

protem

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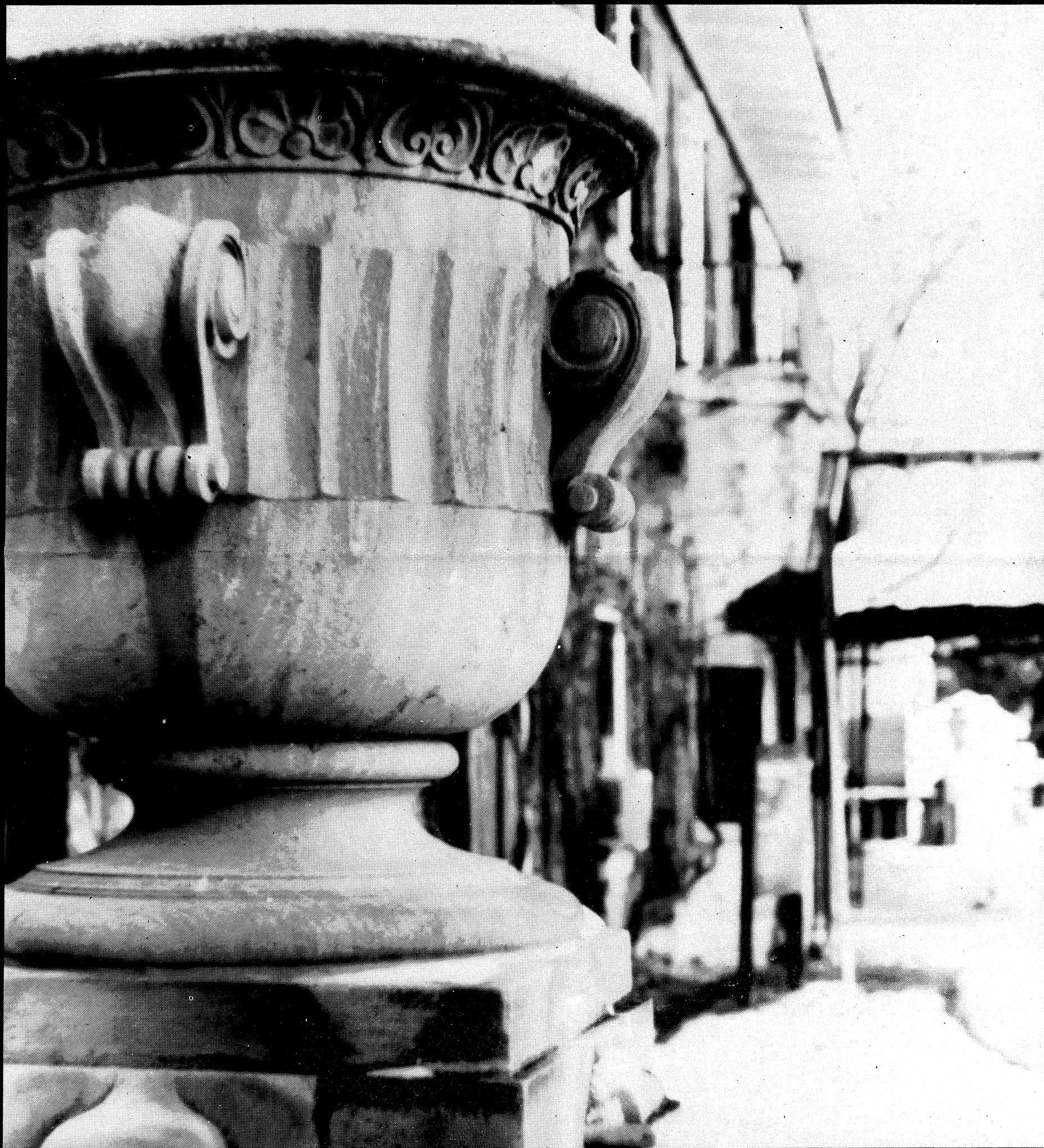


Photo: Liam O'Neil

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News in Brief...

Students vote to keep Reading Week

December's poll clearly demonstrated the student body's desire for a Fall break. Faculty Council had tabled a motion in April of 1994 to drop the November Reading Week in order to align their scheduling with that of the main campus. An added benefit would be a longer December break for out-of-province students. The Council may come forth with a decision on the subject later this month.

Marier vacates seat

The Speaker's chair for the GCSU was vacated last Wednesday night when Patrick Marier verbally resigned from the position. Council recessed for 10 minutes as President Bergbusch and Beth Nywening, Director of Cultural Affairs, attempted to find a candidate to fill in. A subdued Mr. Marier elected to return to his seat, but no word yet as to whether he will remain in the position.

Glendon in danger of further cuts

A forum for Glendon students was held on Friday, the topic up for discussion being the students' perspectives on the college. Principal Dyane Adam was on hand, as were other members of the Glendon community, including the Dean, Jean-Claude Bouhenic. Concerned where the inevitable cuts to Glendon programmes will be, the college administration is attempting to determine the areas to be effected.

Prof voyages to Syria

Accompanied by 9 other delegates from North America, Professor Irving Abella (History) left Sunday for Syria. The only representative from Canada, Abella will be traveling in his capacity as President of the Canadian Jewish Congress. Syria will be welcoming the Jewish leaders as part of a newly adopted 'open-door' initiative.

SML

L'avenir de Glendon...

Julie Gauvin

Vendredi le 13 janvier dernier, administrateurs, professeurs et étudiants se sont réunis afin d'échanger leurs inquiétudes à l'égard de l'avenir de Glendon tout en y apportant quelques suggestions. On s'inquiète en effet des coupures budgétaires qui sont définitivement inévitables pour l'an prochain. L'Université York, au même titre que son homologue bilingue, le Collège de Glendon, est acculé au pied du mur: il faut faire plus avec moins.

Malgré ce coups de sabre, il est essentiel de préserver l'authenticité de Glendon dont le principal mandat est le bilinguisme. Depuis l'année scolaire 1992-93 York a vu son revenu total diminuer d'une somme de l'ordre de 20 455 947.00\$ Avec un revenu annuel pour 1994-95 de 270 474 996.00\$, 10 851 411.00\$ est alloué au Collège Glendon. Les sources financières gouvernementales se divisent en trois sections soit, les transfères de paiement au provinces (19%), les crédits d'impôt fédéraux (23%), et les contributions provinciales (58%). Cependant, avec les nouvelles propositions fédérales concernant les réformes sociales, Ottawa planifie couper tout transfères de paiement au provinces pour les études post secondaires. Les propositions fédérales, qui devraient être mise en place pour l'année scolaire 1996-97, mettraient fin au support financier attribué au universités et serait donc remplacé, comme tout le monde le sait, par les prêts remboursable proportionnels au revenu (PRPR). Cette perte d'argent occasionnerait pour la première année une augmentation de 100% des frais de scolarité au Canada. En fait, cela représenterait 45% des revenus

pour l'Université de York. Même si cette démarche n'a pas été mise à terme les institutions universitaires sont dans le devoir de prévenir toute éventualité. Nous espérons tout de même que que les pressions étudiantes auront suffisamment d'impacte pour empêcher le gouvernement de mettre en application son plan de réformes sociales. Du moins nous espérons une solution moins draconienne.

Depuis l'an dernier, Glendon a du sabrer \$500 000.00 dans ses dépenses. Afin de remédier à cette diminution des dépenses due à un revenu constamment menacé par d'éventuelles coupures, le Collège de Glendon se doit de replanifier son budget tout en respectant son principal mandat: le bilinguisme. À cet égard, M. Ian Gentel a émit quelques propositions. Premièrement, il suggère que que le collège continu d'augmenter le nombre de cours offerts en français (en faisant abstraction des cours de concentration française offert par le département de français) jusqu'à ce que ce nombre atteigne une proportion d'environ 33.3%. La survie de Glendon est d'ailleurs étroitement lié à l'existence du fait français, et ce dans le respect une

approche bilingue. Mettre cette réalité en péril, mettrait fin à l'existence de Glendon tel qu'il est. De plus, avec l'avènement de l'internationalisation et de la croissance du, il suggère de mettre l'accent sur l'apprentissage d'autres langues. Le département

étant déjà les plus menacés, nous sommes à l'heure de la restructurations des ressources. Il faut faire plus avec moins, telle est la devise des universités qui n'ont pas autre choix que de s'adapter à la conjoncture économique actuelle. L'an dernier le collège a débuté



Photo: Liam O'Neil

d'études internationales est une fois de plus au centre des préoccupations puisqu'il constitue également un apport considérable au caractère de Glendon. À cet effet, M. Gentel propose d'intensifier les communications à Glendon. L'accès à des instruments informatiques plus poussés, pourrait apparaître bénéfique. Mais puisque le progrès est indéniablement associé aux ressources financières, le Collège doit redistribuer ses dépenses dans les secteurs les plus favorables à sa réussite et ce, dans une perspective à long terme. Il n'est plus question d'anticiper quelque entrée d'argent que ce soit. Les frais de scolarité

avec un effectif professoral à temps partiel de 11 membres et a dû réduire cet effectif à 2 membres. Cette année il faut encore couper. On se demande donc à quelle niveau cela doit-il être effectué. Doit-on s'attaquer aux programmes des départements? C'est ce qui risque en effet d'arriver. Si l'on considère que les cours offerts en anglais chez le département d'économie accueille une moyenne de 26.28% étudiants et que ce même cours offert en français n'accueille qu'une moyenne de 12.17%, on constate qu'un cours enseigné en anglais

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L'informatique virus du docteur Glendon

Dominique Marcotte

Il y avait des rumeurs sur le centre informatique du Collège Glendon. Celles-ci voulaient que le système informatique ne fonctionne pas bien, et que les erreurs du système causaient beaucoup d'ennuis aux usagers. Nous sommes donc descendus dans les entrailles du système informatique situé dans le tréfond de l'aile A afin de faire parler le cerveau directeur responsable du fonctionnement du système et du même coup vérifier si les dires étaient véridiques. Voici donc ce qui en est ressorti:

L'un des premiers problèmes abordés avec notre ressource interactive a été le fait que les consommateurs de produits informatiques glendonniens ont payé pour un dossier personnel au début de l'année pour sauver leur travaux et se plaignaient d'être incapables de récupérer leurs travaux. Sur les lieux du délit, nous avons donc constaté que le système informatique a complètement été changé cette année pour satisfaire l'appétit croissante des étudiants de Glendon. Cependant, le système avait quelques faiblesses au début, ce qui ralentissait le traitement de l'information. L'analyse de ce bug informatique a révélé que la nouvelle technologie utilisée était plus exigeante et ce tare devenait

encore plus embarrassant en période de pointe, au moment où le



Photo: Heather Braiden

système informatique fonctionnait à son maximum.

Quelles furent les solutions apportées pour enrayer tout ça? Eh

bien, le centre d'informatiques s'est procuré un nouveau serveur Pentium pour doubler la capacité de l'ordinateur, et l'utilisateur doit aussi faire sa part. Le problème est en voie de se régler et surtout n'hésitez pas à demander de l'aide si vous avez de la difficulté; de cette façon vous éviterez beaucoup d'ennuis.

En ce qui concerne les dossiers personnels qui se cachent dans les

circuits électroniques, le serveur directeur nous a affirmé que le système était inchangé et que si les étudiants ont des problèmes à

trouver leurs dossiers, ils peuvent se référer au technicien sur place. De plus, votre conseiller informatique vous recommande fortement de sauver vos textes à toutes les 10 minutes.

En ce qui concerne les heures d'ouverture du centre informatique, les heures sont restées inchangées d'après le budget fixé par la direction du Collège. La seule différence est que par les années passées, l'AECG participait au programme "Work Study" de la RAFEO du gouvernement de l'Ontario.

Finalement pour ceux qui en aurait à redire sur la marque des ordinateurs choisis, eh bien, il faudra vous habituer parce que c'est la marque standard de Glendon.

En passant, s'il y a des personnes qui désirent plus d'information, vous pouvez contacter Mario Therrien, le directeur du centre informatique, sur courrier électronique MARIO "VENUS.YORKU.CA A 114 ou encore par téléphone au 88131 ou 5 5800.



Duncan Cavens

Native Protest

If you were to go wandering in Toronto's downtown banking district, there is a chance you might encounter a scene quite different than expected. Instead of the normal frenzied monotony of business suits and concrete you might find, in a courtyard at the corner of Adelaide and Victoria, a laid-back refuge of jeans and canvas.

A huge teepee has been installed in the centre of the courtyard, and is surrounded by a number of tents. A woodfire burns near the centre of the courtyard, around which maybe fifteen people sit warming themselves. They talk, smoke and sit at ease.

It is hard to believe that this a protest, an occupation of the building. But, looking around, you see banners which declare to the passing public both that "This Building is under Aboriginal Occupation" and "We apologize to the Public for Any Inconvenience." Posters and letters from numerous groups (ironically including one from Jean Chrétien, dated June 1993) offer support to the protestors in their fight against changes to the way Native Income Tax is calculated.

On December 15th, frustrated with Revenue Canada's refusal to reconsider modifications to the Income Tax Act, about twenty

natives rode the elevators up to the fifth floor where they sat down in the lobby and refused to move until the government conceded to their demands. The occupation of the fifth floor ended on Friday, but a handful of protesters remain to continue the native presence. The camp in the courtyard, 'Revenue Rez' as it is called, continues educate the passing public and the media.

Revenue Canada workers are still working in the building, although police provide a heavy presence and screen every person who attempts to enter the building. No direct communication with those on the fifth floor was allowed.

The natives are refusing to end their protest until the government returns Status Indians the right not to pay income tax if they live off a reserve, but work for a native company which is based on a reserve. Up until January 1st, all natives who either lived on a

reserve or worked for a reserve based business did not have to pay income tax. Now, only those living on the reserve are exempt.

The native spokespeople view this change as being part of a long term policy of the government to remove native rights and assimilate them into mainstream society. As they point out, the money involved in the change is insignificant to the federal government: at most 2,000 natives are affected. The cost of security at the protest is likely to exceed any financial gains from further taxing natives, who have, as a whole, the lowest incomes of any group in the country. Although the protesters are directly affected by the changes, they also view the issue as being symbolic.

For the natives, the right to be exempt from Income Tax is based on historical treaties. In a time when natives are struggling to gain more recognition for self-government and more powers, Revenue Canada's actions seem a step backward. And as the treaties were originally signed between two equal nations, the natives maintain that the government has

no right to modify the rules without their consent.

Revenue Canada insists that the change is final. However, the ministry has said that they would welcome dialogue on general taxation issues with Natives.

The protesters hope that their actions will be the catalyst which will thrust other native issues into the public attention; forcing the government to recognize their rights and problems. Unfortunately the protest has attracted little media attention. The media has tended to focus on political infighting between groups of natives rather than emphasizing the protest or the issues themselves.

This is unfortunate, as the natives continue to demonstrate their capacity for peaceful government resistance. In fact, these protesters could institute an image of their culture which would help combat the negative stereotypes of natives in Canada. The protestors are articulate, thoughtful and highly organized: providing a model for all who wish to oppose government in a peaceful, orderly manner.

La Croisade de Yitzhak

Patrick Joly

Plusieurs questions sont adressées dans les médias à l'heure des grands bouleversements et de coups de théâtre. Et puis ensuite, rien. On n'a pas toujours droit au suivi des imbroglios de l'histoire. Rassurez-vous, Pro Tem n'est pas de ce type. Nous allons pour cet exercice remettre nos pendules à l'heure pour ce qui est du conflit au Moyen-Orient.

13 Septembre 1993, la poignée de main Rabin-Arafat sous la supervision de Clinton a raflé à la fois les titres de photo et de Miracle de l'année. Les cyniques ont mentionné l'absurdité de cette réconciliation tandis que d'autres têtes plus perspicaces ont vu les événements sanglants réussis (Hébron, Hadéra, meurtre du soldat israélien) soutenir leurs thèses perplexes. Bien sûr, l'appui de la population était loin d'être gagné d'avance: Arafat, qui en 1976 déclarait qu'une victoire pour le

peuple israélien ne signifiait rien de moins que la mort de l'État d'Israël, devait en fait reconquérir le support des intégristes musulmans et des fondamentalistes du mouvement Hamas. À la lumière de la guerre civile algérienne, on se rend compte que les leaders politiques israéliens et palestiniens entreprenaient de régler un contentieux qui s'étendait bien au-delà de leurs frontières. La question pourrait donc prendre l'allure suivante: 16 mois après l'accord de Washington, qu'en est-il du bien fondé des intentions des

leaders? L'aide économique a-t-elle suivi les promesses?

Si l'on met de côté les apparences et les belles paroles, telle que l'octroi du prix Nobel de la Paix aux deux hommes, qui est en soit une suite logique de la coopération De Klerk- Mandela (permettez-moi une prédiction... l'année prochaine le lauréat sera ce cher Carter, sans aide!!), il m'apparaît que monsieur Rabin tente plutôt de faire la paix lui-même avec ses voisins arabes. Il a négligé d'inviter Arafat lors de sa rencontre et de l'accord avec le Roi Hussein de Jordanie. Étant donné la proximité des territoires de la Cisjordanie et de Jérusalem, que les deux parties considèrent comme leur capitale et leur "épicerie" spirituel, il me semble impératif qu'un accord quelconque aurait du naître d'un consensus.

De surcroît, le premier ministre israélien tente constamment de discréditer Arafat aux yeux des Palestiniens. Plus précisément, Rabin ne reconnaît absolument pas le leadership d'Arafat en le tenant responsable de l'impossibilité de contenir les extrémistes. C'est donc à ce dernier qu'incombe le fardeau de la preuve. Quelle est ardue cette diplomatie au Moyen-Orient!! Tout ceci serait un non-sens en Occident. Avez-vous déjà vu en 1995, un responsable d'un gouvernement accuser directement un homologue étranger de ne pas avoir suffisamment d'autorité ni d'influence sur le comportement

de son électoralat? Rabin a fait la paix en 1993 avec un individu qu'il ne considère pas le représentant de tous les Palestiniens. Il me semblait bien dénoter un regard quelque trop placide de la part de M. Rabin le matin sur la pelouse de la Maison Blanche. Il savait bien que sa marge de manoeuvre serait plus grande que celle de M. Arafat. Avec toute l'admiration que j'ai pour les aptitudes du duo Peres-Rabin, aurais-je tort de mentionner que leur génie ne soit pas utilisé à bon escient?

Il est vrai qu'à tout changement il faut laisser du temps. Mais en attendant, les desseins de la Conférence d'Oslo ne sont pas respectés. L'autorité israélienne ne s'est toujours pas retirée de Gaza, et le nombre de travailleurs palestiniens admis en Israël a chuté de moitié. Le même ratio s'applique pour le niveau de vie de la population des territoires occupés. "Behold", il ne s'agit pas d'une transition institutionnelle comparable à celle de la CEI. Pourquoi devoir patienter alors? Probablement parce qu'enclencher la seconde phase ne figure pas dans les priorités de M. Rabin. Sa prochaine étape est la Syrie (1). Lui qui bénéficie de 3 milliards d'aide américaine annuellement a bien l'intention d'y aller sans les Palestiniens. Il s'agit pas d'être cynique. Il ne faut seulement pas se leurrer.

(1) *Le Monde Diplomatique*, Décembre 1994.

news-shots in the Dark

Welcome (somewhat belatedly, I admit) to 1995. For your perusal this week I have searched my notes for what I consider to be the best quotes of 1994 (Fall term). Some are here because of their satirical value, but others, well...

Canadian politics and Glendon

"...[it's] based on the research I did in a previous life."

John Godfrey, M.P. Don Valley West, defending his party's Green Paper on the basis of his own previous career experience.

"I think the bus stopped and he didn't get on."

Suzanne Hinks, fellow pundit, commenting on Godfrey's defense of the Liberal's policies.

"The one thing I'm going to say is 'Trust me'."

The afore-mentioned Mr. Godfrey, affirming the reputation of politicians everywhere.

And locally...

"I don't think things are completely done because they're not completely done."

The incorrigible Prez, Jonah Bergbusch, confirming that the work on the G.C.S.U. books was, in fact, incomplete.

"At the G.C.S.U., everyone gets a position."

Mr. Bergbusch, again, during a meeting at which the two applicants for C.R.O. were both hired.

"If I had a passion, I'd say it was languages."

Simon Harry, VP-at-large, vocalizing one of the better qualities of the G.C.S.U., the language policies of which flip-flop from lax to anal...

A Few Deep Thoughts...

"This is an evolution."

Gilles Fortin, explaining how removing the Residence Coordinators from said residences will actually improve the housing services.

"I don't want my tuition to go up."

Mike Jursic's definitive conclusion.

Marlaine Lindsay

L'avenir de Glendon...

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est plus rémunérateur pour l'université, qu'un cours offert en français.

Toutefois, l'Université York reçoit chaque année une somme d'environ 6 millions de dollars de la part du CEFFO pour financer l'enseignement en français et cette somme est flexible tout dépendamment du besoin évalué. De plus, si l'on prend en considération que le nombre d'étudiants de Glendon inscrit à temps plein déboursent une

somme approximative de 5 millions, et qu'on y ajoute les 6 millions du CEFFO, on obtient un total de 11 millions (ce qui correspond à un peu plus que le revenu annuel de Glendon). On se questionne alors sur la manière dont York redistribue les sommes d'argent allouées à notre Collège. On se demande aussi si York ne serait pas responsable de cette appel à la restructuration. Ce genre de questionnement n'a malheureusement pas été soulevé lors de la consultation de vendredi.

-nouvelles

sexual harassment Are we even in the fight?

Liam O'Neil

Imagine this for a second, as I step into the shoes of a friend...

I am a young girl, pretty, impressionable and a bit self-conscious; a cashier working after school and on weekends at a major grocery store. My busy routine at the store consists of tending one of thirteen cash registers, all of which are tended by pretty, young girls. The day begins and ends in the warehouse-like stock room to the rear of the store which two small enclosed spaces, the equivalent of each being a single person washroom designated as staff change rooms.

Everyone who worked in that huge grocery store knew what greeted the young cashiers the minute they pushed open those cold metal two-way doors. It was no secret. Essentially, what awaited the girl who entered (to change/punch-in or punch-out/change) was a volley of unprovoked, sexually oriented insults, demands and invitations by the male staff who occupied the enormously dank stock cellar.

Some of the girls took it very hard. A few weren't very good at concealing their emotions; tears would be welling up as they walked towards the cash. One girl hated and feared the situation so much that she had to quit. I guess she couldn't take it.

I don't work at that grocery store any more. I left after a couple of years. I wanted something more interesting, more grown-up. I landed a job at a big local mall in a very popular clothing store, one which can be

seen in almost every major mall in Canada. I am given a lot of responsibility in the store but even from this seemingly more respectable position I have yet to see a change in the attitudes of male staff members in the workplace.

On the job, one male member of the staff is known for making lewd remarks to females, even the store manager. My personal experience with this person has proven the rumors true. Oftentimes, when I am trying on some of the new arrivals for my work wardrobe, this particular member of the staff will stop his ogling of my body long enough to comment on my breast size while I look at myself in the mirror.

Another time he kissed me on the cheek while I talked on the phone in the back room. His explanation for this was that he just wanted to know what it felt like to kiss me. I didn't like it, I

didn't ask for it, but it seemed harmless. Last week while I stood behind the cash register

"he came up close beside me and softly said that he often wondered what it would be like to do me".

I can't remember if he said "do" or if he used the f-word but I didn't appreciate it.

A couple of days after, for no related reason, I wasn't feeling well. I happened to mention this to the staff member in question. I told him I felt sick to my stomach. He replied by saying he knew what it was from.

"Next time you should remember not to swallow."

He found that funny. It's not that I'm a "prude" but I was angry and on top of that I didn't know what to say. I thought that complaining would only make things worse...

The previous is the real-life view of the workplace through

the eyes of a close acquaintance of mine. I was truly shocked by her mentality towards the behaviour of the people she was subjected to working beside. It is a mentality shaped by the acceptance of verbal abuse, thus the acceptance of sexual harassment. Maybe I didn't think we were winning the war against social injustice, but I at least thought we were in the fight.

It is my fear that there are many females young and old with exactly the same psychological outlook on the workplace as the one described in this article. It is also my fear that there are many females and males alike who do not know what constitutes sexual harassment.

Would you know if your rights were being infringed upon?

Sexual harassment can include such behavior as unnecessary touching, suggestive remarks, leering at a person's body, and demands for sexual favours. Harassment therefore manifests itself in either a psychological or physical form. Acceptance of either can be very dangerous in that the mind of one who makes a habit of such abuse will see no limit to the frequency and serious nature of their advances. For example, if one is not chastised for looking or suggesting, that person might think it will be alright to touch or grab. Things

can only get worse.

Perhaps you have come into contact with behavior that can be deemed as sexual harassment. What now?

"Protect yourself"

, is the advice of Sgt. Mike Dabarno, a veteran member of Toronto's police force. "When someone has been met with compromising words from a fellow staff member which could be sexually harassing in nature, that person should immediately write them down in the exact form they were said. Take down all the details of the occurrence, time of day, where it took place, who was around everything.

This is so if the matter is taken to a higher power in the weeks or months to come, you have your facts straight."

I think there are many people who need to start being more aware of what is happening around their respective places of business.

Have you ever come into contact or been subjected to sexual harassment?

Did you do anything about it? If you did, great, but if you didn't, you should. Protect yourself and your rights, at all cost.

Nuclear power plant sparks protest

Marlaine Lindsay

Canadian environmentalists are attacking the Liberal government's plan to build a nuclear power plant near Antofagasta in Chile. The first of its kind in the South American country, the plant is being publicly opposed by The Political Ecology Institute (IEP).

A Chilean news source is quoted as saying "the environmentalists decried the undue pressure being brought to bear on Chile to accept a nuclear power plant in return for NAFTA support".

It is believed that the Canadian government is using NAFTA negotiations to promote the project, which would result in a large profit for the developers of the CANDU reactors. The U.S. is also involved, promising an investment of \$1.7 billion if

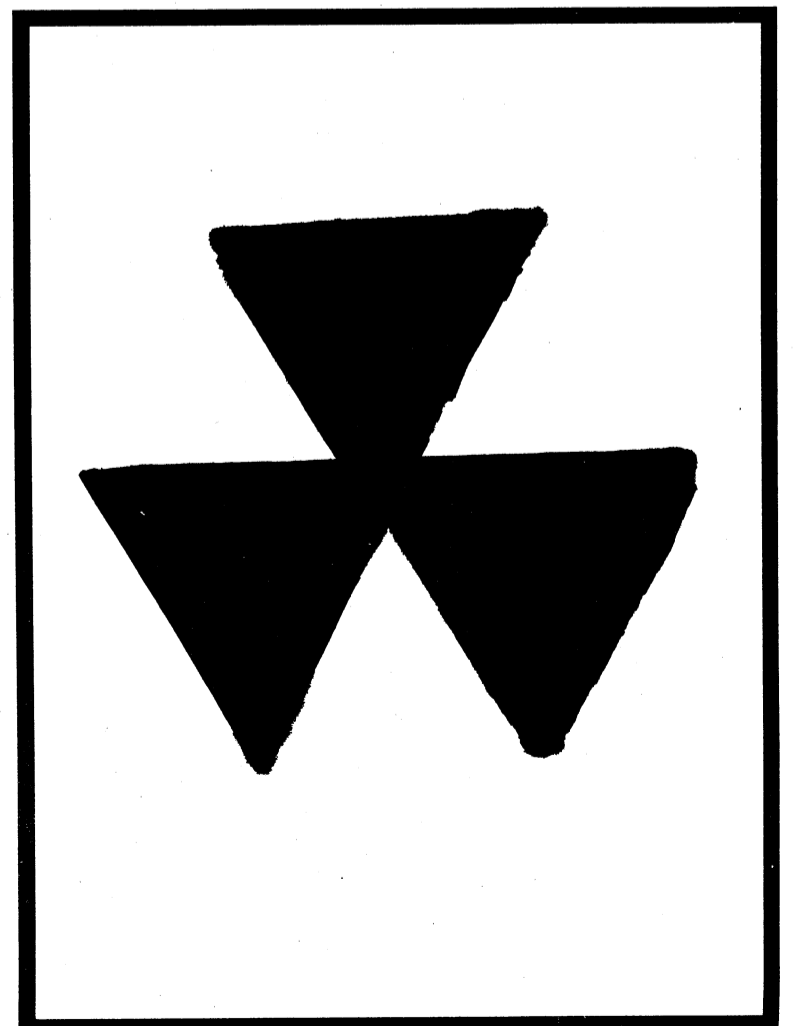
the project goes through. The IEP is arguing that economics should not take precedence over what they believe to be disastrous ecological consequences of the plant.

Seismic disturbances are an accepted reality in Chile, and it remains uncertain how a nuclear power plant there would fare in an earthquake. In addition to a possible emergency situation, the IEP points out that Chile will be unable to cope with the nuclear waste produced by such a plant.

Currently the country cannot deal with the toxic waste produced by its other industries; Chilean technology and government legislation being inadequate to the task.

A meeting was held early in January between Canadian associates of Atomic Energy Canada, the Chilean Nuclear Energy Association, and a consortium of Chilean firms. The topic was discussed at the gathering, but no decision has been publicized.

IEP president, Manuel Baquendano, continues to lead his organization in protesting the proposed plant, maintaining that Chile should move instead to alternative forms of energy.



EDITORIAL

Toronto-centrism?

While in attendance at the national conference for Canadian University Press (CUP), held in Windsor over the winter break, I was confronted by a rather strident army of Toronto-phobes. Unsurprisingly to some, the incestuous contempt for our city was clearly lead by the West coast papers, though it seemed that the anti-Toronto sentiment was shared almost unanimously by those hailing from outside of Ontario.

Although veteran CUP members assured me that the general distaste for the Toronto-based publications was standard, I had naively perceived individual samples of frostiness from the Western delegates to be aberrations. This, despite abundant references to Toronto's arrogance and maniacal economic control. One individual suggested to me that, "Toronto is where the people are like the weather: cold". Several people mentioned that they were not interested in any further coverage of Doug Gilmour's career, as though I had influence over such matters. I was also subjected to countless "I know you better than you know yourself" type testimonials about the 'real' Toronto and its secret and deeply suspicious agenda for world takeover. These all recited with conviction by people living thousands of miles from the city I know intimately. More overt hostility was expressed in the formal context of plenary, inducing in me unfamiliar feelings of both outrage and confusion. What I had hoped to dismiss as my own paranoia was confirmed to be a collective view shared by the majority of those present. I do not generally assume a pro-Toronto stance, but I felt unexpectedly protective.

Passionate discourse from both ends of the spectrum became particularly magnified, as debate over the possible re-location of the national office from Ottawa to Toronto ensued. The financial logic of the proposal could not be denied (CUP would save \$10,000 in rent annually), and, in fact, it resulted in a majority vote which favoured the move. In the round table discussion through which each paper was able to voice their position concerning the tabled issue, most papers, regardless of geographical location, articulated an acknowledgment of the suggested plan's economic soundness. Notably, a significant number of delegates felt compelled to qualify their statements by dramatically emphasizing their disdain for Toronto prior to supporting the desirable concept of saving money for the organization. One charitable delegate conceded that "...it makes sense, but I'm sick of Toronto being the centre of the universe." Essentially, most of the papers echoed the same reluctant submission to the 'Toronto monster'.

My own statement on behalf of Pro Tem was somewhat defensive and likely as emotionally based as the unwarranted attacks which preceded it. I became evangelical in tone, as I pointed out to various representatives that Toronto (and its student press) is not evil incarnate. Interestingly, an informal survey revealed to me a reasonably consistent lack of first-hand knowledge about Toronto. Few of the delegates ardently opposed to any CUP affiliation with Toronto had ever been here or even met anyone from the maligned metropolis. I suppose I was overwhelmed by the unyielding resentment to which I had never previously been exposed. I did find it especially disappointing and ironic to discover that the West coast papers, which I had personally assessed as being the most professionally admirable in numerous areas (including conflict resolution, gender sensitivity and displayed commitment to social justice), served proudly as the generator of such unconstructive defiance. I should mention, however, that one dissenting delegate from Winnipeg did confess to me privately about his secret desire to visit Toronto, which contradicted quite directly his own T.O. slagging speech that acted as the catalyst to a succession of the insults aimed at the infamous urban centre.

Admittedly, Toronto is not the nucleus of the world, although some of its inhabitants might argue otherwise. Like all cities, it is not bereft of fault. It is, however, the financial centre of the country and home to a huge arts community within a multicultural setting (not present in other provinces). I did not personally allot Toronto its societal position in Canada, nor did any other student journalists or citizen living within its boundaries. Therefore, I do not appreciate being held accountable for its alleged evils. I suspect that Westerners feel obliged to hate Toronto. Strangely, it would seem that Toronto-bashing is some bizarre form of regional bonding that is clearly an integral element in the collective identity of the West.

NRF

-LETTER 2 THE EDITOR-

To the Editor,

Two recent incidents involving the GCSU seem to indicate at the very least a profound lack of respect for both the Women's Centre and GLABA (Glendon's Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Alliance).

As was reported in the last issue of Pro Tem, at the recent Queer Night, a GCSU member tore down some GLABA posters, and he crumpled them up in front of some club members, because they did not have the GCSU stamp on them. If I had a dime for every GCSU poster I have seen without a stamp, I could retire early and pay off the student loans of Glendon's entire student population.

During the December 6th Women's Remembrance Day ceremonies, a GCSU member "suggested" in a rather patronizing way that the two women selling buttons, collecting donations and providing literature pack up and shut down because "offices are closed and classes canceled". One of the women

astutely pointed out that the closure was because of the December 6th remembrance activities, one of which was the display table. GLABA posters are torn down enough as it is by campus homophobes, and women organized events are unfortunately often few and far between. The GCSU doesn't have to help make matters worse by their insensitivity and lack of respect.

Sincerely,
Lynn Iding

a . p . o . l . o . g . y

In the issue of December 5th, Pro Tem printed an article entitled "For Men to Think About" which was credited incorrectly. It should have been credited to Education Wife Assault, 427 Bloor W, Toronto, Ontario. Anyone who wishes to obtain additional copies of this information should call EA at 968-3422. We would like to apologize for the error.



Photo: Mary Tomblinson

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- perspectives

An "addictive" society

Emily Pohl-Weary

The market for antidepressants has skyrocketed, cigarette and alcohol sales are up, and more and more people are resorting to chemical helpers in order to get through the day. Addiction has been brought into the spotlight so many times lately that some authors are calling ours an "Addictive Society."

Addiction can be defined as any process over which we are powerless or which keeps us unaware of what's going on inside us. It serves as a short-term means to reduce emotional pain. To avoid anxiety, forget problems or guilt, reduce anger or loneliness, even to alleviate boredom. We can become addicted to TV, reading, relationships, fighting, work, cleanliness, food, shopping and chemicals. Addiction is ultimately the repeated abandonment of one's self in favour of the addictive high.

Anne Wilson Schaeff, in her book *When Society Becomes an Addict*, defines two kinds of addictions: substance addictions and process addictions. Substance addictions, or ingestive addictions, are mood-altering and can create a physical as well as a psychological dependence. Some of these are food, cigarettes, alcohol, antidepressants and heroin. Process addictions occur when a person becomes "hooked" on a series of ac-

tions or pattern of interactions. These

can take the form of gambling, accumulation of money, sex, work, religion or worrying.

"We don't have a drug problem. We have a culture problem."

Mona Charen, *The Washington Times*, Aug. 29, 1989

"Addictive Personality" is a term that gets used frequently. Some people seem to have the propensity to eat more or consume more alcohol than others. It is regularly assumed that alcoholism, for example, is a genetically based weakness, or even a disease. Is it actually possible for people to be born with a genetic predisposition to alcohol, heroin or food? Perhaps there are some people who

stand to gain from this misconception, and thus prefer to foster the idea that society has no responsibility.

Rather, drug dependency, like too much TV and other addictions, seem to be to a large extent the result of denial. There are several ways that we can divert responsibility or avoid dealing with a difficult situation: rationalizing the addiction: "Everyone else is drinking;" projecting the responsibility onto someone else: "He makes me so angry! I need to relax;" intellectualizing the addiction and taking it out of context: "Drugs should be legal."

It seems that many addicts will go through the process of denying each progressive stage of their addiction. "I don't drink everyday" becomes "I drink everyday but I haven't lost a job" which eventually becomes "I've lost a job but I never drink before 5pm - real alcoholics drink in the morning." Because all their energy is diverted to avoiding responsibility, many people will resist taking action to right a difficult situation.

What role does society play in the problem of addiction? There has long been a school of thought that places

all of the responsibility for addiction at the feet of the individual. Basically, addiction has been considered a genetic weakness, a sin, or even a disease. Lately many people have begun to question society's role in creating "addictive personalities."

According to Craig Nakken, in his book *The Addictive Personality*, if you were raised in a family where closeness was just a word, not a reality, you are much more prone to form an addictive relationship. This is because you were taught to distance yourself from people instead of connecting with them and the pattern of distancing has

left you with a deep, lonely emptiness that you want to have filled.

These "unhealthy" patterns seem to begin with an individual's childhood environment and intensify throughout adulthood. If one were to accept Nakken's theories, perhaps recovery from addiction would not be the return to a "healthier" self, but instead the development of a new personality.

Anne Schaeff defines society as a series of contents and processes that is larger than the sum of its parts. It is one which has a life of its own, distinct from the lives of individuals within it, and which calls forth certain characteristic behaviours and processes in those individuals.

In the context of an addictive society, Schaeff calls the per-

Addict v. & n. - Devote or apply habitually or compulsively; make addicted. - 1. n. a person addicted to a habit, esp. one dependent on a (specified) drug (addicted to heroin, addicted to smoking) 2. colloq. an enthusiastic devotee of a sport or pastime (film addict)

sonalization of this phenomenon "addictive thinking." Characteristic of addictive thinking is knowing that something is wrong but not accepting personal fault. We may believe that as individuals we cannot make things right, that someone else will have to do it for us. When others can't fulfill our wishes, we shift all the blame onto them (the government, our boss, our girlfriend or boyfriend). In this way, we are able to absolve ourselves from any responsibility, and also from the possibility of having to take action and risk failure.

Our society, which gives more importance to materialistic values than to interpersonal skills, would perhaps enhance the difficulties that some people have in interacting. In this age of lightning-quick results, is it any wonder that people expect their emotional problems to be solved just as fast? Perhaps this is one of the reasons why avoidance, in the form of addiction is such a feasible, even pleasant alternative.

Many people have become so disheartened with their own ability to effect change on a social level. This feeling of powerlessness can easily be transferred to undermine an individual's ability to exert power over their own behaviour, in which case, the addiction would serve as a crutch or a helper without having to face any consequences.

La Russie en crise, encore...

David Bolduc

Depuis quelques semaines, l'attaque en Tchétchénie monopolise le peu de nouvelles internationales présentées par les médias de chez-nous. Il s'agit en fait d'une première.

L'armée russe n'était pas intervenue si massivement dans un conflit depuis l'invasion ratée de l'Afghanistan. Cette fois-ci, par contre, la télévision est au rendez-vous de l'événement. Et ceci change bien des choses. Non pas tant en ce qui concerne la réaction internationale que la réaction russe en Russie même. En plus de faire découvrir à la population l'horreur de la guerre, la couverture médiatique du conflit a elle-même créé un système d'instabilité à l'intérieur de l'État russe.

La crédibilité du gouvernement, déjà minée par les échecs économiques, s'est littéralement effondrée depuis le début de l'offensive militaire. La cause première de cet effondrement est la différence frappante entre la couverture de la chaîne d'État et la chaîne indépendante NTV. Alors que cette dernière présente les vraies images de la guerre, c'est-à-dire la mort et la destruction d'un côté comme de l'autre, la télévision officielle continue de filmer uniquement les victoires russes. Les images de soldats attendant impatiemment de défendre les intérêts de leur nation en nettoyant leurs armes

jurent avec celles de la violence auxquelles nous sommes plus habitués.

Les critiques à propos de l'armée fusent de partout (même en son sein) alors que celle-ci multiplie les bêtises. Un officier a récemment expliqué à NTV que son unité en avait affronté une autre pendant six heures avant de se rendre compte qu'ils étaient du même camp. Les performances médiocres des pilotes sous-entraînés ont provoqué la mort de dizaines de civils ainsi que le bombardement involontaire des troupes russes par leur propre aviation. Cette piètre efficacité, ajoutée à la résistance acharnée des Tchétchènes, font traîner les opérations en longueur et en augmentent le coût humain... ce que la population accepte de moins en moins puisqu'elle peut maintenant y assister en direct.

Boris Eltsine, par ses fréquentes disparitions et par son refus de s'expliquer clairement contribue à la création d'une situation particulièrement instable. Ce jeu est dangereux car la place

est laissée à ses ennemis pour prendre le rôle de rallieur. Ainsi, l'ultra-nationaliste Vladimir Jirinovsky a réussi à rallier la majorité des parlementaires lors de la session spéciale de la Douma en rappelant que la question d'unité nationale devait primer sur le reste. Alors que la capitale tchétchène semble sur le point de tomber, Eltsine n'en est pas au bout de ses peines et doit naviguer prudemment entre les démocrates qui le critiquent ouvertement, les nationalistes à tendance fasciste qui n'attendent que le bon moment pour prendre le pouvoir, l'opinion publique qui ne comprend pas que l'on puisse gaspiller la vie de centaines de soldats pour une république insignifiante et aux pressions de la communauté internationale qui s'indigne de plus en plus face aux pratiques brutales de l'armée russe. La chute de Grozny pourrait lui donner un répit, mais étant donné la détermination du peuple tchétchène, la guerre est probablement loin d'être terminée. Les conséquences d'un renversement de Eltsine demeurent incertaines. La grande majorité de la communauté internationale estime pour sa part que l'alternative ne peut qu'être pire.



Photo: Heather Braiden

Genetic engineering in cows affects milk

Craig Schiller

Ottawa (Cup) In a protest against a trade policy proposal that threatens the consumer 'right to choose healthy food products, more than 300 organizations dumped milk in front of Ottawa's Conference Centre.

The international Network on Genetically-Engineered Foods (INGEF) wants to ensure that people know about scientific advances that are radically changing the food we eat.

INGEF spokesperson Jeremy Rifkin believes the U.S. government "is more interested in the profits of transnational chemical, pharmaceutical and biotech companies than they are in the public health and safety of consumers in the United States, Canada and other countries around the world."

The Codex Alimentarius, the food policy arm of the United Nations and the World Health Organization, met in Ottawa to discuss one of the most controversial areas of international trade policy: whether or not to genetically-engineered food products.

The American delegation at the conference reportedly proposed banning such labelling altogether, which would deny consumers the right to know what they are eating.

If this proposal passes, it would be binding - any country labelling such products would be subject to punitive measures.

INGEF's protest centred around the use of recombinant bovine growth hormone in dairy cows. Treated cows are able to give 25 per cent more milk, but according to INGEF, they also suffer from severe udder infections, reproductive disorders, leg problems and premature death.

Antibiotics used to treat the infections show up in the milk, as do unusually high levels of pus and Insulin Growth Factor-1, which has been linked, when present in high doses, to cancer in humans.

The group also suggests that Monsanto, the pharmaceutical company which makes the hormone, is burying reports of hormone-related health problems in the U.S., which must be filed with the American Food and Drug Administration. According to Monsanto is completely safe.

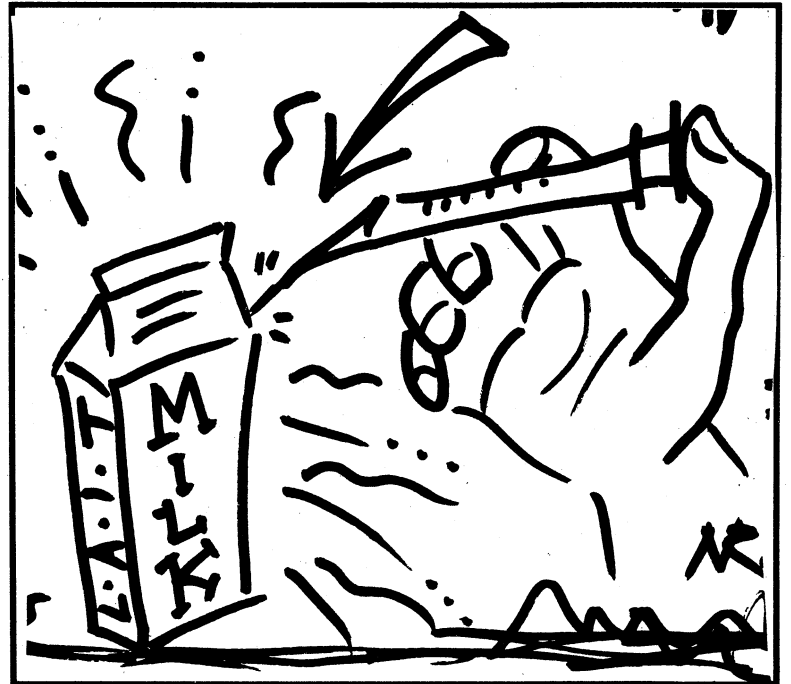
However, in the autumn 1994 issue of Canadian Perspectives, Alex Boston of the Council of Canadians says that Monsanto is the same company that said PCBs and Agent Orange were also safe.

The growth hormone is not yet available in Canada, but is under consideration. INGEF is calling for the Canadian government to withhold approval for the drug until independent long-term health studies can prove it is indeed safe. As it stands now, the hormone could be used in Canada as early as next July.

The problem has already corrected itself somewhat in the American marketplace. A growing boycott of genetically-engineered milk by school boards and supermarket chains has led many producers to stop using the hormone.

Rifkin remains concerned, however, saying that "the success or failure of rBGH (the hormone) in Canada sets the stage for other products to enter the market without labels and without appropriate health testing."

Scientists are currently splic-



ing genes from animal and bacterial sources into plants, creating all sorts of unprecedented new species. New breeds of tomatoes are appearing with genes from arctic flounder to improve their resistance to frost and with genes to improve from cow which their shelf life.

Potatoes are being bred with new genes from chickens and wax moths. Squash and cantaloupe are being modified with genes from bacteria and viruses.

According to Federal Trade Minister Roy MacLaren, "There is nothing in either NAFTA or the GATT that prevents Canada from pursuing its own health standards and requirements."

Minister of Agriculture Raph Goodale has appointed a task force to study the drug, but Boston says its mandate reflects corporate expectations, "falling to fully examine the human and animal health risks and the impact on farmers."

INGEF is concerned that these foods might not be labelled as genetically altered. Religious leaders fear that their members will be unable to adhere properly to dietary codes, and consumer groups fear the health impact of food products we have never eaten before.

The cow that is being bred into tomatoes is resistant to common antibiotics, and could conceivably increase resistance in human as well, rendering a number of common illnesses untreatable. The groups are also worried that in some cases, the new genetic material could trigger food allergies.

Unless these products are properly tested and labelled, INGEF warns, your rights and your safety as a consumer are threatened. It has not suggested halting these experiments altogether, but hopes governments will offer consumers a fair choice, since they do not know the real risks involved.



Photo: Liam O'Neil

Notice of awards

Application forms for the following awards/programmes are now available at the Office of Student Affairs, 116 Glendon Hall. Date limite: le 17 février 1995.

- Programme des moniteurs de langues officielles
- Summer Language Bursary Program
- Terry Fox Humanitarian Award Program: for undergraduate students not exceeding 25 years of age. Must demonstrate involvement in humanitarian service and participation in sport, fitness and community service. Date limite: le 1er février 1995.

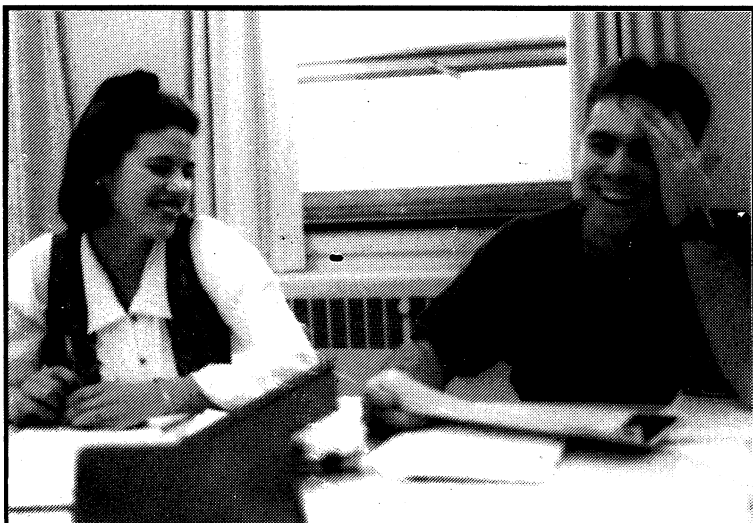


Photo: Liam O'Neil

For those interested in more information about Wicca...

1. The Life and Times of a Modern Witch
by Janet and Stewart Farrar
(Phoenix Publishing Inc.)
2. Of Witches - Celebrating The Goddess As A Solitary Pagan
by Janet Thompson
(Samuel Weiser, Inc. Maine)
3. The Practice of Witchcraft - An Introduction To Beliefs and Rituals of the Old Religion
by Robin Skelton
(Porcupine Books, Victoria B.C.)
4. Wicca - The Old Religion in the New Age
by Vivianne Crowley
(The Aquarian Press, U.K.)

All titles available at Maiden, Mother Crane Occult Shoppe — 313 Queen St. West (upstairs) 593-0692

— perspectives —

Homophobia as violence against women

SuperGyrl writes about the hatred and violence that lesbians face living in a homophobic world.

This particular Friday night seemed no different from any other: we were at our usual haunt, drinking the usual beer listening to the usual music. My girlfriend noticed that a friend of ours (we'll call her Jenny) was being hit on by a straight man. We registered nothing much more than a passing amusement, finished our beers, and left in search of a more interesting destination, leaving Jenny behind.

We found out the next day that, upon discovering that Jenny was a lesbian, the guy that was hitting on her started a confrontation. Jenny was shoved on the floor, the man landed on top of her and then smashed a beer bottle over her. All this because she is a lesbian. Homophobia is defined as the irrational fear of homosexuality and homosexuals. It is the burden of hatred and ignorance that queers everywhere have to shoulder every day of their lives. For me, it is an ever-present menacing shadow that looms over my life. It kept me trapped in the closet for seven miserable years. It prevented me from admitting, even to myself, that I was attracted to women, and subsequently forced me to live a painful lie for one third of my life. It manifests itself in many differ-

ent ways; ways that result in, at the very least, degradation and humiliation and, in many cases, physical violence and death. Ask any lesbian: she'll have a story to tell you about the abuse and violence she experiences because of homophobia. These are a few of my own.

I'm at my best friend's house in my home town. It's one of my extremely infrequent visits, it's Christmas, and the Tennessee Network is playing on the TV. My friend's father turns to me and, in the only words he utters to me all night, asks how I can stand living in Toronto with "all them queers." He leans over, sticks his fat, sweaty face in mine, and whispers to me: "If I met a queer, I'd get my twelve-gauge shotgun, stick it up their ass and pull the trigger. They should all be

killed." I grew up different in a small town. Everyday was a trial, every day was filled with the fear that someone may see through my cover, and I may be the one who ends up on the barrel of that twelve-gauge shotgun. My entire family is homophobic, yet I love them anyway. Every time I see them, I tell them an endless string of lies about my life. Every time I see them, I have to listen to their ignorance. My own brother is one of the biggest homophobes around. My own brother embodies everything I am terrified of: he's ignorant, thick, musclebound, and hates "dykes". He has no idea that his sister is one of the enemies.

Graffiti on the wall of a bathroom in Glendon: "I think I am in love with my female best friend. What should I do?"

Respose #1: "Leave the country."

#2: "Kill yourself..."

I thought that things would be different when I moved to

Toronto. It's no different. I'm still afraid to read a book with the word lesbian in the title on the subway. I still wonder when I'm going to run in to the wrong person looking a little too dykey, and be turned into a big lesbian punching bag for some gaybashing asshole. I'm still afraid to hold my girlfriend's hand in public.

I censor everything I say in my classes, and am subject to other students debating about the "unnaturalness" and "deviance" of "those homosexuals" as if I am not there. I have to use a pseudonym just to write this article.

I've had a recurring nightmare since I started writing this article: my girlfriend and I are walking down a dark alley, and a car drives up behind us. It stops, blocking our escape. The door opens and five figures wielding baseball get out and descend upon us in slow motion. Every time, I wake up in a cold

sweat just as the first blow smashes against my skull.

Writing this article has been very difficult. It would have been easier just to keep it quiet and try to forget instead of cutting open a lot of old wounds. I wrote this hoping it might move someone to reassess their ideas and confront their own homophobia. If you are straight, stop and think how it would feel to be abused and insulted just because you held your girlfriend's/boyfriend's hand in public. Think of how it would feel to walk the streets and the hallways of your own school in fear. Imagine being called unnatural and deviant by the government, your teachers, your church, or your own parents. And if you are a lesbian, well, keep on fighting gyrl! Someday we'll change things.



Employment equity ?

The following article nearly resulted in the academic suspension of its author, due to the content violating the Humber College constitution. Please note that the Pro Tem editorial staff is not in accord with the sentiments expressed in this piece. However, we would like to give our readership the opportunity to respond to this (hopefully) unusual perspective. Please voice your opinions in some form.

Andrew Kelly Humber College

Employment equity has hit Ontario as of September 1, 1994. But why do the socialists need an employment equity program when the affirmative action program does almost the same thing ?

The answer is simple: employment equity wants to prevent all white males (females are next on the list) from getting a job so the other minorities who do not have the skills or the ability can play God to the hard-working white males. History tells us that over 200 years ago there was slavery which resulted in discrimination against certain groups. However, 200 years ago is part of ancient history now, and these people are still complaining today. The weak left and the weak right have given in to these groups, causing a "politically correct" mess. The socialists have won their victory to make sure that the white male can only be responsible for hate crimes, racism, and supremacy groups. However, there are several minority groups that are even more radical than the white supremacy groups. These so-called groups are never charged for racist remarks, except in the media, and are set free by the socialists without even so much as a whimper. My thanks go to the

groups who cry out that every person is a racist! If minorities are not being hired, it's because they do not have the proper skills to operate in that field. Instead of acknowledging the facts, minorities want to be hired because their great grandfathers and mothers were oppressed. Is there a difference between the employment equity and the affirmative action bills? The answer is yes, the employment equity goes further to bypass all the white males in order to let a disadvantaged group member take over their place even when they do not know what to do. They just want to take the easy street without going to college or university to get these skills. The other thing employment equity/affirmative action programs do is allow the doors to the colleges and universities to be flung open. This is done in order to pave the way for people who just want to cause trouble in the whole system. It has been proven that these groups look for trouble so they can get more for less in the education system. By scream-

ing out racism at every little thing, the socialist wand allows these people to have their pick of jobs and their choice of free benefits while the white male ends up having to pay more and live with less. This is the reason the average college /university student cannot find a job after graduating or even during their years at school. Thanks to socialist/liberal policies, the average student loses to minorities who have only one thing in mind, which is to hire their own kind. If the white male screams out racism because he found out that the job he wanted was only hiring a certain type of person, then he would undoubtedly be ignored by the liberal human resources and human rights departments. These human rights/resources departments serve only the "disadvantaged groups". However, I believe that no one is disadvantaged if they have the right skills and education for the job. The only one who can make disadvantaged people what they are is themselves.

Programme des moniteurs de langues officielles

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Si l'anglais est ta première langue, tu travailleras avec des élèves dont la première langue est l'anglais, généralement dans une autre province que celle où tu résides.

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Tu peux également écrire à la :

Coordonnatrice provinciale, Programme des moniteurs
Équipe des programmes d'enseignement et de l'évaluation
Ministère de l'Éducation et de la Formation
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Le Programme des moniteurs de langues officielles est financé par le ministère du Patrimoine canadien et est administré par le ministère de l'Éducation et de la Formation de l'Ontario en collaboration avec le Conseil des ministres de l'Éducation (Canada).

R·e·a·d·y·f·o·r·V·i·d·e·o

Sarah Shaughnessy

Robert Altman's latest film *Ready To Wear* is an unquestionably timid mockery of the fashion industry and the trivia that flies in its orbit. The changing of the film's original title, "Prêt à Porter" so that North American audiences would not assume that the film was purposeful, high-brow, or thought provoking was perhaps an appropriate choice as it also reflected the selling out of models to designers, designers to the critics, and Altman to the movie-going public.

Ready To Wear, typical to Altman, includes a remarkable cast. Tim Robbins and Julia Roberts play two journalists who get stuck sharing a hotel room where they have a crazy extramarital affair that gives the film

light-hearted nostalgia of a soft-porn spring break film from the early 1980's. Sofia Lauren, winner of the 1994 Cannes films festival prize for best actress for her part in this film, takes us on a non-expressive, equally unnecessary journey of an over-

tanned, youth worshipping, industry sweetheart re-uniting with an Italian lover who is incidentally a communist. And Linda Hunt, Tracey Ullman and Sally Kellerman brilliantly play editors from Vogue, Elle and Bazaar. Unfortunately this brilliance is lost when their story becomes the farcical quest of each editor to recover compromising pictures taken of them by a spoiled photographer with a nasty sense of humour. The sub-plot develops like *Three's Company*.

Altman, a noted genius of bitter social commentary and stellar casts

also directed *The Player*, *Short Cuts*, and *M.A.S.H.* *Ready To Wear* is made only bearable by the remarkable performances of the cast, some embarrassingly humiliated by a script that feels guilty for criticizing, and one that finds comfort in telling banal, nonsensical stories. It seems almost as if Altman had the intention of awarding this amoral industry the brutality to which it deserves, but became side-tracked, enchanted with designer Jean Paul Gauthier, his strange yet intriguing entourage of circus freaks, and a hospitable, nay, loving invitation to film part of a runway show live-

dangerous, naughty, uncensored. The one part of this film that is indeed worth seeing is what I suspect was the final sequence. If more followed, I can assure that this was the last necessary part of the movie. This priceless ending includes a runway, scandalously setting the stage for a cue of naked models. This final comment, aching to make some connection where there isn't one, nobly proposes that women should be in charge of their clothes, not industry of trends. The audience at the foot of the runway roars into a melodramatic, emancipated applause. Kim Basinger, the flaky fashion television journalist expresses the sentiment of any half concerned, cerebral, industry enthusiast by walking out. She is framed in the film as an uninformed half wit. The feeling in the movie theatre is as if we are all watching the emperor with his new clothes. Oddly where the film is so obviously pseudo, one feels as if they

can sense the ghostly hand of Altman himself resting on one's shoulder, teary eyed in triumph.

Ready To Wear is not a coherent, meaningful, or intentionally funny film. The film may bring into question a rare, failed attempt by Altman to be a story teller and an issue-artist at the same time. Regardless, *Ready To Wear* verifies that even the most genuine filmmaker may enjoy a spell of silliness.

Que vous faut-il de plus?!

Favoriser l'osmose du réel et de l'imaginaire avec quatre artistes québécois

Johanne Tremblay

Dites-moi: combien de fois passez-vous chaque jour par le Manoir? Et que dire de toutes ces heures d'attente que vous vous tapez en file au bureau de l'aide financière? Ou encore assis juste devant, quelle coïncidence, les portes de la galerie... fixant ces grands murs blancs et silencieux, pas très bavards ces murs... Ces instants où la monotonie, bestiole maudite qui se plaît à vous ronger les ongles... monstruosité que plusieurs savamment cultivent vous engourdit les sens à la première occasion et ce, sans récidive.

Dégourdissez-vous avant qu'il ne soit trop tard! Ouvrez l'oeil et prenez part à l'expérience visuelle que vous offrent ces artistes sensibles et féconds qui prennent le temps d'explorer des mondes parallèles ou sous-jacents de la réalité quotidienne; ou s'ils la représente, ce sera sous des jours différents, personnalisés, mais toujours s'y pencheront-ils avec une curiosité exemplaire jetant une lumière troublante ou provoquant un questionnement nécessaire à l'enrichissement de toute existence que l'on veut exaltante.

Et puis si cela ne vous plaît pas, eh bien au moins vous saurez pourquoi (ou croirez savoir): une opinion sous le bras, une expérience de plus à ajouter à vos bagages, et vous n'en repartirez que plus riche.

Nul besoin de courir les galeries du centre-ville si le coeur, le temps ou l'énergie ne vous le disent point... le lieu est à votre porte que vous faut-il de plus?!

Un instant où votre esprit sera ouvert sur un imaginaire créateur d'énergie, un monde qui a énormément à offrir à qui veut bien prendre. Glendon nous gâte par son choix d'artistes invités et la possibilité qu'elle nous offre de pouvoir les rencontrer... approchez-vous, laissez-vous apprivoiser, vous y avez tout à gagner.

Un dernier mot: dans l'art, comme dans toute chose d'ailleurs, la valeur de l'expérience est proportionnelle à la grandeur de votre ouverture d'esprit...

Les oeuvres photographiques des quatre grands artistes québécois, Roberto Pellegrinuzzi, Claude-Philippe Benoit, Lucie Lefebvre et Sylvie Bélanger sont à la Galerie Glendon jusqu'au 16 février. Gâtez-vous!

Heures d'ouverture de la Galerie: du mardi au vendredi de 10h à 17h et le dimanche de 13h à 16h

GALERIE
GLENDON
GLENDON
GALLERY

En avant la musique !

Est-ce que tu as déjà entendu parler de la Brunante à la SRC ? Oui - non T'es pas sûr. Eh bien regarde ceci. La Brunante à la SRC est un concours parrainé par deux artistes du monde musical francophone. Cette année, les parrains sont Toyo et Jonh Mc Gale. Le but du concours est de développer de nouveaux talents franco-ontariens et de se servir de La Brunante comme tremplin.

La Brunante est supervisée par la Société Radio-Canada pour mieux répondre aux besoins de la clientèle de l'Ontario, et du même coup promouvoir différents secteurs de la chanson française en Ontario.

La raison d'être du concours est de permettre aux artistes d'expression française de se rencontrer pour mieux se comprendre et de mettre en commun leurs expériences pour que la chanson française ait plus de voix.

Des prix intéressants seront accordés aux meilleurs... Donc pensez-y bien. Pour plus d'informations contactez Gabriel Dubé à la SRC au (416) 205-2522. Bonne chance à tous et à toutes!

Dominique Marcotte

Quoi faire cette semaine

Monday, Jan. 16th

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Cineforum (463 Bathurst - at College), 7pm
Superdance - Dances for a small stage 9 1/2 presents **Les Amants** choreographed by Bruce Mitchell (his last piece before he died of AIDS in 1991; powerful & shocking) Rivoli (332 Queen W) 8pm, \$12

STAR TREK: VOYAGER 2 hrs Season's premiere 8pm CityTV

Amnesty International Monthly Meeting St. John's Church (Woodbine & Kingston Rd.) 698-3281

Tuesday, Jan. 17th

Cheap Tuesday at the movies! Check out:

Whale Music (soundtrack by the Rheostatics) at the Paradise Rep. Theatre (Dovercourt & Bloor - two blocks from Ossington station)

Rouge (Red) last (and best?) of Krzysztof Kieslowski's trilogy Carlton Cinema (College subway)

Wednesday, Jan. 18th

Adam West at the Ultrasound (269 Queen W)
Squirrel, Dinner is Ruined, Sook-Yin Lee (that new DJ at Much Music...) at the Rivoli \$2

Thursday, Jan. 19th

Watch Twin Peaks on Bravo! (6pm/2am)
Submit an article/poem/photo to Pro Tem by 5pm (especially if you are paid staff)

Friday, Jan. 20th

Gypsy Soul * Video release party* at the Horseshoe (370 Queen W) **The Stillborn Lover** by Timothy Findley at Theatre Passe Muraille (16 Ryerson Ave.) \$7.50 - \$20 8:30pm
Venus' Night! Burn a pink candle for that 'special somebody'

Saturday, Jan. 21th

Buy some healthy food at St. Lawrence Market, then go for tea & scones at **Tea & Sympathy** (1 block West on Front) then head to the Horseshoe to witness the **Phantoms & Lilith** (très cool)

Sunday, Jan. 22nd

Poetry Group: College & Shaw Library 2:30 pm 393-7668
Veg-out & maybe buy a copy of **THIS** magazine (Pages or Book City)

Get some school work now done now!



— feature

■ words ■ from ■ child ■ prostitutes ■

by Cheratra Yaswen

VANCOUVER (CUP) — With all the attention the mainstream media is giving to the topic of child prostitution, we thought we should talk to some people who have been there. Both Shelley and Julian (who use their street names here) knew all about prostitution well before they graduated from high school. Here they talk to each other about what it was like and why they were there.

Shelley: How did you get your start?

Julian: Well, I guess I was 14. I'd been having major problems with my parents for years at that point. Their marriage was totally sour and there was this impending grossness in the house . . . My parents divorced and I came out [as gay] . . . and then I started working the streets in the same year. So I'm not really sure which came first.

S: So were you living at home when you were working the streets?

J: By the time I got seriously into it, my parents had separated earlier that summer and I was living at my dad's place. He was always at work or out with his girlfriend and my mom was at the original family house and I moved back and forth between them. My dad was really easy to get away from. So I would go downtown. I think a large part of it was because I was underage. I couldn't get into the [gay] bars. What else was there for me, other than the coffee houses I used to go to once a week for all ages?

S: The other male workers on the streets...

J: Almost all of them were underage.

S: So those were people you could meet.

J: Yeah, they were people I could hang out with. They were people who understood what it was to be gay, and what it was to be a gay kid. The sex for money . . . We didn't get picked up all that often. I wasn't a great looking kid anyway so I wasn't like highly in demand. The sex was there. Half of that was okay for me at first because it was gay sex. It was what I wanted. I guess it wasn't until Vancouver that I hit the hard part, the reality of it. It was still pretty soft in Victoria because I was still getting some money from my parents. It was more a social thing. In Vancouver, it got more hard core.

S: You can ask me questions if you want to. It's a joint thing.

J: Okay. Well then, how did you get started?

S: Well for me it was very different. I don't know if it was different from most people's experiences but it was certainly different from yours.

I was in a Satanic Cult context; people are bred to be certain things and I was bred to be a hooker. A lot of kids were because you make a lot of money off kids. A lot of people like kids, to buy kids. So it was always understood that I would be a hooker . . .

So when I was about nine, I started getting sold regularly. And I had watched my brother getting sold also when he was about 11 right on through. That aspect of it, up until I was about 13 there's no question in my mind that that was sexual slavery. There's no ambiguous aspects to that. I had no choice, no power or anything.

And Mom pocketed all the money, so I didn't get any money out of it either. When I was 13 we moved to Vancouver from a small town.

I started working the streets . . . my Mom was aware of it. I was working the streets on the low track, on Hastings, and I got picked up by a bad trick.

taken out to the PNE grounds and raped, which obviously freaked me right out.

So my mother's solution to this was to put me in a brothel because that would be safer. I worked out of this place which had underage girls in it for the next four years until I quit when I was 17 and I haven't worked since then. I don't know what else to say . . . I was living at home, right?

Because Mom was my pimp. I mean I had a pimp in the brothel, but my real pimp was Mom. All my money went to her for her veins and

for my veins [heroin]. I think I may have helped her buy her car and pay her rent but most of it was going up our veins, which is something that she started me on.

It wasn't my choice to be started on that either. So, at the same time, I was living at home and I was going to school and getting straight A's. I had this double life and I was so dissociated because of all the abuse that I wasn't really conscious of what I was doing.

When I was on the streets I knew everything that was going on in my life, but as a schoolgirl I just had to block out what I was doing at night 'cause . . . I knew that my education was my ticket out of where I was. Somehow I had to stick it out. So that's how I got my start.

J: God...

S: I know. It was really horrible. When I was thinking about having this discussion, I was initially thinking about all the latest sort-of prostitutes rights rhetoric about prostitutes having agency and power, and it's rhetoric that I spout quite readily.

Then I was thinking about my own experience. It was like, "Well, yes but that wasn't my experience." I was a victim. Yes, prostitution on the streets was better than being ritually abused in a small town and it was sort of a step towards agency because I had some control over my clients and I could define what was going to happen and when to some extent, but I was not in control.

J: I feel revulsion for someone wanting a nine year-old child to have sex with.

S: But, when you say you were a 14 year-old boy I feel the same way about that. We were both kids.

J: Yeah, I know. I'm just . . . Nine years old seems awfully young.

S: It's extremely young. But there's a huge market for it. Huge. I was part of a child prostitution ring and I saw a lot of other girls and boys go through this, my age. It's disgusting but you can make a shit load of money if you're a fucked-up unscrupulous parent.

J: And careful at covering your tracks.

S: Real careful. But you know, professionals like cops, businessmen, lawyers — all the professionals in town — are your top clients. I don't know why that is but it seems to be standard. I think I remember you once saying, "If I see another suit, I'm gonna choke." It's the suits all the time. New question: what made you start doing drag [dressing in female clothes while still appearing male]?

J: I needed money. I mean, if I make

more money by throwing on a dress, I might as well. And also, a lot of gay men coming out go through a drag phase. I'm not sure why. You know, you go through

the flaunting it phase for gay men. Not all by any means but a lot of urban gay men. I think being urban and being young, you go through a drag phase.

S: I was going to ask about drugs and what role they played.

J: Oh God, drugs. Well, when I first came over here there really wasn't that much around and I was staying with someone who didn't like drugs — so just pot. I smoked a lot of pot, and I was so hopelessly naive that people thought it was funny. I didn't know what coke was; I didn't know what MDA was. When did I get into MDA?

I guess I was about 19 or 20. You see, those years are really a blur for me.

S: I know, same here.

J: There's times I can't even remember what year things happened in. It wasn't really important. Every day was like every other day. It wasn't like I was working. There was one important day of the month and that was welfare day. And then it blurs 'cause there was another month working the streets, sucking dick for money, doing my neighbour for money, taking drugs. The problem with drugs — I guess it's different for females — is that you can't do too much of them because then you can't get an erection.

I never let tricks fuck me except once, and that was when I was in San Francisco and starving, like seriously starving. There was absolutely no way I was going to let any man inside me.

S: If I were ever to work again, which I shouldn't, it would be far easier for me, emotionally, psychologically, to just let them have intercourse with me than to give them head or something because then I could just ignore it.

I wouldn't have to work for my money. I can't imagine what it's like for men who work and boys who work because they have to have at least some semblance of sexual arousal and for me that would be the most traumatizing, confusing, terrifying thing to go through and I don't know . . .

J: You develop a really good fantasy life . . . It marked my sexual function in a way that only now in the last year or two years am I able to let a man make love to me in the sense of receiving attention. Because before my body was numb. Because the only way I could function was to be in control and to fantasize. I can fantasize and visualize like you wouldn't believe.

S: Because you'd have to.

J: Yeah.

S: That's something I never . . . I mean, for female prostitutes, generally speaking, from everything I've heard and experienced, you don't have any pleasure — at all. If you do, you're not hooking.

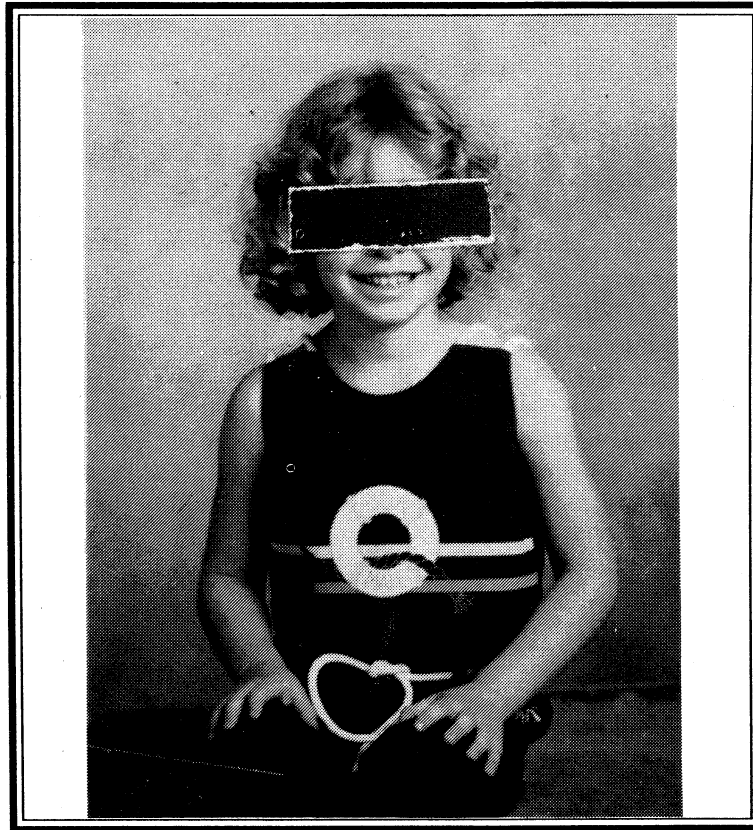
If I had, it would have been really traumatizing for me because it would have blurred the line between my personal being, my individuality, my self, and my work and there was no way I wanted that line blurred.

Another thing about letting them enter you is I always felt that because there was a condom there, they weren't really entering me, the condom was. They weren't really touching me and that was definitely a help in my head.

J: See, when I first did it, we weren't using condoms.

S: When did you start?

J: Well, I was 14, so that would



have been in '80.

S: When I was doing it, when it was being done to me as a child, people weren't using them either. I'm absolutely astounded that I didn't get AIDS. I'm sure there are whole slews of child prostitutes now who are going to be dying of AIDS soon and it just kills me to think about that.

I'm very lucky. This was late 70's, early 80's, so nobody knew. Another thing I was thinking about is the role that drugs played for me. When I first started acknowledging that this stuff happened in my

life, I started feeling like I really liked that time in my life and I was really proud of that time, like I'd been alive and powerful and in control and all these sorts of things. Only lately have I been starting to realize that that feeling was all drugs. It didn't have anything to do with the prostitution. It was that invincible feeling that you get when you're on heroin, right? It wasn't...

J: It wasn't personal power.

S: No, it wasn't power. Because I've been thinking more and more about actually being a prostitute and I hated it. The stuff that I liked was the honesty of the streets, the grittiness of the streets and the highs.

But the actual prostitution part of it, no, I didn't like it. I was in grade twelve when I stopped working [the streets] and I went through heroin withdrawal. I was so dissociated from what I was doing that I didn't understand what I was going through. I thought I was having a nervous breakdown.

So there I am for two weeks — it was a week that was the worst — with shakes and double vision and insomnia and terror and I still graduated with honours. Did you graduate from high school?

J: Yeah.

S: That's good.

J: I think that's a difference between males and females. You see, you were doing drugs during the time you were working. We did them before and after. In fact, I would never work the streets even drunk.

I was just too freaked about being out of control and not alert and stuff. You know, especially as a queen. You have to deal with not only bad tricks but gay bashers and sailors coming down the street. I got sucker-punched a couple of times . . . I and most of the

boys I hung out with never did drugs [while we were working]. So, in some ways we did more drugs and drank more because the actual times we were working were like spots of reality, so you blocked them out of your mind.

S: So, is there anything else we needed to say?

J: Yeah. Relating to transsexuals. Though I'm not one, never have been one, I wonder about some of the queens I see starting to take hormones because I also took hormones. It wasn't about wanting to become female. It was about not wanting to be male. At all. Male-ness by that time was just so gross to me. I couldn't find anything good about it. It was just dicks with wallets attached to them.

S: How long did you take hormones?

J: Not actually that long. Six or eight months, but I was way, way over medicated. I had small breasts within three months. After the second week I started watching my face change almost daily . . . My face became more female looking. I think for me it was an extreme response to an extreme environment.

S: One of the things I want to make really clear is that female prostitutes can be lesbians, often are lesbians. There's the assumption that all male prostitutes are gay and all female prostitutes are straight and both those things are false. Why did you stop working?

J: Because at 22, the average male working the streets is over the hill, unless you develop a "specialty" which I didn't feel confident to do.

A lot of it was that I just wasn't making enough money. And I'd come back from a trip to the States where I'd gotten off hormones. I couldn't be a transsexual; I'm not one. I couldn't destroy myself.

I guess in the course of that, I realized that I just didn't want to do this anymore. One thing I wanted to say: I know that the vast majority of prostitutes are women but in a lot of discussions, male prostitutes are utterly ignored. There are young boys and young men who are as damaged as girls and young women, there's just not as many of us.

Shelley, now in her mid-twenties, is a student at SFU and has been working "straight" jobs for six years. Julian, now 30, is a writer and will be attending UBC in the fall.

sports / communiqués

SPORTING EQUIPMENT

MEN DON'T HAVE EVERYTHING WOMEN NEED

Paul Grewal

It can be said with certainty that both men and women are equally active in team sports and fitness activities these days. This is reflected by the fact that every varsity sport or intramural activity offers a men's and women's or even a coed league. Women play the same sports as men but sometimes the inherent physical differences between men and women create the need for differences in the design of equipment. Gender specifically designed sporting equipment is out there but it's not always readily available to women nor is it always offered in adequate selection. This is due partly to the marketing practices of manufacturers and partly to the misconception women often have about sporting equipment made for them. A visit with the Glendon women's basketball team was all it took to discern the situation. When asked what kind of basketball shoes they bought, the unanimous answer was men's shoes. Most of the team stated that they had no problem wearing a small men's basketball shoe. One team member commented that if one wanted a quality shoe they would have to look in the men's section. Another team member commented that men's shoes generally had a better look to them than women's shoes; she didn't want anything pink or powder blue.

Ken Allen, from the sports marketing department of Nike Canada Ltd., would concur. Commenting on the virtual non-availability of basketball shoes for women in Canada, he stated that Nike does carry a women's shoe but that most women simply prefer the men's shoe. "Even in the case of the women's national team" said Allen, "the men's shoe was preferred."

So, are women's athletic shoes really inferior? No. They're built slightly differently but they're not of lower quality. The basic difference between men's and women's shoes is the last. The last does not have anything to do with the durability of the shoe. When shoes are made the material is stretched over a special mold forming the shape of the shoe; this mold is called the last. Since women generally have shorter and narrower feet than men,

the last of a women's shoe is made accordingly. The problem with women wearing small men's shoes is that, though the shoe may be short enough, the last isn't narrow enough.

"Women are conditioned, generally, to expect second rate equipment"

If women's basketball shoes are just as good as men's shoes and they're even designed to fit women better, then what's the problem? The problem lies in supply and demand. "Women are conditioned, generally, to expect second rate sports equipment" says Saul Globber, owner of B B Sports on Eglinton Avenue East. "It's partly their own doing because they've accepted the position of not being taken care of and I think they have to demand better stuff."

Globber, a lawyer by profession, decided to open up a sporting goods store that is unique not only because it deals exclusively in baseball and basketball equipment (hence, the two 'B's), but also because it makes a special effort to cater to women athletes. His background, playing college baseball and basketball in the States and having an eldest daughter who plays varsity basketball for McGill, influenced his decision on what to offer at the store. Globber found that whenever his daughter shopped for basketball shoes she was repeatedly told to settle for small boys shoes. Even now, seeking to stock more equipment designed specifically for women, he is told by manufacturers that he shouldn't bother because there is no demand here in Canada.

I say, "What comes first, supply or demand?" says Globber.

B B Sports has gone against the grain by supplying as much women's equipment as possible. Other kinds of women's shoes are available anywhere, such as aerobics

shoes or tennis shoes. But in the case of baseball and basketball, the two biggest women's team sports, most retailers, ironically, have little or no equipment available. Four different brands of women's basketball shoes are available at B B Sports. There's a whole row of women's baseball shoes to choose from. Also, B B Sports carries women's sized basketballs and bats. Women buying compression shorts or softball shorts used to have to buy a small unisex pair (but really they were men's pairs) and take in the waist because the waist is where men have their size and the hips are where women have their size. Globber has now got a manufacturer designing such shorts specifically for women in order to be sold in the store. New women's athletic underwear is also available. They even carry new batting gloves designed to fit women better; the fingers are longer and the palms are thinner.

Manufacturers do have to be given some credit because they are beginning to respond correctly to the huge market in women's athletic

ics. Their focus on athleticwear and footwear has moved on from the categorical navy for men and pink for women to straight function and performance. Colour doesn't matter, as indicated by the straight blues, greys, green and blacks, and compliance with body shape and movement is the focus.

Now, it's up to women.

It's a slow process" says Globber. "Even though I've got more women's baseball and basketball equipment than anybody in the city, and probably anybody in the country, still only half of the women who come in buy them. They're still apprehensive. They think, somehow, there must be something lesser to them or they can't be as good. I think it'll take a few years for them to get accustomed to good quality stuff which fits better." Globber went on to say, "Women have demanded their rights in every other field: education, jobs, pay equity. Whether or not they're going to demand the same in their leisure activities has yet to be seen. I think they will. It's a matter of realizing there is an opportunity."

The Library Sub-Committee will meet Thursday, January 19th at 4pm in Room 035.

If you are upset with the services provided by Glendon's Frost Library and/or are interested in expressing your point of view re: the library, please plan to attend.

Questions may be directed to Sara Ritchie, Director.

The Political Science Week OYÉ! OYÉ!

For its launching, the Glendon College Political Science Club is organizing a Political Science Week. From January 23rd to January 26th, various political parties from both the federal and provincial level will be at Glendon to give information about their ideas, their platform and their history. Tables will be set up in front of the Salon Garigue, and every day two or three different parties will be there to answer your questions and hand out their literature. Également, à l'heure du lunch, les représentants de chaque partis se retrouveront au Salon Garigue pour donner un discours d'une dizaine de minutes sur les idées et le programme de leur partis respectifs.

La politique fait partie de la vie quotidienne de tous les citoyens. Le choix d'un parti lors d'un vote implique le choix d'un programme et d'une idéologie, c'est donc très important. The Political Science Week is the perfect occasion to come form your own political opinion. Don't miss it!!!

Un horaire plus détaillé de la Semaine de Science Politique sera publié dans le ProTem de la semaine prochaine. Meanwhile, if you want to get involved in the Club contact one of the executive members:
Caroline Drolet 487-6772
Shelagh Lemke 322-3217
Patrick Marier 440-9283

JUST HOW MUCH FRENCH ARE KIDS EXPOSED TO THESE DAYS?

It doesn't take a rocket scientist to realize the need for French language skills today.

It does, however, take a French teacher to meet that need.

If you've ever considered a career teaching French in the school system, then you'll want to know about the comprehensive French programme offered at Scarborough College. It's a four-year specialist programme that provides you with an advantage for admission to the Faculty of Education. And then on to a career teaching French.

If this sounds like the kind of exposure you'd like, call us.

For more information and admission requirements, contact:
the Programme co-ordinator, Professor F. Mugnier at 287-7143
or the Scarborough College Registrar, Sue Martin at 287-7530

FRENCH LANGUAGE EDUCATION

SCARBOROUGH CAMPUS
FACULTY OF EDUCATION
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



Fries.

Dressing.

Kiss.

Poetry & Fiction

“Nobody wants the truth, if it's inconvenient”

Arthur Miller, author

“Il est moins dangereux de subir une défaite que de craindre de la reconnaître en tirant toute les connaissances”

Léjine

I had to staple my chemistry work together to keep it in order. I've only got three subjects but I still can't keep a separate notebook for each one. One binder always seems to have more blank paper than the other, so I just leave the notes I make in the binder which has the blank paper in it at that particular time. It's probably because, subconsciously, I don't like to keep things in order. Sometimes it's better that way.

Anyways, I was stapling my papers when the stapler broke. Well it wasn't really BROKE, it was more like jammed. That's the word, "jammed." Anyhow I opened the stapler and the staples came flying out. Well they didn't actually FLY out as a bird would, they more like "popped out of their orderly packaging." The staples were all over the dining room table. Some were in pairs, some were alone, others were in large bunches.

At this sight, I was succumbed with emotion. No, that's not it, that would be too thesaurus. I was overwhelmed. Yes, that's the right word, "overwhelmed." I don't exactly know how to explain my feelings, because that's what they were, feelings, not words to be written in an essay to verify the facts and prove a thesis, they were feelings. To attempt to describe them may give you the wrong impression of what it was like. This way you couldn't tell me that I was lying.

I
fell into
a sea
of
memory

Memories of a time when I was happy. Maybe not entirely HAPPY, maybe just content. No, I was right the first time. I was definitely happy. The staples were all over the carpet, and we were tossing them at each other. Laughing. The sound of her voice, so clear now. She was kneeling in front of me, wearing her black T-shirt. She always wore a T-shirt, even when it was winter. It was an isolated room, just me and her. Or is it her and I? Actually, there was another person in the room but he didn't talk very much. Well then again, maybe there wasn't. Or maybe I just wish there wasn't. It's kind of hard to remember the details but I'll try to get them right, just so you couldn't accuse me of lying.

We talked a lot. She was good to joke around with. She always got them, and even when she didn't, she still laughed at the fact that she didn't get them. I liked the sound of her laugh. It's funny how you can fall in love and the things that you might have found irritating on another person would be cute on her. Her hair was different. Not different in a bad way, just original. She was different from any girl I had ever met before. She was cute but not in that way, I mean she was cute in that way, but not only in that way. It's like walking down the street and you see this girl that you think is cute but that's as far as it goes, just cute, nothing more than just cute. She wasn't like that kind of cute. I cared about her.

It was the last day of school for her and her class and their end of the year party. It was as hot as a snake's ass, well I shouldn't say that, but what the hell. Her hair was different that day. She was drenched in cool water, since her class was having a water fight outside, as I rode by on my bicycle. That crazy bicycle got me around. Nowadays I drive everywhere. I never realized how much pleasure I got out of it: riding that damn bike. I guess I'm just too lazy to enjoy riding it. I think I'll start riding it again. It's funny how you never realize how much fun you're having until you're not having fun anymore. You always want more. And if there's nothing more then you create a need for something you don't actually need.

Strange. She asked me for a simple hug that last day of school. A simple reassuring hug that would have said, "It'll be O.K. I'll still see you in the summer. Don't worry." It's not that I didn't want to see her, I just didn't want to get attached. Because when you get attached, you get used to it (being attached), and when it's gone, you miss it. I didn't need that. Sometimes I might say it was her age, or that it was because I knew her brother or that it wouldn't work out. I guess sometimes I believe it. Or were they just lies to make me not feel so bad? I hate mixing up my lies from the truth, especially when I'm lying to myself.

Was I thinking with my heart instead of my ass? "Not I," cried the wolf. Sorry, wrong story. The wolf was a fairy tale. But then again... maybe I am a wolf... a wolf in sheep's clothing. A wolf in sheep's clothing who tells lies to sheep so that she would trust me and then... bam... I'm gone... later... peace... see 'ya. That's it. I mean, that's me. Or is it that is I? No, that would be too Shakespeare.

Love. A four-letter word. Nevertheless, I had a feeling when the staples dropped. Something I threw away long ago. I didn't need something that needed me. I wasn't going to be dependent on something that was dependent on me. What's a staple without a stapler. I've found a way out of that staple-to-stapler-to-stapler-to-staple remover cycle. It's a safer way. But is it the right way. It's getting dark. My story; once so clear, now a mere blur.

Have I ever told you about my box? It is a very pretty box. Actually, it isn't very pretty. It's just well kept. It holds funny things. Smells. Smells of memories. Gum I once chewed. Broken glass I picked up. And now staples.

Wonder. I wondered why I kept the box when it just gave me overwhelming feelings. It was like a drug. A drug that made me feel so good sometimes and then made me feel so bad at the same time. So I tossed the box out the window. I didn't need to be dependent on any drugs. Drugs are bad.

Realization. Then I came to an understanding, yes that's the right word. Or is it the correct word? Just kidding. I went downstairs and walked outside to my backyard. The box had opened before it landed and my memories were scattered all over the cool white snow. I picked up the pieces and finally learned to love.

The box is under my bed now. I've told my story so that you too may keep a box. Love it. Care for it. Make it your box. Place your happiness in it and you'll find that it was worth that empty space in your box. Even if it's just in the corner.

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Joel Ramirez



For Catherine, wherever I may find her

*Too much spaghetti in my
orange hotpot
Since you went away.*

*Looking around, I see a world changed
Looking inside, I see a better person
In the envelope, I stuff pictures
Poor attempts to reflect my
Rich life.*

*I have travelled through the mirror
Suddenly
Things are no longer backwards
I have broken through to the other side
After a lifetime of
Banging on the glass*

*How I wish that you could see me
stretch my wings and fly
You who loved me
Even as I covered in my shell*

*Even though the windchime laughter
That has come to follow me and
Surround me
My one lament remains that no matter
How much I eat
There is still
Too much spaghetti.*

Elizabeth K. Nywening

*I Feel Thee Near From
Cross'th' Ocean*

*Desires dwell
within a soul so burdened
of promethean passion
that my lips, breasts and
loins quiver; with shattering
knees, I do grasp upon the
table. For my hearts beat
would pound even the hardest
diamond into dust; all this...
all this caused by your Valentine
splish... Now, in my ecstasy
I see a place where
white clouds glisten sweetly
amongst an ocean
embroidered in blue
all the while coated in
sprinkles... Were I able
to be near my loves ...shedding
our earthly garbs...drops
the white satin...*

Christos

Moon Man

**Lunar boy came to my window yesterday eve
He brought lollipops and stary eyes
Licking frost from doors of pale stark evenings and circular movements**

**While I hide out in my frozen
iced castle, you hover abreast,
shivering, holding fast.**

**Inside I wait to recover from
hot barbaric memories and desert company**

**All places
where I do not fit.
Languish and skip.**

**You cry from afar: "Come with me." "Borrow these hands."
And then you think to yourself. "Cinderella had no baggage."**

by P.C.