

pro tem

Glendon News, Arts & Culture since 1962
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9/11 Revisited:
Sadness and
sympathy, yet
questions regarding
excessive patriotism.
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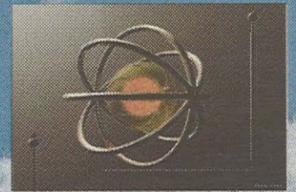
CP Photo

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from the Editor's desk



Berlin Fotohus

pro tem

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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University.

En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signatures 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. For submission instructions and deadlines direct all inquires to nos bureau dans le Manoir Glendon, local 177. Pro Tem meeting times are every Monday @ 12:30pm.

When I inherited the important responsibility of guiding the continued development of a unique college student publication with a rich and storied past, led on by a spirit of nostalgia, I made it a point to review a number of the paper's early editions from the late sixties and seventies. During this particular period, it was apparent that the paper was an immediate reflection of a tightly knit academic community largely bent on entertaining and informing itself within the campus confines. Students sought information regarding everything from residence appointments to pub parties, changes within the curriculum, and the state of the cafeteria cuisine. Though crude in appearance, these years produced the quintessential heartfelt college paper that has become a recognizable archive in the libraries of so many liberal arts universities during that era. It was a simpler time in a student's life with innumerable less distractions in regards to social outlets for entertainment and information. Certainly there are a number of similarities that confirm times essentially remain the same regardless of technological change, but the reality exists that factors such as an increased student population, over saturation of media and an aggressive entertainment industry in urban settings have led to a decrease of general student body interest in campus affairs. In my estimation, Pro Tem, like other campus organizations, finds itself affected by this phenomenon.

But the in the most recent past, misunderstandings, misled feuds, and a general lack of understanding between various college departments and the paper saw a further decline in the potential for the paper to be a sounding board of edifying discussion between the students, their colleagues, the faculty, alumni, and the administration. These are the kinds of trying circumstances, which can beset any individual who inherits something which was previously outside their sphere of influence, yet this is was not an occasion for alarm or dismay.

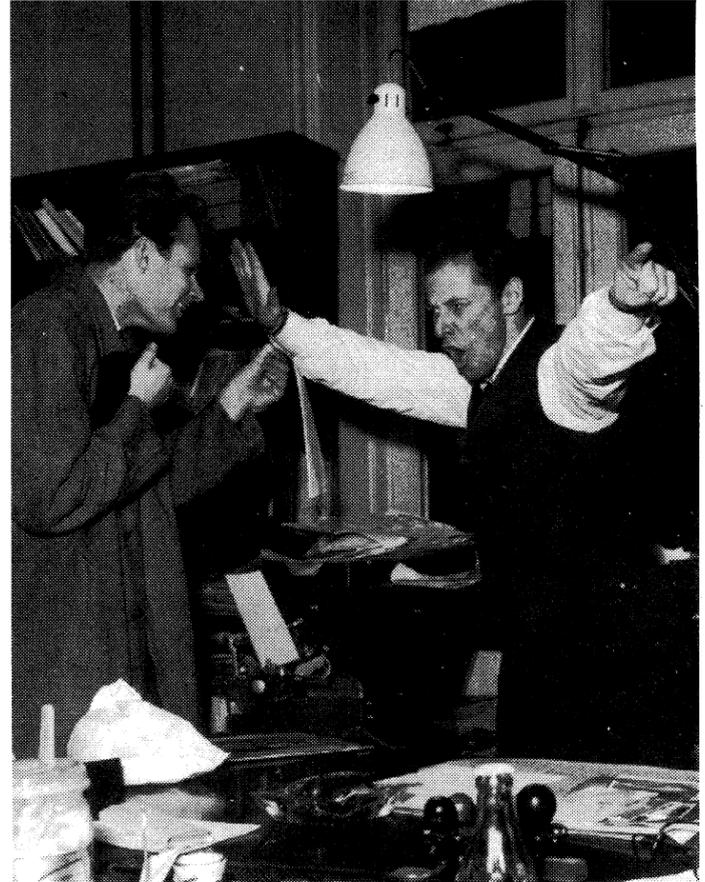
Once fully acquainted with the scenario, as Editor, I began to construct a timely plan for the restoration of this troubled publication in an attempt to extinguish a number of burning bridges that would facilitate a rebirth of dialogue between members of the Glendon community. Doing so in a fashion that would ultimately attract participation and promote the growth of what was once simply taken for granted. These plans included a thrust of Pro Tem Online to the fore as the primary means by which students could be informed, entertained, and contribute content in a fast, direct, and efficient manner. A site updated almost daily, with sections made available to student groups and administration for event

announcements, exam schedules and space for advertising dollars used to continue the investment and improve the overall condition of the publication. While at the same time, plans were made to publish the paper quarterly in a new attractive magazine format, the content containing the summation of each season's news, arts, and culture in the distinctive character of this bilingual college. Each release would be accompanied by a free Pro Tem barbeque beneath the Manor awning with students enjoying a welcome surprise and at the same time generating interest in the college journal. The new format of the paper would be publicized with five permanent installations of an exceptional Pro Tem poster in different areas of the campus...

THE BAD DEBT COMEBACK

But a new reality surfaced as I assumed my duties in early September. The problems I inherited were not simply ones which could easily be resolved with mutual respect and an open dialogue, there were devastating financial ones as well. Scenarios that the former administration of the paper had at one time suggested would not exist, yet here they were, and suddenly the work of my office halted, replaced by a mad dash for cash that proved to be both unsuccessful, and at times, bizarre.

Pro Tem began the school year with only \$50 in its coffers and was in severe debt for several thousand dollars to numerous parties including its printer Centra Web, Glendon Student Affairs, the York Treasury Department, and the Canadian University Press. In other years this burden might not have caused total cessation of publication, but as I soon discovered, these costs were to have a crippling effect on the paper this year because of reductions in funding totaling more than 50% of Pro Tem's average budget. We were unable to procure work studies to offset staff salaries, in no position to generate advertising revenue, received no private donations or cultural grants, all of which translate into modest thousands that might have steadied our swaying ship. Instead the paper was forced to make due with the bare minimum, roughly \$12,000 from the GCSU and \$3,000 from York Student Affairs. Take the \$7,000 bad debt of last year right off the top of that total, and don't include the annual costs of the present year, such as the \$2,000 allocated for a mandatory audit, the \$8,000 necessary for staff salaries, the roughly \$7,000 in production costs, and the \$2,000 in office overhead, all of which are required for the timely, efficient, and uninterrupted publication of the paper. Do the math and catch a brief glimpse of the madness that was keeping the ship afloat.



Berlin Fotohus

No money? Needless to say there were problems.

But any mention of madness brings up the additional matter of untimely and unwanted rumors that accompanied this difficult period. Rather than to make astute inquiries and produce informed assessments regarding the papers current management, there were a handful of embittered and irresponsible gossipmongers who took a great deal of liberty in maligning my personal integrity on false grounds using second hand information. They did so without censoring themselves or showing restraint, and actively sought a wide audience for their accusations serving to confuse a number of people. Selfishly seeking to elicit as much support for their folly as possible, they ignored the fact that both they and their audience were not in possession of all the facts. Information which could have been easily retrieved from the mounting stacks of ongoing documentation regarding Pro Tem's predicament held by the offices of the GSA, YSA, the office Associate Principal, Student Services, and the GCSU was not.

There were however others who, though they could only do so much, nevertheless did what they could. Generally, student organizations must conduct audits before being eligible for funding, but GCSU President Tan Lee released the first installment of Pro Tem's money for 2001-2002 unconditionally since it could afford neither the cost of one, nor the loss of time in repaying it creditors. Debbie Glass of YSA was extremely helpful by acting in much the same manner, and finally, Tobi Strohan, at the time with GSA, and Associate Principal, Louise Lewin, and the key members of

their respective offices, Jennifer O'Brien and Nadège Lefebvre, who were wholly genuine in their concern regarding Pro Tem's dilemma.

But now to this issue and the celebration of its birth by folks that have been pregnant with a restless child for seven months. We never thought we'd have this baby, and though it's eight weeks premature, it's a healthy size and full of all that's good and bad about its parents. To know who the mamas and the papas are look no further than page two. Some gave their heart, some their soul, and some penned their pieces the night before, but all gave ink, and ink more abundantly. We hope to deliver again real soon, but this ultimately depends on what additional funding we receive from the GCSU this year. So special thanks to Vlado & Mina (if Lebeskind wins it's on your heads), design specialists Elaine & Heather, Lou in BC, Rob behind the bar and on the phone, the accounting firm of Bill Reid & Associates, Melinda B, T-Moore & the three-point dagger, Wioletta at TD, Mario and the boys in security, support staff Louie, and finally to all the girls I ever loved—that means you, Mom.

It was the best of times...

NOEL W. BARNETT

What's New at CKRG 89.9 fm?

SETH WOTTEN

Things have been great this year at CKRG, and we have a wide variety of programming running at the moment. However, I know that we could have greater involvement on the part of the students which is why I want to give them some exciting reasons to get involved, right now.

Our biggest piece of news is that beginning February 4th, 2002, CKRG will be streaming audio live, over the internet. CKRG will be able to reach listeners anywhere in the world. We are hoping that the news will be spread by word of mouth, over our website, and through our upcoming program guide, but we will also be listed on the Shoutcast Network so that internet radio listeners, who have never heard of us before, can tune in and check us out. All our listeners need to do to

listen is click on the link on the Radio Glendon page of the Glendon website. This requires winamp to be installed, which opens automatically. The target format is MP3 compression for close to CD quality, in order to provide a good sounding broadcast. This rules out individuals still dialing up with 56K modems, but statistics have shown that most people that listen to internet radio have high bandwidth connections. We are aiming to have people on ResNet, Rogers, and Sympatico listening at a high level of quality with no complications. We may have to juggle the level of quality, if anyone is having problems, so please give us your feedback by calling us at 416-487-6739, or by email at ckrgr@glendon.yorku.ca.

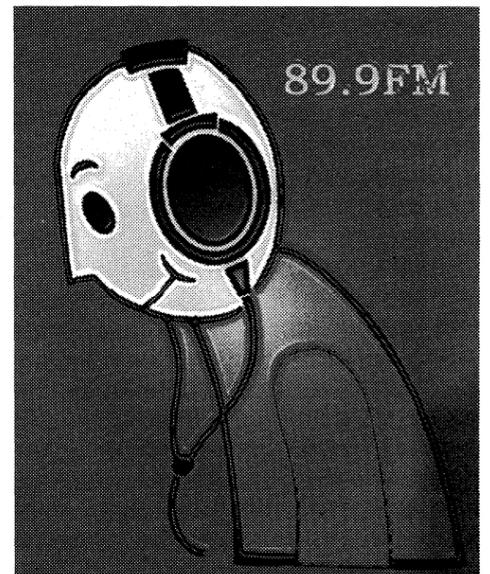
"...I would like to see a PC in our DJ booth for playing MP3 files off of CDRs."

Another major new development, since the last issue of ProTem, is that Radio Glendon has recently changed its constitution to include the local community beyond the students. This means that we will inevitably have a larger pool of programming to choose from, and more people helping the station to achieve its goals. Community involvement is also a requirement of the CRTC, in the event that we decide to upgrade our

license at any time.

As for the near future, I would like to see a PC in our DJ booth for playing MP3 files off of CDRs. This is a relatively simple task which I foresee happening in the near future. We will also be publishing the first official CKRG program guide, which should be out by the end of February. This will give details about the types of programming we have at specific times to give our listeners a bit more direction. The program guide will be distributed among the students at Glendon and the local community.

I urge everyone to get involved in the station, if they are not already. If anyone would like more informa-



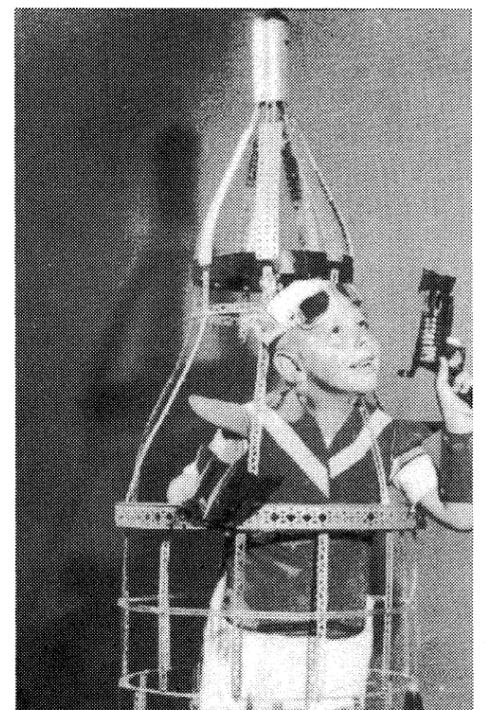
tion about CKRG, feel free to stop by during our business hours, which are Monday to Friday, 10AM to 4PM. If you are interested in a DJ or executive position, there are always applications up across the hallway from our office.



Shady Love

CATHERINE HANCOCK

According to the New York Daily Times website in November, Courtney Love publicly bashed rapper, Eminem, after he made fun of her late husband, Kurt Cobain's suicide. Though she once praised Slim Shady for being "the first totally postmodern artist", she was ready to call her lawyers once she discovered that the animated series on video and DVD, the "Slim Shady Show" (released at the end of January) featured a cartoon of the late Nirvana lead singer with half of his head missing. The producers of the DVD promised to edit the Cobain bit out.



Marshall Mathers: File photo

And so it seems that Marshall Mathers has done it yet again. The one and only Eminem can't seem to go a day without someone threatening to sue him. But hey, he can afford it.

He is America's hottest selling rap sensation. Only now, he is going one step further by breaking into producing with an animated comedy series; and soon, we can all expect to see a feature film about his life (8

Mile), currently under way, hit the theaters.

Bouncing off the incredible success of his multi-platinum solo albums and his group D12, Eminem unleashes what some call his most provocative personality to date with "The Slim Shady Show." Next thing you know, he'll take over the world. Or has he done that already?

berlin fotohus

announcement

Opened Eyes to Closed Doors

To all 'American Pie' fans and newcomers to Glendon:

We bet you were expecting to experience college life like in the movies. Well, wake up and smell the fresh brewed coffee coming from the pub - oh wait, the pub isn't open during the day.

We bet there was a question mark when you showed up to a locked pub door during your first class break in January, you thought, 'What is going on? Why isn't the pub open?' This is the reality check for those with questions. We upper year students, have incredible and fond memories from our daytime *and* nighttime events at pub. Those were the days.

This article is not to criticize the newcomers to Glendon, but to make them realize that to keep a business open people have to come and buy things. Who would have thought peo-

ple would prefer to spend a \$1.25 on a can of pop, when at the pub it's 75 cents, weird non? So to answer your questions the pub has had to reduce staff, reduce hours, and only open for special events with the only goal to survive 'til at least April.

Has it ever crossed your mind that next year there may not even be a place to relax with your friends? You must wonder, 'So what is the pub doing to make things better?' Besides having extremely low prices for all drinks (we can't mention beer as it's against the law), Louise Lewin has been a strong supporter of the pub, by redecorating it and giving it the best gift the pub's ever received: a 220 volt outlet. To make things clear, thanks to her we can now put out great finger foods, such as chicken wings, fingers, nachos and chili in our beautiful, *home-style* oven.

Events that you may have missed have included hockey nights with awesome chicken wings, the super bowl spectacular and martini nights. So come be part of your pub, it is your pub after all. Imagine a campus with no radio, no pub, no student representative and no paper. We know that you don't want that. That's why we wrote this article. Get involved, come to the pub, it won't hurt... at least until the next morning.

- Come to the pub, now under new management. Come see the changes. -

BUGGERCITO AND THE RABID IGUANA

perspective

We're all Guilty of Poor-bashing

HOW OUR EVERYDAY LANGUAGE REVEALS OUR PREJUDICES

CHRIS SPRAAKMAN

Nelson Mandela tells a story in his autobiography that reveals that even someone who has fought all his life for a South Africa free from racism and apartheid can still foster racist and prejudicial thoughts. Once, while boarding an airplane he noticed that the pilot was black and immediately felt afraid. He had never seen a black pilot before and he wondered how a black man could fly a plane. He had subconsciously accepted the apartheid mentality that Africans were inferior and that flying was a 'white man's job'. How could racist thoughts so permeate him that seeing a black man in a typically white job brought fear to him? Perhaps these ideas are ingrained in many of us, maybe even the language we use helps to keep these ideas alive.

You might never have thought about it but the language we use in everyday life and especially the language we are exposed to in the media contains many sentences and expressions that 'bash' the poor and foster stereotypes. This is often done without realizing it, and often with innocent enough intentions. Looking at the sentences we use and the notions we express when speaking can tell us a lot about the way we are conditioned to look at and interact with people less fortunate than us.

Poor-bashing is a term that is hardly ever heard except in anti-poverty circles where it has been in use for the past decade. So what does it mean? Poor-bashing was invented to describe the hostility directed towards the poor because of their poverty. It describes what is happening

when people who need to use income support programs, or actually do use them, are forced to feel humiliated and despised.

These put-downs may seem strange and outdated now that a version of political correctness is the norm, but many do not think about correctness of language when it comes to describing social programs that help the poor. A book released in the spring of 2001 aims to do just that. *Poor Bashing, The Politics of Exclusion* by Jean Swanson is a through analysis of the language we use and how it came about that we use it.

The author explains in a clear way the issues surrounding poor-bashing, the language used and the ideas behind it, and some of the myths and assumptions that people use to attempt to justify their language. A few of these are that;

- **"Poor people need budgeting lessons"** - actually many are experts at getting the most for their money. You don't hear the same thing said of very wealthy people who nonetheless live beyond their means and are heavily in debt.
- **"Poverty does not affect me"** - As recent trends show a decrease in the number of full-time jobs which pay a livable wage and an increase in the number of contract and temporary jobs, more people are at risk of finding themselves in the lower wage earning brackets. Family illness, accidents, or other unforeseen circumstances leave

many with the risk of finding themselves in poverty situations.

- **"People make the wrong choices and should live with them"** - You'll only believe this if you are with the Fraser Institute and you have some sort of misguided idea that people are all equal and you believe that the market alone should be allowed to make decisions about where to allocate resources. There is a fundamental assumption being made here which is that we all start out life in basically the same situation. This is simply not true and as a consequence the choices we have in life are very different. Someone who is born rich has a lot more options than those who have to work throughout their schooling. Many options are closed to those who do not have the money to pursue higher education. A person who is on welfare won't have many choices left to make when they spend the vast majority of their monthly cheque simply to provide basic shelter.
- **"Our country cannot afford welfare"** - This is a line that corporate interest groups would have us believe while at the same time RRSP tax exemptions cost the economy about the same as welfare does. A report released on February 5, 2002 by the National Council of Welfare showed that poverty is something that cannot always be measured in pure monetary terms. The report looked at areas such as

health, justice, human rights, and productivity, and found that everyone loses when the gap between the richest and poorest members of society grows. "The cost of poverty is one that Canada can ill afford," said John Murphy, the National Council Chairperson. "I hope this report will challenge our assumptions about poverty and whom it hurts so that we can invest wisely now, for positive results that will benefit all Canadians".

The ideas presented in Ms. Swanson's book go along with what the National Council of Welfare is working on, namely challenging the view that the poor are to blame and looking at why corporations and government use these terms. Poor-bashing itself is even more prevalent than one might think.

Even in this article there was an innocent enough looking sentence that was slightly poor-bashing. Check at the end of the second paragraph. Is it not a value judgment to say that people who are poor are "less fortunate than us"? They may be less fortunate in terms of having disposable income, but they may be more fortunate in many other ways. Anyway, the point is that it is more prevalent than we think, people need to look at what they say and how their language reflects who they are, and how our society may view discrimination against some groups as wrong while overlooking obvious ones that are with us always.

To find out more visit:
http://www.btlbooks.com/New_Titles/poor_bashing.htm
 or <http://www.ncwcnbes.net>

Canada Pops TALKIN' ALL THAT JAZZ

CATHERINE HANCOCK

Working for the Canada Pops Orchestra as the President of their Youth Council I could easily boast about how great this orchestra is. Instead, I'd like to draw your attention to the Council's intention to find ways to get young people to attend orchestra performances. If you've been to a symphony performance lately, you've probably been a witness to the largely gray-haired audience, but the notion that the Canada Pops Orchestra is solely devoted to classical music is a misnomer. They play a wide range of music from salsa to pop to r&b, and most of all, jazz and they are looking for an audience as diverse as their sound.

The volunteer council meets about once a month (sometimes every other) to dis-

cuss advertisement strategies, ways to get youth involved, and to consider Canadian artists we would like to see perform with the Orchestra. To the bonus of Glendon students, these meetings are held right here in the cafeteria. We are looking for students from all over, not just Glendon, so if you live in the area and know of high school kids or other college students who would also be interested, we'd love to have their input as well. If you are interested in joining the youth council, send me an e-mail at cpcouncil@hotmail.com.

We look forward to meeting with you and hearing the fresh ideas that you can bring to our group.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Glendon Student Services has recently created an association for graduating students called the GRADUATING STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION. If you are eligible to graduate this year and would like a free membership to the Association please come to room C112 to register. If you would like to participate in the working group of the Association and help organize the Grad Ball 2002 as well as a photo album from the class of 2002 a meeting will be held on Thursday, February 28th from 12:00 noon to 1:00. Please call Jane Van Huyen at (416) 736-2100, ext. 88179 for more details.

This Is CNN: Propaganda 24/7

PHIL RUTLAND

Having recently spent five days in New York City, I believe I've gained a fresh perspective on this whole mess of terrorism and revenge. As in any war, propaganda is a major factor. Any nation involved in war unleashes a propaganda campaign to convince its populace that its cause is just. Manipulation of the media has been sought by the American military since the loss of the Vietnam War, which many military types now working in the Pentagon blame on the media.

Now, with the events of 9/11 the media has let itself be manipulated, as a recent column in the Toronto Star by Dalton Camp helped illustrate. Right now the United States is pumping out so much propaganda it would make old Gobbles blush. From the absurd: Fox News sending an armed and incompetent Geraldo Rivera, to the dictatorial: journalists being fired for expressing unpatriotic, read realistic, views. And then there's CNN who actually believe that old Donald Duck Rumsfeld is actually being completely honest and forthcoming with them.

Americans have always prided themselves on being the first democratic nation and ever since then have treated themselves as patron saints of that value. You'd think a country that

has this value so ingrained on the psyche would be more allowing of freedom of the press.

Anytime American troops go off to war we always hear they're fighting for freedom or democracy. Especially in Afghanistan, this is sickeningly false. The Americans are fighting for revenge. Not for freedom or democracy.

One of the first things which

in a dream world in which we were immune to human nature and all its vices. On 9/11 at about 8:45 AM we got our wakeup call. Look around and you'll see everything is the same. The same problems still reign only their importance differs.

Another myth that has hit me is how this crisis has united Americans. Well, I don't know

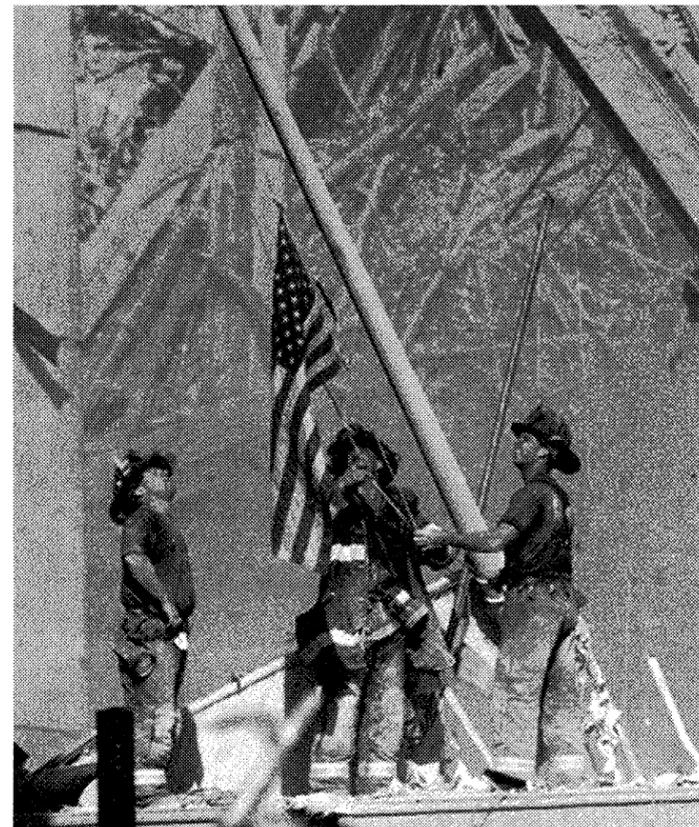
One of the first things which really struck me is how September 11th, 2001 has quickly become some sort of mythical date. How many times have you heard people commenting on this date by saying 'the world has changed since September 11th'.

really struck me is how September 11th, 2001 has quickly become some sort of mythical date. How many times have you heard people commenting on this date by saying 'the world has changed since September 11th'. This is a myth. The world hasn't changed one iota. Only our perception has changed. Before, we'd been living

about you, but dumbass rednecks attacking and harassing Sikhs and anyone else who isn't a piece of white trash isn't a sign of unity, it's a sign of division. The United States is one of the most ethnically diverse countries in the world. It's also a country where these ethnic differences are highly pronounced and most minorities don't feel they are as welcome as are white middle-age businessmen. I'm sure the harassment many have endured since 9/11 hasn't helped.

On more thing. Walking in the streets in New York you notice how patriotism is now a trend. Poseurs everywhere pronouncing how proud American's they are. A few months ago they couldn't have cared less for a show of patriotic spirit. Almost every balcony apartment building has an American flag in the window. In a coffee shop one day sitting next to me was a family wearing sweaters, pants, hats, gloves, jackets, etc. of American regalia. I found it hard not to laugh. Concession stands now sell as much NYFD gear as they do hotdogs.

It struck me as to how the victims of this tragedy are considered martyrs, or heroes as is the more common North American connotation, which I find false and absurd. Those over 2600 people who died that day did not die fighting for a cause. They merely died because they had the misfortune of being at the wrong place at the wrong time. Be it boarding a plane or showing up to work. They aren't heroes. They were targets in a shooting gallery. The only true heroes of this mess are the fire and police officers of New York. It's a shame it took a disaster of this magnitude for the fire



AP Photo

Still there: FDNY raise Old Glory above the ashes.

fighters, paramedics and policemen to be appropriately recognized.

The great rise in leadership in the US is laughable. Georgie Jr. isn't some great, inspirational leader like everyone in CNN head office is hyping. He has a dangerously simplistic view of the world. He has criticized Iran for being a terrorist state but clearly he doesn't have the vaguest notion of how the Iranian state functions. He recently he referred to the Pakistani people as Pakis, unacceptable behavior for anyone. Except it seems, for the president of the US of A. It's sickening that this moron is the head of state of the only superpower. What has he done? He's attacked a nation in vengeance, is that great leadership? George W. Bush, Leader of the free world? He can't even eat a bag of pretzels without fucking up.

Remember when the Taliban promised to turn him over if he could be tried in a neutral site? Or most people don't remember that a year and a half ago the Taliban offered Osama in exchange for recognition. Both times the Americans did nothing. The first time they said no deal. They want Osama dead, not alive. You'd think a nation that views itself as the great protector of democracy would have a more open or civilized view. So we get the Wild West in the middle of nowhere on the Afghan-Pakistani border and instead of six-shooters it's a flight of fully loaded B-52's.

The only truly great leader of this has been NYC mayor Rudy Guiliani. This man somehow stayed calm and organized rescue efforts on the day of the attack.

But then again, after Bush's State of the Union Address he called it "Philosophical". My stomach is turning. Is there a toilet nearby?

Which brings me to the most sickening part of the whole American propaganda machine. I visited the museum of the USS Intrepid (an old Aircraft Carrier). Before being shown a video, which would've told me, how big boats like that function, we in the theatre were subjected to some propaganda. I heard all about how 'democracy is at war' and there is a 'price for freedom' and countless other things which made my stomach turn.

It's true, democracy is at war, though it isn't from Osama Bin Laden or any of his Camel fucking lackeys. It's at war against those who have sworn to protect it. Granted, CSIS, the CIA, the NSA, etc. all need a certain amount of a loose leash to do their job. But contrary to what you hear, these organizations never needed drastic laws that contradict every democratic principal, all they needed was greater funding and/or managerial skills. The survival of democracy isn't directly threatened by a bunch of terrorists, it's threatened by the actions of those who wish to usurp democratic freedoms under the guise of protecting against terrorism. This is exactly what the terrorists want. Osama may be dead, but he has won.

I'M TOUGH

Panty-waist stuff burns me. Work ten hours a day. Been at it since I was a kid. Gang at the plant call me "Chief". Own the place, now.

Sure I've made money. Not a million - but enough to buy a steak when I can get it. And good clothes.

Been getting my duds at Bond's - ever since I shed knee pants. Like the way they do business. No fancy fot-de-rol. No big promises. No arty labels dangling high-hat prices. Just good clothes.

Give me cold facts - straight from the shoulder. I know that any outfit which makes its own stuff and takes it straight to the consumer plays fast ball. That's why Bond's story clicks. Show me taproot woolens, honest tailoring, and I'll look. Quality like that stands up. Kick out wasteful, in-between costs the way Bond does it, and old Tough Tom signs on the dotted line. Horse sense, that's all.

Looks like I've plenty of company. They say more men wear Bond clothes than any other clothes in America. Always knew the Yanks were smart traders.

One thing I want to tell the boss at Bond's. Those clothes wear like iron. Durned fools to make 'em so good.

Spring Suits - 100% pure wool
28.00 is 40.75

Rochester-Tailored Topcoats
28.50 is 39.75

BOND CLOTHES
Corner 8th and Washington
Open Every Monday, Noon to 9 P. M.

perspective

Anthrax in A Box**OSAMA GOES UNIVERSAL**

CATHERINE HANCOCK



AP Photo

Santa on crack?: Anthrax Xmas promos were all the rage.

This holiday season, Universal Music was kind enough to send me a Christmas gift. While I appreciate the thought (especially since there had not been a single issue of Pro Tem all of first semester), I cannot understand the lack of thought that went into the gift itself.

It was a plastic cube calendar; the kind you put on your desk as a paperweight. I would have been very excited about it, only the box was full of white sand and it was broken.

I opened an envelope, not stamped by Universal Music as the others containing CDs were, to find sand pour out all over my kitchen counter. If the box had not said Universal Music on it, I would have panicked even more than I did.

All I could think was why would terrorists send anthrax to a campus paper, especially to Pro Tem? And an entertainment editor at that? What have I done? As all of you know, and I am the first to admit, I steer clear of controversy.

Anyhow, back to my story, my sister and I did not know what to do. Should we call the police? Poison

control? Both of us felt itchy all over our bodies because we were terrified. It was like when someone talks about lice so you have to scratch your head because suddenly it's so damn itchy.

We called Universal Music to ask them if they had in fact sent out a gift, but of course, since it was midnight, we couldn't get through to anyone and I have no idea what the new campus rep's name is to leave a message on her or his voicemail.

So we woke up my mother and asked her if she knew what anthrax looked like. She took one look at the sand and began laughing hysterically. She said, "Anthrax is expensive. No one would

send this much. It's just a little bit." Oh.

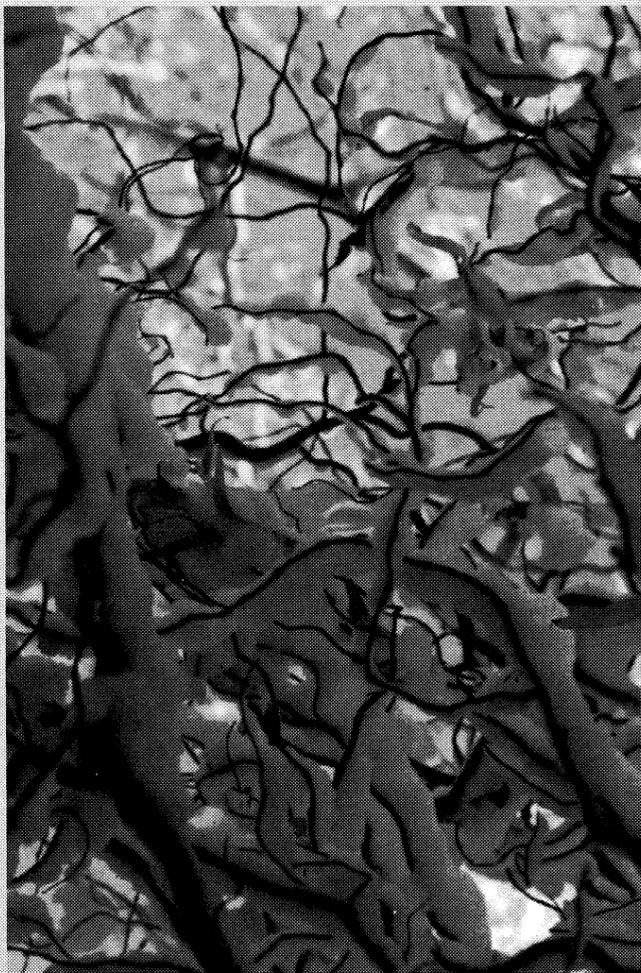
Nevertheless, Universal Music needs to find new people to plan these types of things. When there is mass hysteria surrounding anthrax after the tragedy of September 11th, do not send sand in the mail. What kills me is that there was probably a board meeting deciding to send that gift in particular. People are paid to think of this gift and clearly they were not thinking at all. Or maybe that gift was re-routed to campus papers since they had already been made, while mainstream papers got a new gift. Geez, let's hope so.

When we were alive and breathing and rash free the next morning, we knew it was indeed sand and that we would live to celebrate the holidays together.

"Anthrax is expensive.

**No one would
send this much!"**

It's funny now but it wasn't so funny then. I promised my sister I would write about this incident in the first issue of Pro Tem to be printed and send off a copy to Universal Music, that way, they could know what happened and she could feel some sort of relief. So there you go, Dawn. And for all of you planning on sending a gift to a friend through the mail, whatever you do, don't send sand – especially white sand.



poetry

**Covetous
Glance**

PHIL RUTLAND

Forgive not

This trespass

This covetous glance

Towards the sky above

A glare

Piercing through the night

Illuminating the dreams of Elysium

Which sits very far upon the horizon

Yet its presence fills the minds of all

Its sight is inescapable

Funereal drapery

Of Autumn drapery

Dresses the earth

Covering its nudity

And submerging all within gloom

And purple lights

Of ambient radiance

Drowning all with sorrow

All is immobile

Paralyzed by all consuming grief &
woe

Except the cold winds

Moaning, dancing and grieving eternally

Its whistling rekindles

The frozen flames of woe

Ivory shrouds descend gently

From the sky above

The dream of Elysium

Is being whitened out

(Beneath a shroud of snow)

Lovers frozen and entombed

Are monuments

Frozen solid

Before their first kiss

After their final embrace

Arms far away

No touch, contact made

Icicles extended narrowing the gabs
between

Yet still

No touch made

Separation captured forever

By the covetous hand of fate

And the woeful voice of the wind

The only sound is the voice of the wind

Covetous and chilling

Its sight's set upon the horizon

The dream of Elysium

Still fading from the blanketing white
fog of reality

Hands frozen in time

Outstretched (covetously)

FROZEN YEARNING

Yearning frozen

Forever

poetry

**Living
2 Lives**

RAJ-BEER PARMAR

Raj

Running up and down the streets

With my people

Choking my lungs with laughter

At the expense of others

I find myself loaded with weapons

As I need to feel more secure

Drugs and alcohol blur my vision

As I try to find a way out of this life

Life is a game

Lets all play it

Raj-Beer

Reading the book of knowledge

With my brothers

Feeding my brain with wisdom

In attempt to save my spirit

Facing trials and tribulations

As I increase in knowledge

Mysteries of life cloud my mind

As I desperately look for answers

Life is a test

I must pass it

A Culture of Apathy

JONATHAN SWAYZE

I am now midway into my third year at Glendon, and have recently emerged from two years spent inside Hilliard residence. Now that I live off campus, I find myself viewing my Glendon experience from a different perspective. A change of environment allows for an accompanying mutation of conscience, and ideas that had hidden themselves in the corner of my mind have bubbled to the surface, among them thoughts on the general student culture at our school. One thing that hit me in particular, was the realization that student life at Glendon is stricken with a strong degree of apathy. Pro Tem hasn't published a single issue this year until now, and the Café de la Terrasse is down for the count from sheer exhaustion—a product of their ongoing financial difficulties. The somewhat lethargic atmosphere at CKRG (which has yet to fill its broadcasting week with student-run shows) continues to stunt its growth. The question that underlies the failings of each of these organizations is a troubling one: are these organizational failures the symptoms of a disinterested and generally apathetic student body? If the answer is yes, it gives rise to other difficult issues: how did our student culture arrive at this state? Are the weaknesses of these cornerstones of student life the source of our apathy? Or is our inertia the catalyst for the deteriorated condition of our organizations? And finally, to what degree is this effect operative in our environment?

Allow me to digress a bit here, and maybe it's the sociologist in me,

but I believe these problems provide interesting avenues for thought and discussion. For instance, how does one gauge the feeling of a collective? How is it that through instinct and simple experience our brains can identify and understand the energy of a group of so many dissimilar individuals? We have no central Star Trek-derived Borg-style neural-nets to plug ourselves into, and no scoreboard in the café displaying the attitude and thoughts of every student in the form of easy to read numbers and in readily defined categories. Yet somehow, we can come to understand and feel the pulse of our common life, and at Glendon, the pulse feels very weak and irregular indeed.

We live in a culture of experts. Interpersonal interaction is no longer what we hear it used to be, and vanity seems to cloak the personality of far too many.

I wonder if some of our low-key energy is partly due to the decay of our society in general. We live in a culture of experts. Interpersonal interaction is no longer what we hear it used to be, and vanity seems to cloak the personality of far too many. We are in the process of reduction, and when we reach the end of this road, we will be merely "atoms of consumption", floating in a sea of banality. We will derive our pleasure solely from the consuming of mass-produced and mass-advertised products designed by teams of professionals, tapping into the mass conscience and sucking it dry in the process. We will live off the fat of our culture, forgetting what the meat tasted like as we gorge ourselves lustily on the excesses our society excretes. Let's not kid ourselves. This is the world we will live in if our hearts and souls continue their paths towards isolation.

I don't know what Glendon was like 10 years ago, and I wonder how far the roots of our current apathy really go. I suspect that Glendon wasn't always like this: every institution is forever changing from both the inputs of its members within, and from more general sources outside of its immediate existence. For example: the strike last year threw everyone for a loop, and if anything, further accelerated the decay of our shared student mindset. I remember living in residence at the time, the commuters long-since gone, and I recollect that life at Glendon came to resemble purgatory: a non-changing, neutral "bubble" that wrapped itself around its inhabitants with its sticky film. That "bubble" mindset was ever-present, but strengthened during last year's labour dispute. I'm just washing that greasy film off my mind now, and I realize that blaming the strike for our current woes is self-serving and an escape from responsibility. The lazy man grabs at excuses for his inaction with an impulsive energy he would do well to instill into his un-started and unfinished projects. I will no longer be the lazy man. I admit fully, that I did more to complain about our common life here at Glendon, than I did to rectify the problems that caused my complaints in the first place. And I don't think I'm alone in that.

We live in a sick society, and yet it is one in which we have a greater capacity to effect change than in almost any other: and that capacity is under-utilized due to self-conscious fears of ineffectualness, and the aforementioned and continuing process of self-isolation. We can come to understand Glendon as a microcosm of our surrounding culture. It is also



berlin fotobus

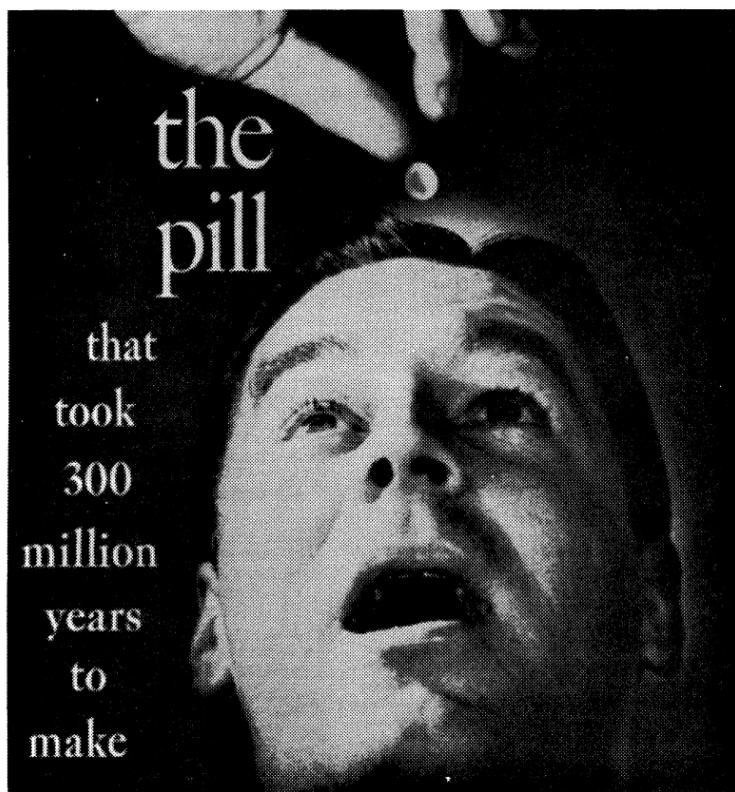
Beware friends, apathy can be contagious.

sick, afflicted with a severe case of mono. We'd rather lie in bed all day instead of tossing aside the covers and actually setting foot outside the perimeters of our sleep-space. Yet we also have an opportunity, and an ability, to cure ourselves of our common lethargy, and to work to build a student lifestyle at Glendon that serves to unite us in our common interests and in our common energy. You are reading an issue of Pro Tem that some thought would never be printed. CKRG is moments away from escaping the shackles of a 1-km broadcast range to begin transmitting its audio digitally, over the internet – and to an inconceivable number of possible listeners. As long as there is some light to relieve us of our blindness, there is cause for hope. Let's work together to fuel the light; to use our bodies and minds as the pyre for a flame that acts as a beacon to others, and as a warmth to cure us of that cold which our society subtly fuels.

As an executive member at CKRG, I personally was just as much a victim, as I was a perpetrator of our apathy at Glendon. Yet now I feel imbued with an energy that needs to be shared and needs to be utilized to help feed the hunger that our emptiness at Glendon caused me, and I suspect others, to feel. If you feel as though you're simply going to class, and going home, with no extracurricular activities with which to express and develop yourself, then please, help to make Glendon the place you secretly want it to be. Help it become somewhere

we can be proud of, instead of a source for our guilt, or a passing moment in our minds that greys out, and fades to nothing upon our exit. CKRG needs people to fill the airwaves with their thoughts, loves, and the music that makes their skin tingle. Pro Tem can definitely benefit from the ideas and energy of anybody who wishes to share them, and the Café de la Terrasse, well, we can't win every battle all the time now can we? But seriously, if you have an idea to rejuvenate our ever-stumbling pub, then put it into action. Let's collectively emerge from this cocoon of laziness and self doubt, and help fight the larger decay of our society where we have control: that is to say, right here at Glendon. We don't have to sink into depravity with the rest of them, and here we all have a unique opportunity to prevent it.

Maybe this is all bullshit though. Perhaps this article is merely a description of my personal development and changing attitude here at Glendon. I'll grant the possibility. Though I think that I have tapped some of the underlying currents that run through the Glendon environment, and hopefully my perceptions can function as the catalyst for an increased level of commitment from at least one other student here. Hopefully more....



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Rédigé deux semaines après « l'événement », j'offre cet article à Véronique Perron et à l'Association des étudiants en études internationales de Glendon à l'occasion de la table ronde organisée sur : « la guerre contre le terrorisme, nécessité ou soif de pouvoir ? », le mercredi 7 novembre 2001

LE 11 SEPTEMBRE 2001, CATASTROPHE... À NEW YORK. Aux Etats-Unis. Un avion entre dans une des deux plus hautes tours de la ville, une des plus hautes, plus prestigieuses, plus pharaoniques tours du monde. On voit, à la télé, les images prises de divers angles, d'un second avion pénétrant dans la seconde tour du World Trade Center alors que la fumée s'élevait déjà de la première. On voit, de loin, comme des points mobiles, des personnes aux fenêtres des étages, agitant des mouchoirs. Un couple, dit-on, se tenant par la main, ont sauté de tout en haut, du centième étage. Une tour s'écroule, les deux s'écroulent, « comme un château de sable », dira un commentateur à la chaîne française québécoise, canadienne, avec un ton de pudeur comme s'il venait de dire quelque chose d'interdit, quand on remontrera les images. Et on les remontrera, ô combien de fois. Les gens rassemblés dans une rue avoisinante fuyant le plus gigantesque nuage de poussière et de débris imaginable. Comme dans les films de Hollywood. Cette fois ce n'est pas de la fiction. C'est un documentaire. Images qui resteront à jamais ancrées dans notre mémoire.

Deux semaines après on n'en a pas encore fini de compter les victimes et de débarrasser les décombres, des millions de tonnes, des milliers de victimes...

Mais depuis, les choses ont changé. De ces images horribles de ce massacre si choquant, de cet incroyable acte de terrorisme indignant le monde entier qui envoie messages de sympathie et de soutien aux Américains, des pleurs et lamentations, on en est venu rapidement, étrangement, à l'expression de sentiments anti-américains... En passant par l'arrogante réaction de la classe dirigeante nord-américaine, à la George W. Bush et à la Mike Harris. Ces messieurs ne comprenant pas encore notre monde qu'ils confondent avec le leur, n'ont encore rien compris. Ils sont si sûrs de savoir, qu'ils ne comprendront jamais rien. Cela me rappelle un verset d'un quatrain persan qui se termine ainsi :

*ánkas ke nadánad va
nadánad ke nadánad
dar jahl-e morakkab
abadoldahr bemánad*
« celui qui ne sait pas et qui ne sait pas qu'il ne sait pas, restera éternellement dans une ignorance composée »

Ces Messieurs croient, ont voulu croire, que ces messages de soutien l'étaient à la suprématie anglo-

saxonne nord-américaine. Ces condamnations de la violence aveugle, ils ont voulu la récupérer comme une condamnation de leur condamnation. « Ceux qui ne sont pas avec moi sont contre moi » ! Avec vous dans quoi ? Dans le cautionnement de l'inégalité mondiale? Dans la forteresse hissée par Messieurs Chrétien et le premier québécois pour protéger les intérêts des nantis face aux protestations de la société civile lors de la conférence de l'organisation mondiale du commerce l'an dernier au Québec? Solidarité avec les puissants lors des « sommets » des Sept ou des Huit ? Solidarité avec les Américains pour qu'ils continuent à dominer et à vouloir dominer la société mondiale, l'économie mondiale, la « culture » ou plutôt l'acculturation mondiale? Non, Messieurs. Expression de solidarité pour la famille des disparus, dans une condamnation de la violence.

Mais de la violence sous toutes ses formes. Plus de deux millions et demi de personnes incarcérées aux Etats-Unis, c'est de la violence. Six millions de personnes vivant sous contrôle du système pénitentiaire dans ce même grand pays, c'est de la violence. Plus de la moitié des gens vivant dans le stress et l'angoisse du lendemain dans le pays le plus économiquement puissant du monde c'est de la violence. Sans même aller plus loin. Sans parler de la situation des Africains, et du reste du monde, du tiers-monde, du quart-monde, mais en fait des neuf-dixième du monde qui vivent dans la misère. Ceux qui meurent au petit feu. Qui agonisent, quotidiennement. Qui sont exploités par des marchands sans scrupules, ces avides individus malades de pouvoir infini qu'ils confondent avec « justice infinie », qui exploitent, prostituent, femmes, hommes et enfants, jeunes filles et jeunes garçons encore adolescents. Si c'est cela que représente, que symbolise, le World Trade Center de New York, et que c'est pour cela qu'il a été choisi comme cible de l'attentat, avec le Pentagone, symbole de la défense de l'Ordre Injuste, ce n'est pas leur destruction que le monde a condamnée, a pleurée. C'est encore et toujours la violence que l'on condamne. Messieurs! Asseyez-vous quelques moments et écoutez le monde, puisque vous ne l'entendez pas crier « arrêtez l'injustice », « créons un nouvel ordre mondial », « discutons », « dialoguons »! M. Bush crie à défense de la liberté. *The defense of Freedom against all those who hate freedom and the free world.* La liberté, oui, Georges. Et faire face à ceux qui sont contre, avec fermeté : oui, Georges ! Mais aussi *égalité* et *solidarité*. Et ces deux notions, tu les oublies, Georges. Ils sont complémentaires, des compléments nécessaires car sinon ce ne serait que la liberté d'exploiter autrui, la liberté de dominer, la liberté d'écraser, la liberté de la débauche et de la corruption. Qui règnent, aujourd'hui, majestueusement. C'est votre *free trade*, la traite des esclaves. Le système mercantile américain n'est

qu'un modèle, ô combien raffiné et à un niveau beaucoup plus « développé », du système islamique soudanais. Moi, je condamne tous les deux.

Ce mardi matin 11 septembre je sortais de l'hôpital Saint Michael quand j'appris vaguement que quelque chose d'étonnant, d'inhabituel, était arrivé. Je n'avais pas attendu l'événement pour donner du sang. « Le monde ne sera plus le même », dira-t-on par la suite. Je l'espère bien. Pour le meilleur. Si on en tire les leçons. À court terme, ça ne sera pas gai. À long terme cela dépendra de nous tous. Et à moyen terme aussi. Le choc est là, en Amérique du Nord, pour faire bouger les choses. Si tel est le cas, les milliers de victimes de New York ne l'auront pas été en vain.

Coïncidemment, je n'avais pas attendu pour donner du sang, ai-je dit. Je ne m'attendais pas à cet événement, tragique pour autant. Tragique pour tant de familles. Mais depuis quelques temps je m'attendais à quelque chose d'inattendu, de choquant. Le monde ne pouvait pas continuer

lant, sautant, m'imaginant leurs pensées délirantes, affolées, perdues, les dernières minutes vécues, les dernières secondes, vivant tout leur passé, présent et avenir qui leur échappait en des fractions de temps. Je m'imaginai à leur place. Puis, je m'imaginai à la place des auteurs de l'attentat. Leur solidarité, leur esprit d'équipe, leur dévouement, leur folie si agréable, cette satisfaction de com-

saient-ils et pensent encore leurs complices et collègues qui vivent encore. Non, M. Bush et M. Chrétien qui ne font que répéter, ce ne sont pas des couards.

Le 11 septembre restera une date dans l'histoire de l'humanité. Le 11 septembre 2001.

Mais déjà que signifie 2001 ? Que deux mille et une années s'écoulent de la naissance d'un bébé qu'on



Shodja Ziaian: On voit, à la télé, les images.



Dessin fait par un enfant représentant la tragédie du onze septembre.

de la sorte, si déprimé, si inégal. Les images étaient choquantes, mais l'événement ne me l'était pas.

Je me mettais à la place des personnes travaillant dans ces tours, brû-

mettre un acte en commun, leur esprit de sacrifice, les jours qu'ils ont dû passer à préparer ce plan, si diabolique pense-t-on et dira-t-on ici, si saint, divin et désintéressé, pen-

nomma Jésus? Que la terre a tourné deux mille et une fois autour du soleil depuis sa naissance, présumée? Et alors? Quelle en est la signification s'il devait y en avoir une ?

N. Barnett

Zoe van Hoff

Que l'on continue à tuer au nom de ce « dieu » abrahamique -juif, chrétien ou musulman- et que l'on ne devrait point s'en s'étonner est peut-être la bonne réflexion à faire. Que les Taliban tuent au nom d'Allah, massacrent, qu'ils terrorisent et soumettent la femme à leur esclavage, ne devrait pas trop étonner. Et la rhétorique, les disputes cléricales ou politiques sur ce qu'est le vrai Islam ou ne l'est pas, à notre âge, devraient paraître bien ridicules. Mais elles ne le sont pas, malheureusement. Au contraire, il nous est interdit, il m'est interdit, de criti-

le 11 septembre

par SHODJA ZIAÏAN

quer, de blasphémer. S'en prendre à une religion? À une foi? Et me voici à la merci de toutes les forces de l'imbécillité religieuse de l'homme... et de la femme, et de leur dangereux fanatisme. Et c'est une force bien puissante que ce fanatisme.

Et M. Bush va s'en aller en guerre contre les méchants Taliban au nom du vrai islam, que, lui, il connaît mieux, ayant reçu l'avis d'autres autorités musulmanes. Et il s'en va contre eux fort du soutien d'autres Musulmans et de celui du grand Pape qu'il a visité récemment très religieusement. Soutien donc des forces chrétiennes. Soutien aussi des Juifs. Des Israéliens. Et soutien de la « nation » américaine. Comme s'il existait une nation américaine, autre que les «Peaux-Rouges». Comme s'il n'y avait jamais eu d'autres plus grandes guerres que celles au nom de l'une des trois religions monothéistes ou de celui de la nation, de la race, de la « civilisation ». D'autres plus violentes, plus absurdes, plus malhonnêtes, plus hypocrites, plus criminelles?

Le 11 septembre devrait nous faire réfléchir. Faire réfléchir, cette fois, la « nation » américaine... et canadienne. Faire réfléchir, de tout temps, l'humanité. Surtout les « Américains », y compris Canadiens. Moi j'y avais réfléchis d'avance.

Le 11 septembre 1998, il y avait trois ans, jour pour jour, le Taliban tue neuf employés de l'ambassade iranienne en Afghanistan, à Mazar-e Sharif que les troupes talibanes viennent de conquérir. Le gouvernement de la république islamique d'Iran s'appête à attaquer l'Afghanistan mais n'ose pas, épuisé par dix années de guerre contre l'Irak, dépourvu du soutien moral des Iraniens, craignant une attaque Arabe de

l'ouest s'il ouvre un front à l'est (sans compter que les Taliban ont des sympathisants au sein de la nomenclature islamique en Iran même). Saddam cherche toujours à occuper quelque territoire iranien, les Emirats convoitent les trois îles iraniennes d'Abu Moussa, de la Grande Tomb et de la Petite Tomb qui se trouvent dans le golfe Persique que ces mêmes Arabes tentent depuis Abdol-Nasser d'arabiser; l'Arabie saoudite soutien et arme les Taliban; l'Iran est isolé sur le plan diplomatique. L'Iran porte plainte aux Nations-Unies. Résultat: le Taliban reste impuni. Mais il en sort quelque chose de positif pour les Iraniens. Une leçon pour le gouvernement de la république islamique d'Iran qui a trouvé plus cinglé que soi et qui va chercher à sortir de son isolement. Les islamiques iraniens se « réforment »: plus de liberté à l'intérieur pour les citoyens iraniens moins d'extrémisme à l'extérieur. Modération. Le 11 septembre 2001, le président islamique d'Iran est un des premiers à condamner vigoureusement l'acte de terrorisme et à sympathiser avec les victimes de New York.

11 septembre, ou 18, 1980. L'armée de Saddam envahit l'Iran. Elle pille, viole et tue, sans pitié. Elle a été équipée des dernières armes que lui ont fournies les Etats « civilisés » « occidentaux » qui vont soutenir l'effort de guerre irakien pendant dix ans, notamment la France de Mitterrand et de Chirac. Les armes sont payées par le pétrole saoudien, koweïtien et autres « émirats » arabes. Le monde « civilisé occidental » s'enrichit sur le dos des victimes irano-irakiens: environ un million de tués. Des centaines de milliers de handicapés. Plus de deux cent fois le nombre des victimes new-yorkais. Deux cent fois

plus gigantesquement atroce. Cette invasion, ce terrorisme criminel interétatique rend aussi service à Khomeyni qui en profite pour mobiliser les Iraniens au service des ses idées religieuses rétrogrades... Et pour diminuer le nombre de têtes à nourrir.

Septembre 1988, Saddam bombarde chimiquement le village kurde d'Halabteheh Il fallait voir les photos des femmes, enfants et personnes âgées gisant dans les ruelles, au seuil des portes, irrécupérables. Moi, je les ai vues. Tous les habitants auraient péri, sauf ceux qui n'y étaient pas, notamment les hommes en âge de combat.

11 septembre 1991 ou presque. L'armée irakienne envahit le Kuwait. Elle en est repoussée, cette fois, par la communauté internationale mais on laisse toujours Saddam impuni. Un criminel de guerre à la tête d'un Etat membre de l'Onu.

Le 11 septembre 1988 ou presque, Khomeyni demande aux Musulmans et autres de tuer l'auteur britannique d'origine indienne, Salman Rushdie. Depuis lors, chaque année, le président de la Fondation du Quinze Khordad, à Téhéran, augmente le prix originel d'un million de dollars offert au tueur potentiel. Le président de cette Fondation islamique, un clerc musulman de l'establishment, n'a jamais été ennuyé. Entre-temps des terroristes ont tué ou gravement blessé plusieurs traducteurs de Salam Rushdie, notamment italien et japonais. Toujours rien. Le secrétaire général des Nations-Unies Annan fait constamment l'éloge des dirigeants islamiques d'Iran. Les pays occidentaux, notamment les gouvernements et hommes d'affaires français, italiens et anglais font de fructueuses affaires avec la mafia islamique, pour exploiter à

vil prix les ressources naturelles de la région.

Le 11 septembre ou autre jour, je ne sais de quelle année, le gouvernement soudanais est remplacé par un régime islamique. La nouvelle clique accède au pouvoir grâce à l'assistance des conseillers et militants de la république islamique d'Iran. La nouvelle clique au pouvoir encourage la pratique de l'esclavage à l'encontre de la population non-musulmane du sud du pays.

Le 11 septembre, je ne sais plus de quelle année, des guérilleros extrémistes s'appelant les Taliban, « ceux qui veulent », prennent le pouvoir en Afghanistan, chassant le gouvernement de Rabbaneddin. Depuis lors, chaque année,

disons tous les 11 septembres, en Afghanistan, des milliers de jeunes filles et de femmes de plus de sept ans sont piétinées, déshumanisées, déféminisées, mentalement violées, parfois tuées, par ces farouches hommes barbus au fusil sur le bras et au doigt facile à la gâchette, comme leurs commanditaires américains. Commandités par les Américains par l'intermédiaire de leurs plus fidèles alliés pakistanais et saoudiens qui procurent et ont procuré armes et finances aux Talibs.

11 septembre 1978, place « Zhalé », Téhéran. Les forces de l'ordre tirent sur la foule qui s'approche malgré les ordres de ne pas avancer. On avait décrété la loi martiale, mais les « modjaheds » les révolutionnaires islamiques voulaient des victimes et avaient désinformé. Il fallait que le sang verse, quelque chose de choquant de traumatisant, pour que la « révolution » marche et triomphe. Le monde condamne le Shah! Les terroristes triomphent. Khomeyni triomphe. « *Eslam xun mixahad* »,

« *l'Islam a besoin de sang* », dira Khomeyni.

11 septembre 1978, il y avait déjà eu le tragique événement du cinéma Rex à Abadan. Soigneusement planifié, les révolutionnaires islamiques, les terroristes islamiques, mettent le feu à un cinéma archi-comble après en avoir obstrué et bloqué toutes les portes et tous les accès. Ils en rejettent la responsabilité sur la Savak, les forces de sécurité du gouvernement d'Iran. Plusieurs centaines d'innocentes personnes brûlent vives. Les terroristes que personne ne condamne, nulle part au monde, triomphent.

11 septembre 1981 ou serait-ce un autre mois, des milliers de jeunes sont tués par les nouveaux révolutionnaires islamiques parvenus au pouvoir.

Je ne parlerai pas des attentats islamiques à Paris, en Allemagne, en Turquie, en Egypte et ailleurs... Je parlerai pas des attentats contre les ambassades ou autres centres américains à Beyrouth et ailleurs.

Sauf un... Anis Naqash. Reconnu coupable dans l'assassinat, à Paris, du dernier premier ministre du Shah et incarcéré, Anis Naqash est très tôt relâché et se promène aujourd'hui majestueusement entre Téhéran et Beyrouth. Les islamiques ne comptent pas les sous quand il s'agit de protéger et récompenser l'un des leurs. Quant aux politiciens « civilisés », ils sont tous achatables: seuls les prix diffèrent.

Je ne parlerai pas de l'Algérie, où les islamiques ont remporté les élections mais ont été tenus à l'écart du pouvoir politique. Où ils ont néanmoins maintenu le pouvoir religieux et de terreur en tuant depuis lors une centaine de milliers d'Algériens qui leur étaient défavorables ou simplement antipathiques, révélant ainsi leur angélique nature... Un(e) par un(e) ou en petits groupes. Comme cette jeune écolière tirée de la classe et abattue par balles au milieu de la cour de l'école, devant tout le monde, car elle ne portait pas le voile, car elle était belle.

11 septembre 1945, cela faisait un mois et six jours que la bombe atomique avait explosé à Hiroshima. Combien de morts? J'ai déjà oublié.

Shodja Ziaïan, né à Téhéran, enseigne au Département d'études françaises. Il a publié, notamment, *Marx et marxisme, Les systèmes économiques, et La croissance économiques* (traductions en persan), et plus récemment *La langue, lieu de combat occulte, le conflit persano-arabe* (article) et *Contes iraniens*. Il est fondateur (1997) et coordinateur de *Iranpeace@yorku.ca*, Forum sur l'Internet pour promouvoir paix, liberté et prospérité en Iran et en Asie centrale et occidentale.

Do What You Can - It's All You Can Do

ROSALIE TAYLOR

The 2001-2002 academic year at Glendon seems to have reached an all-time low in regards to the activity of student groups as compared to other years. Café de la Terrasse has been shut down indefinitely, the issue of Pro Tem you're reading right now is the first one all year (it being February), GCSU members drop their positions within the Student Union almost as soon as they acquire them, and CKRG's signal doesn't extend beyond campus.

CKR-what? Exactly. It is not necessarily that the attitude is one of apathy and unconcern for all students, but there is something to be said about the fact that many of them aren't even aware of the campus media, nor are they troubled with the failings of these student-run groups. And thus these groups have neither the attention of students, nor their money.

"I didn't even know the pub was closed... It is, isn't it?" confirms second-year student Shannon Henry of the languid emotions consistent with many students all over campus.

What can be done to re-establish student involvement as important, especially within a campus as small as Glendon's? How to escape the catch-22 that comes from students not caring enough to financially support unappealing institutions, when the only way these institutions will appeal more to students is when they get the funding to?

But the problem isn't simply students being disinterested. Obviously something had to happen to discourage students from taking part in Glendon groups and clubs. Maybe not one single event, but slowly, year by year, the state of major student groups had become more and more static. Before anyone realized, they had stopped functioning as growing enterprises entirely. Getting the ball rolling after it's ceased to move can be very difficult.

From within the general student body, the reactions to the inertia of student life ranged from those who had not even noticed that nothing was going on (an indicator of a lack of care in itself), to a group of first year students who got quite agitated when asked about the pub. They felt that the pub failed for lack of students partaking in it. Their reaction alone proves that there is spirit at Glendon; you just have to look a little to find it.

In an interview with Louise Lewin, Associate Principal of Glendon, a brief account of Café de la Terrasse's financial history was given: Several years ago, Student Services lent the pub \$12,000. Some time later, they borrowed another \$6000 from the GCSU. Two years ago, a non-student of Glendon was hired to run the pub under the presumption that someone with managerial training would be able to pull it out of debt. The re-

sponsibility, though, was perhaps still too great for one person.

'students aren't looking for what university pubs offer any longer, they're more health conscious and don't want greasy food or a smoky environment...'

This year, with approximately \$32,000 owing to Student Affairs and the GCSU - and losing more than \$100 each day they remained open - the pub decided in early December that they had to close, or risk finding themselves pushed further towards bankruptcy. Mme. Lewin had several suggestions as to why the pub fared worse this year as opposed to others, but had no concrete reasons. The pub board this year was weaker than usual, numbered at only three or four consistent members. This not only shows a lack of interest on the part of students in the pub decision making process, but also demonstrates the degree of difficulty experienced by those three or four students in deciding what to do on behalf of the entire Glendon student population.

Another situation up against much debate is that of the recently implemented non-smoking policy. Since Café de la Terrasse has declared that they are now a restaurant, as opposed to a bar, they must have a separate area blocked off for people to smoke in. Seeing as they don't have the finances to build a partition, the pub is entirely smoke-free. Many people feel that this has inhibited a huge amount of the student population from going to the pub on a regular basis. Others disagree, saying that the debate has no winner; smokers will always refuse to go to the pub if they can't smoke, while non-smokers will refuse to go if there are people smoking there. The minority group who don't smoke, but don't care about smoke (or smoke only occasionally), is exactly that - a minority.

Mme. Lewin also stated that she feels a huge loss of customers resulted from the Sports Bar in Proctor Fieldhouse receiving approval for York Cards. Students can now eat there using their debit meal cards, and get a little bit of variety away from

the cafeteria. The pub, though it did serve food, was limited in what it could serve. After all, it was only recently that they got a stove, before that they had to rely on a hotplate and a microwave with which to cook and reheat.

Aside from these reasons for the pub closing, perhaps one has to look at a bigger picture to see *not* what happened to the pub in particular, but rather to other student groups in general. Tobi Strohan, Director of Liaison, feels that a wider shift in the market of student interests is responsible - the clubs and groups at Glendon simply don't measure up to what students want any more. The pub's failure this year is not sudden, but follows the trend of other York University bars shutting down. In this sense, Glendon is not unique. The pub at Stong College was the most recent to go under, but did worse than Café de la Terrasse, as they stayed open an extra year, and lost a lot more money than Glendon's pub did by not making a quicker decision to close.

Ms. Strohan feels that 'students aren't looking for what university pubs offer any longer' - they're more health conscious, don't want greasy food or a smoky environment, they have less time to spend away from their studies and increased tuition forces them to either stay in and study, or become more discriminating with their limited entertainment budgets.

But one thing that Ms. Strohan insists on is that student involvement in extracurricular activities is not waning because of "apathy". As the former Manager of Student Affairs, she saw that a new balance had to be found within activities coordinated for students who lived in residence. Students no longer wanted to, nor had the time to partake in weekly events. A re-evaluation of where and how students wanted to spend their time and money led to monthly residence-organized events (rather than weekly or biweekly), which now have excellent attendance. The same thing happened with the Bistro - the basement restaurant, when open 4 days a week, wasn't drawing sufficient numbers. Dropping it down to Wednesday nights only, as well as having different international food themes, has proven to be successful. Perhaps this is what the Café de la Terrasse has to do: re-evaluate student needs and discover what will keep them in business long-term. To simply advertise with a few coloured posters and showcase a few theme nights will eventually lead to a renewed debt. Besides, all the ideas and suggestions for ways to get people to go to the pub involves the one thing they still don't have - money. Even things like theme nights require investment.



J. Fortier

Irish eyes no longer smile at the pub.

Recently elected Vice President of the GCSU, Mihnea Dumitru, has several thoughts on why the GCSU fails to get much interest for the elections every year.

"Student apathy... lack of interest..." He suggests these things in an off-hand manner, as unsure as anyone else. But is it necessarily apathy? There is some weight in saying that our generation is the generation that doesn't care, that we feel that one individual can't make a difference, and thus we stop trying to make any difference at all. But not everyone in "our generation" is like this.

President of the GCSU, Tan Lee, perhaps gives some perspective to the problem during an informal Q & A from some weeks past regarding 'why Café de la Terrasse and Pro Tem could not get going this year'. His responses were misinformed and unclear. He claimed uncertainty regarding whether the pub had failed due to mismanagement or lack of student interest, but asserted that Pro Tem failed as a result of "financial mismanagement" from the previous year, though he explained this as being due to Pro Tem's former editors purchase of a \$4000 printer while in severe debt. After pointing out to him that the printer was made possible by a donation awarded by the Pepsi fund which (according to the Pepsi mandate) could not be put towards publication costs or bad debt, Mr. Lee muttered something about not being fully aware of the situation.

On the other hand, Sean Bawden, GCSU Director of Communications, forewent commenting on the present situation by simply putting out a student newsletter of his own (aptly titled *GCS View*). His shocking display of student activism disproves the idea that Glendon students are by nature apathetic.

So what's the answer? Where do we go from here? At this point, the pub is only open on "special" occasions i.e., when they think there's an event going on big enough to allow them to get a profit out of it. This first issue of Pro Tem may be the only one all year, and only time will tell how many

people will actually vote in the next GCSU elections. Hopefully this year will prove to be the lowest of the low, leaving room only for improvement.

Another thing to consider about why student groups aren't getting enough money is the fact that the student activity fee hasn't gone up in years (it's this fee that gets divided between the various student organizations). But when inflation has augmented expenses far above the present amounts delegated to student groups, it also makes sense to raise the student activity fee. Perhaps more of the money taken from students tuition should pay for things students *want* (rather than to pay for Lorna Marsden's increasing salary). Then student groups would have sufficient funds to run properly and may even have more interest generated amongst the students paying for them.

Perhaps the most relevant question to ask is, 'what is the need for these student groups? Why are they here? Do we want them here?' Unable to speak for everyone, I would say that we do want them here, but a re-evaluation of what they're actually accomplishing at the moment is necessary. Perhaps the role and structure of the GCSU needs to be re-examined. What's the point of a student government on a campus that draws less than 1/4 of those enrolled on voting day? What's the point of having students elected to posts for which they have no practical training or experience? I'm not saying that we should get rid of the student union and hand over all the decisions to administration, but I do believe that if we want a student government that will genuinely accomplish something for us rather than just delegate funding for student clubs, we need to start taking part in who they are.

Alumni & Undergrads: Bridging the Gap

NOEL W. BARNETT

According to the recently published Mission Statement of the Glendon Alumni Association, "the Glendon Alumni Association (GAA) represents the graduates of Glendon College, an integral faculty of York University, located on a separate, multicultural campus with a focus on liberal arts in a bilingual environment. The Association is committed to promoting a spirit of loyalty, fraternity and help among its alumni, while fostering a lifelong relationship between them and Glendon. The Association endeavors to achieve these aims through its programs, services and related activities, thereby linking Glendon alumni to each other and serving as a bridge

between them and the current Glendon community. In making this important connection between the Glendon communities of the past and present, the central focus of the Glendon Alumni Association is to promote the interests of the College, its excellence, advancement and prestige, within the context of its historic and unique national mandate of a bilingual liberal arts college.

The headquarters for such an auspicious undertaking is the Alumni Office headed by coordinator, Marika Kemeny (Glendon '82). "The office was started in its current configuration about two and a half years ago. Prior to 1998, there had been people working at Glendon

in alumni-related activities, but these projects focused mainly on fundraising events." Glendon made the move in 1998 to create an office dedicated to alumni affairs and "friend-raising", with the annual Homecoming Weekend as the centerpiece of alumni programming. Says Marika, "Homecoming is an important activity, creating links not only with the college and alumni, but drawing in currently registered students as well. After all, every undergraduate is a prospective alumnus or alumna and they benefit most from that status if they understand the role of alumni vis-à-vis the Glendon community and see how they can interrelate and benefit during their undergraduate years."

Every year, two students work as assistants in the Alumni Office. In addition, the coordinator, as president of the Glendon Alumni Association, chairs an Executive Committee of alumni volunteers - the core group which participates in policy-making, planning and bringing to fruition the projects and events of the GAA. However, programs like Homecoming Weekend are only made possible through the help and commitment of Glendon undergrads working as volunteers with the committee. They are the backbone of events such as registration, the silent auction, barbecue and guided tours of the campus. The importance of student involvement is recognized through the fact that every GAA executive committee has a member of the GCSU executive on its board, ex officio. Students benefit greatly from participating at alumni events through opportunities for networking with experienced veterans working in their chosen field of study. But often the number of students involved in such functions is small. One of the tell-tale signs of modern academic life on a university campus is how few of the full-time students are taking part in school-related extracurricular activities. Either today's students are more encumbered by complicated schedules involving work and family, or they have become increasingly apathetic with regard to campus affairs - perhaps both. Under today's financial pressures, it is sometimes difficult to recruit volunteers in a service capacity, whether it be an alumni event or anything else. But the Alumni Association continues to press forward with a variety of services in an attempt to drum up interest, meet the needs of its members, and ultimately try and fulfill its ever evolving mandate.



From L to R: Bill Greaves, Marika Kemeny and Julie Drexler candidly discuss Alumni affairs.

N. Barnett

As it turns out, alumni have a great deal to do with the rate of success held by a university in its recruitment of prospective undergrads.

Marika Kemeny mentions other involvements bridging the gap between alumni and undergrads. These are programs with active participation from herself and other alumni - functions expressly designed for the benefit of the student population, such as the International Study Students' Career Day (in the spring of 2000). "...On this occasion, a number of graduates of the International Studies Department, coming from different professional backgrounds, were invited to speak to currently enrolled IS students. Future prospects, various career paths, possible job shadowing opportunities and direct contacts were explored." Julianna Drexler (Glendon '71), Head Librarian at Frost and member of the Alumni Executive Committee, was spokesperson for the Alumni Association at Convocation 2000. "It's tremendously important for the GAA to have a presence there. The impact of such an opportunity is to make it clear that today's new graduates are the next generation of alumni. When you receive a degree from an institution, it implies certain rights, but also some obligations - to make sure that the benefits you enjoyed in being a student at your school will be there for future generations."

In most cases, the word "alumni" is synonymous with fundraising. For some, this can prove

to be a deterrent from getting involved, but Glendon's Alumni Executive espouses a different philosophy. The donations that provide funds for undergrad bursaries such as 'Friends of Glendon' are very important. "But", Julianna says, "We want them to come back to a place where, for once, they're not being asked for money. They can support us in many other ways, by mentoring and helping with recruitment activities...we'd rather have them go out and be ambassadors for the College than just feeling financially obligated."

As it turns out, alumni have a great deal to do with the rate of success held by a university in its recruitment of prospective undergrads. Whether students are attracted by a high profile name such as Michael Ondaatje's at Glendon, or simply having heard good things by word of mouth from a successful graduate about the college, the people who exit the doors of Glendon have as much of an impact on its public image as the ones who enter them.

"They are very effective recruiters," exclaims English Department professor emeritus and resident phonetician Bill Greaves. "They're fantastic. I mean, what makes someone go to, let's say, Queen's? When Aunt Nellie says over and over again at the breakfast table, 'Queen's is a wonderful university', she's not talking about Queen's now, she's talking about the Queen's she remembers and that's what shapes people's perspective of what a university is like."

"In much the same vein, 'Connection 2000' was a recruitment activity where alumni worked with the Liaison department," recalls Marika. "Again, we brought back alumni from various professional backgrounds to speak to high school students considering registering at Glendon. They were given insights about the value of a Glendon education, their futures, and student life at the college, as these grads remembered it."

"Alumni & Undergrads" Continued on next page ...

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All Things Must Pass

A ROCK LEGEND LIVES ON

CATHERINE HANCOCK

As a tribute to the late and great George Harrison, EMI Music Canada issued the single, "My Sweet Lord" on Tuesday, January 15, 2002. It has been released due to an enormous public demand as everyone tries to purchase something to remember him by.

The CD single also features "Let It Down" and "My Sweet Lord (2000)". Both of these tracks were

remixed by George Harrison for the album re-issue of All Things Must Pass (produced by George Harrison and Phil Spector), from which all three tracks are taken.

Originally released 31 years ago to the week in January 1971, "My Sweet Lord" soared to number one in the UK where it stayed for five weeks. The track was also number one in Canada for six weeks (accord-

ing to the CHUM Chart book).

As yet another perk, the disc also features brand new artwork - an original photograph by George.

Profits from the single will go to George Harrison's charity 'The Material World Charitable Foundation,' which supports other charities worldwide, with particular emphasis on children and the poor.



George Harrison: Legendary dark horse of British rock n' roll

Corbis/magma

Harry Potter and The Philosopher's Stone Casts a Spell Over Audiences

CATHERINE HANCOCK

It's a sure thing that the Harry Potter movies do not need help from College and University newspapers. The blockbuster film conjured up 93.5 million dollars on its opening weekend alone, making motion picture history and shattering numerous industry records. The shocker for most was that it surpassed the previous record set by Star Wars: Episode 1, The Phantom Menace.

In Canada, the film earned approximately \$9 million and in the U.K., an estimated \$23 million in its opening period, breaking the record for the biggest opening box office in U.K. history. It was also the largest French Canadian opening weekend, also beating out Star Wars: Episode 1.

President and Chief Operating Officer of Warner Bros., Alan Horn said, "This is truly historic for Warner Bros. Pictures. Everyone involved in

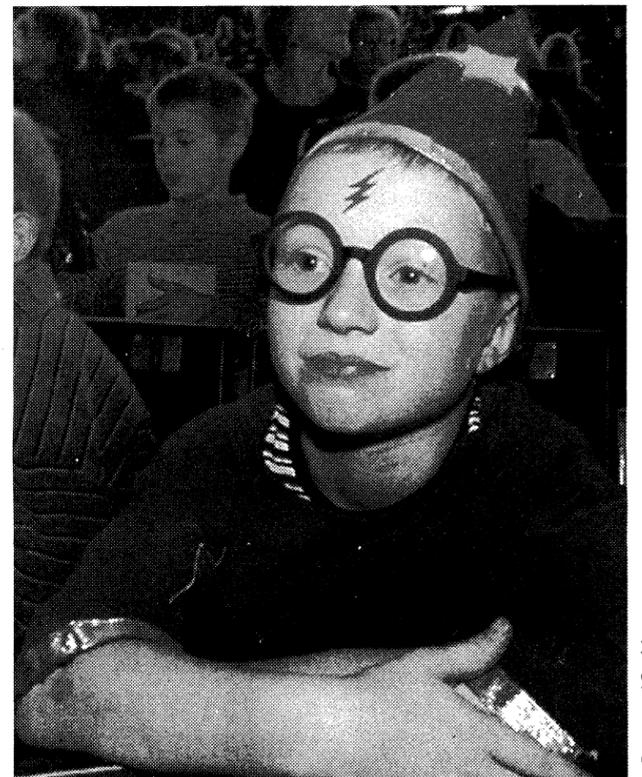
the making, marketing and distribution of Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone (In Canada Harry Potter and The Philosopher's Stone) took great care and effort to protect the integrity of the characters and the story so beautifully rendered by J.K. Rowling, and we couldn't be more proud to have debuted this picture to such an overwhelmingly positive response."

Based on the first of J.K. Rowling's popular children's novels, the film tells the story of a boy who learns on his eleventh birthday that he is the orphaned son of two powerful wizards and possesses unique magical powers of his own. Invited to attend Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Harry embarks on the adventure of a lifetime. At Hogwarts, he finds the home and the family he has never had and always wanted.

As a fan of all four children's books, I must say that the watching the film was just like reading the story right off the pages. The characters were exactly the same as I had imagined, right down to the facial expressions - especially of Harry's best friend, Ron Weasley.

It's the type of movie that takes over as you watch it. You forget that you are an audience member in a movie theatre and for two and a half hours, you are not only a witness to, but a part of the most extraordinary children's story of all time.

The film stars Daniel Radcliffe (as Harry Potter), Emma Watson, Rupert Grint, John Cleese, Robbie Coltrane, Warwick Davis, Richard Griffiths, Richard Harris, Ian Hart, John Hurt, Alan Rickman, Fiona Shaw, Maggie Smith and Julie Walters. Directed by Chris Columbus from a screenplay by Steve Kloves, based on the acclaimed novel by J.K. Rowling.



A young Harry Potter fan prepares to hear J.K. Rowling read at last year's Skydome event.

Bettman/Corbis

"Alumni & Undergrads" continued...

Typically, many Glendon alumni live outside the GTA, in fact, all over the world. You might be hard pressed to find one when you've locked yourself out of the car at Symington and Lansdowne, but should the same thing happen to you on the streets of Cairo, you might be in luck. Quite simply it's a reflection of the college's international flavour. "Attendance at our Homecoming functions cannot represent the full demographics of our alumni for this very reason" states Marika. "But nearly 300 or so enthusiastic participants (many of whom belonged to the targeted Millennium Reunion group of 1965 to 1975 graduates) attended our last weekend-long function, by far the biggest turnout percentage-wise of any York Homecoming event. The best surprise: they came from all over the country, some

even from as far away as Tennessee!"

Professor Bill Greaves who shares a very close affinity to the University of Toronto's Trinity College explains that, "Trinity has almost the same demographics as Glendon. It's an elite, modestly sized, liberal arts college with upwardly mobile middle class alumni who are fiercely loyal and show amazing participation during its events. Every five years they have a major class reunion so that in any year, you've got the five numbered classes coming in and the place is just jammed." Creating a sense of community among a body of alumni at a college as young as Glendon, keeping in mind the geographic constraints which limit its ability to assemble, is a difficult task to say the least. On his own initiative, Prof.

Greaves began a listserv, helping to develop an online virtual community called GLISUS: "Glendon is us."

Explains Prof. Greaves, "The 'us' means staff, faculty, students, librarians and alumni...basically everyone associated with the college." GLISUS permits the members of this community to exchange ideas, pass information, organize, or simply spout off should the fancy take them. Says Prof. Greaves, "It's important to remember that Glendon is not an administrative toy, but a collection of individuals bound by a common interest." By that reasoning a listserv like GLISUS can be the vehicle for either constructive criticism of internal matters at the college, or additional praise to celebrate its successes.

The Alumni Association is in the

process of developing a strong online presence in their website at http://www.glendon.yorku.ca/glweb/english/ALUMNI_TEMP.HTM. Marika adds that the office has close communication with alumni through its e-mail distribution list, which hovers around 600 out of the 6000 registered alumni (or 10%). The Association publishes R.S.V.P., the annual alumni newsmagazine. It contains news from Glendon, articles by alumni, information on planned and current events, alumni services and benefits, reports of milestones, the "Where Are They Now? - Où sont ils/elles à présent?" series of alumni success stories, all designed to keep grads up-to-date on their alma mater.

Julianna and Marika add that serious work is being done to make inroads in attracting more alumni

through various initiatives. One of these is to feature past and present professors chosen specifically by their former students to appear at social events, done with great success at Homecoming 1999 and planned again for 2001. Other initiatives involve collaboration with academic departments in their attempt to establish internship placement programs for undergrads under the guidance of successful graduates.

For more information on alumni services contact Marika Kemeny at <alumni@glendon.yorku.ca> or head across campus to her office, 102A Greenhouse, 2275 Bayview. For additional info on GLISUS contact Prof. Greaves at <greaves@glendon.yorku.ca> or look for him on the Great Barrier Reef come cold weather.

A Light at the End of the Corridor

JASON JOHN O'ROURKE

The Glendon community was once again treated to a simply wonderful exhibition in the Galerie Glendon Gallery. The installation titled 'le couloir' was the project of the Quebec city artist Murielle Dupuis Larose. Enthusiasts were welcome at the gallery from January 15th to February 15th, 2002 to interact with the piece, which included video projection and new programming technology.

The afternoon of the opening, many were treated to a sneak peak at the installation, as well we had a chance to interact with the artist. She gave us a feeling about where her art had been, and where it is going. With the help of a video, she donned a self curating hat and spoke about the excesses of our society today.

A large part of her creative catharsis appears in the actual media through which she expresses herself. "I don't want to create anything new..." she says, "I think that there is already so much clutter around us, that I want to create without produc-

ing any new materials." Much of the video scrapbook showed us past installations comprised of scavenged materials from her daily life.

One such installation was an immense tapestry made from the sheets in which one would place slides. Instead of those diapositives, she inserted thousands of little articles such as buttons, wrappers and anything else that was discarded, yet still small enough to fit inside a 2x2 inch pocket. Another installation that stayed very true to her non-productive creation was a swing made of ice. If you think about it, the piece actually un-creates itself before your eyes, have you the patience?

The artist also took the time to explain some of the main themes that guides her in the creative process. Notions such as the passing of time, soundscapes and the influence of popular media on our concepts of violence and news. One such piece that incorporated many of those elements forced her to produce a list of almost



Galerie Glendon

Le couloir: The interaction forces the image to conform to the movement of the viewer.

600 names of women who were victims of violence. She then inscribed the names on individual teacups and coffee mugs, all white with white writing, and suspended them in the expo space, like a massive windchime. Along with mirrors on the walls to give participants the feeling that they too were part of the exhibit, it seems she really hit the mark.

As she did with her current piece as well. 'Le couloir' wonderfully combines the elements of the passage of time, waves and interaction that forces the participant to produce their own, individual image. The piece partly focusses on an amateur swimmer, apparently the professional was too "clean" as the artist puts it. She swims a lane in the pool in a contrasting dark bathing suit to her white skin and dark hair. As she sluices through the water, waves and bubbles emanate from around her, giving one the sense of time and rhythm all at once.

The rest of the focus is on you. Using new technology, and sensors placed in front of the projection screen, the installation feels the viewer, a reverse voyeur sensation. What comes from this interaction is

your personal art piece. The interaction forces the image to conform to the movement of the viewer, as the swimmer submerges below the surface of the water, your movement will dictate whether or not she stays underwater, or emerges for air. It is up to you.

The press release and synopsis for the piece calls the exercise of producing such a piece "program-

of interaction. If all the variables did have values, then it would be possible to predict what would happen each time, but it isn't. The notion of programming uncertainty may move close to a determined system, but it still allows for a degree of free creativity, a missing link in the causal chain.

A discussion with one of the curators, Marc Audette, revealed for

"I don't want to create anything new..." she says, "I think that there is already so much clutter around us, that I want to create without producing any new materials."

ming uncertainty", a lovely little phrase. The interaction of person and machine seems to open the age old debate between determinism and free will. While the program is in the computer, it is incomplete without outside participation; that is to say that some of the variables and elements have no set value. It would be impossible to factor in all the possible scenarios

me one possible situation for which the program did not have an appropriate contingency; that is, one scenario for which the program had not determined a response, forcing it to remain incomplete. This way, the installation would remain undetermined, leaving no possible way to predict an outcome. This scenario would be the absence of an interlocutor. This way, no one could foresee the fate of the swimmer, as the program remains incomplete.

This scenario, with its reasoning for the notion of free will, I know, the reason why many of you chose not to show up and experience the art. I must thank you all for proving this point, while allowing me to interact with the production of such an experienced, mature artist.

The Gallery Glendon Gallery seems to be one of the only remaining activities on campus that still provides students with a creative outlet, whether it be the production or experience of art. It is good to see that it has not gone the way of other activities, but with such good art, it is hardly a foreseeable outcome.

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**ENTRANCE EXAM of the SCHOOL OF TRANSLATION
(English-French / French-English)**

The Entrance Examination for admission to the School of Translation at Glendon College in September 2002 will be held Saturday, March 2 from 1:00 PM to 5:00 PM in Room 143 York Hall(Glendon Campus).
Prerequisites: 4 full courses at the university level. To register, please call (416)487-6742 (E-mail: translation@glendon.yorku.ca).

Le Concours d'entrée de l'École de traduction du Collège Glendon (Université York) aura lieu le samedi 2 mars, de 13 h à 17 h, au Collège Glendon, salle 143, pavillon York. **Conditions d'admissibilité :** avoir terminé 4 cours complets de niveau universitaire, ou 2 années de CEGEP d'ici septembre 2002. Inscrivez-vous au concours en composant le (416) 487-6742 ou envoyez-nous un Courrier électronique à : translation@glendon.yorku.ca.

reviews

A Loud List: My Favorite Albums of the Past Year

PHIL RUTLAND

Well, back to my ridiculously obsessive writing about heavy metal. No ridiculous concert reviews but this time I'm just going to enumerate what 15 albums most pleased my ears this past year.

#15: Summoning-Let Mortal Heroes Sing Your Flame (Napalm Records): What could be more appropriate than a Summoning album on the same month the Lord of the Rings movie is released? Not much as Summoning have carved a very respectable niche for their brand of hypnotic, trancy Tolkein-inspired Black Metal. Although this is nowhere near their 1997 album Dul Goldur in terms of quality or magnificence, this is a very worthy entry.

#14: Gorguts-From Wisdom to Hate (Olympic): Sherbroke's favourite technical Death Metal merchants return. Although this album isn't close to their 1998 comeback release Obscura, one of the weirdest and most absurd Death Metal

albums ever released, it is still exceptional in its own right. Frontman Luke Lemay tapping into his classical leanings as well as his passion for ancient civilizations (Mesopotamia for this album) to create a concise, interesting, well-written and relatively accessible technical Death Metal album.

#13: Absu-Tara (Osmose): Speaking about ancient civilizations, this is a band obsessed with the subject. Previously immersed in the Sumerian civilization, this time these Texans are concentrating on those lovely Celts culminating in a 30+ page glossary explaining the concept of the album and a bagpipe instrumental to open and close the album. Aside from the bagpipes however there's nothing original musically about this album, which is glorified mid-80's Slayer worship, but I have a soft spot for retro Thrash, which helps make this disc rather charming.

#12: Agalloch-Of Stone, Wind and Pillor (the End): At 28 minutes this is the shortest release on

this list but as Shakespeare said brevity is the soul of wit. This is essentially a teaser for when these progressive Americans release their next album within the next few months. The first three songs compromise what was originally a 7" vinyl release with the impressive title track and 2 brief if beautiful instrumentals. Two cover songs follow this, Nailed to the Cross by a band called Sol Invictus and the final stirring finale: a neoclassical/ambient rendition of William Butler Yeats' poem The Sorrow of Love.

#11: Opeth-Blackwater Park (Music For Nations): What can one say about this incredible band? Mikael Akerfeldt's Mesmerizing clean vocals and earth shattering growls combined with the band's legendary songwriting ability has always been the stable of this Swedish band now on their fifth album. Acoustic visions of beauty and sorrow entwine with brutal visions of death and decay amidst one epic piece after another. This band can do no wrong.

#10: Akercoke-The Goat of Mendes (Peaceville): This band almost literally came out of nowhere. This fine batch of suit-wearing Brit Satanists certainly made a strong impression with this album. Death Metal combined with the finest touches of Black Metal melody and evil atmosphere.

#9: The Lord of the Rings-The Fellowship Of the Ring soundtrack: Another LOTR related entry. I was very impressed with the movie and even greater impressed by the soundtrack. Stirring beauty is combined with some very dark sounding moments. The Elvish lyrics add a level of authenticity.

#8: Sigh-Imaginary Sonci-scape (Century Media): There's avant-garde, and then there's Sigh. This Japanese band has always been among the leaders of avant-garde metal. On this opus they combine everything from Metal, to Jazz, to Cabaret, to Classical, to Surf music and everything in between, often within the same song...and it works. An incredibly addictive album.

#7: Dolorian-Dolorian (Wounded Love): This is a perfect album for those sleepless nights staring at the darkness of the night. A very nocturnal and melancholic atmosphere permeates every note of this album, from the eerie whispers to the reverb heavy guitar riffs. Hypnotic.

#6: Godspeed You Black Emperor-Lift Your Skinny Fists Like Antennas to Heaven! (Kranky): This list's second non-metal entry. This Montreal band never ceases to blow me away. On this album of incredible epic scope (4 songs on 2 discs totaling over 80 minutes of music) they paint many musical portraits, from beauty to crushing melancholy. I'm at a loss to describe this. Buy it. You won't regret it.

#5: Katatonia-Last Fear Deal Gone Down (Peaceville): This album took a couple of listens to grow on me but once it did I was hooked, not that there was any doubt in my mind that the twisted mind of front man Jonas Renske and the guitar mastery of Blackheim would fail to please me. The evolution of this band continues from a monster of melodic Doom Death to their present mode that is essentially alternative music but with great melodies, emotion and sincerity, something all other alternative bands seem to lack.

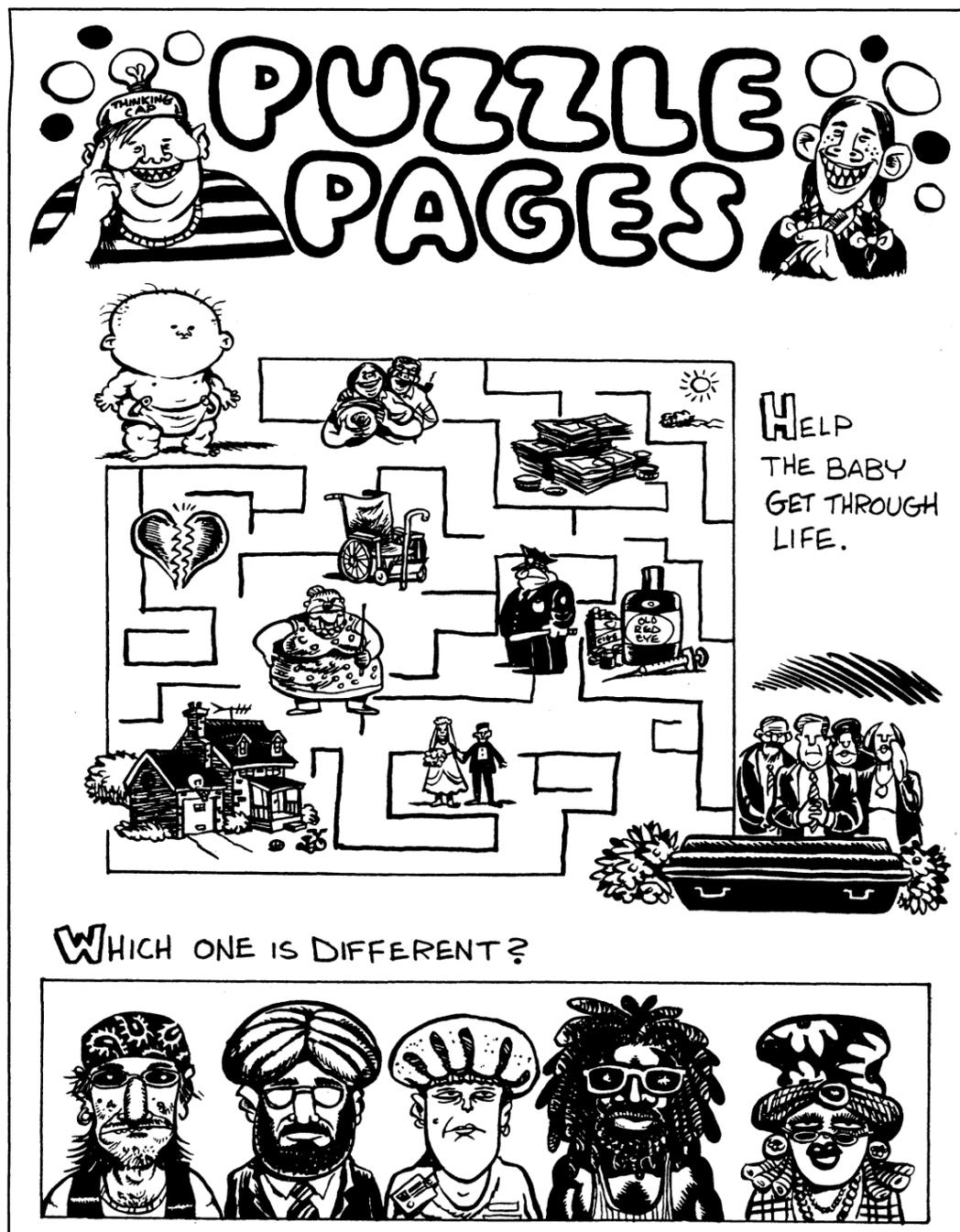
#4: Aborym-Fire Walk With Us!: 2nd album from this cult Italian band. To those who thought Black Metal couldn't mix with techno

beats, well, this disc will prove you wrong. A perfect mix of these two elements. Of course, this band is now fronted with the legendary Attila Cishar on vocals, an owner of one the most distinctive and grimmest vocal styles ever heard.

#3: Evoken-Quietus (Dwell): One word describes this: HEAVY. I don't know how these New Jersey Doom monsters managed to get a sound this thick and heavy onto disc, but am I glad they did. An album of crushingly heavy slothful power. Proof the heaviest music is often the slowest.

#2: Neurosis-A Sun That Never Sets (Relapse): Another band which leave many at a loss for words. They raised heads when it was announced this album would be more melodic. Melody in Neurosis' world being most often reserved for their subtle ambient moments in between their thunderingly heavy assaults. It's almost mellower as well. But as the crescendos on many songs will attest, they haven't forgotten how to be heavy. Indeed, this band is probably heavier than a lot of Death Metal bands. Not bad for a band that like to use Violas, Bagpipes, Acoustic Guitars and Violins when the mood suites them.

#1: Shape of Despair-Angel of Distress (Spinefarm): This is the second album in as many years from this surprisingly productive Finnish Funeral Doom band. This five-song monster album is full of surprises, be it that bewitchingly hypnotic violin or Amorphis' Pasi Kopenan providing growled vocals, a skill he had previously said to have lost. A monolithic opus of Doom. This album has an atmosphere of complete and overwhelming depression with just the right amount of melody and beauty that hypnotizes you and submerges you for the hour-long duration of this disc. I am blown away.



What Does FT 5-0 Mean?

'MISSISSAUGA KIDS EXPLOIT GOV'T SELFISHNESS'

CATHERINE HANCOCK

I am what my friends refer to as a "concert junkie". I attend a fair amount of concerts and insist on sitting (or standing) as close to the stage as humanly possible, no matter what the expense. But since the cost of student living is so damn expensive, I have had to dramatically cut down on the live bands.

Last year, I still went to concerts but mostly just ones that I either won tickets for or found a way through some sort of connection. This summer I attended only two shows and I only paid for one of them.

The nice people at Kellogg's Canada hooked me up with a pair of tickets to Psykoblast since it's a well known fact that I am a huge fan of the Vancouver band, Soul Decision. The catch: I had to sit through 45 painful minutes of Toronto's own B4-4 to hear my boys play. I always thought that B4-4 were joking around with their spiky hair and life jackets but alas, no. They take themselves a little too seriously, it's really quite sad.

Soul Decision was great, of course. They played all of my favorite songs from their CD and a couple of incredibly well done covers like Bryan Adams' Summer of '69. It was the third time that I'd seen the band play live and with each concert I grow more amazed at their capabilities as performers. Though at times, it seems they're stuck in the '80's because of their old school choice of instruments (and occasionally clothing), but it really doesn't matter once their talent shines through.

The more memorable concert this summer was the one that I actually paid to go see. Basically, it was a battle of the indie punk bands at the Reverb, downtown. It started off horribly, from bands that couldn't play to singers who were tone deaf, but with each group, it got a little bit better.

The band I was there to see are from Mississauga and they call themselves FT 5-0 (Fuck The Police). "A year ago we started this band because it was always a dream of ours to play the style of music we love, as well as getting our message through to other people," says lead singer, Justin Sterling. "Our band is about taking the negative things that we go through in life and taking it out in a positive way. Our lyrics are brutally honest, which I think a lot of people, especially teenagers can relate to."

Truth be told, they are really starting to make a name for themselves on the Toronto indie punk scene. They even opened for Econoline Crush at Playdium in August; however, they were kicked off the stage after three songs because of the profanity in their lyrics. Nevertheless, they were invited back two weeks

later to open for Treble Charger with the understanding that they would tone it down. Did they? "A little bit," says bass player George Collins. "We really just saved the worst for last so they couldn't do anything."

"It's almost a shame that there is so much screaming because guitar player Ryan Waters, bass player George Collins, and drummer Trevor Penney are all extremely gifted musicians and the constant creaming drowns them out."

Underneath all of the profanity lies an important message that the band wants to get across. Sterling explains, "Our message exploits the stupidity and close-mindedness of the society we live in. Our music is about finding yourself and about being true to yourself. As well, it's about gaining the right to live in a free world, where you are not judged by who you are and what you do with your life. We also have a political side to our music where we exploit the selfishness of the government."

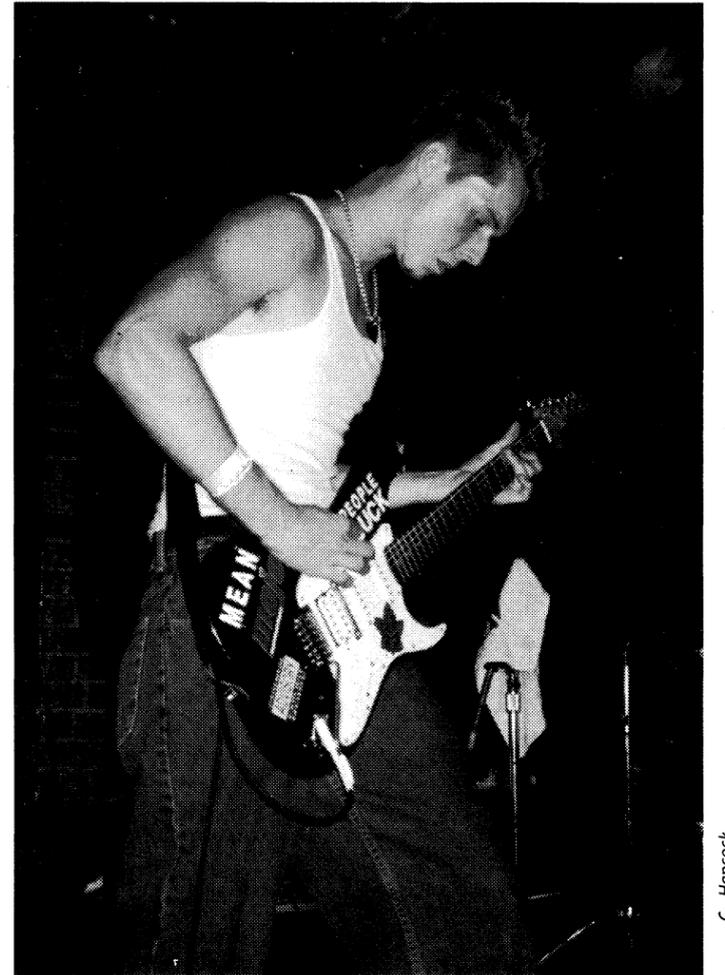
Their music is hard, straight ahead metal. Mr. Sterling just screams from the bottom of his soul as the band play each musical note with perfection. It's almost a shame that there is so much screaming because guitar player Ryan Waters, bass player George Collins, and drummer Trevor Penney are all extremely gifted musicians and the constant screaming drowns them out. But I think I was one of the only ones who felt this way because the crowd just kept cheering them on.

I was under the impression that I was going to see an alternative rock/punk band but when I arrived at the reverb I could tell that that might not

be the case so I turned to George and asked, "You're an alternative band, right?" "Um, a heavy alternative, yeah," he replied. Heavy was an understatement. They were definitely the heaviest band there.

Justin (a.k.a Twitch) explains their star quality: "The band we have crafted is a strong band, which has been through some big changes over its existence. First there's Trevor (a.k.a Clutch), with his thrashing on the drum set. Trevor was the last to join our group and has proved to be a worthy asset when needed, not to mention the fact that he is the youngest member (only 16). Then there's George (a.k.a Skullz) the mysterious bass player with amazing bass riffs that enhances the hard core style of our band. George joined the band a couple of months before Trevor and is by far my favorite bassist (mine too). Ryan (a.k.a Mr. Waters) started the band with me for one reason and one reason only: to kick some ass. Ryan's dark, in-your-face guitar riffs leaves the crowd dumbfounded as he tears up the stage. However, he is a cheeky fellow."

Not as cheeky as this self promotion, but hey, Justin just made my job a hell of a lot easier. And how about Twitch himself? He tears the stage up with his hardcore growl.



C. Hancock

What Hazel doesn't want you to know.

"We are all the method behind the madness of FT 5-0 and we are ready to take on the world!"

The world hasn't heard of them quite yet, but they continue to perform around the GTA. In October, they had a show at the Opera House and on February 8th, another at the

Kathedral. There are many more to come. Though I still believe their performances would be more effective if they were a little quieter, that could just be the Soul Decision in me, so play on FT 5-0 and may the crowds keep cheering for you.

Ready To Rock

CATHERINE HANCOCK

No Doubt rocks us yet again with their latest CD release, Rock Steady. It's the sound we all came to know and love with the mainstream success of Tragic Kingdom. Though somewhat lost on the follow up, Return of Saturn, No Doubt has returned to their roots and reinvented their sound and the results couldn't be better.

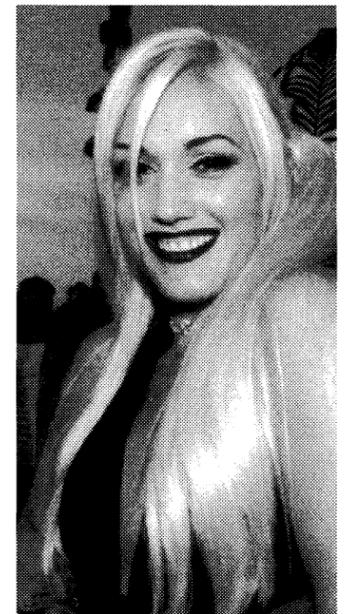
"It felt like starting over," says guitarist, Tom Dumont. "We had spent two years working on Return of Saturn, because we felt it was important to prove we could do a record that had depth and substance. Once we got that out of our system, it was time to have some fun."

And fun it is. Here we have a band that is ready to party. It's a happy, picker-upper pop/ska disc. This is not so say that it is exactly like Kingdom because Rock Steady is by far, more eclectic and diverse. Recording in studios across the globe with a wide range of extremely talented producers (from William Orbit to Prince) bring a uniqueness to this album only possible with an original band like No Doubt.

While on tour last year, the band found themselves listening to a lot of Dancehall. While they were staying in Jamaica, reggae, ska, calypso and Dancehall were rocking the clubs and intriguing the band, and so it was there that they began working on Rock Steady. "This album was less about technique and more about attitude," explains bass player, Tony Kanal. "We took it one day at a time and it became a very spontaneous process." Having no plan is a plan that worked wonders for the band.

The result is an extremely well written, well-produced album that reflects the various individuals who contributed to it. "Our attitude from the beginning was that we'd do whatever it took to make the music work," says Tom. "We've always been a very self-contained unit. This time we wanted to open it up, to find out what other people could bring to the party."

And the party soon comes to Toronto when the band will perform at Kool Haus this spring to a sold out crowd. Their new single "Hey Baby" is probably the party song of 2002. It's a popular track at all nightclubs,



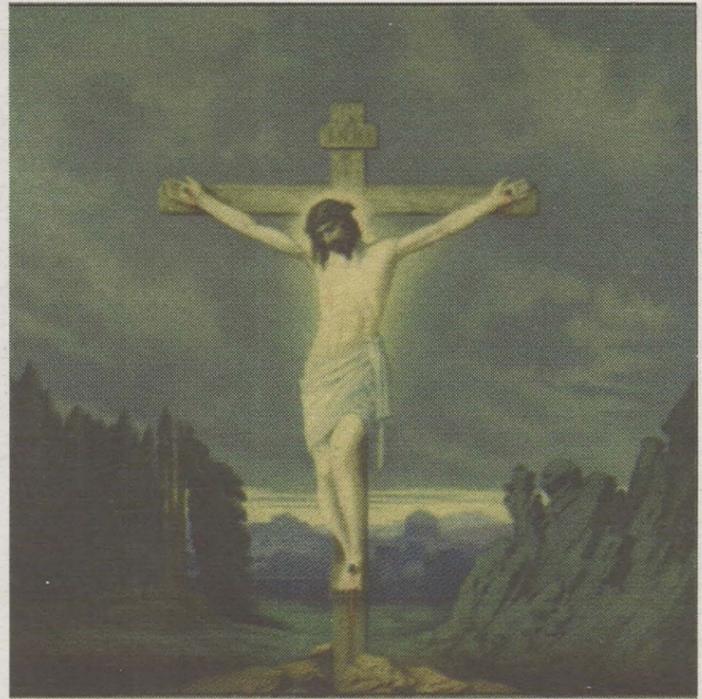
No Doubt meets Bounty Killer? It's a ragga to riches recording experience.

opening the group up to a whole new audience. With 11 other amazing tracks on the album, the party can only get better and well—rock steady.

Sinners

CAROLYN HENRY

CLOSING HER EYES, she pressed her back against the cold, solid wood of the pew. It had been years since she had entered a church. Yet sitting there, eyes close, face tilted unconsciously upwards towards the crucified Christ, she felt at home. She, herself, had not stopped believing. Instead, she had merely stopped caring. She had stopped allowing herself to feel guilty about not wanting to go to church. She had begun to accept that she really felt as though the church was an invention of men, and not of God. In years passed, she had become extremely aggravated over the apparent discrepancies between the teachings and the practices of the clergy. She had longed for the day when, kneeling in the confessional, a priest would confess his sins to her. Did it really matter if she hit her brother or swore on occasion? Maybe she wouldn't have impure thoughts if the priest's sermons were a little more stimulating.



What were more interesting, to her, were her imaginings of the moral transgressions of her priest. Perhaps he would, after a few too many sips of the sacramental wine, feel a sudden and passionate urge to betray his secrets in the cramped, safe darkness of the confessional. She prayed that if that ever happened, she would be on the other side of the screen. She could imagine any number of confessions. Maybe he had felt a pang of compassion and smothered one of his elderly parishioners during a requisite death bed visit. Or, it was possible that he had taken all of the offertory earnings and flown to Las Vegas for a weekend of showgirls and blackjack. Her personal favourite, the confession she most desired to hear, was that he had made passionate love with one of the altar boys. She would feign shock at his confession, then she would give him his penance. After all, Jesus died for our sins.

Month after month, she would sit with the elderly widows of the parish. She would wait her turn to slip behind the heavy orange velour curtains of the next available confessional. As she slid the curtain closed behind her, she would wonder at the relative security she felt. For five minutes, this sombre, tiny room would be hers. Though all that separated her from the outside world was a sheet of 50 year old velour, she believed that she was invincible during the minutes spent kneeling behind it. With her face pressed expectantly against the screen, her only window into the identical shelter of her neighbour, she would hold her breath. If she listened carefully, she could hear the low rumble of the priest's voice as he offered counsel to her co-confessors. She tried to imagine elderly Mrs. So-and-so struggling on arthritic knees to find a comfortable position on the kneeler.

Often she would be caught up in these imaginings when the priest finally slid away the panel of wood that had previously acted as a barrier between them. He would clear his

throat, signalling that it was time for the ritual to begin. When it was her turn to speak, the words would burst from her lips along with her long, withheld breath. Once it became apparent that her hopes of becoming the redeemer, rather than the confessor, were to go unfulfilled, she wanted nothing more than to escape that room. Then, she reeled off her lines like a freight train with shoddy brakes careening towards the end of the line. "Bless-me-father-for-I-have-sinned, it-has-been-one-month-since-my-last-confession-these-are-my-sins..." When she had received her penance, she would break free from the shadowy embrace of the confessional as quickly as possible. She was always amazed that the dimly lit church seemed unbearably bright in comparison to the confessional. She usually spent most of her penance squinting, trying to force her eyes to read-just.

Years passed, and her hopes of hearing a clerical confession subsided. She stopped fantasizing about the possibility of such an occurrence. More often, she found herself voicing her frustrations over the hypocrisy of the clergy. In her eleventh grade religion class, her teacher named her "the girl who didn't believe". However, this was not an apt moniker for her. Disbelief in God was one thing. Dissatisfaction with the overly politicized mismanagement of an entire faith by men with too much ambition and too little faith was another. It would have been more appropriate to place her within that second class of believers. When that same teacher had instituted a policy allowing for bi-weekly debates, she had been delighted. She hoped that she might finally be able to get answers to some of her more pressing religious questions. Instead, she found that she was the only one willing to ask questions of the faith. She was alone in the debates, with her peers seemingly allied both with the teacher and with God. Her parents tried to be supportive of her curiosity, but

they themselves were dedicated believers. She began attending mass less and forgoing her monthly confessions.

After a while, as her anger and frustration grew, she began to seek other alternatives. She was dismayed to find that all the religions she explored seemed to share this problem. From Anglicanism to Scientology, the Churches were all flawed by the misconceptions and ambitions of the men

her couch with her dog on her lap and the remote in her hand, she slipped her shoes on and walked determinedly across the road. She found that her usual pew remained vacant. She slid slowly across the eternally cool, well-polished wooden surface. The church had remained the same. Sitting in her pew, she leaned against the hard back of the seat and closed her eyes. When they

She strained to listen to the low rumble of his voice, like the muffled sound of a subway passing beneath the street. She wondered for the first time, what the sins of her co-confessors were. She became concerned with the advice they were being given, the penance being doled out. As she distracted herself with these thoughts, the wooden panel between her and the priest slid open with a muted thud.

This time, though, she was ready. The priest cleared his throat, signalling the start of the ritual. Taking her cue, she began to speak before he had a chance. She got straight to the point. "Look, Father, I'm not here to confess," she blurted out.

"Pardon me," he asked, obviously a little surprised by the turn of events.

"I have some questions that I really need answered. I figured this was the only way that I could ask them and get honest answers." She gained confidence as she spoke, and began to feel at home once again in her close quarters.

Until, she heard the priest slump back against the wall of the confessional. His head thudded lightly against the wall, and he let out a sigh. This was not the weary sigh of one overburdened with the troubles of others, this was a sigh of complete despair. "I don't think I am the person to answer your questions," he said. His voice was deeply sad, but firm.

Angered by what she perceived to be the continued unwillingness of the clergy to account for their actions, she pressed for a reason. "Why not?"

With another dispirited sigh, he replied, "I don't believe in God."

Once again she found herself sitting, breath held, waiting for her turn to enclose herself behind the folds of ancient orange velour. This time, however, she was determined to take the ritual into her own hands.

-or, less often, women - who presided over them. After this, she stopped going to mass and confession altogether. As more and more time passed, she felt the pangs of guilt which accompanied this decision subside. In fact, they were replaced by a nagging sense that something had been left unfinished. The cause of this sensation, she realized, was that her questions about her own church remained unanswered. She liked to believe that she was comfortable in her faith, such as it was. Still, she secretly hoped for something to justify her continued faith. It bothered her that she felt that there was unfinished business between her and her former church. Then it struck her that there was a way to get the answers she sought - and to do it anonymously.

When the second Monday of the month arrived, instead of sitting on

opened, her eyes seemed to adjust too easily to the dimness of the room, in which the main source of light was a multicoloured stream straining through the filter of the stained glass windows. Hanging on his cross, she thought Christ was looking down in dismay at his motley flock of sinners.

Once again she found herself sitting, breath held, waiting for her turn to enclose herself behind the folds of ancient orange velour. This time, however, she was determined to take the ritual into her own hands. Safe in her musty, mahogany shelter, she would ask her questions. When her turn arrived, she shifted uneasily on her kneeler feeling oddly claustrophobic. She longed for the days when the smallness of the confessional had seemed cozy and comforting. Trying to regain this feeling, as in the past, she pressed her face to the screen separating her from her redeemer.