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FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE >>>>>>>

Domestic and foreign media critique

FRIDA KHALO

A PORTRAIT OF HONESTY AND PASSION

by CATHERINE HANCOCK

Virtually unknown outside of Mexico until the mid 1980's, Frida Khalo is now the world's most coveted female painter. Starring Salma Hayek and Alfred Molina, and directed by Julie Taymor, FRIDA exam-

She has an affair with the exiled Russian leader Leon Trotsky, while Diego has an affair with Frida's sister

ines the life and inspirations of a political, artistic and sexual Mexican revolutionary.

After a bus accident that leaves her bound to her bed in a body cast, the young Frida Khalo finds escape and an outlet for self-expression in painting. Once able to walk again, she has the

audacity to visit the already renowned muralist Diego Rivera for a professional critique of her work. This meeting leads to the life long artistic and romantic partnership between Frida and Diego that,

although not often understood by friends, was always passionate, bold and complex. In their tumultuous time

together, Frida struggles with Diego's infidelity, suffers a miscarriage and begins to establish herself as one of Mexico's pre-eminent painters.

She has an affair with the exiled Russian leader Leon



Trotsky, while Diego has an affair with Frida's sister.

Khalo's works are showcased in Paris and

NEW TELL-ALL FLICK REVEALS THE TRUE STORY OF MEXICAN PAINTER AND THE AFFAIRS WITHIN

New York to international acclaim, but as her health deteriorates she returns to the comfort of her native Mexico. While often intense and controversial, Frida Khalo's art, just as her life, is always expressed honestly and passionately.

pro tem

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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independant newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signataires n'engagent qu'eux même, et non l'équipe éditoriale. Les articles sous-entendant des propos diffamatoires, racistes, antisémites, sexistes ou homophobes ne seront pas publiés. The deadline to submit ads and articles is determined at the first meeting following a new issue.

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ANOTHER STRIKE AT YORK:
LET'S GET SOME RELIABLE INFORMATION FOR ONCE

by CHRIS SPRAAKMAN

Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) local 3903 has been bargaining since late July for a new agreement to replace their last collective agreement which expired on August 31, 2002. Local 3903 represents TA's, contract faculty, and graduate assistants throughout York and is one of the largest unions along with YUFA (York Univ. Faculty Assoc.) and YUSA (York Univ. Staff. Ass.) As this could be York's third strike since 1997, it is important that honest information be relayed to the students as quickly as possible.

The first thing that students should know is that the strike vote that took place at the end of last week was not a vote that will result in pickets going up and classes being cancelled.

A strike vote is often used as a bargaining chip where the labour believes that the employer is withholding a serious offer. As this is just one part of the bargaining process, this vote will not result in the union walking out and picketing starting. It merely means that the union has gauged the potential support it has to walk off the job. The threat of a strike, through a strong strike vote, will give the union the leverage they need to get the administra-

tion to start negotiating more seriously. It is premature to assume that there will automatically be a strike as a result of this vote.

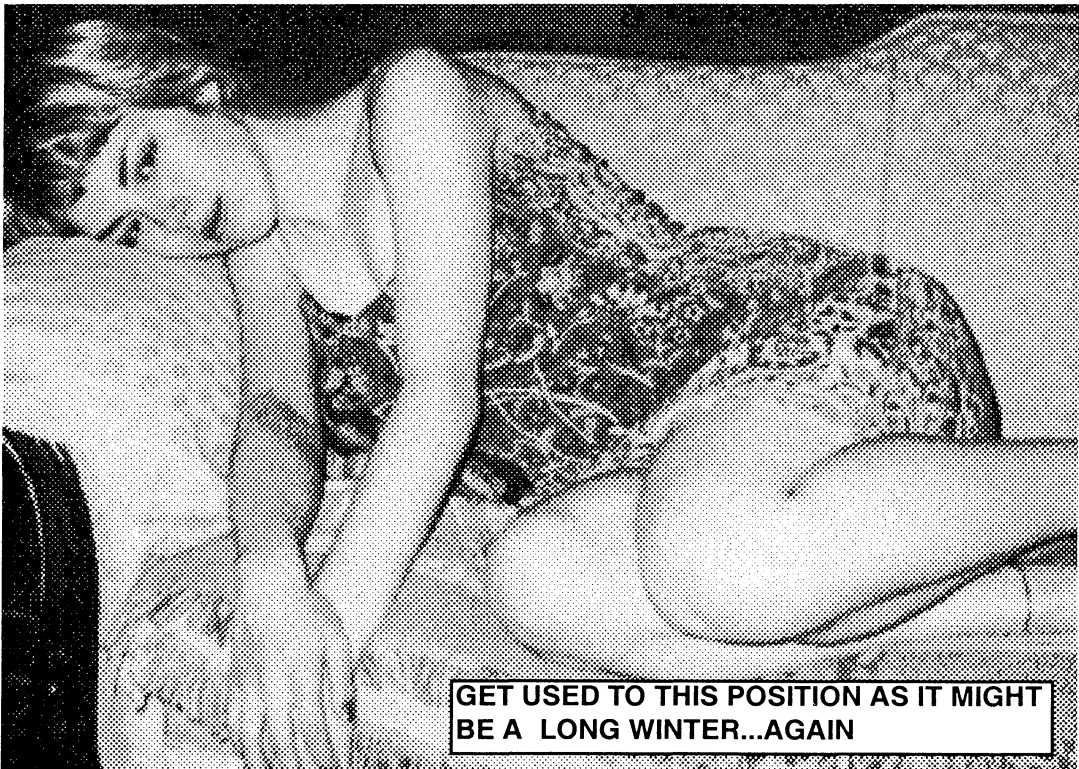
The problem for students is that right now both groups are using threats in an attempt to get their side in a better position.

For example, in a paid advertisement in the October 30th edition of Excalibur, the administration claims that if a strike occurs, the "...President will take such steps as are necessary to suspend all classes", that the administration will not allow the union to picket on campus, and that "... no employee represented by the union will be invited or allowed to continue to work." This sort of language and use of threats cannot be seen as helping any of the groups involved, nor as being constructive in getting the two sides together and talking.

The administration is clearly trying to divide the union as many of its' members can remember the 11 week strike that they went through in the fall of 2000 and obviously don't want to go through it again.

The union, by posting strike vote advertisements without giving details on what this vote really means is hoping that it can scare administration negotiators as well as students. It cannot be helping current students

PRESIDENT WILL TAKE SUCH STEPS AS ARE NECESSARY TO SUSPEND ALL CLASSES, CLAIMS ADMIN ADVERT



Charles Moffat

or potential students to walk around campus and see strike vote posters without knowing what is really going on. From a student's perspective, none of these threats and misinformation is helpful - and it is actually harmful in that it does not give us a clear indication of what is going on. As with the previous two strikes, it

is the students who suffer the most. In many ways the amount of harm is not measurable. Decreased motivation, breaks in class time just as you're starting to pick up a second language, lost time with family at holidays, etc.

As the university exists for two main reasons; teaching and research, all students

should call on both sides to stop using them as pawns in their games. CUPE, don't spread fears through posters! Administration don't give misleading information in your "Negotiation Update"! (or Pro Tem either. see pgs. 11 then 9-ed.)

Stay focused on what your two goals are and negotiate fairly.

Asking the Wrong Questions....

by JONATHAN SWAYZE

In recent times we have borne witness to world events that have caused many to worry for our future. It is natural in such a state of affairs to question what has brought us to this place, and how we can avoid the scourge of terrorism that now dominates the front pages and headlines of our media. One would think that the courageous leaders of our free press would bring to the fore serious questions that get to the root of "Why do they hate us?"

(President George Bush in a speech to congress) such as: who are "they"? Where did they come from? And move beyond superficial reasoning along the likes of the following: "They hate our freedoms: our freedom of religion, our freedom of speech, our freedom to vote and assemble and disagree with each other" (Dubya once again).

Excepting the fringes of our media and a few brave journalists, most of what we read, see and hear merely parrots the cynical appeals to patriotism that American politicians (and Canadian Alliance, Tory and most Liberal MPs) invoke in defense of the Red, White and Blue. Standing "shoulder to shoulder" (Prime Minister Crouton) with our American buddies, we send our boys half

the world over only to be bombed by trigger-happy pilots flying billion dollar death machines. Would it be appropriate if I wondered if it was that easy for our guys to be mistaken for targets mere



kilometres from their military installation during a routine exercise, what life would be like for Afghanis lighting cigarettes in some far-flung region of the country? Will there be a board of inquiry for those pilots who have dropped their deadly cargo onto a school, orphanage or hospital, causing "collateral damage" whose thousands now exceed those who died on 9/11? Is "collateral damage" a euphemism for "worthless lives"? Does "pre-emptive attack" really mean "defense"? I do not see these questions raised when I leaf through a paper, when I watch the cheerleaders at CNN, CBS or FOX news, or click my way to MSNBC.com. When I hear mention of Iraq having gassed his own people, I do not read how Congress'

reaction to the worst of these atrocities in 1989 was to increase aid to "our man in Iraq". I do not read editorials wondering why we're not invading, Egypt, Turkey, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Indonesia, China,

Russia (didn't they just gas their own people?), Colombia (oh wait a minute, think we are actually!), all of whom have committed atrocities on a large scale, hold human rights in contempt and most of whom have weapons of mass Destruction. Why are the questions we should be asking - the ones that expose the hypocrisy of our governments and Barbara Amiel - not being asked?

Why were the six weeks leading up to the suicide bombings in Israel on Sept 18th and 19th called "six weeks of relative calm" (NBC frontman Tom Brokaw) and a "six-week lull in violence" (Baltimore Sun) when on September 2nd the Israeli paper Ha'aretz reported "that at least 39 Palestinian civilians were killed from Aug. 1

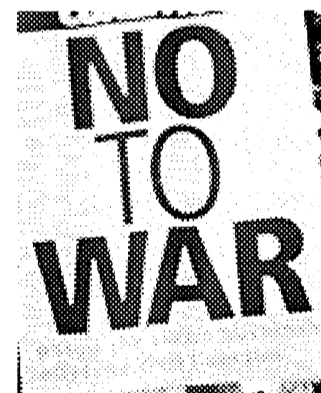
SWAYZE'S MADDER THAN A HIJACKER ON A DELAYED FLIGHT

OVER THE RECENT WAY THAT AMERICAN MEDIA IS PORTRAYING BUSH'S FOREIGN POLICY

to Sept. 1, including seven children, 15 teenagers, and two women"? I guess it means that bulldozing homes with the inhabitants still inside, extra-judicial murder of so-called "suspected Palestinian militants", blowing up radio stations and newspapers (as long as they're Palestinian-run) really isn't violence at all - it's defense.

Now I understand. Due process means due process for Jews living in Israel and a bullet (or guided missile) if you're Palestinian, and jail without trial if you happen to be brown and American. I guess terror isn't a helicopter shooting missiles into an apartment complex, or soldiers beating confessions out of children. Or American bombers dropping cluster bombs and bunker-busters

from so high the poor Afghans, Iraqis, Vietnamese and Laotians can't even see the planes. Or depleted uranium that casts its genetic legacy over generations of our victims and the poor saps who are sent to "keep the peace" in Bosnia or Kuwait. I suppose democracy means that all of us don't have a say in when we go to war, or whether we house our homeless, or are allowed smoke our giant reefers in peace. I guess patriotism means I gotta salute



when my head of state decides murder is gonna be good for the NASDAQ (if I was working for Mcdonald-Douglas right now I'd get a woody just thinking about my stock options!!) Free press is free so long as it asks the right questions. Looks like I've been asking the wrong ones....

TORONTO, MON CANADA A MOI

Un jour d'automne, j'annonçais à mes amis que j'allais séjourner quelques temps au Canada, tous s'imaginèrent que je me rendais à Montréal. Pour la grande majorité des français, en effet, le Canada c'est le Québec avec un flou artistique entre la Belle Province et la ville du même nom...le tout s'appuyant sur l'idée force d'un français parlé avec un fort accent sympathique. Lorsque j'avançais le nom de Toronto, je lus l'étonnement sur leurs visages. J'expliquais, afin d'éviter toute ambiguïté, que cette destination ne m'était dictée ni par la présence des Chutes du Niagara, ni par celle de la CN Tower ! J'ajoutais, enfin, que

cette ville anglophone m'attirait par son énergie tranquille et sa qualité de vie, deux aspects qui m'avaient été vantés par les amis professeurs qui me conviaient. Deux premières questions m'assaillirent: devais-je déjà emporter mitaines et bonnets? mon anglais serait-il performant? je me précipitais alors sur la météo internationale et je ressortais mes livres de langues afin de réviser les verbes irréguliers ...et de vérifier que le mot "autumn" devenait "fall" sur ce continent... Le vol s'effectua sur "Air Canada", j'avais le sentiment que cette petite feuille d'érable rouge me guiderait plus efficacement de Roissy à Pearson. Lorsque

Terre-Neuve apparut après les heures de survol de l'Atlantique, une grande émotion m'étreignit, je décidais alors de découvrir d'urgence cette île, symbole de Nouveau Monde, si pauvre et si riche à la fois. L'arrivée à Toronto me familiarisa d'emblée avec le gigantisme de la ville. Bien entendu, je ne plaisantais pas avec les services de douanes et d'immigration, je connaissais déjà la fameuse "ligne jaune" des aéroports. La prononciation de l'anglais du chauffeur de taxi pakistanais me décomplexa immédiatement...la mienne valait bien la sienne ! Cette dimension culturelle me facilita le séjour car je ne me sentis jamais complètement étrangère dans cette

société multi- raciale. Une chambre m'était réservée sur un campus universitaire et j'abordais cette étape de mon voyage avec une certaine aisance; le soir, je vérifiais presque si Robin Williams ne sortait pas avec ses étudiants pour philosopher; je me méfiais des "sash-windows" qui s'apparentaient véritablement à des guillemets pour les mains; je circulais avec un gobelet "super-large de coffe-latte"; je saluais toute personne que je croisais d'un "hello" que j'essayais de rendre local; et, par dessus tout, je me sentais "relax". Au delà des buildings du "downtown" et du lac Ontario, Toronto laisse découvrir

ses quartiers et c'est alors un immense puzzle qui se constitue dont le charme ne se révèle que petit à petit. Toronto se mérite, elle ne s'offre pas spontanément. Ici, l'efficacité est de mise, l'authenticité est palpable et la tranquillité s'impose. Plus les jours passent et plus je ressens la force d'une société dynamique respectueuse de l'individu; une sensation de liberté m'envahit. Mon prochain voyage au Canada est déjà programmé, il passera par Toronto et je me réjouis de perpétuer les contacts de qualités noués dans cette ville.

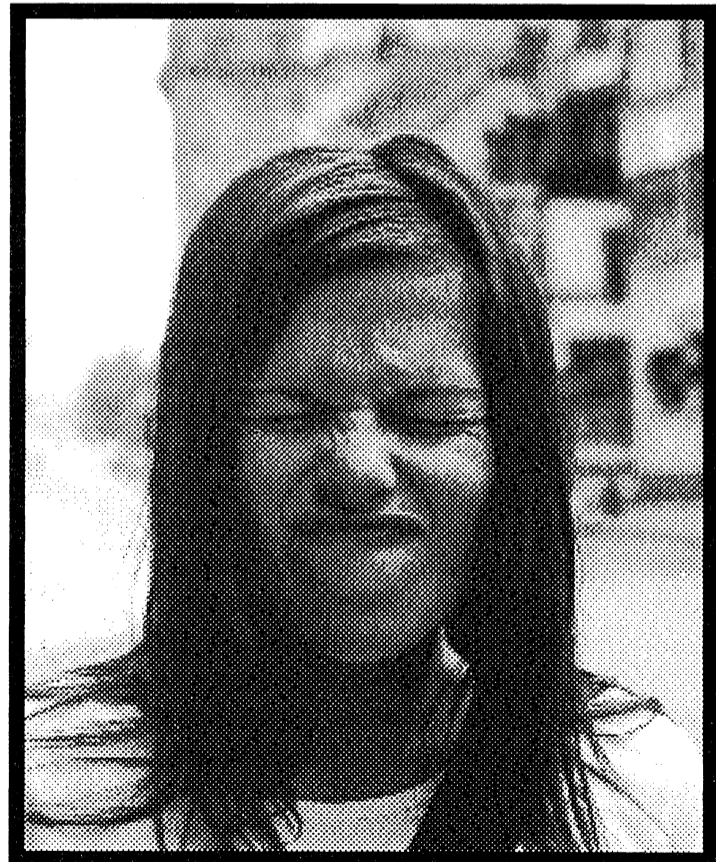
KS

THEATRE GLENDON PRESENTS: CACTUS MOON

York University's Theatre Glendon is proud to open its 2002-2003 season with Cactus Moon, an independent production created and directed by Noemie Maya and Sarah Rogers. Cactus Moon questions the inevitability of loneliness and insanity. This play explores the journeys of six characters as they return home to dismantle the void created by their emotional isolation.

With its symbolic set and sequences of song and dance, Cactus Moon creates dreamscapes and a fragmented atmosphere of remembering. Through the use of audience participation, the audience is invited into this world of eccentricity, delusions and humour. Cactus Moon follows the illustrious tradition of Theatre Glendon's independent productions. A student run production, Cactus Moon showcases the

college's Drama Studies program, and promises to be an evening of innovative talent and creativity. Please call 416-487-6822 for ticket information. Admission is pay-what-you-can. Cactus Moon runs from November 27-30.



Jeremy Fortier

CACTUS MOON QUESTIONS THE INEVITABILITY OF LONELINESS AND INSANITY.

Postmodern Poster Boy Thomas Marries Bending Trees and Ru

by DAVE PORT

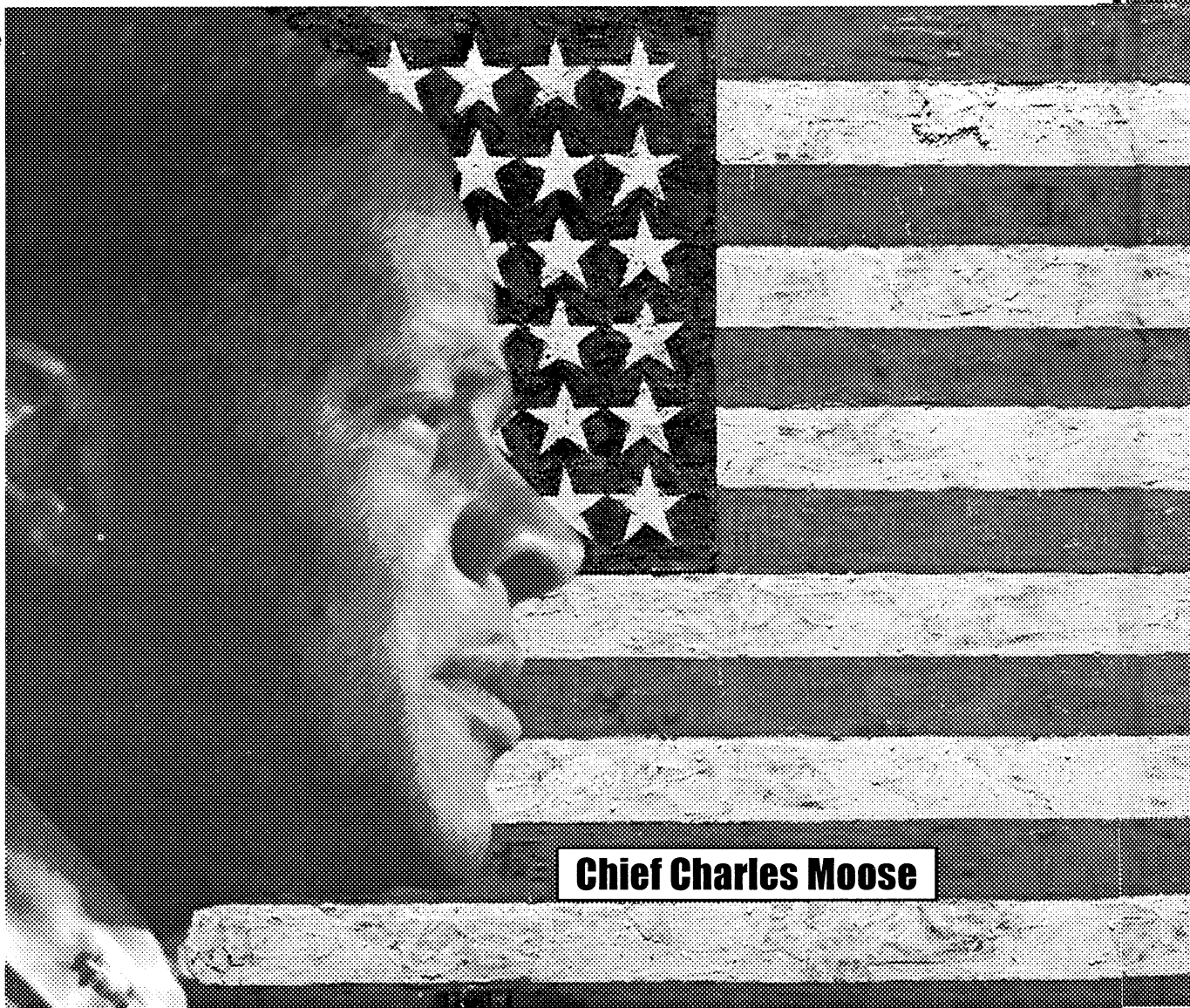
There is definitely nothing subtle when trying to describe the paintings of Thomas Kinkadee. Although they depict small towns, city streets and fictional mountain communities, the paintings are a rather dangerous exploration between the values that one chooses to live by and how the artist believes Americans should live. After all, Kinkadee is by far one of the single highest grossing artists alive and, probably, for that matter, ever. His work can be found in shopping malls around America, and along with prints of his work, there is everything from diaries to Christmas decorations and books about being a good person. The message behind his work is a patriotic smorgasbord between Christian values and being a responsible American: Work hard and the rewards will follow (a possible example of his rise to 'fame').

So what could be so wrong with his work? Although his message is simply outdated and, more importantly, false, it seems that the clichéd style between his work and his message is what sells, and sells on a massive scale. Basically, Kinkadee is a painter who is trying to paint a way of thinking. His paintings attempt to create a nostalgic American lifestyle that becomes a world where all is good and right. It doesn't take much to know that this in itself is wrong and almost corrupt. Sadly, Kinkadee becomes a script writer for his audience about what can make America better - a so called Martyr towards truth and justice and fulfilling dreams.

Two weeks ago as the DC sniper took to the highway on the East Coast, the American public were kept on their toes with CNN news updates. At the same time, there were overwhelming security measures being generated by this caper. People in and around the state were comfortable with: having their cars checked, roads blocked, the increased need for more cops, surveillance and everything else that would keep the bad guys away from America's children. As the entire episode began to get out of control, Jeff Bloom, from NBC news (October 13th, 2002), reported that police Chief Charles Moose had proven to be unreliable and

so it was then determined by the FBI and CIA that 'scripting' had to be used for his press interviews. There is a belief that the scripting was done as a way to generate false information about the sniper and, in some ways, used solely as an instrument to propagate messages about homeland security and terrorism.

These ideals and deceptive values seem easier now to implement than ever before and an artist like Kinkadee seems to provide the tools necessary for these kinds of messages to become further endorsed. When one purchases a Kinkadee print they are buying into the ideals that come with the painting. It

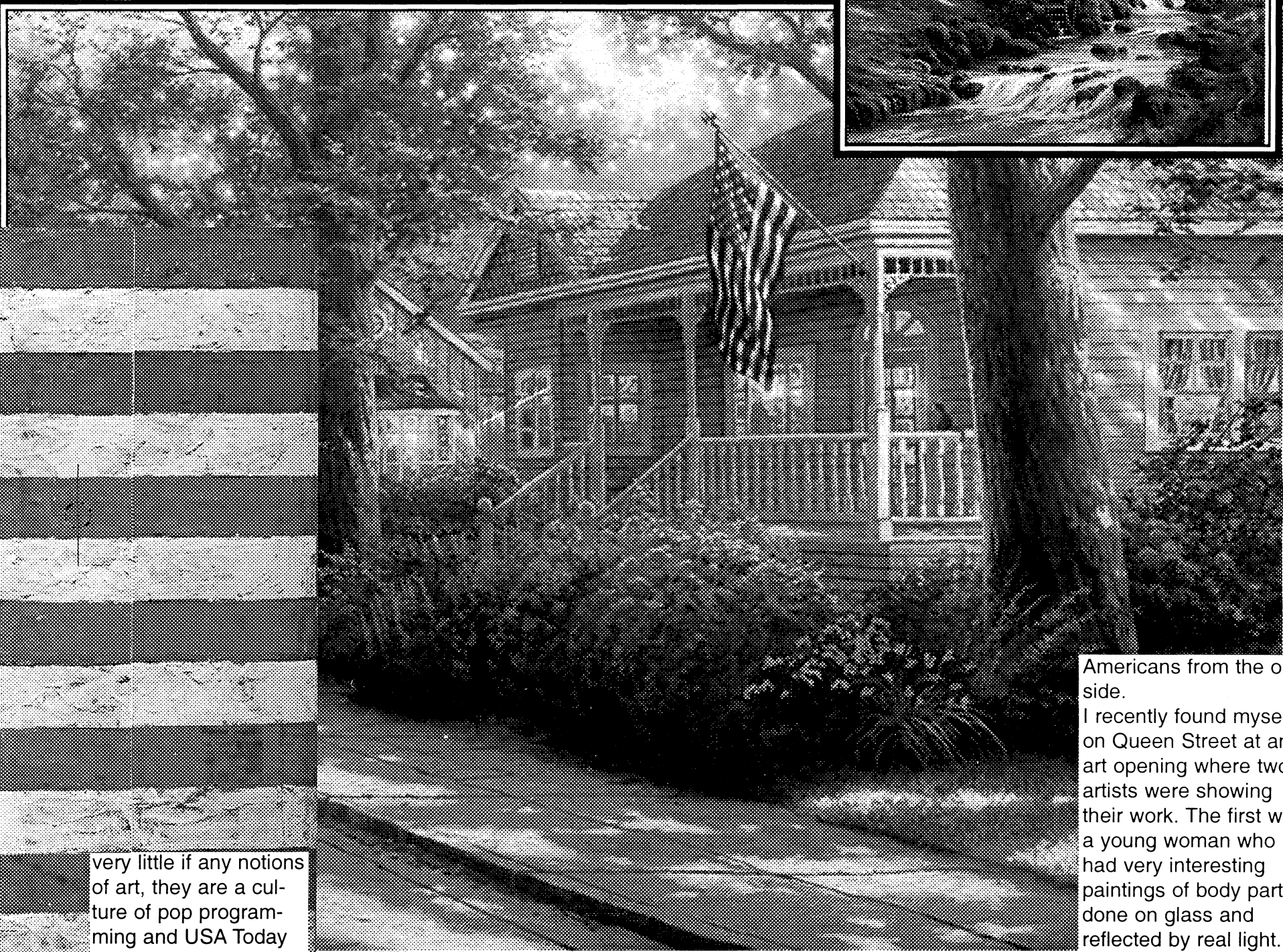


Chief Charles Moose

is no longer a Christmas Village or a San Francisco nightscape or even a cottage surrounded by a waterfall. It is a need for safety, for protection and a security that upholds forged colonial values. It almost seems that our lives have become so falsified by 'scripting', that Kinkadee's paintings relatively become the promise for a better life.

The easiest argument in justifying Kinkadee is by saying that the artist really has no responsibility to his audience. However, given the artist's talent and exposure it at least should be argued that the artist has a responsibility to educate his audience, to show them other ways of looking at a painting rather than under a different ray of track lighting. An artist like Kinkadee is very knowledgeable about his demographic; they, for the most part, have

Thomas Kinkadee Rushing Waterfalls



very little if any notions of art, they are a culture of pop programming and USA Today headlines, but that doesn't mean they're as ignorant as Kinkadee's paintings would depict them. His paintings patronize the consumer: they make fun and poke at their weaknesses. He doesn't educate, he scripts feelings, beliefs and a way of living. He seemingly works like a Hollywood movie or a

police chief, and whether his art is simply craft or not, his audience buys into every bible quote and American flag waving on the porch. Kinkadee has taken it among himself to sell on peoples suffering, to exclude them from good art, meaningful art. In fact, he has, in the lamest terms, become

the ideal American artist - his paintings are clichéd, his technique is formulaic and across the US they can be found in suburban shopping malls next to Popeye's restaurant or Mall security guard stations. But more importantly, the thing that separates Kinkadee from any other living artist is that he is

advertised in the National Enquirer. Kinkadee's world, much like his magazine advertiser, endorses gated communities where security is safety and familiarity is comfort. He doesn't paint or attempt reality, rather a community of stone and light and mountains protecting mid-western

Americans from the outside.

I recently found myself on Queen Street at an art opening where two artists were showing their work. The first was a young woman who had very interesting paintings of body parts done on glass and reflected by real light. The second was a man who had 8 x 10 black and white pictures of Northern Ontario: bending trees, rivers, loons frolicking in front of a sunset. His pictures were safe and, in most ways, meaningless, but my friend thought they'd look great in his bathroom or his hallway and so he bought three and we called it a night.

ON TRIAL: CONFESSIONS OF A MODERN-DAY FEMINIST

by ROSALIE TAYLOR

As a feminist, I don't feel that I any longer encounter such sweeping stereotypes as being a "lesbian", "butch", or "bra-burner" (whatever that means). What I do encounter, and frequently, is the question of why I'm a feminist at all. I've been told that feminism isn't really necessary anymore, that we've achieved equality and feminism is a dead movement. And if I really want to fight for something, why can't I do it by more 'egalitarian' means, like through 'humanism'? I've also been told that the term feminism is too limiting in scope, making me the one who's being discriminatory. And besides, do sexism and racism even exist anymore?

I think that by the very fact of being asked these questions, it's evident that feminism is still a very necessary and crucial movement. Recently, these very questions arose in a discussion I had with some classmates. I think a dialogue surrounding issues like these is important and I hope that these students will respond and challenge my position. So why can't I be a humanist? Wouldn't that be a more direct way for us all to strive for equality? Yes, I believe it would be if we all were actually striving

for equality, but to me the humanism these students were talking about is of the liberalist sort, which allows people to hide under the guise of political correctness and safely say that sexism and racism has nothing to do with them. If we all strive for equality, does that not imply that we don't already have it? And who has the power to implement these types of "equalities"? Who defines the implementations as 'equal'?

A close analysis of societal structures reveals that there are certain people who hold more power and decision-making capacity within specific settings than others. Certain institutions create systems of inequality in order for the privileged to continue to inhabit their 'superior' positions; someone will always have to do the dirty work in order for privilege to exist. This is how capitalist societies function. Yes, I think we should all strive for equality, but with a term like humanism, we're only going to maintain the norms and myths and constraints we already have.

In this light, does it mean that by calling myself a feminist I am limiting the scope of my actions? I don't think my feminism is in the least limiting, because I am attempting to dis-

mantle these so-called 'norms and myths and constraints' by proving that inequalities do exist. Without acknowledging their very presence, no forward progress in eliminating discriminations can be made. In fact, I think 'humanism' is itself limiting since it doesn't question inequalities inherent in a variety of

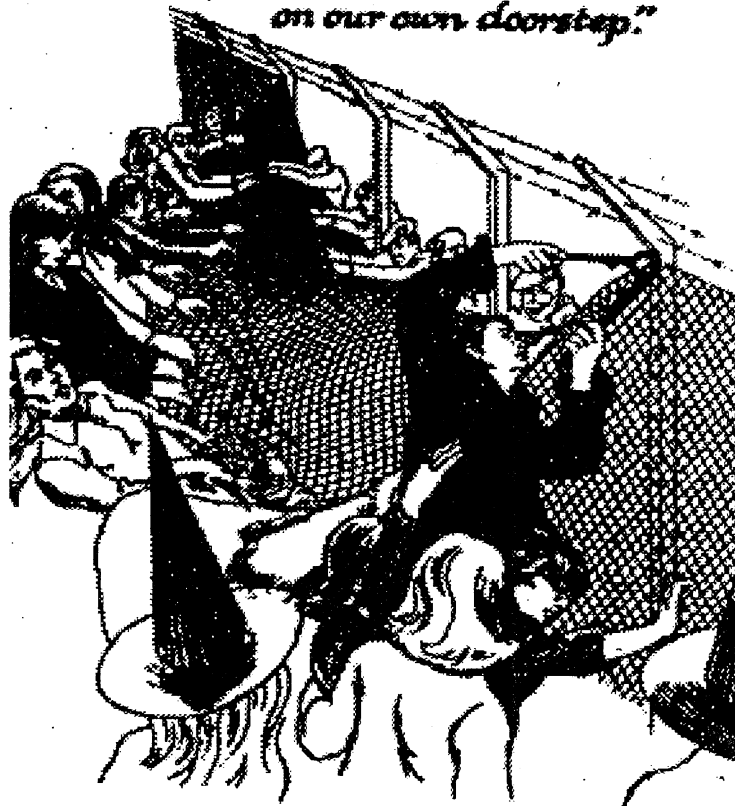
not having a proper definition of what feminism entails. I feel that I can't to define a movement that is indefinable. Feminism is a movement that attempts to further women in order to be women in whatever way we want to be - but this is only my definition. I believe this to be true, but feminists/feminisms

despite my feeling that some labels truly are limiting, I take on the label of feminism for several reasons: I don't feel it is one of the labels that limits my actions, but rather I feel empowered by it. I feel that it says, "I'm part of something". It takes women out of the margins and re-evaluates their position(s) within society. It means I can recreate myself in a thousand different ways if I want, or not at all if I want. Labelling myself a feminist and hearing others label themselves in the same way shows that there is strength in solidarity; we are creating power and self-determination through numbers.

By saying I'm being exclusionary in my terms, are these students implying that it is men I'm excluding? That was never my intention. In order for our struggle to go anywhere, we have to make men a part of feminism, if not to be feminists themselves, but to be conscious of privileges they may be exercising over women that cause oppression and discrimination. But if men feel excluded by me calling myself a feminist, consider the use of the term 'man' to describe the entire human race.

Continued on Page 12

"We can only begin to tackle the concrete and barbed wire that divides our world when we start with that on our own doorstep."



institutions and governments. The argument made against me calling myself a feminist, outside of this 'humanist' context, was that it was a label, a box that I was putting people into. I was also criticized for

come in all sorts and I don't want to speak for other feminists who have different ideas of what their struggle is about, or even if it's a struggle in the first place. As for the critique of categorizing people,

MARSDEN'S SLAPSCHTIK ROUTINE FLOPS BIG-TIME!

Continued from Page 11

Marsden: "Well guess what my dear? I may be given a free Volvo and chauffeur, but all of us must pay for parking, even me! Over here we're all treated the same!"

Jessie: "...but I'm getting tired of little food and a living space that has no stove to cook on..."

Marsden: "Ooohhh would you quit complaining! Instead of moaning and crying poor all the time why don't you get off your ass and get a second job like me? Did you know I'm also the director of Manulife Financial, Westcoast Energy and Gore Mutual Insurance?"

Jessie: "Actually we're disgusted by your smooching up to all the evil corporations..."

Marsden: "Pffft! Don't you understand it takes a great business mind to run this university? My insurance companies helped reduce our costs by advertising in Profiles magazine, this wonderful pamphlet everyone gets to read! Have you taken a look at it? Notice how much everyone loves York?"

Jessie: "Actually a newspaper* recently published a nation-wide student survey. York was one of the worst Canadian universities..."

Marsden: "What?! You gotta be kidding...was that in The Toronto Star?"

Jessie: "No, I think?..."

Marsden: "Phew! I thought I was going to have to cancel our multi million dollar contract with them! Shame on you! How could you be so naive? Don't you realize that all surveys are false unless they're published in the Star?"

Jessie: "That's it, I'm drinking a DietCoke, no more of your Pepsi/Star monopoly!"

Marsden: "OK wise ass, I think you've overstayed your welcome. Time to go. Shoo!

Good bye! Au revoir!"

Jessie: "Fine, be that way!"

Marsden: "OK then!

I'm not talking to you anymore!"

Jessie: "Capitalist pig!"

Marsden: "Communist pinko!"

Jessie: "Harris Lover!"

Marsden: "Nerd!"

Jessie: "Oh yeah, I'm starting a protest!"

Marsden: "La la la! I can't hear you!"

Jessie: "LESS WORK! HIGHER WAGES! LORNA MARSDEN RESIGN!"

Marsden: "SECURITY! Oh, and before you leave, as a token of our commitment to resolving our differences in a peaceful and diplomatic manner, can we shake hands?"

Jessie: "Really? OK..."

Jessie extends arm and winces in pain as it touches Marsden's electric shocker connected to her hand.

To Book Marsden For Your Own Comedy Night. Email: Hoomanrow@hotmail.com (What do you think about this article appearing in Pro Tem after what you saw on page 3)

Barfly Bible

Notes on a Beermat: Drinking and Why it's Necessary

by CORRINE BREDIN

Inspiration is apt to strike many of us after a pint or six until the witty, insightful observations are flowing more freely than the spilled beer. At some point someone will muse, "I

even — dare I say it — maturing them a little, Pashley's book would be an excellent place to start.

With selfless dedication, he has delved into the best and worst of Toronto's pub scene

state of affairs, Pashley has included the outline of a novella in which all the characters are named after University of Toronto drinking establishments (among them luscious Venezuelan circus per-



oughta write a book," which usually prompts someone else to cry rapturously, "I wanna write a book about drinking!"

Nicholas Pashley, has done just that with Notes on a Beermat (Polar Bear Press), except Pashley is actually witty and insightful.

And he has clearly done a staggering amount of first-hand research for this book (no pun intended).

Pashley has, after all, been drinking in pubs longer than any three frat boys combined.

The man ought to know whereof he speaks.

Note I use the word "pub" not bar. This will likely be terra incognita

for those of us who think "beer and skittles" is a euphemism for colourful vomit. But if you've ever thought of broadening your drinking tastes, perhaps

over the past thirty-odd years, bringing to you his picks for the best beers in Canada (or anywhere else) and the best places to drink them. And in time-honoured barfly tradition, he has managed to fit in thoughts on just about everything else under the sun as well. Apparently

Torontonians drink like hicks, not to put too fine a point on it. The book is rife with random factoids on the history of drinking in the megacity, the better for you to amuse your companions with of an evening — assuming, of course, you can summon them from your drink-addled brain.

It's fantastic stuff, if for no other reason than that it will allow you to sniff disdainfully at our city's pretensions to world-class status. To help us cope with this

former Isabella El Mocambo) and an excellent drinking game you can play with a TTC pass.

If that still doesn't do it for you, you can forgo Toronto entirely and read about drinking practices in far-off lands. Ever thought about how much better that Heineken would taste if you could drink it from a big glass boot? Well, why not?

The distillation (sorry, can't resist a pun) of all this experience is well worth looking at. It certainly can't hurt to learn a little something about one of mankind's most ancient and beloved beverages. When combined with Pashley's acerbic wit, the result is a chronicle of all the absurd and odd shit you can sometimes only see clearly from behind a tall, frosted glass.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SAINT DIRT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

by JEREMY FORTIER

Jeremy: How long have you playing together as a band?

Myk: The band started in May. There was a band before that which featured Kai, Jake, myself and the bass player you heard tonight, but he left town for a bit and the band kinda fell apart, so we started this band. So it was kinda the continuation of an earlier thought, but it is pretty different than what we did then. It's really different in the construction in the way in which the music is constructed.

Jeremy: So how did you all meet?

Myk: Some of us met in school and I met Tania at a gig

Jeremy: What combination of adjectives and nouns would you use to describe your music?

Jake: It would be easier to come up with nouns and adjectives that don't describe our music, like perhaps 'jazz' or 'predictable'.

Jeremy: How did you come up with the name Saint Dirt Elementary School?

Myk: I was at a show watching some really amazing improvised music and during the break I met some friends and invited them to come watch the next set. So they did, but one of them said in response to the performance that "This is the lowest form of entertainment" and left. It's

interesting because I realized that improvised music could in fact be considered the lowest form of entertainment because the performers aren't exactly playing to entertain. They could be playing some saintly music, but it might not reach the audience at all. So I thought the name Saint Dirt would

Jeremy: What role does your audience play in determining whether you have a good show?

Kai: I know that for myself, the audience plays an important part. Tonight it affected me because it felt that at times people weren't really listening. But we draw a large audience that seems into what

An interview with:

**Myk Freedman (lapsteel),
Tania Gill (piano),
Kai Koschmider (saxophone)
Jakè Oelrichs (percussion, xylophone).**

be fitting to describe what we're trying to as a band.

Jeremy: What kind of gigs were you doing before becoming regular performers at the Tranzac?

Myk: We were just playing the dives that most bands play when they're starting out, but then we were lucky enough to land this weekly spot at the Tranzac, which was arranged by Jake.

Jake: Ya, I pretty much just told the owner that we played Dixieland music, and he decided to try us out.

Jeremy: So how was that first show? How did people respond?

Tania: There were some angry old men.
Myk: Ya, some of the people were expecting to hear authentic Dixieland music.

we're doing, then it has a positive affect on us.
Jeremy: What kind of techniques do you use in composing your songs?

Myk: I write all the songs, but I only compose the main melody and the chords. Everyone else creates their own parts and does what they want over the main structure. Our weekly gigs at the Tranzac have been really instrumental in developing my song writing because there's a constant need and appetite for new material in order to keep the audience and ourselves interested. When we first started playing here we didn't have enough songs, so I had to compose some stuff in a hurry. But it's really a blessing because we have an opportunity



every week to try out new ideas on our audience, whereas most bands who only perform once a month or less.

Jeremy: Is there a story behind the song 'It's your birthday little boy'?

Myk: Ya, I had written the song using major chords, but with a minor melody. When we were trying it out, our guitarist kept playing the melody in a very sad sort of way, but I was explaining to him that the song was a happy one and that the melody was happy, like a birthday song. So to help him understand, I just started singing a birthday-type song to the melody, so we just decided to include the singing in the actual piece.

Jeremy: Have you guys toured at all? Are you planning to at some point?

Jake: We played in

Perth once.

Myk: Well we'd like to tour, but it's a pretty complicated thing to arrange. Also many of us have jobs and we couldn't necessarily afford to leave on a tour unless we could be sure that it would be worthwhile. But it's definitely something that we'd like to do at some point.

Jake: Ya, I think for now anyways we're quite happy with our current arrangement at the Tranzac.

Jeremy: Which of you has the most sex appeal?

Myk: Jake
Kai: Jake
Tania: Jake
Jake: ...

Saint Dirt Elementary School play at the Tranzac Club (292 Brunswick Ave.) every Thursday night... for free!

YORK PREZ JOKES IT UP ABOUT STRIKE RUMOURS

BUT SOME STUDENTS AREN'T LAUGHING

AT THE QUEEN OF THE CASTLE

by HOOMAN ROWSHANBIN

At first glance, it may seem that the relationship between the administration and the workers is slightly disagreeable. With the union already voting on striking, and York Administration already threatening to expel strikers from York property, things are not looking good.

But behold York students! No need to panic!

After the last fierce 11 week long strike, York President Lorna

Marsden and her workers have become good friends. Since all the negotiations are taking place behind closed doors, here's a special investi-fictive report to see how well they're getting along:

Marsden is sitting on her throne in her office, playing solitaire on the computer.

<Knock, knock>

Marsden: "WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Jessie: "It's Jessie, representing the teaching assistants, contract faculty and graduate assistants at York. You must give into our demands now!"

Marsden: "Go away, I'm busy!"

Jessie: "But we've been working without of a contract since August!"

Marsden checks the date on her 10 carat diamond Rolex watch and realizes it's

October. She motions for one of her servants to open the door.

Marsden: "<Sighs> Ooohhh alllright, come on in then!"

Jessie: "Well it's about time President Marsden..."

Marsden: "Hold it right there! What did you just call me?! I'm not just President, I am the President, Vice Chancellor and Supreme Master of York University. From now on, you will always address me in that manner!"

Jessie: "Sure, whatever you say your majesty, your excellency, your royal highness..."

Marsden: "Enough!!! Don't forget to bow!"

As Jessie bows down Marsden grabs both ends of Jessie's pants and gives him a big wedgie.

Jessie: "Owe! What was that for?!"

Marsden: "Ha ha ha! You teaching assistants were always nerdy...I just couldn't resist!"

Jessie: "Excuse me, I expect to be treated a little more seriously."

Marsden: "Of course, of course. Please make yourself comfortable, have a seat!"

As Jessie sits down, Marsden pulls a string attached to the chair and yanks it aside.

Jessie lands down hard onto the ground.

Marsden: "Ha ha haaaaa! Sometimes I just can't help myself!"



Bill Barnes

Jessie: "I'm not joking...our demands are fair and reasonable, you must give us what we're asking for!"

Marsden: "OK, OK, now where were we? Ah yes, first I want to

dark smear left by the napkin after he's finished wiping.

Jessie: "What's so funny? Why are you still laughing?"

Marsden: "Oh nothing... now what was it

your mind???"

Jessie: "This is ridiculous and unacceptable! With tuition and living expenses rising, things are getting tough..."

Marsden: "You think YOU have it tough?!"

DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE POOR STUDENT AND THE NEWFIE?

Marsden was heard saying!!!

say how I deeply respect your demands and would like to build a good relationship with your members. I'll even look you in the eye just to prove how sincere I am."

As Jessie looks up, Marsden squeezes a flower in her shirt pocket and water squirts out into Jessie's face.

Marsden: "<chuckles> Oh my, I'm so sorry about that. Here, why don't you wipe that off with this napkin?"

Jessie dries his face, but doesn't notice the

you were fussing about?"

Jessie: "We're demanding more promotions..."

Marsden: "Promotions?! My dear, don't be silly! The only people that can promote themselves here is ourselves. Now what else were you whining about?"

Jessie: "Listen, we'll fight this tooth and nail to the end if we have to! And we insist that you give us a raise..."

Marsden: "A raise?! Darling are you out of

What about ME???"

Even after I left my post as a Canadian Senator, I can barely make ends meet. Do you realize how hard it is to keep a house in Rosedale and travel the world when you're only making a quarter of a million dollars?!"

Jessie: "...but the price of TTC and parking is going up..."

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Regarding the issue of racism and sexism not existing anymore (at least not within a Canadian context), I can't respond here without being critical, because I feel that it is simply ignorance and misinformation that is shaping this opinion. To believe that neither of these systems of dis-

crimination exist simply because one has experienced neither is clearly a sheltered opinion. One may consider several facts: being white, being (probably) middle-class, and being a woman at a university campus that consists predominantly of other women. Privileges like this both restrain one from seeing the world from a perspective radi-

cally different than one's own, as well as to serve to shelter people from what's uncomfortable and what forces them into the margins. Failure to see these types of differences arise only out of the lame refusal to challenge one's own experiences and privileges. One final thing I'd like to point out to these students, all privileges

aside, is that in renaming experiences one can uncover a lot about him or herself. For example, the classification of sexual harassment is not always seen with the same definition. In asking someone if they've been sexually harassed who's continually slapped on the ass by a co-worker, they may respond yes or no, depending on

whether they consider being slapped on the ass as sexual harassment. Where is the line drawn? And on this line of thinking, how does one define racism? How does one define sexism? Humanism certainly doesn't adequately answer these questions, which is partly why I'm a feminist.

Gizmo

(1984-2002)

Gizmo appreciated the attention of students at Glendon. You could often see him wandering the grounds, undoubtedly aware that his home was safe and full of friendly people. We at ProTem are sure that if he could, he'd thank the Glendon community for the enjoyment of his last 4 years which he spent here.

by John Probyn

There is something missing from the environs of Wood residence these days that has left the place a little less cheerful in the coming onslaught of winter. Professor Louise Lewin's dog, Gizmo, passed away at the ripe old age of 18. Gizmo was, by many accounts, a welcome antidote to the mundane conversations that frequently plague those passing each other in the rose garden. Never a dog to shun a hand offered in friendship, Gizmo and I first became acquainted during the long, hot summer just past, where his stoic presence was a relief from the heat and the solitude of residence life. That he will be missed by many is a testament to his character.

Obituary