched television in the past 50 years have read 63.5% less books?

Chamber Opera Review: Nostalgia

ROSALIE TAYLOR



JEREMY FORTIER

Wednesday, November 1, duMaurier Centre - The lights fade to darkness until the performers come out under the spotlight. The musicians take their places first: a pianist, a double bassist, a trumpeter, a violinist, a percussionist, and finally, the conductor. Then the singers enter: four men, who come onstage and promptly sit down towards the back of the stage, and a woman who comes and positions herself in front of them, facing the audience. She remains standing in the centre of the spotlight.

Iris, the central character, begins to sing in a mournful wail about the loss of her husband. Her sons, Buck, Cliff, and Glen, and Corkie a family friend, soon join in with their own sad memories. The ensemble begins to play; the discordant notes add to the air of the funeral scene, reminding the audience of the nausea the death of a family member brings.

Memory - the key theme that makes the piece work - is apparent throughout Robert W. Stevenson's new chamber opera, Nostalgia. The opera focuses on the story of Iris. Her husband Steve has recently passed away and the opera deals with her recalling past events and relationships. It is played out through dialogue between Iris and her sons and their relationship to Steve, and through letters sent to Iris from Steve, from when he was in World War II.

The construction of the opera allows the audience to not only watch the characters reminisce, but to feel almost as though they are inside the memory itself. The staccato chords and dissonant sounds of the piano and violin especially provide excellent imagery. The viewer can picture him or herself in Iris' mind, feeling the pain that was inflicted on her by Steve.

The only difficulty with the opera was trying to understand the dialogue when the voices overlapped. Each singer's voice was so intense that it made it hard for the viewer to always understand and be able to follow the story that was unfolding. But I suppose that was the purpose of the program guide, with its scene-by-scene breakdowns. Despite this confusion, though, nothing was lost from the music, and the opera was enjoyable to watch, and even more incredible to listen to.

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

The Bottle (The Timeless Lachrymatory)

PATRICK TOMLINSON

PHIL RUTLAND

I walk along these shores
The sun reflecting off the water
Robes seem golden
Birds seem bright
And stars fade away

Waves bring to me
Your bottle
No written message within
The only message was the emptiness of the bottle
It smelt of age and emptiness
Where did this come from?
What else shall the sea yield?

I foretell the coming of an omen
An ivory lachrymatory
That shines and radiates for miles
It sings songs that drift
On the seas of winds and time for aeons
Timeless it is
A song for eternity

I still sit and stare at the bottle
Holding it mesmerized
Your remains are here
Like a seashell
I hear your voice
I see the shadow of your eyes
Feel the remainder of your touch
All from this empty bottle
This alone do I have

Hold a light
Put it to the mirror
Whisper to the stars
Strip the veil away
And give the sun its glory

In the woods
Along these shores
There is a dark foreboding menace
A cloud hanging overhead

In my dreams I see you
Benighted in a veil of a black lace
Sorrowful countenance
The bottle is nearly full
With each sob
You bring the bottle to your face
You see me
Give me the bottle
I hold it
And all the hints of sensations overflow me
I hold it tremblingly
Your arms embrace me
(Mourner's embrace)
Your bottle is full
I feel my shoulder moisten
With each passing minute
AS you weep gently
I still hold the full bottle in my trembling hand
It has taken time
To reach this point
I bring the bottle to my lips
(Mourner's kiss)
And drink slowly
With each gulp
A cloud hovers overhead
Slowly dripping
THe lachrymatory is empty
It falls and breaks
The winds rose
And swept it into the sea
My arms around yours
All is consumed by an inner and outer silence
Broken only by the weeping of our hearts
In a land of overwhelming serenading dirges
Sung by poppies in Flanders Fields
Aeons and miles away
The cloud which hovered overhead
Is now above us
The rain consumes us
The rain is brief
I see through the ebbing
Of a black laced veil
My shoulder is very wet
Yours is quite wet as well
I want to touch your hair
But your hair is hidden within the veil
I can only hold you and weep with you
(Mourners as one)
I hold you tightly
My legs are weak and crumbling
You are weakened by the course of bereavement
I fall to my knees
And weep into your bosom
Your hands cradle my head softly
Like a crown
(Mourners caress)
The only sound I hear is one weeping
The dirges are ambient silence
Our souls are one
To your knees I fall
I hold your face
And you hold mine
I utter a sigh
Oh how uplifting
(continued on page 22)

Snowball Brunch

Sunday, November 19th 2000
1pm-3pm

Fruit Salad
All-you-can-eat Pancakes
Coffee
$6.00 plus tax

or

Fruit Salad
All-you-can-eat Pancakes
3 strips of bacon
Coffee
$6.75 plus tax

Mimosas will be available at the bar to toast the morning after!

***Tickets will be sold at pub from Saturday, November 11th until Thursday, November 16th**

One True Swing

CATHERINE HANCOCK

A classic story: A hero falls into a rut and must overcome great obstacles in order to get out. With the help of a great tournament, a love story, and a spiritual guide, this movie is a success. I was surprised at how much I enjoyed it. I wanted to see this film because I am a big fan of Will Smith, but I did not expect to enjoy watching two hours of golf. This movie makes golf exciting - without Tiger Woods. But what I couldn't get out of my mind was the camera work for one specific scene. Bagger Vance (Will Smith) invites a young golf fan, Hardy Greaves (J. Michael Moncrief) to caddy with him and they shake hands to seal the deal. The camera focuses in on their hands touching. What was the significance of this? What was the director, Robert Redford, trying to convey? Maybe he was trying to show the two races uniting. Maybe he was trying to explain that Bagger was also Hardy's spiritual guide. Or maybe Bagger Vance was there to help all of the characters through the great depression.

I don't really know the answer but one scene really stands out. For some reason, the film is edited to show that their shaking hands is almost essential.

But what is really important in this movie is the comparison between the game of golf and life. Redford explains, "In the game of golf are contained all the lessons of life." Find your authentic swing and you'll be able to reach your goals.

This is not a review of Bagger Vance

KRISTIN FOSTER

No, there aren't any Will Smith golf stories here. I was supposed to go see The Legend of Bagger Vance last week but the free passes didn't do any good because the Varsity had overbooked itself. A lady with a tight jaw and strained smile said that she would stamp our passes and that we could come back during regular showing of the film to redeem our tickets. Catch: the passes were, unfortunately, only good for Bagger Vance so we couldn't wrangle a different free movie out of it. Drat. This left us to jog over to the Cumberland where we paid -gasp- nine-fifty to go see a movie narrated by a talking fish. All prejudices aside, Maelström was an excellent film. The watery, dark scenes with the female lead were sliced every once in a while by somewhat random returns to the fish, our storyteller, who laid on a cutting board in a dark, medieval cellar being skinned by a huge mask-clad fishmonger.

The story basically told the life of a girl probably just a little bit older than us, who lives in her mother's shadow and has to deal with her perpetual screw-ups. The heroine, Bibiane, is so pathetic at some points it made the audience in the theatre laugh. Symbolism is heavy in this dark drama, where drugs and sex are used as means to escape a failing career and low self-esteem.

Marie-Josee Cloze played a very empathetic Bibiane. She managed to pull off the character, who could otherwise had been thought of as a sinful drug-taking rave-dancing slut, in a lost-and-confused sort of light. She makes Bibiane's immoral acts look like no more than little learning experiences in the end. Directed by Denis Villeneuve, it is a Canadian film in French with English subtitles. You might remember him as the director who stunned Toronto Film Festival goers in 1998 with his debut, Un 32 août sur la terre. Maelström opened the Perspective Canada program at this year's Toronto Film Festival. Unless hell froze over in the last few days, you can still pay $9.50 to see Maelström at the Cumberland. If that doesn't suit your fancy or your wallet, it will hopefully show up at one of our local independent (cheaper) theatres. And hey, I hear there's a neat-o rap number Will Smith does in his new golf movie, if all else fails...

Lonely Planet

PATRICK BOIS

A gait to remember is what you should try
Why? Asked the solemn, incurable sticks
Tricks? To be recognized by distant antics
Aesthetics? Tis' a lonely planet, tis' a bland tasting rye
Sidewalks can torture one's gut till the figure is poised
My own dogma I am thus following
Difficulties arise while postponing an inkling
Catwalks can alter a slut, debonair buoys to avoid
A Lonely Planet has but a few lives
While we are on a perch, egodistant from our hives
Any type of evaluation is heeded from the Chiefs in the skies
"To the man who tries, to the man who glides, to a man who hides"
What if a date could incur an oncoming surge in your spheres?
Would pens drops to their listless, languid cues?
Time is thus dementia formulated from sorrowful leers
Believe me tricks and sticks, no foreshadowing shall ensue

Petite sauterie in French

J'ai il y a peu appri que chaque Vendredi soir, une petite soirée avait lieu dans l'enceinte du ROM. Jusqu'ici rien de transcendant ; mais il se trouve que le vendredi 17 novembre sera une soirée francophone. N'allez pas vous imaginer une ambiance guindée et froide où les convives se dévorent le blanc des yeux en silence ; un petit orchestre sera là pour agrémenter et égayer la soirée et des rafraichissements seront à la disposition des convives. Qui plus est, les personnes présentes pourront bénéficier d'une visite guidée du musée, en francais je vous pric. L'évenement constitue en outre une excellente occasion de rencontrer la communauté francophone de Toronto hors Glendon. C'est également une bonne occasion de s'aérer en français, et ça c'est le pied. Par ailleurs, je ne pense pas qu'il s'agisse d'une de ces soirées à fossiles en costar étriqué, en train de siroter un infâme coquetel tout en discourant de la dérive du français au vingtième siècle. Ça devrait être une bonne petite soirée tranquille.

Par ailleurs, si tout ce déroule sans anicroches, il est prévu de faire en sorte qu'une soirée francophone comme celle du 17 ait lieu chaque troisième vendredi du mois. Cependant, nous n'en sommes pas encore là. Rendez vous le 17.

We won

DR. WOLF

for now, we'll sit
against the kitchen table
lean over pink leaves
lemonade. You haven't
lost anything, yet
our lungs are young
underwater. Minds
blurred and dizzy against
you doing what you have to do

Le débat éta

AMANDINE ODY

<Sa bouche sera la bouche de ceux-là qui n'ont pas de bouche>. Figure de lutte contre l'injustice, l'ignorance et l'intolérance, l'écrivain est souvent assimilé à un acteur indispensable de la société moderne visionnaire ayant pour mission de porter un regard critique sur les tourments du monde. Dès lors, en cette fin de millénaire, comment ne pas être enthousiasmé par la perspéctive d'une conference sur un thème aussi passionnant que celui de < l'écrivain face au XXIe siècle :individualisme et mondialisation>? Vaste sujet qui témoigne de ce que la programmation de ce huitième Salon du Livre de Toronto avait de quoi en allécher plus d'un. De par l'organisation d'un tel débat le samedi 14 octobre, elle avait le mérite de rappeler que les réflexions des hommes de lettres ne peuvent se borner à des divagations éthérées sur <l'Homme, le Monde...> mais doivent, au contraire, s'ancrer dans la réalité quotidienne des lecteurs. Par ailleurs, le nombre conséquent des participants (douze précisément) conjugué à la forte personnalité de certains d'entre eux, tels Dany Laferrière, nous promettait des échanges aussi passionnés que constructifs.

PLUS DURE FUT LA CHUTE en constatant que de débat, cette manifestation n'avait que le nom. Se résumant à un exposé de points de vue -forts intéressants par ailleurs- sur la mondialisation, le dialogue fut réduit à son plus strict minimum et certaines dimensions de la question furent tout bonnement occultées, faute de temps sans doute. Ainsi, le rôle de l'écrivain et ses moyens d'action face à la mondialisation et à l'individualisme furent peu évoqués. Les discours, s'écartant trop souvent du domaine littéraire, portèrent essentiellement sur la globalisation dans son acception la plus large, les participants s'exprimant sur le sujet en tant que citoyens, alors que c'est forts de leur experience d'écrivains qu'on les attendait. N'étant pas à priori des spécialistes de l'analyse économique, on a très logiquement frôlé à plusieurs reprises les lieux communs ou la facilité du type : < La mondialisation est mauvaise pour les tavailleus >, (Jacques Godbout). Fort heureusement, la conférence fut cependant des plus intéressantes quand il s'est agi des arguments utilisés par chacun de nos auteurs pour rejeter et, plus rarement, pour défendre chacun des phénomènes concernés. Si la plupart d'entre eux se sont accordés à condamner une mondialisation univoque et dangereuse pour l'épanouissement de la diversité culturelle, les raisons n'en étaient pas toujours similaires et il s'en est même trouvé pour défendre une certaine mondialisation.

MAIS IL FALLAIT EN prendre son parti : si l'on ne voulait pas passer a côté de l'incontestable richesse des interventions, on devait accepter de se laisser entraîner sur un terrain beaucoup plus généraliste que ne le laissait supposer l'intitulé du débat.

Un anti-mondialisme exacerbé

ON A RAPPELÉ, UNE FOIS dépêtré d'un amalgame improbable entre universalisme, globalisation et américanisation, que la mondialisation présente assurément des aspects dangereux : en faisant d'une économie triomphante la valeur première de notre société, elle relègue l'Homme et la culture au second plan.
Michel Ouellette stigmatise ainsi < une guerre entre la culture des chiffres [celle de la mondialisationl et la culture des mots >, et on ne peut qu'être frappé par son grand pessimisme quant à la viabilité des mots au XXIe siècle. Selon lui, ceux-ci ne cessent de perdre de leur poids, soumis comme ils le sont au règne du marché. Le poids des mots moins fort que le choc des photos ? En bonne communauté d'esprit avec son collègue, Louis Bellanger, pour sa part, ridiculise la personnalisation dont font l'objet les indices boursiers. On imagine presque Jean-Pierre Gaillard débarquer dans la salle pour y asséner un de ses joyeux : < Bonjour, aujourd'hui, le marché va bien, le marché est content...>! Parti sur la même lancée, Jacques Godbout ne se lasse pas, quant à lui, de pester contre une mondialisation qui étouffe les artistes et par là même, la création. Aussi, des expressions telles que productions culturelles ou industrie du spectacle lui font vite monter la moutarde au nez. Mais au-delà de ces allusions quasi comiques, l'auditeur repère facilement ce qui constitue le nerf de cette guerre et qui est parfaitement résumé par Abd El Kader Djemaï au cours de son intervention : il y a de quoi se sentir démuni face à une mondialisation qui fait de l'économie son veau d'or et de l'Homme, un laissé-pour-compte. N'est-il pas normal d'être effrayé face à un phénomène d'une telle ampleur et qui, à défaut de cultiver les cerveaux, érige un véritable culte au dieu argent. Evidemment que ça l'est, tout le monde s'entend là-dessus. Mais le raisonnement n'est-il pas un peu grossier ? Voire mal à propos.

RAPPELER, COMME l'A fait Pierre Raphaël Pelletier, que les quatre cent soixante-quinze plus riches personnes du globe possèdent 50% de la richesse mondiale est parfaitement exact. C'est d'ailleurs son rôle d'écrivain que de s'indigner de l'injustice et de refuser l'orthodoxie ambiante en < parlant pour l'arbre et pour l'oiseau qui n'ont pas de voix >. Mais rendre la globalisation responsable <de la déforestation> et de < la pollution des Grand Lacs où nagent maintenant des poissons hybrides à trois têtes > relève de la discussion de comptoir. De même, témoigner de son profond dégoût -somme toute justifié- pour le sacro-saint billet vert en dénonçant < le complot > manigancé par ces mêmes milliardaires n'a pas sa place dans une manifestation publique dont le thème, faut-il le rappeler, est < l'écrivain face au XXIe siècle >. Mais foin des apprentis-écon-

it trop global

TONY SPEARS

omistes, car c'est ensuite au tour des sociologues de s'y mettre < On mélange tout > tranche ainsi une intervenante suisse que cela n'empêche pas, moins de cinq minutes plus tard, d'établir un lien de causalité quelque peu singulier entre mondialisation et < néo-Darwinisme social > ! Sachant que la technologic et la science constituent des variables explicatives de la mondialisation, l'écrivaine soutient que l'on devrait s'affoler de l'image de plus en plus restrictive véhiculée par l'Être Humain. Rejetant systématiquement les acquis des sciences sociales, les scientifiques à l'influence grandissante réduiraient les individus à une simple mécanique, oubliant que l'homme est un animal social. C'est ce néo-Darwinisme social qui constitue, à ses yeux, un aspect négatif de la mondialisation en ce qu'il renvoie l'image d'un homme qui n'aurait pas changé depuis le moyen-âge.

La mondialisation, responsable mais pas coupable

RENDONS LEUR JUSTICE, l'ensemble de ces analyses s'avère aussi juste que passionnant mais le moins que l'on puisse dire, c'est que la mondialisation a bon dos! Le mondialisme se résumerait-il à une plaie, un sottisier ne valant rien de bon ? Bien sûr que non. Par bonheur, un auteur a formulé cet avis divergent et en a enrichi le contenu du débat. Monique Genuist a eu le courage, en effet, de sortir de la rhétorique anti-mondialiste et a osé se faire l'avocat du diable. 11 s'agit ici d'invoquer une universelle exigence de pluralité : l'universalité déjà acquise dans la mondialisation ne sera supportable au siècle prochain qu'en reconnaissant le principe de pluralité. Sans céder à l'utopie d'un directoire des puissances au sein d'un monde uni-multipolaire, elle évoque néanmoins la possibilité de gouvemements adaptés A des enjeux désormais planétaires. Cette proposition s'inscrit dans la perspective d'une évolution positive de la mondialisation, passant par la transparence, par des institutions garantes et surtout par une conscience globale. Et c'est là, dans l'élaboration de cette conscience globale, qu'on voit enfin émerger dans la conversation le rôle de l'écrivain. Mais une heure est déjà passée depuis le début de la conférence..

Et l`homme de lettres dans tout ça ?

C'EST JEAN BEDARD QUI ouvre le bal en rappelant qu'intrinsèquement, l'écrivain incarne la meilleure attitude à adopter face au Monde. Au lieu de le placer devant soi comme un objet à dominer, tel certains scientifiques, <il y entre et en fait partie>. Et qui sait mieux que l'écrivain se fondre dans la condition humaine pour en dépeindre tant l'enchantement que les travers ? Les yeux de l'écrivain sont exactement les <petits génies à la recherche de fleurs spirituelles pour la pensée> que décrit avec tant de raffinement Justine Mintsa. Dès lors, les livres sont un espace où toutes ces fleurs pourront éclore dans leur beauté, et surtout dans toute leur diversité. L'homme de lettres a vraiment le pouvoir d'agir sur notre esprit critique car < entre lui et nous, ily a des mots >. C'est pour cette raison que Louis Bellanger met l'emphase sur le rôle d'impulsion que doit jouer l'écrivain : face aux aspects les plus néfastes de la mondialisation, c'est à lui de susciter et d'organiser la résistance des esprits afin que la culture puisse bientôt < s'affranchir de la poussière chiffrée > c'est-à-dire abandonne la logique de rendement au profit d'un désintéressement salutaire dans un tel domaine. Le champ de bataille privilégié de l'anti-mondialisme reste donc bien la culture au quotidian, mais ceci ne signifie aucunement que les auteurs doivent se priver du mondialisme. En effet, la littérature a toujours profité de ce qui se faisait ailleurs dans le monde, et elle continue à le faire comme en témoigne l'éclatement des genres littéraires depuis le surréalisme. < Tout est dans tout et réciproquement ! . dirait Allais. Et c'est ce qui fascine et irrite à la fois dans ce débat sur la mondialisation de la culture : là où l'on attendait des arguments réfléchis et modérés, on a eu des idées préconçues souvent très tranchées. L'équilibre n'était pas de mise entre les pour et les contre, ce fut beaucoup plus figue que raisin.

Lacunes du débat

On regrettera donc ce rendez-vous manqué entre des artistes d'une envergure incontestable , néanmoins passés à côté de leur sujet. 11 est également dommage que certaines questions de fond n'aient pas été abordées. Ainsi, celle du rôle de la traduction, vecteur de diffusion de la culture ou réducteur de la création artistique? De même, la question de savoir si la mondialisation de la communication va favoriser le développement des langues minoritaires ou bien, au contraire, de la Langue-Dollar. < Globalization is us ! > a déjà tranché un célèbre éditorialiste américain. C'est sûr, toutes les langues ne sont pas égales et face à l'anglais, la concurrence l'est moins encore. Mais les langues sont des instruments de pouvoir, ce qu'auraient dû rappeler nos douze intervenants : elles unifient, pennettent de comprendre et de communiquer. La mondialisation constitue donc un enjeu majeur pour tous les peuples parlant des langues minoritaires. Et ceci rend choquant qu'un auteur comme Dany Laferrière, originaire d'Haïti -où le créole Haïtien est tout de même langue officielle- n'ait aucun scrupule à affirmer que la mondialisation < est un problème qui ne concerne que les pays européens >. Par-dessus le marché, concluant son intervention par un retentissant <Donc, la mondialisation, je m'en fous >, il laisse l'auditeur un peu sonné. Si l'éloignement géographique permet que l'on ferme les yeux sur un problème, alors que tout le monde se rassure : La mondialisation de l'inforination n'a pas encore fait son œuvre.

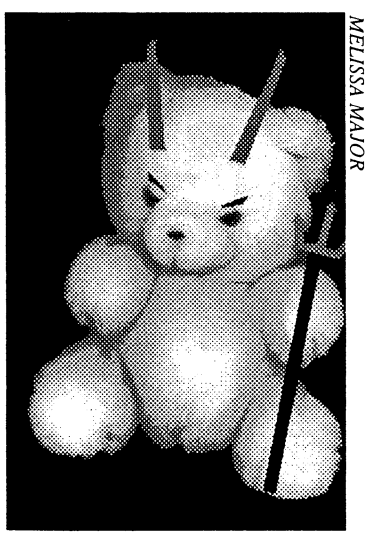
Satan Bear and the Poo Dogs

PATRICK TOMLINSON

MELISSA MAJOR

For those of you who don't already know, which is probably quite a few, maybe even all of you, Satan Bear is an up and coming series of cartoon-like shorts (not pants) created for television. Starring your cute and funny (though incredibly devious) Satan Bear, who is rumoured by many to be a cartoon - but Satan Bear is actually a real live teddy bear, who was altered in a science laboratory to actually resemble Satan the Devil!

In the program, Satan Bear plays a mischievous character that wastes time by playing nasty tricks on people like throwing fireballs at them and drugs in kids' cereal. Basically, the show is just an excuse for Satan Bear to act like the little devil he is and get paid for it. What a cutie!



MELISSA MAJOR

As for the Poo Dogs, they are the resident musical group and creators of the music for Satan Bear. They are really just a bunch of freaks with limited musical talent, but who each host a supreme love for the one and only Satan Bear. The Poo Dogs are also the writers of that popular, top of the charts song "Puppies".

Unfortunately, Satan Bear, as well as the Poo Dogs, are not quite as up and coming as I previously made it seem. This is due to an ill-fated force against all that is good and true. The first installment of the Satan Bear series is still in production and is scheduled for completion by the turn of the millennium (year of our dark lord 2001).

Donations, which will hurry along the production fantasmically, will be accepted in the form of cash, cheque, goats and virgins. Make cheques out to ME and I'll be sure you get an honourable mention in the credits. That's all for now folks... keep an eye out on your television set (who loves you, by the way), for this magnificent creation.

Ground Level Parking

TONY SPEARS

November began with a small group of students forcibly blocking Glendon's incoming traffic for two hours. The first episode occurred from 12:00 p.m. to 1:00 p.m., and the second occurred from 3:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. Both times the students left after the arrival of the Metro Toronto Police Department, who had been summoned by the Glendon administration to remove them.

The group of students sat on the pavement in front of the CUPE picket line, just off Glendon property, blocking the entrance to the campus to all vehicles. Repeated inquiries from the CUPE strikers and the administration elicited no response from any of the students. They chose to sit in silence, barely acknowledging whoever was addressing them. CUPE acknowledged the rights of the students to their civil disobedience and stated that they would not call the police. They also pledged to protect the students from incoming traffic. Furthermore, they said that if the students wished to help CUPE, then they would prefer that they join CUPE's picket line. They also extended an invitation for them to join their evening meetings held.

The administrative representatives monitoring the picket line arrived and proceeded to ask each of the participants in the sit-in protest whether or not they were graduate students. After receiving no response, she stated that she would call the police if they didn't immediately vacate the road. Again, she received no answer, whereupon she carried out her threat. She called the police at approximately 12:30.

Police response time to the complaint was estimated at twenty-five minutes. When the lone officer arrived, he made no move to ask the students to leave, but instead took down the particulars of the CUPE picket leader and the member of the administration who had made the call. A second police car marked 'supervisor' arrived. The officers continued to ignore the people sitting on the road. Without any visible sign, the protestors rose together and silently walked back towards the campus.

At 3:00PM the same day, the students returned with a few more people and repeated their previous actions, eliciting a similar response from both the strikers and the management of Glendon. This time, however, Glendon Principal Kenneth McRoberts came out to address the students, who treated him with the same silence as they had to people before.

The police were called again and the assembled students left before the officers had spoken with them.

Ultimately, they managed to turn back an estimated eighteen vehicles, including a Pepsi delivery truck, as well as accruing one threat to run them over from an irate milkman.

It is not known whether they were protesting on behalf of CUPE or the management, or whether they were protesting the strike in general. It is believed, however, that they were simply undergraduate students upset about being forgotten during this strike matter.

3 Solid CD Reviews

KELLEY GREEN

NEW FOUND GLORY- Self-Titled

Out of Coral Springs Florida comes the punk stylings of New Found Glory (NFG). Members are Cyrus Bolooki on drums, Ian Grushka on bass, Chad Gilbert and Steve Klein on guitar, and Jordan Pundik on lead vocals. If you take out the 'd' and the 'i' from Jordan's last name, you end up with punk, which is exactly what these guys are.

NFG met in the summer of 1997 when they were all reeling from the trials and tribulations of everyday life. This is a band bent (so am I, are they hot?) on creating music from their feelings of the everyday bump and grind. Although this is not the type of music you'd do that to. More along the lines of bash and gouge... this band is definitely hardcore punk rockers! Kick ass!

DICE RAW- "Reclaiming The Dead"

Out of the group The Roots comes the artist Dice Raw. With his debut solo CD entitled "Reclaiming The Dead" you get firsthand knowledge of what this Philly group's all about.

Raised in the Logan Valley area of Philadelphia, he fell into the Roots family after meeting them in 1993 in a hotel room, although it was Kelo, a member of the group's production team who discovered him at a local Philly talent show. Dice Raw tells it like it is, so if you like it "raw" you'd better check out the Dice... Raw that is! Word!

NON-POINT- "Statement"

Calling all Metalheads, calling all hip-hop fans - if this applies to you then read on. Here we have a hardcore metal band who call themselves Non-point. But they do however make a point.

Non-point is Elias Soriano, Andrew Goldman, Robb Rivera and KB. These fab foursome are in yo' face thrashers who know no boundaries. And don't think for a second that just because track number 8 is some sort of Ricky Martin, Enrique Eglesias Spanish love song. It is quite the opposite. Since Robb, the drummer, has Puerto Rican decents, he mixes a lot of old school beats as well as a little salsa. This combination of beats and immense talent make for Non-point to make a point, buy this album if you dare.

Critical Publicity

CATHERINE HANCOCK

Have you ever wondered as to why you see certain films and music reviewed/ critiqued in Pro Tem and not others? I would have loved for Charlie's Angels and/or Lucky Numbers to have been reviewed in this issue to let you, the reader, know about it, but unfortunately that's next to impossible.

This is because we are a campus newspaper and are considered a "secondary media" by publicists. What does this mean? Basically, since our distribution is limited to the York campus and is not city wide, it is difficult to persuade promotion departments that we will be able to create the amount of publicity they want for their film or CD.

One would think that big corporations like Warner Bros., Columbia, Paramount and Touchtone would love for campus papers to review their films. What's another paper talking about their film going to hurt, right? Wrong. Out of all the companies mentioned above, the only one that I have contact with is Warner Bros. And even they only send me the occasional pass.

A publicist once told me that most movie promotion departments are leery of campus papers because if we review a bad film before its release and expose it for the crap that it is, it might prevent the students from paying to go see it. This could seriously affect the success of the film since our age group is usually their target audience.

Bad news or good news it's all still news. It's still a form of publicity. It's still getting the name of the film out there, whether it says good things or bad things, who really cares? The movie industry, that's who. They are concerned about sales. Publicists don't want to ruin their opening week sales by allowing critics to bash the film in advance. Take 'Autumn in New York' or 'Get Carter' for example. Neither of these movies were offered for critics to review until after the opening weekend because the producers knew that they would be bashed. And this wasn't just with campus papers, this was city papers and even television entertainment programs.

The studios, along with the producers, came to the conclusion that big names and countless advertisements would be enough to get them a successful opening week before allowing reviewers to rain on their parade.

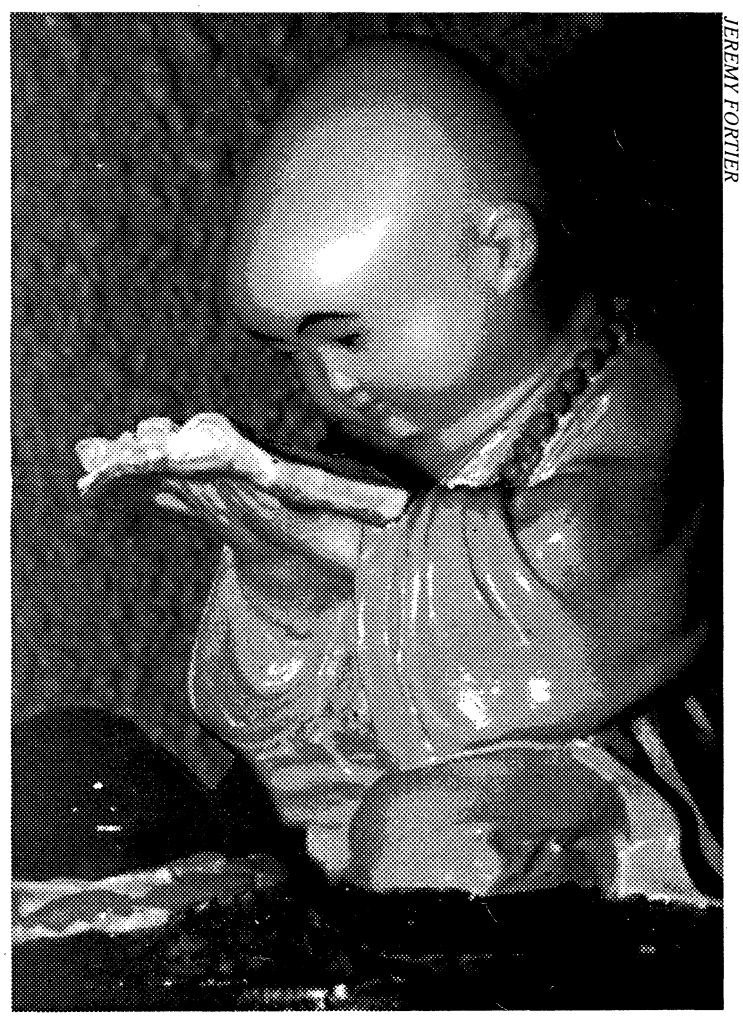
And if that seems bad, it gets even worse when it comes to music releases. The major labels are constantly making it more and more difficult for reviewers to get a copy of their CDs before the release date. As a result, it makes it even worse for "secondary media". We're lucky if we even get a copy at all. Their defense seems to be stemmed from a fear of being copied and released onto Napster where they can be downloaded for free then from a fear of being overturned. It's more of a way for them to be able to keep control over the incredible sum of money that they spend. Even Limp Bizkit's (Napster supporters) latest CD wasn't released until the last possible minute. (Pro Tem never received a copy.) Green Day's label, Reprise, actually put a secret stamp on their new CD to digitally trace Internet leaks. (We didn't get a copy of this one either, but that's because Reprise doesn't deal with us). F.Y.I., you can still find their new songs on the net.

Here is what I am trying to understand: If we, as University/College students, fall into their targeted age group (18-35), why won't they allow us to review their films and CDs? There has got to be a reason behind all of the excuses. Why is it always a huge ordeal for me to call up a record label and ask for a CD in advance? When I ask to bring a guest along with me to a movie screening, why do they make me feel guilty? Maybe they figure that I'll write something nice if I feel like they're doing me a favour. But they've got it backwards. They should be wanting my publicity.

I'm not saying that they should be kissing my ass; however, they should be sending me countless packages, treating me with respect, returning my phone calls, and so forth. I'm not some vicious reporter who is out to destroy anything they try to create. I simply want to keep up with what is current in the Entertainment industry.

The answer to the question I posed at the beginning is that Pro Tem plays with the cards we are given, plain and simple.

Whoa Nelly!



JEREMY FORTIER

AGGIE GASIOR

A fine mix between Chantel Kreviazuk and Sarah McLaughlin, Nelly Furtado delivers a great debut CD. "Whoa Nelly!", featuring her hit single "I'm Like a Bird", is filled with soulful tunes. Although quite new to the music scene, she has had a strong passion for music all her life, and it shows in her singing. Her rich mezzo voice effortlessly conveys volumes of emotion and her instrumental skills are equal in talent.

I enjoyed almost all of the tracks, although the jumps from mellow to upbeat occur frequently and throw you off. However, it presented a nice variety that was easy to appreciate.

"Whoa Nelly!" is the perfect CD to listen to on a rainy day when you just want to relax and forget your troubles. One warning, though: It's a major chick CD!

Show me the money

JEREMY FORTIER

This is an appeal to all York students who are tired of missing classes that they paid for because of the strike. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not against the strike or for it either. I'm just vexed at York because I'm not getting what I paid for. In other words, even though I paid $872.70 for every 6 credit course, which translates to $31.17 per class, and $436.35 for every 3 credit course (also $31.17 per class), I'm won't be getting any money back for the classes I'm missing. What a bloody rip-off! As far as I understand, the people that are striking aren't getting paid by York, so that means that York is essentially making money for nothing. And on top of that, we're paying for classes that we're not getting. So why the hell doesn't York refund us the money for each class that wasn't held because of the strike? I'm not talking about classes that you choose not to go to, but classes in which the professor doesn't show up, thereby canceling the class. Doesn't this make sense? An analogy would be if you were taking, say, private singing lessons on your own time. If your instructor couldn't make it to a class one day, he/she would certainly reimburse you or at least give you a make-up class. So dammit, I want some money back or get some deducted from my current debt. Along these lines, I propose that every York student email York president Lorna Marsden (presidnt@yorku.ca) or call her at the office (416-736-5200) and tell her how mad you are and why York owes you some cash because they're not giving you what you paid for. Remember, this is not about whether you support the strike, its about getting what you paid for. Fight the power y'all!

Drop the Beat

CATHERINE HANCOCK

Samba Squad is a Brazilian influenced, African infused, Toronto-based band that is open to anyone with a passion for percussion. Currently, they have more than 20 members of different cultures and backgrounds. The result is an ensemble with a one-of-a-kind sound. There has been such demand to join the squad that over the summer, a "samba camp" was created to "accommodate new cadets".

They have performed all over Ontario, from street corners to Ottawa's National Arts Centre.

On November 23, Samba Squad will release their self-titled debut at the Reverb. The CD takes their music to a whole new level by adding many other effects that until now were not usually performed live. They have added vocals on such tracks as "A Fiesta do Divino", as well as choral harmonies on songs like "Yo Tengo Dos Papa". They have also included some rapping and reggae on the songs "Who Got Da Funk" and "Down to the Dancehall". They have also added some other musical instruments to their already uplifting and heart-warming sound with songs like "Rock Me in the Cradle".

All in all, this CD is enriching and virtually impossible to listen to without shaking your bonbon. If you'd like to attend the CD release party, it is open to the public.

Punk Grows Up

NAOMI MACLEOD

Fuck the Hip, Canada's bestest band is Propagandhi. They care and share their political opinions without ever seeming like preaching weenies. Since their next album won't be changing the world until February (although MP3's are available at www.G7welcomingcommittee.com/Propaghandi), I decided to check out The Weakerthans, label mates of Propagandhi and the new home of their former bassist John P. Sutton. Their album is called Left and Leaving - I enjoyed it so much I even got my act together and wrote this review.

I always thought punk had less to do with spiky hair and poor instrument playing, and more to do with loudly expressing left wing views (with the exception of Nazi Punks who can Fuck Off), while trying to improve the world. The Weakerthans don't play music that is much faster or even louder than average, but they have that punk spirit that makes me think joining the world of grown ups may not destroy everyone's sense of decency. Bands like Blink 182 make music that sells, and that's fine. The Weakerthans give away pieces of their souls, and then give a chunk of their money to a Winnipeg non-profit program for inner-city youth. But I digress, even if you don't care about what a band's members support, this is good fun. Good music by good people, I am one happy camper.

(continued from page 16)

My soul within me rising
With my final strength
I push aside your veil
Close my eyes
And await the caress of your lips upon mine
My waiting grows
I open my eyes
Your soaked veil I hold in my hands
You are nowhere
I fall on my chest
Weeping stronger
In between your abandoned shoes
I see the bottle
Grab it
And the lachrymatory rose gently, slowly
While you stood
Naked in the rain
Waiting for me to empty the bottle

BIG SCREEN TV LISTINGS

	7am-12pm	12pm-7pm	7pm-12am
MONDAY	A bunch of morons talk about nothing	Foolish ugly people complain about life	Repressed homosexual men chase ball around field
TUESDAY	Nothing is something	More idiots report meaningless stories	People try and sell you a (w)hole lot of shit
WEDNESDAY	Stupid people interview idiots	Limited talent actors dress up and play life in hospitals	Overpaid teens pretend they know what it's like to be you
THURSDAY	Meat puppets do what they are told	A family acts out good Christian values	Six fools complain about life in a NY City loft
FRIDAY	Test pattern	Ugly American women try to become beautiful	Another police propaganda broadcast
SATURDAY	Cartoons and Play 'with yourself' Station.	Rich white men hit little white ball into black hole	Leafs' Game
SUNDAY	T his is a test	L.M. is ugly and has no compassion.	More of the same as before and before and before

This ad was paid for by the committee to bring culture experience to the community.

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ESTA NAOMI

JENNIFER SHEEHY

My feet are stuck to the pavement
Standing in the middle of the bridge
Looking up,
The Stars are about to fall on me
Looking down,
The cars seem distant and harmless
Simply moving under me
Just a friendly whirl of lights
They never seem to stop
It's just a pretty, fuzzy blur

I'm shivering
So I zip up my coat
Was October always so cold?
Was October always so sad?
I don't know
Why is this year so different?

My mind starts to wander again
I can't stop thinking
Over my problems
Over my day
Until my head starts to hurt
The thoughts won't go away

I wonder how long I've been standing here
What time is it?
I should care
The parental units expect me home
My watch re-set by accident
When I accidentally hit the guard rail
It blinks 12:00
And 12:00 again
I tear my watch off
To watch it drop below
Doesn't give me the satisfaction
Like I thought it would
Wish I could take it back
I hate time
It's something I can only spend, not save
It's something I can only waste time thinking about

I almost forget why I'm still here
But I keep on standing
So still,
So out of place
Motionless
Alone
Afraid
I feel so out of place
I close my eyes
Find darkness,
Lose light
Take a deep breath of air
And try to care

I can smell my perfume
I can smell the autumn night
The scent of beautiful dying leaves
Yet how can beauty stem from death?
This moment feels like it's going to last forever
And yet it'll be gone in a second
The closer I feel to death, the more I feel alive
But if I close my eyes any longer
I stand the chance of falling asleep
I guess I should go home now
To the security and comfort of my bed
But I'm afraid of morning
To face another overwhelming day
There is nothing to stop time from ticking
And perhaps me from falling,
Other than the metal guard rail
Good ole' guard rail, thank-you
And so I resist the urge to jump
Guessing that falling into my bed
Might be a lot safer and softer
Than the impact of the road

Artless

ANGELIQUE WOJCK

I have memorized
calms me somewhat

basic chords
feeble harmony
amateurly played
among the cursing and
tears

seem to isolate my mind

I try to play faster
and faster
and faster

to overcome the cacophony
of dolorous voices

until my fingers get confused
until my thoughts are muddled
once again
until the only thing left is
a dissonance

of sour notes

CLASSIFIEDS

When The Dethroned Emperor looked into the Carpathian Forest, weeping for his Anathema, his Dying Bride, chilled by the Celtic Frost, dreaming of the Nile, of the Morbid Angel, of his God Dethroned upon the Iron Maiden, he stood and said:
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Fridays 8 PM-midnight
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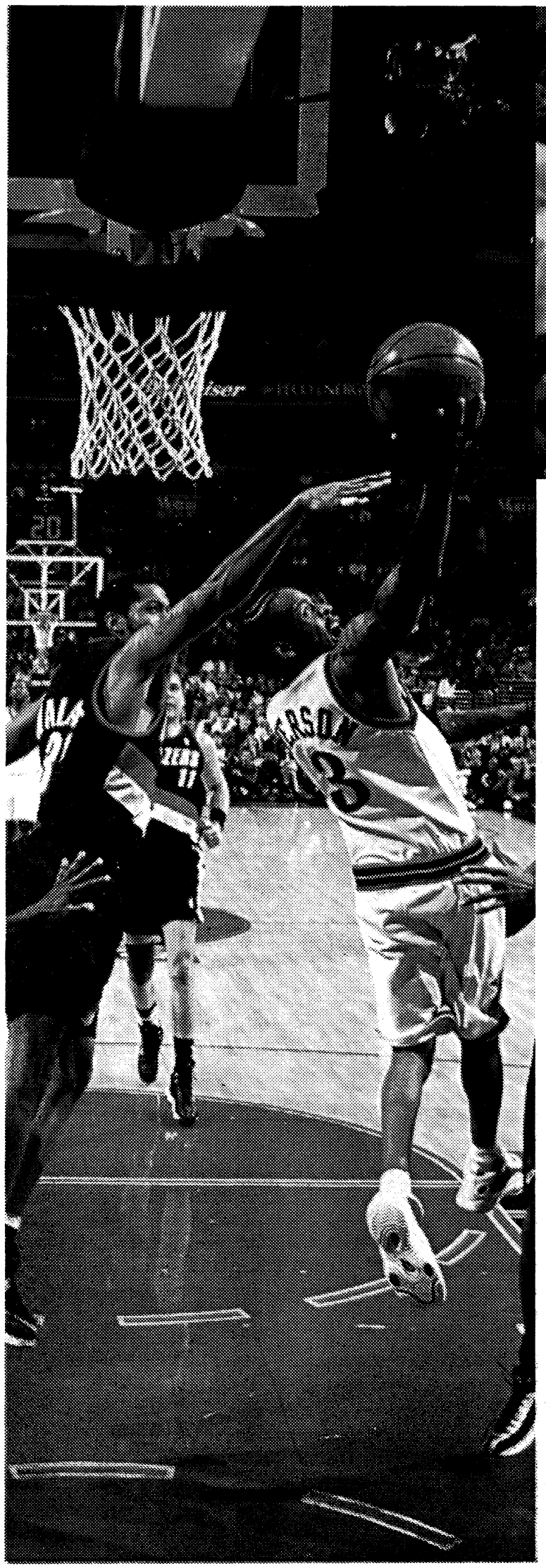
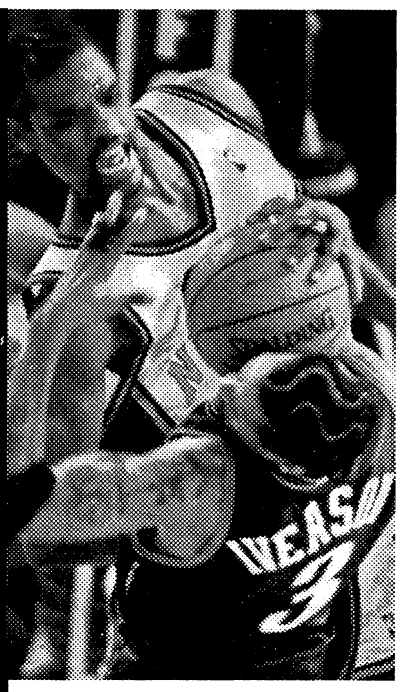
Pro Tem is also selling a CD player for $50, or best offer.

America's black athletes





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October promotional copies of a CD entitled "Non-Fiction" were released featuring a new artist who goes by the handle, 'Jewelz,' Iverson's chosen stage persona. Iverson, pursuing a music career as a rapper during his off seasons, has procured a record deal to make the first of what he no doubts hopes to be many albums. Not surprisingly, the genre is rap or hip-hop, whichever you prefer, neither is adequate to describe it. Like all hip-hop (and that includes the conscious kind, see Common, Roots, De La Soul et al.), it contains curse words used literally, figuratively, in metaphor, analogy, hyperbole and litotes (see G. Leech, Grammar, c.1963). Less like conscious hip-hop, but still like most, it contains phraseology bent on posturing, some call it hardcore, some call it gangsta, but those boundaries have blurred over the past five years making it simply mainstream. The militant stylings of N.W.A have given way to a more suffused bravado that includes a great deal more talk of hot relations, platinum, and bentlys'. Iverson is not immune to the trend nor to his own storied past of ghetto living or his more present experience of extreme wealth and leisure. His delights are not those of the blue blood, he is a black man with a very specific history that determined his cultural landscape. Yes, he likes platinum chains that cost upwards of a hundred thousand dollars, the Bentlys' once reserved for the Blue Bloods, and beautiful black women. He, like so many others. Yet the others do not have the distinction of being star NBA players with sports writers breathing down their necks. With the 2000-01 NBA season approaching, regular-beat reporters were looking for stuff to make news out of. They commenced with the misfortune of Miami Heat center, Alonzo Mourning. Just back from a gold medal appearance at the Olympics, 'Zo' as he is affectionately called by friends and teammates, was diagnosed as having a kidney ailment that would sideline him indefinitely. Reporters did not know this because Zo wanted the matter kept private until he and his family fully understood the situation. That apparently was not a sufficient excuse for the media who harassed and browbeat his teammates and coach for further details. Rumors and speculation gave way to more insidious behavior when some reporters broke the news by coercing it out of his foster mother. Incensed by the constant badgering, Riley banned the media from the preseason locker room until finally Zo himself held a press conference. Yet while Zo was headlining, Iverson's album received a few fine-print mentionings in sport sections across North America. Things like: "IVERSON FACES RIGHTS GROUP Allen Iverson met with a civil rights group and others who were offended by a rap album by the 76ers guard. Iverson said "There was a good exchange of ideas" and the album will stay on the market with no change in the lyrics, which contains violent references and derogatory terms about gays, women and blacks. Last week Iverson released a statement apologizing to gays and women who might be offended by the lyrics."

standard AP (Associated Press) fare. But once Zo's affair had reached its conclusion, the ever story-hungry sports media came out of the closet to rekindle their apparent love affair with rap music. Didn't you know? Middle aged white men and women are the key demographic for marketing where gangsta rap is concerned. So they went out in droves to get a copy, listened to what they assumed would be Iverson dunking and instead suffered a massive attack of culture shock when they heard Jewelz shouting fuck, piss and shit to all and sundry. There is a proverb which reads: 'Only fools walk where Angels fear to tread.' Well, they went where they had no desire to be and were summarily offended. For three days in October every Tom, Dick, and Harriet who ever wrote about rugby decided to take a stab at Iverson, everything from running photos of him getting trounced in a game with a quip like 'TAKING THE RAP' to isolating individual lines from songs to build an article around. One very popular line was "Man enough to pull a gun, be man enough to pull the trigger" while another was "I shot a man in Phoenix, just to watch him die."

that was Johnny Cash who received the Congressional medal of honor at the Lincoln awards ceremony from Clinton just four years ago, sorry, my mistake. Suffice it to say, the national media attention raised heads at the league's head office. Stern put out an official statement of non-condonement and called in Iverson to demand penance in the spirit of all things good and Bob Costas-like. Like Greene, Iverson played along in essence, while deferring from making any changes to the album. The NAACP whose membership has prosecuted him in Virginia, picketed the 76ers stadium, while owner Pat Croce put out an official statement of non-condonement (a new word I'm trying to get on the books since we need it so often for these things) though deciding it best not to suspend his average 30 point-a-game star. And so the world turns to Marty McSorely for a voice of reason to somehow make sense of it all.