

pro tem

39^e année

Randomly attacking institutions since 1962

Features:
Eye in the sky

Page 8-9

**Confusion & uncertainty
over volunteer tutoring
proposal**

Page 5

The future of music

Page 13

CENSOR THIS

pro tem

2275 avenue Bayview
Glendon Hall room 117
Toronto, Ontario
M4N 3M6
tel. (416) 487-6736
fax. (416) 487-6821

Éditrice-en-chef
Mélanie J. Cadieux

News editor
Denis Yanchus

Éditrice des nouvelles
Lyne Bourdages

Arts editors
Catherine Hancock
Rae Perigoe

Perspectives editor
Patrick Tomlinson

Features editor
Rob Shaw

Fiction & Poetry editor
Danielle Seville

Photography editors
Loïc Olivier

Production-Layout
Shai Ohayon

CUP Liaison
Patrick Tomlinson

Business Manager
Patrick Bolduc

Commentary
J.J. O'Rourke

Interns
Tina Peers
Natalie Flute

Révisseuses
Danielle Seville
Amandine Michel

Collaborateurs
Alyshia Bestard
Bridget van Voorden
Roberto Laso
Noel Barnett
Algiers
Wordsworth
Danielle

Special Thanks to our savior
Joel Ramirez

Pro Tem is the bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, *Pro Tem* est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signataires n'engagent qu'eux-mêmes, et non l'équipe éditoriale. Les articles sous-entendant des propos diffamatoires, racistes, antisémites, sexistes ou homophobes ne seront pas publiés. The deadline to submit ads and articles is every other Wednesday at 5 pm. Meetings are on Wednesdays at 5:00 pm. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Manoir Glendon, local 117. Editorial and Advertising: 487-6736. Production: 487-6821. Fax: 487-6779. E-Mail: protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca Tirage: 3000 exemplaires.

editorial/letters

Nous ne vivons pas dans la Roumanie de Ceausescu et nous ne devons pas accepter ce genre de dictature.

Nous sommes au Canada et nous sommes tous des adultes responsables, capables de prendre des décisions.

Je pourrais écrire un éditorial du genre <<bienvenue à Glendon, impliquez vous car c'est le temps ou jamais, bla bla, bla bla...>>. Cependant, vous l'avez déjà tous entendu et ça sert à rien de le répéter. J'aimerais plutôt attirer votre attention sur un plus gros problème...

Pro Tem est là pour que vous puissiez vous exprimer sur n'importe quel sujet qui vous tient à coeur. Nous voulons permettre à tous les points de vue d'être entendus. Souvent, nous exposons les côtés d'une histoire qui ne sont pas nécessairement présentés ailleurs, nous jouons à l'avocat du diable ou nous publions des articles qui vont à l'encontre de l'opinion de la majorité. Pour cette raison, nous passons souvent pour les méchants, pour les grogneux, les extrémistes ou les insatiables...mais c'est un prix que je suis prête à payer afin de vous faire réfléchir. Notre but n'est pas de vous convaincre que tout ce qui est écrit dans Pro Tem est la seule et unique façon de voir les choses. Au contraire! Vous êtes à l'université pour apprendre à penser et pour créer vos propres opinions sur le monde. Et pour vous aider, nous acceptons ouvertement vos idées, vos opinions et vos commentaires. Pour nous, la liberté d'expression, et surtout celle de la presse, c'est important...

Malheureusement, tout le monde n'adhère pas à ces principes (pourtant si simples...). Avant même que les cours aient commencé en septembre, Pro Tem a été soumis à la censure quand le dernier volume de l'année 98-99 a été exclu des <<Frosh Kits>> (et bien oui, au

Canada en 1999, des choses de ce genre se passent encore!) Nous ne voulons pas accuser toute l'équipe de l'AÉCG car nous savons que la décision a été prise unilatéralement (donc anti-démocratiquement) par la présidente de l'Association des Étudiants du Collège Glendon (AÉCG), Christy Biggs. Nous ne voulons pas non plus attaquer Mme Biggs de façon personnelle (car elle est très gentille), mais elle est entièrement responsable de la décision qu'elle a prise en tant que présidente de notre association étudiante.

Une des responsabilités de la présidente de l'AÉCG est d'aider et d'encourager la liberté de la presse. Ce n'est pas en nous censurant que ça va se faire! Ce n'est pas à elle de décider si tel ou tel volume de Pro Tem est <<acceptable>> pour les <<Froshs>>. La censure qu'a commis Mme Biggs, faite pour des raisons personnelles ou non, n'est pas quelque chose d'acceptable. Nous ne vivons pas dans la Roumanie de Ceausescu et nous ne devons pas accepter ce genre de dictature. Nous sommes au Canada et nous sommes tous des adultes responsables, capables de prendre des décisions librement.

Ceci dit, je lance un appel à tous les membres de l'AÉCG. C'est certain que nous ne pensons pas tous de la même façon, mais nous devons de respecter les idées des autres. Pourquoi la rivalité? Oui, Pro Tem va continuer à critiquer vos actions car ils ont un impact sur la population étudiante et c'est donc notre devoir de le faire. Si vous avez accepté un rôle politique, il faut quand même s'y attendre. Nous ne sommes pas là pour détruire tous ce que vous dites et faites. Nous voulons

présenter des alternatives à la population étudiante. C'est tout! Vous nous avez demandé notre coopération et à la fois vous nous avez censuré. C'est un très mauvais début, mais je suis prête à passer par dessus la question de la censure, à condition que ça ne se reproduise JAMAIS—pas seulement parce que c'est un geste anti-démocratique, mais aussi parce que c'est une question de respect, pour tous ceux qui ont exposé leurs points de vue, pour ceux qui ont passé des heures et des heures de travail, et pour tout ceux qui auraient aimé lire Pro Tem. La coopération ça se fait à deux (ou plus!). Pro Tem est prêt à faire sa part.

Bonne Année!

MJC

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Wednesday, September the 22nd at 5 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall.

La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu mercredi le 22 septembre à 17h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

Bathrooms were filthy with grass & mud after Mud-Slide

Dear Editor,

Here is why I think the Mud-Slide at 11pm on Monday September 6, 1999 was a less than thought-out "event". The synopsis goes like this: Pay \$0.25 to run and slide across the mud in the quad at 11 p.m., with all proceeds going towards Shinerama.

However, Shinerama was not until the following week: sounds more like an excuse to mess up the quad and run around screaming in the rain.

After the event, bathrooms were filthy with grass & mud - who had to clean this up? Not anyone that participated in the mud-slide "event"!

Monday, September 6 is the day before classes began. 11 p.m. is when quiet hours start -

if you put those together, you get:

people were sleeping and most people don't appreciate being woken up.

Lets say "the event" made a total of \$20.00 (this is a generous estimate) - you could have made more by going door to door in res. (at a decent hour) saying, "If you donate \$\$\$, we will NOT do a mud-slide at 11 p.m. and prevent you from sleeping." As for the "It's for a good cause" reasoning: hands up if you participated in the mud-slide "event" and didn't contribute any money whatsoever? My final complaint about the mudslide "event" is that you could've at least picked a better song than "American Woman". I would have rather been awakened by something Canadian and in better taste.

Alyshia Bestard

Vous avez des commentaires. Faites-les nous parvenir par courrier électronique.

Notre adresse:

protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca

Any comments? Send them to us by E-Mail. Our address:

protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca

news/nouvelles

Chronology of the conflict in East Timor

Source: The Manitoban (University of Manitoba)

EAST TIMOR - The roots of the East Timor conflict are quite complicated. To assist the reader a list of key events and people involved in the conflict are listed below. 16th century: Portuguese ships land on East Timor, and claim the territory. For the next 400 years, Portugal rules the island.

April 25, 1974: A military coup occurs in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. The new government wants to get rid of all Portuguese colonies. There are three political groups in East Timor. The Timorese Democratic Union (UDT) wants to remain part of Portugal, the Revolutionary Front for Independent East Timor (Fretilin) seeks independence, and the Timorese Popular Democratic Association (Apodeti) wants integration with Indonesia. An election for October of 1976 is planned but never takes place.

August 10, 1975: The UDT launches a coup after learning

that Fretilin has been planning a coup themselves. The coup throws East Timor into civil war. Both the UDT and Apodeti announce they support integration with Indonesia.

December 7, 1975: Less than one month after East Timor declares independence, Indonesia invades the territory by air and sea, defeats Fretilin, and installs the UDT and Apodeti parties as the government.

July 17, 1976: Jakarta accepts a request made by the new East Timor government to officially annex the island. The United Nations does not recognize the annexation.

1976-1991: Indonesian forces occupy East Timor. An estimated 200,000 people, about a fourth of the island's population, are killed.

November 12, 1991: The international community condemns Indonesia for the brutal massacre of 250 youngsters by Indonesian

forces in Dili, East Timor's capital. Many of these same countries, including Canada, continue to do business with Indonesia.

May 21, 1998: General Suharto, the leader of Indonesia, resigns after months of student protests and riots.

May 5, 1999: Almost one year after the resignation of General Suharto, the Foreign Ministers of Indonesia and Portugal met with the Secretary General of the United Nations. Kofi Annan, UN Secretary General, announces that a vote will be held on August 30 to decide the future of East Timor.

August 30, 1999: People of East Timor vote on whether to become independent from East Timor.

September 4, 1999: Referendum results arrive. A majority of East Timorese, 78.5 per cent, vote for independence. After the results are announced, pro-Indonesian militias go on a rampage, burning homes, killing

civilians, and forcing many to leave the island.

Sept. 5 & 6, 1999: Most international observers were forced to leave the island due to an increase in violence and killing.

September 7, 1999: Kofi Annan gives the Indonesian government 48 hours to restore order in East Timor, or else face an international peace-keeping force. Australia and other Asian countries offer peacekeepers.

September 8, 1999: The call for an international peace-keeping force in East Timor grows louder by the hour. The Portuguese Ambassador said that there should be a force sent, with or without Jakarta's approval.

September 12, 1999: Bowing to world pressure, Indonesian president B. J. Habibie accepts an international peace-keeping force in East Timor. Canada announces they will contribute 500-600 military personnel.



Shinerama

Danielle Seville

CF is now approximately thirty years.

Brittany Henry just turned twelve.

Most children at this age seem to possess an inherent sense of immortality; the world is their playground. Their twelfth birthday means nothing more than that they can now take the babysitting course. For Brittany, however, this twelfth birthday is not quite as carefree; she has now reached the mid-point of her life expectancy.

Glendon recently held its second annual Shinerama campaign, in which over seventy student volunteers. For the week up to and including September 11th Glendonites were roaming the streets of Toronto, shining everything they could get their industrious hands on.

Thanks to this fabulous frenzy of polish and sweat, over \$7000 has been raised to date this year. This shining and soliciting will not cease until the goal of \$10 000 has been attained.

Brittany Henry has cystic fibrosis. It is a fatal disease for which there is no known cure. Cystic fibrosis affects mainly the digestive and respiratory systems. In 1964, to raise money for research in CF, students from Wilfred Laurier started a campaign called Shinerama. At that time, the life expectancy of a person afflicted with this disease was four years.

Today, Shinerama is a nation-wide fundraiser in which students from over sixty post-secondary institutions participate. Due to research, made possible with the money all of these dedicated students have raised, the life expectancy of an individual with

Upcoming events in this campaign include: a homecoming car wash the continuation of the 'Suck it for CF' hooplah in which students sell lollipops for monetary reimbursements of the sucker's discretion, the collection of bee bottles, and other secondary fundraisers. For further information, or to get involved please contact the GCSU at 487-6720, or go and speak to a shiny happy person at the GCSU office 175 York Hall.

Announcements

The annual meeting of the Board of Governors will take place at 2:15 p.m. on Friday, October 1st, in the Senate Chamber (S940 Ross, Keele Campus).

Le Centre d'orientation et de consultation de Glendon vous invitent à La foire du bénévolat en français, le mercredi 29 septembre de 11h30 à 15h30 dans le Salon Garigue. Venez rencontrer de nombreux organismes francophones, à la recherche de travailleurs bénévoles!

Are you interested in studying abroad? The Glendon and York International programs will have an information session on Thursday, October 7, from 12:00 to 1:30 in the Glendon Senate Chamber (York Hall).

Une année d'études à l'étranger, cela vous

intéresse-t-il? Il y aura un séminaire d'information sur les programmes d'échange offerts par Glendon et York International le jeudi 7 octobre de 12h00 à 13h30 dans la Salle du Sénat au Collège Glendon.

The Glendon Alumni Association invites you to the Homecoming of the Millennium. Friday, September 24th, Pub night features Glendon grad, singer and musician Norbert Lepage (8:00 p.m.). On Saturday, September 25th, there will be a Family Carnival from 10:00 to 12:00, followed by a Barbecue on the Terrace at noon. In the afternoon, there will be an exposition at the Glendon Gallery, an Alumni Market, a Silent Auction and historic tours of Glendon (led by historian and Glendon Grad John Court). The day's highlight will be the Wine & Cheese Reception from 5:00 to 6:30 p.m. Confirmation of your attendance would be

appreciated. Tel. (416) 487-6708 or email: alumni@glendon.yorku.ca

L'AÉCG vous invite!

*September 21
Self Defence Workshop,
Salon Garigue, 3pm

*September 24
Homecoming weekend
begins, car wash for
Shinerama on the Saturday

*October 5,6,7
Élections d'automne,
postes libres... impliquez-vous!

*October 15
Oktoberfest in Waterloo,
bus trip

*Mid-October, Semaine de la Fierté bilingue

*November 19, Snowball at the Vaughn Estate. Don't miss our winter formal!

Council meetings are open to all. We work for you, so let us know what you want...contrary to popular opinion, we can't read minds. :) :))

news/nouvelles

Montrez-moi le fric!

On peut dire presque sans exagérer que la majorité des étudiants terminent leurs études avec une dette de plus de 10 000\$. Depuis les dix dernières années, les frais de scolarité au Canada ont augmenté de 150%. Pour certains programmes, les frais ont même doublé depuis l'année dernière.

Ceci soulève à nouveau la question de savoir comment les étudiants arriveront-ils à rembourser leur emprunt ou, encore mieux, à s'en sortir sans dettes.

Une fois de plus, les étudiants ne sont pas mis de côté sur Internet. Voilà qu'un nouveau site, Boursétude.com, vient à la rescousse en nous offrant un service approprié à nos besoins et, tout à fait gratuit. «Boursétude.com apporte une solution à ces difficultés par l'entremise de son répertoire de bourses exhaustif et un puissant moteur de recherche qui permet de dénicher les programmes d'aide auxquels vous pourriez être admissibles».

Le site comporte aussi une page des parents, des témoignages, des

communiqués, une section «Quoi de neuf?», constamment mise à jour, et un questionnaire destiné aux nouveaux utilisateurs. De plus, on vous envoie directement les résultats de votre recherche à votre adresse courriel, c'est-à-dire, toutes les bourses auxquelles vous êtes admissibles.

S'ajoute à tout cela des informations sur différents sujets tels que les étudiants et l'impôt sur le revenu, l'aide financière pour les étudiants canadiens qui désirent poursuivre leurs études à l'étranger et l'adaptation lors d'une première année d'étude.

Pareillement, le centre de consultation psychologique et d'orientation professionnelle du collège Glendon peut vous aider dans vos démarches de tous les jours ainsi que lors d'événements spéciaux tenus ici même, à Glendon. De plus amples informations au sujet de ces événements tel que la Foire de l'emploi vous seront précisées dans les prochaines éditions du journal Pro Tem.

The Pub goes Veggie

“Our goal this year is to make our menu quick, nutritious, affordable and reliable.”

Denis Yanchus

The Café de la Terrasse (Pub), thanks to a deal with Big Carrot Holistic foods, will now be providing new vegetarian food in addition to its regular menu.

With a growing number of students who are vegetarian or occasional meat eaters, the Pub is presenting a much-needed option to the cafeteria. “The Big Carrot has been in business for 15 years and we believe they can supply a superior product to last year” said Aaron Lamb, manager of Pub. He should know, after rearranging the entire menu and evaluating the quality of each item on the menu. “[We are] decreasing the number of items on our menu so that we can be more organized. Also, we're going to offer some new items that you have not seen before.”

Those of you who were at Pub on the 9th know what the new food is like. The owner of the Big Carrot provided free food for Pubgoers.

“There was so much food provided, but still there wasn't much left at the end of the night. I think the students really enjoyed it,” said Jen Joynt, Vice President of the Pub board. If all goes well, students should find that the pub has a lot more to offer their pallet. “Our goal this year is to make our menu quick, nutritious, affordable and reliable.” [Aaron Lamb] So far the student consensus would be that the Pub is well on its way to attaining its goals. As one student put it, “The food [on Pub night] was really good and a nice change from wings or nachos.” The Pub is hoping that the new menu will draw students that may have not been to Pub and those that have not tried it in some time. “We invite you to come and peruse our new menu and give your suggestions on how we may better serve you. Don't worry, the favorites are still on the menu.” [Aaron Lamb]

Successful Frosh Week the Result of Perspiration and Team Work



Red hot Yoemen after U. of T. mascot beheading, during Frosh Week 1999. (Picture by Cedrick Meade)

Glendon school spirit has been soaring to new levels in the past few weeks as a result of one of the most successful and ambitious Frosh weeks the campus has ever seen. The Glendon College Student Union (GCSU) started putting together the plans for Frosh Week late last semester.

“We knew that this was an important year for Glendon” said Jennifer Joynt, GCSU director of Cultural Affairs. Ms. Joynt, Nicole Lavigne (GCSU vice-president), Christy Biggs (GCSU president), and Frosh co-ordinators Nikki Dyer, Robin Rutten and Derek Brasier worked in earnest throughout the summer to coordinate the events, which included an outdoor all-ages concert featuring Wide Mouth Mason, and to find the necessary funds to keep the whole week afloat.

At an estimated cost in the area of \$35,000, this year's Frosh Week is sure to break some records. However, because of the ingenuity of this year's co-ordinators, the student population can be assured that Frosh Week will not cut into the revenue designated for clubs and other events the GCSU will be holding throughout the year.

By recruiting the help of alumni, the GCSU was able to reduce the costs for certain aspects of Frosh Week. In referring to the outdoor ‘Glendon Grass Festival’, Robin Rutten elaborated on some of the contributions made by Glendon alumni: “Glenn Rigby really helped us out with the beer tent, he

helped with the license, he waived the customary deposit fee, he ran the tent during the event, and he even brought some free prizes.”

The Frosh Week co-ordinators also sought the help of numerous organizations in the York Community: Glendon Student Affairs, the Liaison office, Principal McRoberts, Student Housing Services, the Career and Counselling Centre, the York Federation of Students, Pepsi, and the Cafe de la Terrasse are just a few of the organizations the GCSU brought together for Frosh Week. In particular, by coordinating their efforts with the Keele campus, the GCSU was able to expand the scope and budget of Frosh Week; they “were able to use funds from the GCSU/YFS fund” which is set up to provide funds for cross-campus events. Add to this \$8,000 from Pepsi and the revenues from Frosh Kits - approximately \$15,000- and the GCSU will end up reaching their Frosh Week mandate; just breaking even.

The money and effort the GCSU put into the project seems to be paying-off in school spirit, and in other ways as well. The pub, which was in dire straits at this time last year, is doing quite well this time around. J.J. O'Rourke, one of the employees at pub, goes on: “the last two pub nights have been phenomenal, I mean, I can't remember anything like this last year; not even Winter Carnival.” The benefits have also carried over to charities the Glendon community supports. Students

raised over \$7,000 for Shinerama during Frosh Week.

The d-froshers at Glendon feel that this is no coincidence; when asked to compare last year's Frosh Week with this one, d-frosher Cedric Meade said “it's like night and day; better planning, better events, really good Frosh.” What also seems to be different from last year is the amount of pride the d-froshers had in their frosh teams: “we tried to do special stuff with our Frosh; apart from the ‘official’ events, we went out for bowling nights, club nights, etc.” These ‘unofficial’ events (I won't mention the mud sliding in the quad at 4 am) seem to have been taking place in all the Frosh teams: “[It was] very positive, I felt really welcome.” “Yeah, it was all smiles and faces and I felt welcomed, not self-conscious about going up to people” said two new students, Kevin-James Stefan and Michael Harrington respectively.

“I think the money and time was really worth it, I think that you're going to see a difference throughout the year.” [Robin Rutten] If one were to use the last few weeks and the football game between York and the University of Toronto as an indicator, then Ms. Rutten's predictions seem right on track. Or, as Mr. Meade states, “I'd rather be a Yeomen than a dirty fuckin Blue, so fuck you Varsity Blues.” All in all, a really successful start for Glendon and the GCSU. Now all you GCSU co-ordinators get some sleep, damn it you look terrible!

news/nouvelles

Confusion and Uncertainty over Volunteer Tutoring Proposal

Don't understand those Economics lectures? Having problems figuring out your Psychology homework? Gone to see your Statistics professor but you're still a little shaky on the course material? 'We want to help', says the Glendon College Student Union (GCSU) and the Career and Counselling Centre (CCC). Unfortunately, that's as far as their help goes, due to communication breakdowns that have occurred between the two organizations during the creation of a "Subject Tutoring" program for Glendon students.

The GCSU's director of communications, Ian Wigglesworth, director of Bilingual Affairs, Sebastian Gagnon, and director of academic affairs, Ian Smith, responding to student interest, put together a proposal last March to run a

"subject specific" tutoring program for students in conjunction with the CCC. Basically, the idea was for the GCSU and the CCC to act as a conduit, to allow students looking for help in specific courses to find other students who had taken the courses previously and were willing to tutor.

After the GCSU had an idea of what their proposal would look, like they went to Dr. Evelyne Corcos at the CCC to see if the centre would be interested. Dr. Corcos asked the GCSU to put something in writing so that they might meet at a later date and discuss the proposal in detail.

A few days later, the GCSU came back with a written proposal and representatives from the two organizations sat down to discuss it. While Dr. Corcos was enthusiastic about the proposal in general, she had a few reservations

about some of the specifics. "We felt that [the GCSU] had underestimated their budget projections" and "we weren't clear as to the role the CCC would play" said Dr. Corcos in an interview. In addition, Dr. Corcos felt that the GCSU needed to take a serious look at the potential security risks to volunteers in the program. "The GCSU would have to provide a safe environment for these students to meet." In the peer tutoring program at CCC-which provides tutoring on time management issues-students meet at the CCC during regular office hours. "That way we are here if there are any emergencies" [Dr. Corcos].

Money, however, played a crucial role in the CCC's decision to opt out of direct management of the proposed program. "We want to help and are willing to help out

with volunteer training, but we have had budget cuts every year for the past 5 years and we are scraping the bone." Dr. Corcos goes on: "We are not in a position to run the program for them."

After the meeting with the GCSU, Dr. Corcos hand-delivered a letter to Ian Wigglesworth, dated March 29, outlining some suggestions on what they had discussed. After this point Ian Smith's story and Dr. Corcos' story vary. According to Dr. Corcos, after the delivery of her letter to Ian Smith she waited for a reply but never heard from the GCSU again. Ian Smith says after the GCSU received Dr. Corcos' letter they met with her again and sent a revised version of the proposal to the CCC, awaited a reply, but never heard anything after that. Furthermore, Ian Smith doesn't understand why the CCC can't be more helpful in

maintaining the database of student volunteers. "We can have someone put together the database to start out but once it's running we don't see why they can't have someone put in the data for us" said Ian Smith in a brief interview. "The CCC has computers and facilities for students; we only have 1 computer to share between 9 people here."

Despite the confusion, it has now been 5 months since the proposal was introduced, and students are still without subject-specific peer assistance. As one student put it, "it would be cool to have help in my Stats course this year." Unfortunately, the future of peer tutoring at Glendon is still uncertain; "I think we need to hear from the students." (Ian Smith)

“Campuses across Toronto are filling with bright young minds, all thirsting for knowledge...”

“Where’s the nearest *#@! beerstore?” “Where’s the *#@! movie theatre?” “Where’s the *#@! nightlife?”

Check out toronto.com's campus feature. You'll find everything you need to know about T.O., from the closest clubs and pubs, to transit maps, things to do, online career resources and social services, and online discussion areas. We make the GTA your campus.

www.toronto.com/campus



commentary

Redefining the notion

J.J. O'Rourke

i would like to welcome everybody back from what i hope was a very fruitful summer, but i gotta tell ya, i've been looking forward to returning to the maelstrom of activity and thought that comes with September and its classes. i've been doing a lot of reading these past couple of months, a lot of reading and asking questions. it seems as though Glendon this year is beginning somewhere far removed from last year's start. some things are different, but unfortunately, some in particular have remained the same.

I'll buy that for a dollar

glendon started out as the crown jewel of york's three-tiered plan. bought from the university of toronto for the tidy sum of one

dollar, 86 acres housed all of york. after building what is now the main campus, much discussion began regarding the other two parts of the plan. a "second-chance" evening degree college, as Murray G. Ross called it, became atkinson college, and all but liberal arts made the move to keele to complete the third tier.

it was at that moment that Glendon was born. over the years, changes in the mandate of the college have occurred. in the late sixties, an addition to the liberal arts concept was made in an effort to render the college financially viable. through program changes, Glendon began preparing its students for public service and bilingual training. with the help of a liberal arts background, these workers would be able to inject a little bit of what

we have here at glendon into mainstream/outside society.

CBC newsworld

now, i rarely watch television, but i was up late one night watching cbc newsworld. they were running an old documentary from that time period in the sixties where students here at glendon were discussing our concept of liberal arts, its place in the society, and other issues like censorship. i am certain that a copy of this documentary would make a wonderful addition to our school archives, and it would probably help the gcsu to get some historical account of the last time we had any kind of discussion here on campus.

Program changes in recent years

have seen the international studies and information technology programs grow in order to keep the school financially viable. another adjustment to keep the little liberal arts college alive. with these recent changes has come the notion that york administration wants to simply rid of Glendon and its liberal arts atmosphere, in favor of something "more competitive" in the market of enrollments. now you may not know it, but in this arena, the gcsu does have some representation. there are many student seats available on committees that shape and transform this place. i asked them for a list of these committees well before deadline, but i didn't receive any response.

Stubbornness?

you see, the gcsu is afraid of discussion. this year, they have already antagonized many student groups, the very people whom they should be representing. Christy Biggs, president of the gcsu, has been accused of censorship for refusing to allow last year's final issue of Pro Tem to be included in your frosh kits, not wanting to give students the wrong first impression. according to the constitution, she could be said to be violating "the freedom of thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom of the press and other media of communication." a president violating an outlined purpose of the constitution is a pretty big thing. to find out why, ask the gcsu for a copy of the constitution and check out part II, section 64a.

the glendon women's center has also experienced non-cooperation from the student union leaders, having tried twice to run a date rape awareness workshop. issues centered on not having outlined it as a mandatory activity for frosh week and censorship during the promotion really brings into question just who the GCSU is serving: the students, or themselves.

last year, the gcsu tried to freight train and pass a motion to join the CFS, not even discussing other alternatives. only after a bungled referendum did they decide to allow for much more discussion to

take place among students before anything final was decided. in order to join the CFS, the union would have to incorporate itself, thus turning the GCSU into a legal entity. once having gone corporate, you can be sure that they'll want to change their pyramid of power into something just as useless and we'll be no further along. they'll probably want some structure with more vice-presidents or something. once a legal entity, they will be responsible for detailed financial statements. the actual members will no longer be liable for anything that goes wrong; if something or someone fucks up, we all get in trouble. all students should think about that.

Conservative Corporation or Liberal Arts

put it all together, and we find the student union trying to fulfill a very different role than the one we voted them in for. a corporate entity has a very different philosophy and ideal than that of a student union from a small liberal arts college. I know that I voted for a president of the student union.

has the discussion concerning who will fill the positions on this new corporate identity started yet? shouldn't we have to re-vote for this new representation, because it's different representation?

and if we do that, do we do it before or after the initially discussed vote for incorporation?

come together

so it seems as though the gcsu is having an identity crisis, and the rest of the community is just standing by and watching. with the trend moving away from preparing students for public service and bilingual training, and towards international studies, information technology and god knows what else, its about time that the community opens discussion once again. administration, profs, students, alumni and york. Glendon is good, it used to be excellent, it could be again. let's strive to make this transition a constructive one. there are already forty years of brilliant foundation that cannot be ignored.



the trend moving away from preparing students for public service and bilingual training, and towards international studies, information technology...



This student is buying a car.



Not every decision will be as easy to make as getting The GM Card®. Especially when you can apply from your dorm. Upon approval, you'll get a free Frosh Two CD** and receive a \$1,000 bonus in GM Card Earnings† towards the purchase or lease of a new GM vehicle. There's also no annual fee. Then anytime you use your card, like to get a tattoo for instance, you'll get 5% in GM Card Earnings††. Visit us at: nobrainer.gmcanada.com to apply on-line.

features



Eye in the sky

By: Rob Shaw

Another Phase in the Global Lie

This past summer, Canada came closer to the completion of its new, ultra high-tech three hundred million dollar Radarstat-2 project. Radarstat-2 is a state of the art surveillance satellite that is able to take detailed pictures of small and moving objects on the earth's surface. To put it simply, this device could read the brand of cigarette you're smoking in any weather condition.

Projects like this seem to be growing rapidly in both the military world and on the municipal level. One conclusion could be that the long-term goal would be to have every corner, crack and alley under the watchful government eye.

Here, in Toronto, we're already witnessing the implantation of cameras at intersections. As well, we can all agree to the fact that big and small have already been equipping themselves with some sort of security device, preferably a camera. So, knowing this, it would seem that a project like Radarstat-2 is only the beginning phase of a larger global government agenda.

I worked, one summer, at a restaurant where, tucked away in the back corner of the basement, there was a room fully equipped with television screens, monitoring every corner of the establishment. Not only were these cameras

watching cash registers, but as well watching the employees. I was caught on more than one occasion either sleeping or skipping out early.

This brings up an important question of how much surveillance is too much, and as the century is coming to a close, is there a reason why we feel, or our government feels, that we need more.

The Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS) was created in 1984 as an offshoot of the RCMP. It was started in the hopes that, like the CIA, this group would collect information and data on organizations that may be considered a "threat" to the

Canadian government. When CSIS was created in 1984, North America was in the final years of its Cold War propaganda (the Reagan years) and, at the same time, fueling this back door fear that the Russians were continuously holding a nervous finger on the button. CSIS was the way in which the government could find any groups that were infiltrating the country or "spying." But, hey, when the Russians seemed to fade away from the global warfare, the Americans, who by now had invested millions of dollars into its Military Industrial Complex, were left to go out and find their own wars. Hence, we have the Iraqis and more recently the Yugoslavians; this is all part of

the global lie that we are under threat and that we have a need for security services, surveillance and more weapons. This fear leaves us, the population, pumping more into military arms and as well spending more money on military surveillance (Radarstat-2).

However, it would seem by now, using the recent example of Yugoslavia, that these wars are becoming more and more tiresome. At least in the height of the Cold War the propaganda machine was feeding us ideas that we were under a threat and that they (the Russians) had missiles pointing at different parts of our country. Now, we have lost

features

the threat and an organization like CSIS is becoming less necessary, if not unneeded, because this threat is gone and any attack that NATO decides to launch will occur in a region of the world that is a foreign unidentifiable place to us. How is it that these organizations are still able to keep the fear alive at home? Well, part of this is for CSIS to create a fear in us that our society is under attack and that groups (terrorist) are planning to take us over. A recent example of this comes from the CSIS annual report where they state that there are some 300 plus individuals throughout Canada plotting against the government. They, CSIS, believe that these groups are able, with the aide of cyber-space, to take over our government and this adds fuel to the idea that this is a threat. However, CSIS does not define what constitutes a threat.

This, in turn, becomes part of the global lie, because since CSIS can create a fear that there are groups plotting to overtake the country, we feel, as a society, that surveillance projects like Radarstat-2 are reasonable investments. In a sense, what we do is buy the lie that we need more security in our streets.

From a municipal standpoint, this past year, Toronto installed the first of approximately twenty cameras at intersections beginning with the intersection of St. Clair and Dufferin. We can expect that many more will be installed throughout the city in the next year. So what begins to take shape are the initial phases of a plan that can only get bigger. We can already see evidence of this plan with the cameras on highways and private businesses (which in some cases even seem to be focusing on the street). Their belief, I've been informed, is that these cameras are for the benefit of our city because they can catch red light runners, hit and runs, and any altercation that needs to be resolved. At the same time, the public seems more at ease, almost in a celebratory mood. I've even heard reports that people are asking for surveillance cameras in our downtown. This creates another thought of whether these surveillance devices, like Radarstart-2 and intersection cameras, are the government's way of easing us in to the possibility of a bigger agenda; which seems to mean that soon they (cameras)



will be everywhere.

Last week, in Toronto, the police were threatening a slow down as contracts came up for renewal. As the local news covered this story I watched a man, when asked about what he thought of safety in Toronto, openly say we need cameras in the street because society is unsafe. Already major urban centers, like London England, have begun the initial installation phases of public surveillance.

On London's Oxford Street, the entire area is under surveillance, twenty-four hours a day seven days a week. The million-dollar project is able to watch any person, at any time, and is even able to focus in on a person's PIN number at a bank machine. This "security" system was developed to both report and follow illegal activities. Oxford Street is known as an expensive part of London but, at the same time, how long until the entire city is under some sort of "eye in the sky"? More disturbing is that other cities will begin to follow the lead of what seems to be a growing government trend. Another worry is: when are surveillance systems audible; when is security not only able to follow you home, but as well able to listen to what you're saying? When do we finally live inside a science fiction novel?

The growing lie that we are being fed is that we need these devices and that they are for our benefit. The only organizations that benefit from these devices are CSIS, and comparable ones in other governments. These organizations want you to live in fear and if they can keep this fear going, then their long-term goals, like a country completely under surveillance, can become a reality. There are many ways in which they present this fear; one is through the collection of information that CSIS gathers on any organization which is not registered. Sasha Braun of

Idiosyntactix says, "CSIS will not collect data on a registered group, like Feed the Children, but will probably collect information on ours."

I met with Sasha for the simple reason that he is part of the group Idiosyntactix, which has had information collected on them by CSIS. What separates this group from, lets say, a terrorist organization is that this group is based on artistic ideas; they are a group which focuses on art, ideas and thought that move away from the mainstream. This presents an interesting idea as to why CSIS felt the need to collect information on them.



In the CSIS Act (Section 12), it says that information may only be gathered by CSIS if there is suspicion one of the following four categories: Espionage and Sabotage, meaning any information that relates to sensitive political, economic or military matters; Foreign Influenced Activities, activities which are detrimental to the interests of Canada, and which are controlled by a foreign state or organization; Political Violence and Terrorism, any threat of serious violence which is attempted against the Canadian government; and finally Subversion, activities which are intended to undermine or overthrow Canada's established system.

It is clear that Idiosyntactix does not fit into any of the categories that CSIS needs in order to investigate. However, Sasha also says, "I don't think our group is a top priority on the list of investigations and that (CSIS is)

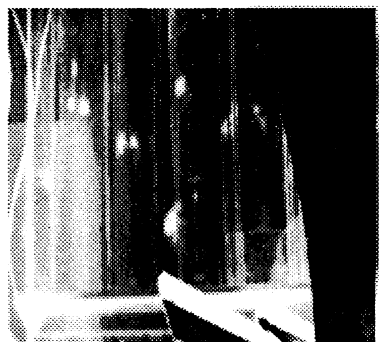
"Larry Ashbrook [the recent gunman in the Fort Worth, Texas church massacre] sent at least two letters to the Fort Worth Star-Telegram over the summer describing bizarre tales of encounters with the

just collecting information because that's their job. I'd be more surprised if CSIS didn't have information on us."

The fact does remain that CSIS is collecting information on groups in and around the country, and that they (CSIS) determine whether a group poses a threat, rather than adhering to their own guidelines. This is where we come back to this organization manufacturing a fear in the general public.

In the annual report where CSIS claimed that over 300 individuals are plotting terrorism in Canada, we begin to see more proof that they, in fact, are creating fear. If a group like Idiosyntactix is a part of this statistic, then already we know this is a lie; a lie that is fed to us for the same reason that we were shoveled the Cold War propaganda and more recently the Yugoslavian propaganda. It would seem they are saying that the world is unsafe, so don't get too comfortable. CSIS, like the CIA, is engineering the way our society thinks in order to both keep their jobs and create, or sell, surveillance. As mentioned before, CSIS can collect information on any group in Canada at their discretion. This enables the government to provide the necessary background proof that justifies the need to spend millions of dollars in space and on our streets, like in Toronto.

In America, the CIA is continually feeding the population and even the global community with these lies. An example of this would be the recent case at Columbine High School in Colorado. Now, without alleging any "conspiracy theories"



Central Intelligence Agency, psychological warfare, assaults by co-workers and druggings by police." -Megan Stack and Sherri Chunn (Associated Press)



by saying that NATO was involved or saying that the CIA had infiltrated and supplied the two boys with weapons, let's look at it in a different way by saying that killings like this, and like Oklahoma City and Waco, directly benefit groups like CSIS and the CIA. They benefit from this because, in the end, it keeps the "drive alive" by having the general public calling for more surveillance and security. For example, when these events happen, the media machine reports that this can happen anywhere; they report that sixteen year olds are using the same bombs that NATO uses and that Littleton, Colorado is just like your community. This is what people fear. Then, like always, the community begins to call out for gun control, protection and surveillance. So whether these two boys, like the guys in Oklahoma City, were acting on an impulse or had been playing too many "video games", they've done their government a huge favor and kept the propaganda machine rolling.

adarstat-2, traffic cameras, highway cameras, and security cameras are all early warning signs of what's coming. Soon we'll no longer have to worry about being watched from a distance, because we will be under surveillance in our own backyards.

Knowing this, it would seem true that a group like Idiosyntactix could be a threat; not a violent threat, but a threat in the way that it does not promote the lie and sees through a greater plot like surveillance. At the same time, if the governments stopped propagating events like Columbine the people would only see the world outside of North America as unsafe and would perhaps become a little too comfortable. However, we will continue to watch the fear filter through our society and continue to watch ourselves become victims and, in a sense, keep buying the lie.

perspectives

Hear the bacon sizzle!

Jason John O'Rourke

As much as I don't really like cops in Toronto, their identity, and all that goes with their supposed role, the women and men that do serve the force have a tough job to fulfill. I've been trying to reconcile my near-hatred of cops with my compassion for the actual individuals who are behind the badge. Well, some of them anyway; lots of them are bastards. Lots of them are abusive. Physically abusive, mentally and emotionally abusive; lots of them abuse people's rights. Lots of cops enjoy how our society is ignorant of what is and what is not allowed. Lots of cops abuse their position and power, and take advantage of what must be a Teflon blue uniform, because in the end nothing ever sticks to them. When a crisis is over, when the investigations are complete, it's back to business as usual, no reforms or changes, or anything.

But for now, I want to concentrate on the good cops, the ones who truly serve and protect. Often, as a society, we forget that we have a duty towards them, to serve and protect them. They have a very difficult and dangerous job. It is the good cops that are out on the street trying to keep things safe who are most at danger from bad cops. What we have to do, together that is, is demand accountability. All cops should be responsible for all actions carried out by any member of the force. They want to look like a team, all wearing their prized uniforms, banding together like the gang that they are, well lets start treating them like a gang when things go wrong; if they can't face the collective heat, then they should abandon their membership. And we should hold the upper ranks as the most accountable.

The rank and file, the beat cops, they're just following orders. Some assholes still want to be the heroes, or the stars though; the big, bad, mutherfucking officer of justice for all. What dickheads these types of cops are. They're not supposed to be officers of justice, but officers of the law. There is a difference.

"I don't care what they do to get rid of those squeegee kids, we just want them out of our neighbourhoods"

But you know what? It's us that push this other role on them. "Oh they should have shot that drug dealer!" you say. "I don't care what they do to get rid of those squeegee kids, we just want them out of our neighbourhoods", as if anyone has ownership of a neighbourhood. Because if you actually think about it, which most people don't, it's not the cops that protect us, it's the laws. The police role should be to force discussion between the courts and the supposed violators. Don't argue with them, they just bring you in, and you can have a nice intellectual discussion of the topic with the judge. That's the way it's supposed to work, anyway. It's all fine and dandy to say that, but difficult to execute with a baton bashing your skull so many times you lose count because the ringing in your ears has an echo now and your eyes are closed out of fear or bruises, and there is nothing you can do about it.

So to get back to accountability,

it's not the cops we should hold responsible, but the chain of command. It's the investigators and the chiefs and the other bastards who think that they are too high up to face any shit when it hits the fan. It's the judges that are signing the warrants, the lawyers that find only the technicalities instead of the

arguments at hand. They are the biggest threat to the law. They are the ones fabricating this breed of monster-cop-beast that roams our streets perpetrating atrocities in broad daylight. Most of all, it's the society, that does not understand, that doesn't want to understand because that would involve thinking and discussion, that doesn't understand any of this. From the role of the police officer to the immense threat of the miscarriages of justice going on, people have to talk.

Now that I have demonstrated why it is the chain of command that must be held accountable, our first order of business with them should be to rid ourselves of the greatest threat to freedom, expression, and security. Asshole cops, dickhead cops. Abusive cops.

ABUSIVE COPS EXIST-
ABUSIVE COPS EXIST-
ABUSIVE COPS EXIST

Do you get it now? This is not a t.v. show, and the atrocities are far worse than what you could ever see on the devil tube. Far worse because it's fucking real and real people are feeling real pain. And they feel embarrassment. And they feel harassment. All at the hands of abusive cops. And if anyone not wearing the blue gang colours with the little badge were to try and pull off the kind of assault that they get away with, we would all be crying for justice. So don't just finish this article and think, "hmm, interesting" or "what a paranoid freak", because that's reality. Do something about it.

Life in Rez: First contact

Natalie Flute

When the option to live on campus first came my way I was definitely against it. It was too expensive and I was totally against the mandatory meal plan. I also thought that if I were going to school in Toronto I would definitely want to live in the city, as close to the fashion district as possible. Then I realized how much it costs to live in Toronto, and suddenly residence didn't seem so expensive. I began to think that eating cafeteria food wouldn't really be that bad and living on campus would probably help me meet more friends.

So off went my application. I filled out the necessary papers, choosing non-coed due to the shared washroom situation, and they were quickly returned informing me of my room number and moving day. Then I began to get scared. What if I don't like the

There are plenty of other universities and colleges that include kitchens in the residence cost and offer meal plans as an option, so what is Glendon's problem?

food? What if I don't like my roommate? Doesn't it seem kind of strange to move in with someone that you have never met? Visions of Single White Female began to dance in my head...


But what else could I do? Unfortunately, finances often stand in the way of young people getting what they want. I soon began to accept the fact that residence was going to be my new home. I packed my things and soon that fateful day arrived. In the car on the way to the school, my Dad asked me if I was nervous. I answered "no", even though I was feeling incredibly sick to my stomach. We arrived and unpacked my things, and I said goodbye to home-cooked meals and rent-free living. My Mom cried a little, but I was brave, remembering "only the strong survive".

As soon as they left, I called my friend Chris, who lives in the city, and arranged to spend the weekend at his house, completely forgetting that only the strong survive and remembering that being weak is so much easier.

The Monday evening before school started, I finally decided to spend my first night in my new room. I met my roommate that evening, and surprisingly she wasn't the psycho Jennifer Jason Leigh look-alike that I expected her to be. She was even kind of normal. I guess residence isn't really that bad, but there are still definitely things I would change about it. For example, I cannot understand why the school has a mandatory meal plan purchase. What is so wrong with equipping the rooms with kitchens, or even having communal kitchens? I understand that there may be fire hazards involved, but are there not hazards involved in the use of curling irons, among

other things, which are allowed in student's rooms? There are plenty of other universities and colleges that include kitchens in the residence cost and offer meal plans as an option, so what is Glendon's problem?

The washroom situation could also use a serious upgrade. Why not have smaller washrooms on the floors for maybe 3 rooms to share rather than one for the entire floor to share? Another suggestion would be to maybe renovate the existing washroom. Include more showers and more toilets (one of the toilets has been out of order since I moved here). Another little extra that would make Glendon's housing much more attractive would be to install PCs in each student's room. Not exactly a necessity, but definitely a nice little extra.

Economics 105:  free

fact Proper use of disposable income does not include listing items at ebay. *Why pay to post?*

A U C T I O N W E B S I T E

eDeal
www.edeal.com/student

TEXTBOOKS, DESKS, COMPUTERS, COLLECTIBLES, CHAIRS, ELECTRONICS, CARS, PLANES, AND ANYTHING ELSE TO GET YOU THROUGH THE CRUNCH.

NOTE: YOU WILL NOT BE ELIGIBLE FOR GIVEAWAY UNLESS YOU REGISTER AT THE ABOVE WEB ADDRESS. EDEAL.COM HAS NO AFFILIATION OR RELATIONSHIP IN ANY WAY WITH EBAY.

perspectives

Moonshining in the Deep South

Patrick Hunter S. Tomlinson

The American civil war showcased the unbelievable regional differences which exist between the north and the south. Deep in Cajun country on the very soil where many fell for the last time a disillusioned Canadian student staggered around, wondering just how far things really have come since then.

There is much to be said about the deep south. It carries a long, bitter history marred by tragedy and despair. Many conflicts have been sought over these fertile lands between races, cultures and even towns. What is so unforgiving about the south? Why do they so often act upon their xenophobic traditions?

On top of all this melancholy lay a silver lining smelling distinctly of bourbon. Like any whiskey connoisseur I was eagerly anticipating the moment when I would be lifting the first glass of shine to my lips.

Of all the states in the south, I spent most of my time in Tennessee and Louisiana. I made brief trips into Arkansas, Mississippi, and Kentucky. In many ways, these states all hold on to distinct traditions. Kentucky, the state where education pays, has yet to feel the great industrial machine outside of Louisville and Lexington. Arkansas benefits from the great Ozark mountain range and is little more than one great camp ground. The capital of Arkansas is Little Rock. Travelling through Little Rock, one would guess that they were somewhere on the west coast. The fact is, it sits just 12 hours north of the Gulf of Mexico.

Of all the states I visited, the most beautiful was Mississippi. I drove ten hours through Mississippi to get from Memphis (on the Tennessee border) down to Baton Rouge Louisiana. The north is covered by huge farms whose livelihood is made off of both plants and animals. The southern end of the state is full of wondrous forest. Two experiences any tourist must experience if they find themselves in Mississippi are fried chicken and the Natchez Trace. I managed to eat fried chicken often in the south but none was more



The American civil war showcased the unbelievable regional differences which exist between the north and the south. Deep in Cajun country on the very soil where many fell for the last time a disillusioned Canadian student staggered around, wondering just how far things really have come since then.

memorable than that which I ate in Mississippi. Mind you, my sense of taste could have been dulled by the seven or eight Mississippi Mud Beers I had drunk earlier in the day! The Natchez Trace is a scenic highway which cuts the state in half.

I spent three glorious weeks in Louisiana. The heat was relentless, nearly 45 degrees every single day. The temperature soared to nearly 30 degrees by 9:00am. Tourists could easily be told apart from locals simply because they were active in the early afternoon. No local in their right mind steps outside needlessly in the midday.

Of all the states I have visited, none have noticeably fewer laws than Louisiana. I decided to have a typical southern Sunday, meaning that I would attend church in the morning and a gun show in the afternoon. In Louisiana, churches are as common as seafood, so it was not difficult to find some place to repent my sins. Unfortunately, I dipped a little too deep into the ol'

JD bottle the night before and slept through my alarm. Determined, I set out a few hours later for the weekly gun show.

As I walked through the doors of the convention center I was immediately greeted by one of Lafayette's finest: "You carrying any loaded fire arms on you son?". I awkwardly replied "NO SIR." In Louisiana the only law pertaining to the ownership of guns is that if you would like to carry concealed hand guns on your person you must pay \$200 for the permit. Needless to say, I was walking around with a surreal sense of security. After gripping some M16's and Uzi's the novelty quickly wore off. The conversation was entertaining at best. Often I would hear two people exchanging advice concerning the inevitable Y2K disaster. I managed to buy some classic bumper stickers, so in the end I left feeling successful.

Oh New Orleans, how I hoped you would be my Shangri-la. In the great city of New Orleans, one can

walk into a bar, buy a drink and then immediately leave. You may choose to walk with your drink, or even sit down on the sidewalk and continue drinking. Many bars are even open 24 hours a day in the French Quarter. Was this the Nirvana I had searched so desperately to uncover? Unfortunately it was not.

Tourists are told not to leave the French Quarter for their own safety. This means that your stuck partying with a bunch of thirty something, pretentious, sitcom affected goofs. I quickly abandoned the quarter for the big city. I was immediately confronted with a state of poverty that would sober up even the most habitual drunk. I ventured into the cemeteries to seek refuge amongst the mausoleums. After a few hazy nights I decided to leave New Orleans for the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee.

Smoky Mountain National Park lies 1 hour east of Knoxville, nearly 9000 feet in the sky. It by far and away is the best deal possible for

anyone staying in the vicinity. For \$15 a night a group of three may enjoy all that the park has to offer. I walked many miles in these mountains with my dear flask at my side. While sipping on some stubborn Tennessee whiskey I remember thinking that I could very easily live in these mountains with all the deer and the bears. Perhaps, I would even manage my own carefully hidden still so as to provide southern comfort to the many passers by. In the end though I noticed that my little flask was itself providing too much comfort and so I returned back to camp.

I crossed back into Canada in good spirits. I was fortunate enough to have visited the Southern United States and make it back alive. I didn't get shot and I didn't re-stake my faith in Jesus Christ. I even managed to smuggle a few bottles of the good stuff over the border. With another great trip in the record book, it's now time to prepare for my next adventure: Newfoundland.

arts and entertainment

Upcoming Events

September 22 to October 3
Theatre: Doctor Faustus
Glen Morris Studio
4 Glen Morris St.
Wednesday-Saturday 8 pm \$12/\$10
PWYC Sunday 2 pm (\$7 sugg. min.)

September 22 - to October 23
Theatre: Street of Blood
by Ronnie Burkett
Canadian Stage Theatre
26 Berkeley St.
Mon. - Sat. 8 pm
368-3110

September 24
Film: Best Laid Plans
Opens in Toronto
Starring Alessandra Nivola, Reese Witherspoon and Josh Brolin
ALSO
Film: Earth
Opens in Toronto
ALSO
Film: Stop Making Sense
The 15th Anniversary Re-Release opens in Toronto
Starring David Byrne and Talking Heads
ALSO
Film: Earth
Directed by Deepa Mehta
The Reading Building
116 Spadina Ave.
504-5026

September 24 - October 24
Theatre: Drawer Boy
by Michael Healey, directed by Miles Potter
Theatre Passe Muraille
16 Ryerson Ave.
Tues. - Sat. 8 pm
Sun. 2 pm (PWYC)
504-7529

September - October
Art Gallery of York University
Guided tours of York's outdoor sculptures
Information: (416) 736 - 5169

October 5
Afro-Celt Sound System/Les Nubians
Phoenix Concert Theatre
870-8000

October 15
Oktoberfest in Waterloo
bus trip organised by the GCSU
487-6720

November 19
Glendon's Winter Formal
Snowball at the Vaughn Estate.
GCSU-487-6720

Run Off With Ebony Run

Catherine Hancock

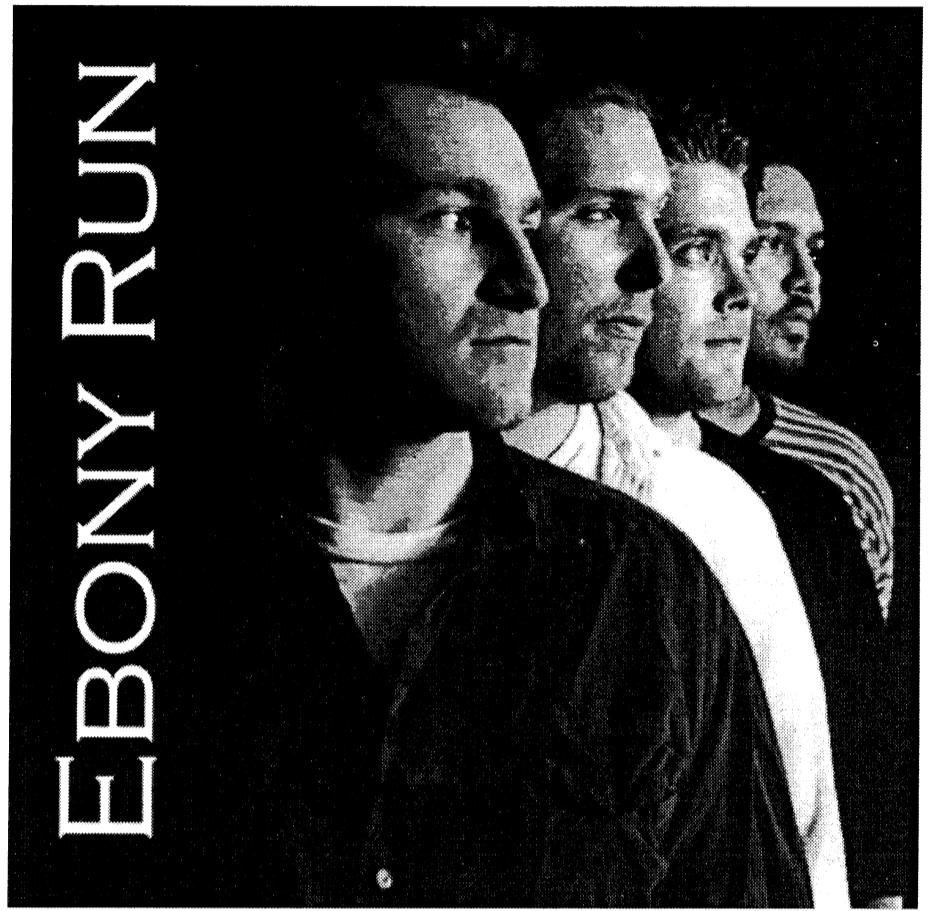
Ebony Run is a Toronto band consisting of four members. Richard Fairthorne, 23, is the lead singer; Chris Macpherson, 21, is the guitarist; Sam Halonen, 27, is the bassist and back up vocals; and Dennis Banko, 23, is the drummer. Sam and Dennis have played festivals with groups such as The Tea Party, Our Lady Peace and The Barenaked Ladies. As a group Ebony Run have performed to excited crowds at The El Moccambo, The Opera House and Clinton's Tavern.

A friend talked me into seeing them perform at Clinton's one Thursday night. She's been trying to get me to go for a long time and eventually I couldn't make up any more excuses and I had to go.

I wish I hadn't waited so long.

Right now they play every other Thursday at Clinton's Tavern. It's a bar near Bathurst and Bloor; 693 Bloor St. West to be exact. This is the bar where such groups as the Bare Naked Ladies and Cowboy Junkies were discovered. I strongly recommend that you check out Ebony Run while ticketmaster is still out of the picture.

For any further information you can call their hotline: (416) 563-6600 or their web page at: www.mp3.com/ebonyrun.



CKRG, Radio Glendon is still looking for students to fill volunteer and executive positions. See Ryan in the basement of the Manor. Pro Tem est aussi à la recherche de volontaires (un grand besoin de francophones!). Veuillez contacter Mélanie au 487-6736.

Join the hard-headed rebellion...

You Know What I Did This Summer

Catherine Hancock

Welcome back! My name is Catherine Hancock and I am the new Arts & Entertainment co-editor for Pro Tem. I wrote a couple of film reviews last year, but for those of you who aren't familiar with what I like and dislike, I decided to note down the movies I saw this summer. In spite of the many big blockbuster hits out for the last summer of the twentieth century such as Star Wars, The Haunting, and Notting Hill, these are the movies I spent my time and money on:

1.) *Entrapment*. ** There is plenty of steam heat and star power; however, I gave up when Connery and Jones are hanging from a string of Christmas lights.

2.) *Austin Powers 2 - The Spy Who Shagged Me*. *** I wouldn't say it is better than the original (sequels rarely are), but I laughed plenty. Scott Evil's role is much better.

3.) *Big Daddy*. *** The little boy stole my heart. I laughed, I cried - it's what movies are made for. Kristy Swanson's role was smaller than I expected.

4.) *Instinct*. ***** Anyone who has taken or is taking the course given by Prof. A. Hopkins (Prisoners, etc...) will enjoy this stimulating and entertaining story.

5.) *The General's Daughter*. *** This film does its job: it disgusted me. It is very violent and portrays a lot of images that I never wanted to see.

6.) *American Pie*. **** I will never eat apple pie again! This movie is clever and Allison Hannigan (band girl) is hilarious.

7.) *Eyes Wide Shut*. ** The cinematography is effective, but this film suffers from "premature evaluation". The piano adds a nice touch but is overplayed.

8.) *The Wood*. ** This film is a cute look at high school and friends. For me, it brings back many fond memories of grades nine through eleven.

9.) *The Blair Witch Project*. ***** I didn't understand the ending until I was

reviewing the film in my mind late at night; so believe me when I say "mind haunting".

10.) *Runaway Bride*. *** Many people think it is simply a sequel to *Pretty Woman*. I don't know about you, but I can watch *Pretty Woman* again and again and again.

11.) *The Sixth Sense*. **** This is a hide your eyes behind your hands and peek through your fingers kind of movie. I'm glad I was talked into seeing it. Yeah Donnie!

12.) *Mickey Blue Eyes*. ** Cute and funny, even clever at times, yet very predictable; but I expected that.

13.) *Bowfinger*. ** Most of what is funny about this film can be seen in the previews.

14.) *The Muse*. * Sharon Stone is good, but she can't hold the film all by herself. This movie has potential; it just needs a different cast.

arts and entertainment

THE FUTURE OF MUSIC: WWW.INDIECANADA.COM

Rae Perigoe

Tired of the same old singles being endlessly recycled through corporate mainstream radio?

You might want to give www.indiecanada.com a try.

Indiecanada.com is a web site devoted entirely to the independent music scene. Launched in June of this year, indiecanada has begun to establish a major web audience, having amassed an average of 35000 web "hits" (number of visits by web searchers) per month.

According to James David Smith, founder of indiecanada, few artists not signed to a major record label could hope to find a mass audience before indiecanada. Corporate radio is controlled by a small number of giant production companies, who tend to dictate the playlists used by most popular radio stations in Canada. The big record labels tend to look for profitability over creativity, and many truly creative artists have

been ignored for their lack of "saleability".

However, indiecanada offers independent artists a chance to connect with listeners, and offers listeners an escape from the repetitiveness of corporate radio playlists.

"What we're seeing is the true democratization of music retail," Smith insists. "Only indiecanada.com provides a real alternative for every stage of new music discovery."

One of the main features of indiecanada.com is its revolutionary "IndieMix Online Radio". Those with "Real Audio" on the internet can hear virtually CD quality independent music, mixed in a radio format. Smith hopes that such a radio mix will enable visitors to the site to be introduced to, and hopefully grow attached to, a variety of independent music on the site.

Yet another innovation of indiecanada.com is its MP3 audio

capability. MP3 is the brand new, and controversial, audio format that enables music to be downloaded in file format across the internet with ease. The prospect of MP3 scares most major labels because the files can be easily copied and spread across the internet without the label receiving any profit. However, MP3 does empower independent artists, because it allows them to reach consumers without necessarily having a distribution deal that ensures their albums are in music stores. Visitors to indiecanada can purchase entire albums of independent artists, either in MP3 format or as a CD (to be shipped) and indie artists recoup the entire proceeds.

All in all, www.indiecanada.com offers a glimpse of the future of music - not controlled by corporate interests, driven by artists, empowering consumers to make an informed, critical decision regarding the music they purchase.

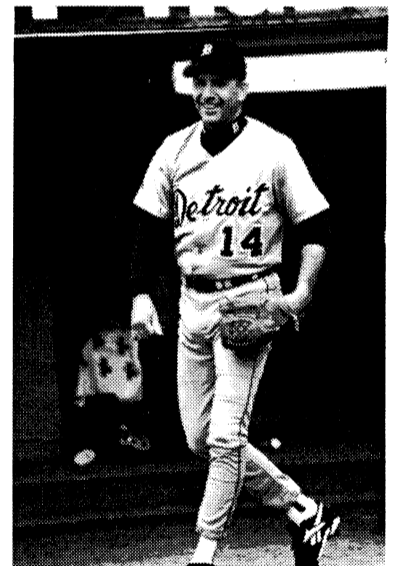


For the Love of the Game

Catherine Hancock

Okay. Before I begin my review, allow me to explain my experience at the movie theatre. I called to get passes the day before the screening, and therefore slightly annoyed the publicity staff at Universal; thus, even though I got a pass, I couldn't bring a guest. Now I did this last year for Forces of Nature, so I felt confident enough to go solo once again. However, when I get to the theatre, they hand me two tickets. So now I'm slightly frustrated, because I'm at the movie alone without needing to be. Nevertheless, I brush it off and find myself a great seat in the center. After about 5 minutes, the girl next to me says to her boyfriend (who, by the way, she can't keep her hands off), "That is so sad". She is commenting on the fact that I am alone. Right about now I'm feeling pretty low and suddenly I notice a section of seats that are reserved for the press. Only I don't want to move because I don't want to give Wandering Hands Girl the feeling that she is superior. So what happens next? Another cute and cuddly couple sit next to me on the other side. Great!

Knowing all of this, I will now tell you what I think of For the Love of the Game. Kevin Costner, Kelly Preston and John C. Reilly all play



their own parts really well, but together they lack an important element called Chemistry. I did enjoy the acting of young Jena Malone, who plays Preston's daughter. There is quite possibly a future in acting for her. Another thing that impressed me was the sound. It was very effective.

This movie is said to be a great date movie because of the love story for the girls and the sports for the boys. I found myself enjoying the baseball much more than the romance, though this could have been due to the fact that I was single in a room full of perfectly paired couples. Somehow, though, I don't think so. I just really like baseball.

First Comes Craze Then You Die

Roberto Laso

When I got off work one day, I had an hour to kill before my ride showed up to get me. So what was I to do but grab a six pack of Olde English beer and kill about four of them? Sitting there at the corner of Jarvis and Queens Quay, I contemplated the oncoming Armageddon and how many people were panicking because the Aztec calendar ends at precisely the 11th of August, 1999. Brazilians were in hysterics, Doomsayers were chanting verses from Revelation, and there I sat; sipping malt liquor, looking forward to finally seeing the 1998 DMC and ITF mixing champ DJ Craze. If I were to die that night, I couldn't think of a better way to go out.

In his early twenties, Hispanic, and hailing from Miami, Florida, this turntablist from the Allies crew has already achieved legend-status for his two-hour killer sets. The venue for this gig was the Comfort Zone, which was packed full of heads;

mostly DJ's, turntablists, and B-Boys and B-Girls of various shades. Locals warmed up: Lil' Jazz scratched some beats, fellow Turnstylez member Grouch dropped a set, The Turntable Monks got scratch-happy; then the moment

of truth, perhaps all that I had lived my life for... Naaahh!!

Jumping onto a chair for a better view, Craze got into his promised two-hour set of wax manipulation, dropping Hip Hop gems past and present, mixing with a flair and style all of his own. With his 360° spinning body fader cuts, cutting the fader with his back, under his legs, behind his back, always keeping the beat on time, you could easily see how countless DJ's were slaughtered in turntable wars. One look at his face and you could see that he was in a trance; one glance at his hands and you could see just a blur on the mixer and the records. He was killing 12" like the chef at Golden Griddle flipping pancakes on all-you-can-eat Tuesdays.

Lik'd beyond reproach, I hollered

along with everyone when he dropped some old Rakim; bobbed my skull when he did some sped-up, Jungle-style mixing with a couple of breakbeats; punched into the air when he did a wicked intro-mix of Nine's "Watcha Want", and generally just having a good time of it, as if it were to be my last. I even staggered into the breaker's dance circle and did a fake-hardcore runnin' man, then posed in a "So What!?!"-type fashion, probably warping the minds of the adolescents who just stared with mystified expressions on their wimpy lil' faces. If I was gonna go out, I

was gonna go out laughing... HARD!!

Craze was dope, injecting the T.O. crowd with pure Hip Hop, makin' 'em jones for an encore, so I heard. When jams like this take place, you hate for it to end; so avoiding that feeling of emptiness, confident impending doom would arrive another night, my boys threw me into the back-seat of the ride, driving me to the crib where my own 1200's awaited...

poetry and fiction

El Tuerto

Noel Barnett

Call me Tuerto.

It was just the other day I saw Satan sitting on the face of a Philologist in one of the offices of the English res. Surely it was something I wasn't to have seen, but I've seen worse on plenty of occasions.

Like today, for example, as I was quietly taking up space in the torture chamber. You know the one: the temple of all unnatural exercise. The athletic vanity fair at the bottom of the hill, near the foot of the stairs of murderous penance. I'm talking about the cheap slab of brick built by English idiots of the highest caliber who had the gall to call themselves architects and not massacring bandits; constructed during that age of enlightenment we like to call the nineteen fifties when art flourished, poets were in abundance, painters fell from tree limbs thick with the burden of their bountiful harvest, fruit-fed anthropologists rode pink elephants and ate dandelions and C.S Lewis was the only man alive with a palatable vision of the cosmos.

Well, there I was stuck in the middle of all that sweaty glorious flesh minding my own business which was level seven set for thirty minutes on the life cycle; wheels spinning, my eyes hypnotized by the paltry faint green luminescence of a fluorescent tube above, then slowly tracking the bit of dull aluminum piping that carries the wires and finally down for a brief glance at the animal farm before me.

It was then that Satan walked in the door straight past me. Long strides, intent about his business. I was hooked. Especially after what I'd seen him do previously. Figured it was gonna be good entertainment all round. Well, the Son of the bright and morning star stood poised behind some unsuspecting fat fuck beating out tracks for nowhere on one of those moving sidewalk room 101 machines that'll have you hallucinating after the first five strides. He's sweating like a portion of boiled pork and looking just about as pale when Old Scratch himself takes a quick peek around, stops on me, gives a long toothy grin and a wink and begins a poking and a prodding the poor fellow's bulbous ass with his hot iron pitchfork. Violent miniature columns of steam start hissing as they pour from the finger-sized holes where the sharp spires have cut into the flesh and I can't believe no one else in the room is hip to what's happening on the scene. Surely the cat whose ass it is can at least feel it? But no- one look at his sorry face and I can see he's somewhere else, sitting in a garden maybe, with his childhood nanny probably, running his hand down the length of her gams as she serves him tea no doubt.

Enough! 'I seen enough!' I says and turns my head back up to the tube of gas in glass and tries to think of something else: 'Gee, I wish I had had a nanny', but no, and guess what? The red beast comes sauntering over to my machine and I starts

to praying for my own fat ass and thanking my lucky stars I chose a vanity machine with a tough black molded seat that maybe'll thwart any evil scheme devised against my posterior. He's leaning over the handle bars now so I bury my head, peering at the cheap thin layer of carpet, 'God, this place is a dump', and I'm appalled to see the dog is brazenly naked. His business swinging from side to side reaching some vanishing point around his ankles. 'Cripes,' I say and look up. 'I don't need to see that.' It's not for nothing the one-eyed

It was then that Satan walked in the door straight past me. Long strides, intent about his business. I was hooked. Especially after what I'd seen him do previously.

walk away from this joint still stinking of salt and vinegar after a half hour of torture; the family jewels'll not be pearls cast before swine, they'll be locked away in the tower of levis, behind a copper gate that zips when it opens.

"Hey, I'm talking to you," he says and the stench of sour cabbage and rotting goat tripe with a dose of pickled pig balls thrown in for good measure hits

me full in the face. It's all I can do just to keep peddling. I grip the handles for support and come up with a heart rate of three forty five- I'm amazed I'm still alive. He looks dismayed that I'm ignoring him. Suddenly I get brave, gather my wits and nonchalantly give him a good yawn and start fiddling with the race feature on the machine, brushing his chin out the way, but who told me to do that?? Flip, here it comes, he was pissed off now and it's not for nothing he bends over; his aged red ass worn and tough as leather, covered with bruises, welts, scars and stiff yellow neon bristles points itself in my direction and in the twinkling of an eye, cosmic gases, sparks,

fire, and black smoke with an audio accompaniment of bacon sizzle, all of Napoleon's hoards and the harsh clanging of a thousand blacksmiths' anvils engulf me.

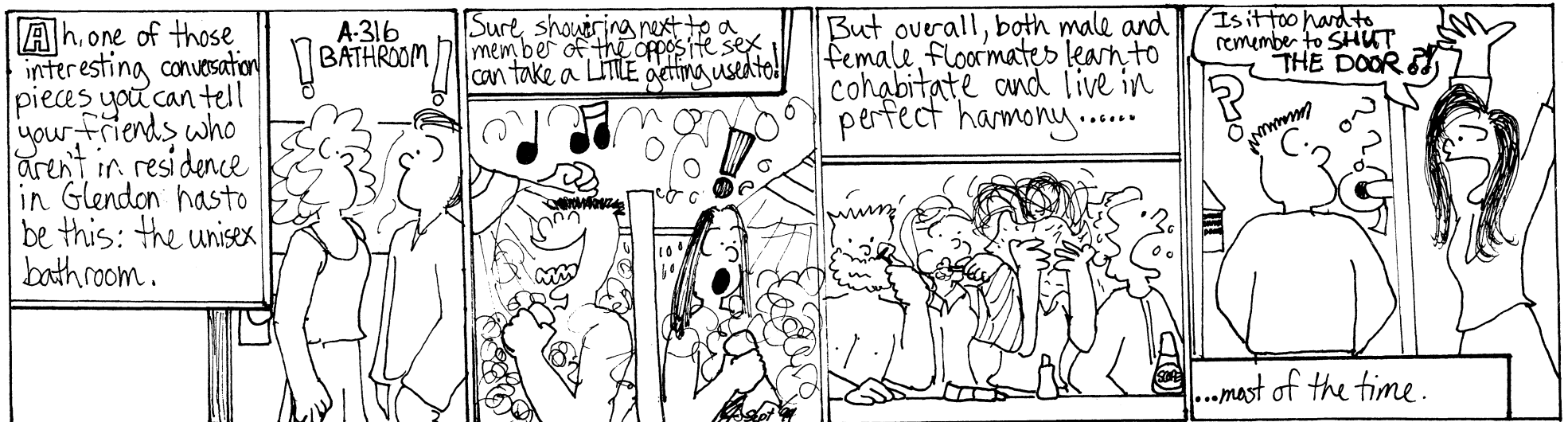
Imminent death, the surety of hell, the night the lights went out in Georgia; mercy fled taking reprieve with her and through the haze I noticed one of the wardens, a corn-fed girl, wearing the red shirt with gold letters emblazoned on the back which herald her station in life: 'Staff'. Staff of what? I thought of Moses' rod. Hell, I was losing it now, things were getting dim. She wasn't a beauty, but attractive in a way all her own. She had the tell-tale firm thighs Carravaggio sculpted out of kolbassa like all of her trade and, noticing me, she came over, inquiring "Are you all right?"

But alas, cold sweat and clammy darkness, chills and yet more darkness overtook me and I fell from consciousness. When I came to, I realized it had been but a few moments, yet I was lying on the ground between the bikes in the fetal position, my mouth containing the last vestiges of bile. I realized my head lay in a puddle of vomit. A slow but steady pool of urine gathered on the floor around my waist and saving the best for last, I'll have you know that the rank, pungent fumes of wet excrement rose from within my soggy fleece shorts.

I heard the faint faraway echoes of concern, "Would you like me to call an ambulance?" I saw the blur of the red shirt and gurgled something like, "Yesssz, muudaarfokerrr, una ahmbulancia wood biennee rye..tt nooww..." The Ethiopian told me later all they heard were weak grunts and a pitiful squeal, but somehow she got the message and scurried away to get help and it was then I knew I was truly in hell because in the space vacated by her, the cute little Libyan girl from my afternoon class suddenly appeared. I closed my eyes and heard her say, "Tuerto, Tuerto...are you yet alive? Poor Tuerto..." I opened them again and saw her kind face full of sorrow for my condition, unaware of my embarrassment that she should witness such a spectacle and then, looming over her shoulder, grinning with all the malicious hysteria you could expect was Lucy hisself.

I knew I'd been licked. He'd had his fun at my expense and reduced me to a mound of putrid filth in the temple of vanity fair before Z. The room began to swirl around me, the ambulance jockeys had me on their gurney, my vision went from cracked ceiling to moments of blackout until finally we came to a stop. Mustering all my strength I looked up and saw Z, who, watching me, shed a tear before the doors slammed shut. The uniformed fellow who had jumped in after me began inserting tubes in my arms and administering fluids beneath the sallow howl of the siren as we sped away. I'd never said more than a brief hello to her in class or the halls but she often fired my imagination when I was alone and deep in reverie. Be that as it may, I never fooled myself about her because after all, I knew she had a Kingstonian Man.

A3rd



CHRISTIE ADAMS

poetry and fiction

Freedom comes with costs

**Do you think that I will make it just as far as you are going?
Or, will I simply fall and happily admit that solitude is nothing but inevitable.**

**The suffering rain fell lazily upon the ground.
As it fell, a silence carried bringing with it a feeling of enchantment.
Never had these lands felt such tranquility, was this heaven?
No, it was freedom.**

Algiers

**There is not a breathing
of the common wind
that will forget thee.
-Wordsworth**

Your Love

**The glowing expression on your face,
the passionate glimpse in your eyes,
the radiance of your smile,
all show me your love.**

**The running of your fingers through my hair,
the mere mention of my name,
the exclamation of the words "I love you",
all show me your love.**

**The whisper of your voice,
the quickened pace of your heart,
the slightest touch of your hand,
all show me your love.**

**The softest breath against my neck,
the warmest embrace of your arms,
the deepest kiss of your lips,
all show me your love.**

**Your love for me is shown in all that you say,
in all that you do, in all that you are.
I see it, I feel it, I cherish it.**

**Until the end of time, shall it be mine
- your love.**

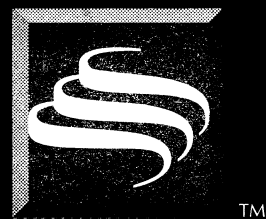
**I have found myself and my other self
in you, Daniel.
Forever yours, Bridget Suzanne van Voorden**

Reflection

**Rejection comes from
immaturity.
Take this glass
And drink from it
For what I give you
You consider as a gift.
Algiers**

MR. WICKES

**wounded
butterflies on my tongue
they intended once to fly
now with leaden feet
they soar through naught save
forsaken whispers of my brave intent
the hunter becomes the hunted
as the shepherd now shall bear
witness
and the chased becomes the chaser
as we fade past our endeavours
lightning still may quicken
yet blood ever dissipates
these tasteless flashes
of despair
as I melt
on my journey lost
and found to have never begun
until your shameless embrace
told me not to jump
away from life
a breathing shell
you kept my soul alive and
it curses you for that
how dare you open a window
just to break the glass.
-Danielle**



du Maurier
ARTS

**Supporting 234 cultural organizations across
Canada during the 1999-2000 season**