

pro tem

39^e année

Witnessing the events since 1962

FEATURES: BIG BUSINESS BOMBING

Page 10-11

Un nouveau principal à Glendon
Page 5

A fridge, a gas heart
Page 16



Pro Tem Letters to the editor

2275 avenue Bayview
Glendon Hall, room 117
Toronto, Ontario
M4N 3M6
tel. (416) 487-6736
fax. (416) 487-6728

Éditrice-en-chef
Mélanie J. Cadieux

News editor
Colleen McConnell

Éditrice des nouvelles
Lyne Boudages

Arts editors
Catherine Hancock
Rae Perigoe

Perspectives editor
Patrick Tomlinson

Features editor
Rob Shaw

Fiction & Poetry editor
Danielle Seville

Éditeur à la photographie
Loïc Olivier

Production-Layout
Shai Ohayon
Sarah Moreau

CUP Liaison
Patrick Tomlinson

Business Manager
Patrick Bolduc

Commentary
J.J. O'Rourke

Intern
Natalie Flute

Réviseurs
Julien Daviau
Jean Philippe Nadeau

Collaborateurs

Jordyn Jack
Jerod Wiszniak
Ulrich Hammel
Meghan Trussler
Alicia Campbell
Marta Buckle
Meri Perra
Bobby Diekos
Miguel Martin
Angela Pacienza
Jean-Pilippe Nadeau
Véronique Protoy
Erin Van Moorsel
Martin Carrier
Steven Irvine
Angela Milenovic
Michael Harrison

Leslie Oke
Ian Savage

Noel Barnett
Ilwad Ahmed

D. Eleanor Mackintosh
Bridget Suzanne van Voorden

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. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Manoir Glendon, local 117. Tirage: 3000 exemplaires

Dear Editor,

I am appalled that Protem would publish the unsubstantiated diatribe "Hear the bacon sizzle". (September 20, 1999)

I know that Protem's mandate, outlined in Cadieux's editorial in the same issue, is to sometimes "play the devil's advocate... in order to make you think". However, I don't think that this mandate should transcend the principle of truth in journalism. "Hear the bacon sizzle", following Protem's mandate, makes slanderous statements about police officers, presumably in an attempt to encourage a debate about police brutality and abuse of power.

This article did indeed prompt discussion amongst some of my friends, but not the kind O'Rourke seems to aim for. My friends and I, after reading his article, were not talking about the prevalence of violent or abusive police officers. We were talking about O'Rourke's failure to present a convincing argument, and the defamatory statements he made without offering any evidence to support them.

O'Rourke's basic argument is that since abusive police officers are a serious problem in our society, we should "do something about it", like demand accountability. In order for O'Rourke's argument to be persuasive, he should provide proof that police officers commonly abuse their power in our society. This is where O'Rourke's reasoning falls apart. He denigrates police officers in many ways, calling them a "breed of monster-cop-beast that roams our streets perpetrating atrocities". He claims that "lots of them [police officers] are abusive". However, he offered no factual information to support the truth of these statements. There were no statistics cited, no firsthand

accounts, not even anecdotal evidence that would lend some credence to his claims.

The article, then, does not represent a solid argument but a tirade against police officers. Of course O'Rourke has a right to express his opinion, but I don't think a student newspaper is the right forum for a clearly biased editorial that is essentially bashing a sector of our community. Surely Protem should have some standards regarding the accuracy of its articles. Hard facts could do more to encourage discussion than fanciful accusations.

In case anyone actually did discuss the issue of police accountability (and not the nonsensical nature of O'Rourke's article), I would like to point out that many of the claims stated in the article were exaggerated, if not incorrect.

First, O'Rourke has blown the problem of police abuse way out of proportion. He says that "this is not a TV show, and the atrocities are far worse than what you could ever see on the devil tube." Does he expect us to believe that police are committing crimes in Toronto worse than what we've seen in Kosovo? Worse than what we've seen of the German SS in World War II? Clearly, O'Rourke has overstated the extent of the problem.

According to the 1998 Annual Report by Toronto Police Services, complaints lodged against the police are decreasing. In 1998, there were 617 complaints, compared to 720 in 1997. Although these complaints would include allegations of bodily harm or abuse of power, most are less serious. For example, a police officer I know was once accused of blocking someone's driveway during a criminal investigation. Overall, 617 complaints for 4,904 uni-

formed officers in a city of over 3 million over one year hardly echoes O'Rourke's description of the problem, in my opinion.

Furthermore, the number of police shootings in Toronto is low. From January, 1987 to December 31, 1997 there were 55 people involved in police shootings, 19 of them fatal. All of these incidents are accounted for in the report with regards to the type of situation (e.g. robbery, drug investigation), and type of weapon the suspect was wielding.

If police brutality were as serious a problem as O'Rourke claims, if we had "monster-cop-beasts" roaming our streets, wouldn't we be seeing a lot more than 2 deaths a year? Wouldn't we be seeing a lot more complaints against police officers?

Secondly, the article claims that police officers have legal impunity: "Lots of cops abuse their position and power... in the end nothing seems to stick to them." O'Rourke also demands that police officers be held accountable for their actions. He fails to mention that there are many measures in place in order to ensure accountability.

A Toronto police officer is subject not only to the Criminal Code of Canada, but also to the Police Services Act of Ontario. The Police Services Act governs many aspects of a police officers conduct, even when he is off duty. Police officers actually have more laws governing them than the average citizen.

Furthermore, police officers are held accountable any time there is a complaint lodged against them. Even the most preposterous claim is seriously investigated by the police unit's Complaints Coordinator or by OCCOPS. For example, a friend of mine on the force had an absurd complaint lodged

against him by a man claiming to be a Martian. Nevertheless, the complaint was fully taken into account and dropped only after 75 hours of investigative work.

Any police incident involving serious bodily harm or death is investigated by the Special Investigations Unit (SIU), a provincially appointed group of unbiased civilians.

Finally, O'Rourke declares that there are "no reforms or changes" after a crisis or investigation. To the contrary, there have been many changes made to the profession in recent years. For example, officers can now use pepper spray in incidents where a baton or firearm may have otherwise been necessary. Furthermore, officers now receive 5 hours of instruction for every 5 week work cycle. This may include guidelines on anything from high risk takedowns to proper handcuffing techniques.

As well, video cameras are recording whenever someone is booked or released in many police stations. The video tape must show the prisoner released in the same condition as when he was booked, which obviously deters police from physically abusing prisoners in the station.

As in any profession, there may be a few bad apples in the police force. Occasionally, there may be cases where a police officer oversteps his authority. However, police abuse is not as prevalent in Toronto as O'Rourke would like to think. Police officers are indeed held accountable for their actions in our city, and changes have been made in recent years to reflect safety concerns. Evidently, O'Rourke might have done well to toss in a little research with the reading he did this summer.

Sincerely,
Jordynn Jack

JJ O'Rourke replies

Dear Jordynn,

Thanks for your comments on the police issue article I wrote for the perspectives section of the last issue. Unfortunately, most of the research that I did for the last issue concentrated on the commentary that I wrote on another page in the news and editorial section. These are two different mediums of expression. In the perspectives section of the paper, we encourage all students to simply voice an opinion on whatever

they feel is current, or relevant to their lives.

What made this particular topic relevant and current for me was a story told by a new roommate of mine. This roommate used to volunteer in a shelter downtown for prostitutes. There was one account where, he told me, a prostitute came into the shelter to use the phone to call the police. She wanted to report a RAPE. She had gotten the description of the man, and his license plate number, and did

not feel comfortable using her own phone. Upon calling and relating the story to the officer on the line, the response was "what do you expect? you fucking whore!" followed by a hang up. This woman was denied her basic rights as a human being by Toronto's finest pigs. I can assure that this is not an isolated incident.

But since you really care about numbers justifying an argument, which I don't, I suggest that you also look up what kind of stats

homeless shelters and police watchdog groups are keeping on the boys and blue. That's the thing with numbers, you could find some support for just about anything, not very reliable especially if you're asking the police for data critiquing the police.

But thank you for contributing, and please continue to ensure that all voices and opinions get expressed; I can only be responsible for my own. JJOR

Letters to the editor

Dear editor,

Here is why we think that people need to understand that Frosh Week is to relax, have fun, and make friends. Unfortunately with letters like "Bathrooms were filthy with grass and mud after Mud-Slide" last issue, we fear your readership is missing the point. We feel that this event was in the true spirit of Frosh Week; friends were made, laughs were shared and if what we hear everyday is true that "...every little bit counts..." then we have learned a valuable lesson.

Moreover, with reference to Shinerama not starting until the next week, were people not selling leis for the benefit of this cause prior to the "start" of the event? Besides, if we need a specific date to support a good cause, is that not an indication of the downward spiral of morals and values in our society today?

We think the issue here is not one of minor inconveniences, ie: dirty bathrooms and excessive volume, but rather, the need for flexibility and compassion for those in need. Furthermore the issue of those in need is not defined by borders or nationality. Therefore the origin of a singer (who's song, by the way, was originally written by a Canadian band, The Guess Who) is irrelevant.

OK, if keeping you up until one in the morning during Frosh Week interfered with your effort on the first day of class, then we are sorry we rained on your parade.

One final thought. If all action in our society must be pre-determined; if all spontaneity is lost, then many fun times and great ideas would be left unexperienced and unprocessed because voicing them would have resulted in a noise complaint.

Jerod Wiszniak
Ulrich Hammel
Meghan Trussler
Alicia Campbell
Marta Buckle

Dear Editor:

Another year, another half thought out lousy first issue of Pro Tem. When will your 'writers' dedicate themselves to their studies and quit. Just like last year the paper is full of half thought out opinions, biased news and fictional accounts that would make even Weird Al

puke. I feel sorry for the editor in chief because the editors underneath her have no talent or taste. The lone bright spot of your paper, last year, was the poetic inspiration of Paul Fabry, and I think your problems are so grave that even he cannot save the day. I hope that all those who agree with me will also write to voice their concerns. As well, I hope that future issues are more thought out and interesting.

Bobby Diekos, 4th year.

Dear Editor

When I was eighteen, I hadn't thought much about the cops. I'm not sure why, but I trusted police officers - cops were here to serve and protect us, so that included me too, right? I'm not sure why I felt this way, because I, like every other teenager, had had several run ins with the cops. I had already been questioned for not doing anything but being a teenager. But, still, at 18, I was minding my own business like everyone else and respecting cops.

I was walking one summer's day to meet my boyfriend. Because it was hot, my long hair was in a pony tail and I wasn't wearing a lot of clothes. It was in the early afternoon. A cop car pulled beside me, and the officer inside, who was not very much older than me, began questioning me. "Where was I going? What was I doing?" I told him I was walking to meet my boyfriend, and then had to stay and answer several more personal questions, like where did this boyfriend of mine live exactly. Apparently, there, had been a series of "break ins" in the neighborhood, and the suspect was a tall, slim girl with long brown hair (which is what I looked like). The cop took my identification, I took down my hair to show him how long it was, and he went on his way, eventually. Later, I told my parents the story, and they were furious - had I gotten his badge number, don't you know police officers rape girls, you have to be more careful, he knows where you live now, he knows your name etc.

I thought my parents were being over protective. I mean, cops were good, he was just doing his job, right?

About a year later I got a clue. It's hard not to, when you start being politically active - you see

more police officers than protestors at demonstrations. You see officers taking the demonstration personally, like what the action is about is really against them, as individuals, and they want their revenge on the protestors. Like they are out to get their's. Once I was watching a peaceful demonstration at Queen's Park. Flyers had been given out stating that this demonstration was peaceful and nobody was to yell insults at the police officers (which tends to happen). Soon, the Queen's Park security wanted everyone to leave. We didn't. We stood and sang folk songs instead. People were sitting, others were standing and we were signing at Queen's Park. I, and everyone there, was video taped by Queen's Park security. All of a sudden, a man who was in his 60s, was brought to the ground, with five cops on top of him, getting handcuffed and arrested. This man had been watching this peaceful protest, like me, and he was bleeding from his forehead and had scrapes on his cheeks as he was lifted up and pushed inside the police vehicle.

I have been video taped a many times for attending demonstrations. I have been photographed for attending the women's bath house in Toronto. I know of people whose phones are being tapped right now. People have restraining orders from Queen's Park for staging peaceful demonstrations (where's freedom of speech?) Squeegee kids, homeless people, people of colour, sex trade workers, activists - people are getting hurt, all the time. It's not paranoia, it's scary.

Do you know that a cop shop in British Columbia has begun using tranquillizers (sic), instead of guns, to stop suspects? This way, a person is only knocked out, and not killed, if an officer "needs" to shoot (and, ok: sometimes officers do need to pull their guns.) They say, though, that tranquillizer (sic) guns could never fully replace a real gun. Why? Why do the cops sometimes need to kill people if they can just knock them out instead?

Right now, with how things work, and how every-thing is structured, we need a police force. We need the police to serve and protect us. But, right now, this police force is systematically violent. Sure, not all cops, of course there are good cops.

But as an institution, the police force is violent. They can't justify to themselves not killing, but just knocking, out suspects. They can't just politely arrest people, they have to shake them up and make them bleed.

I know of another story where a woman with a disability woke up one night to see the caretaker in her building on her bed, undoing his fly. Luckily, she didn't I've live alone, and the man was caught before anything worse happened. When the police came, they saw an empty wine ass in the kitchen and asked the woman how much she had had to drink that evening. (Like she was drunk and made things up.) They didn't press charges. (Not enough evidence, with her word and a witness.)

I have seen a woman whose relative was suing the Montreal police because of the violence he had experienced through them (and many other people of colour (sic) in Montreal) explain calmly to a white woman in the room that the police were in fact (sic) violent and racist. This woman didn't believe her, she wanted proof. She said: "Give me specific incidents right now. How come I haven't read about these things in the Toronto Star?" Well, you probably won't read about these things in the Toronto Star, because they happen every day, and these stories are hardly Star material, any way...

I just wanted to add my two cents to J.J.'s article about police violence, and Rob's article about being under surveillance. It does happen. Perhaps more students can write in with their stories, about being under surveillance, and about the cops. My stories are certainly not isolated, and there is a lot that is a lot worse out there. But, if we discuss these stories in Pro Tem, discussion a means of creating is change. And the Star won't print stories like this, but Pro Tem can. We can take advantage of this. We can start doing something about it.

And that cop was not just doing his job, when I was 18 - he was on some kind of big man power trip over girls, and wanted to see how much he could get away with. And so I did what I was told, and took my hair down, and didn't think to get his badge number.

Meri Perra

The following is a letter that was sent to the York Federation of Students (YFS) President. I have decided to include it in Pro Tem because it raises some very serious issues that could affect all of York's students, including us here at Glendon. MJC

Dear Mr. Dockery

You seriously don't know when to give up, do you? For months, you and your comrades have been persecuting the people of excalibur with a fervour that rivals the staunchest anti-Communist or Spanish Inquisitor. I cannot discuss many of the allegations brought against excalibur because of pending legal proceedings. However, I can bring you to task for your actions. And bring you to task, I will.

First off, let's discuss the YFS handbook, the piece of propaganda that it is. While the articles of destroying market capitalism and being anti-war are all fine and dandy, one fails to understand why these appear in a student handbook. Could it be that you, as YFS president, are trying to indoctrinate students with your own political agenda? That's really funny, because you've said we've been doing the same thing with the newspaper, but when we do it, it's a bad thing. It appears that it's not indoctrination you fear, just the wrong kind of indoctrination.

Nowhere is this more evident than on page 92 of the alleged student guide to York University, the guide which you are responsible for as YFS President. On that page, whoever wrote the piece (apparently, they weren't brave enough to put their name on it) decides to give a distorted and inaccurate view of what has been happening at excalibur over the past several months. They describe the "explicit racism" the editorial board has harboured towards YLJBSA's Black Caucus. And what is the basis for this charge of racism? The fact that we were discussing how to incorporate the issue more into the structure of excalibur. How this is discriminatory is beyond me, but there are other serious flaws in the little blurb.

When the writer says the editorial board walked out, they were mistaken. The editorial board was never welcome to begin with. From the onset, it was made very clear that help from editors was not wanted. In any case, I was in attendance until 12:30 a.m. that night, leaving because the bus to the last subway was arriving. That is hardly walking out. The author neglects to mention that mem-

Letters to the editor

bers of Black Caucus were ignoring edits made by the editors. The writer also neglects to mention the abusive behaviour many on the Editorial Board received at the hands of some Caucus members. They also neglected to mention - they seem to forget a lot, don't they? - how offers to help by editors often went unheeded. It took three attempts on my part before I was given a story, for instance. (Unless someone wants to suggest that white people should not write for the ALMI, you can agree this is a problem) One last thing: the writer neglected to mention how one member of Black Caucus became violent after production to the point that York Security had to be called. Mr. Dockery, who exactly is oppressing who?

Moving on, the writer seems to take offence to a line in an excalibur March 10 editorial, where it is explicitly stated you were banking on your ethnicity to win. The author suggests that it is your involvement in Black Caucus that generated this line. If the article had continued quoting the editorial, it would become apparent that it is your actions that are racially suspect, not excalibur's. You walked into the

office to campaign, after all candidates were told not to. You ignored the white people in the office. Then you went up to the one black woman, gave her your campaign literature - and left. It appears you did not want the vote of the white people in the office, or that you felt the black woman should vote for you because you're black. If you have another explanation, I am willing to hear it. I really hope your actions were not motivated by racial prejudice.

A quick word about excalibur's skeletons in the proverbial closet: the one incident from 1990 - when I was in grade 8, by the way - has been used over and over again by the writer, you and your allies, such as the Women's Centre, in establishing a pattern of racism. You do realize that it takes more than one incident to establish a history of racism. If excalibur has "more than a few skeletons in the closet when it comes to racism within its publication," surely the writer could bring up more examples. But they didn't. No one does. Unless the author is suggesting that racism is somehow retroactive, our critics really should discontinue any discussion of patterns of racism within excalibur.

I think the author gives their

true intentions away with the last line of the "article." It suggests Black Caucus should be allowed to take over the production of the newspaper. Could it be that all the allegations of racism on our critics' part is because they want control of something they don't have? No, it couldn't be that they are using something as serious as racism for personal objectives. At least, I hope that's not what anyone is doing.

What is clear is that since this whole fiasco started in February, you have been at the forefront of the harassment of the excalibur editorial board, from calling editors racist at the YFS presidential debates in March to the various inane comments you have made at open fora. Perhaps the most shocking aspect of the whole article is the sleazy attack on the former editor-in-chief, Derek Chezzi. Apparently, someone saw fit to make fun of a former York student in a caricature. Mr. Chezzi does not even attend York anymore. That is harassment, under any standard. This action alone - even if we were to ignore everything else you did - calls into serious question your own ethics, morality and competence. And even if you did not write the article, the fact that you autho-

rized - explicitly or otherwise - this schoolyard-type attack justifies the previous sentence.

I'm quite sure that you and your followers will come after me, call me racist, try to get me removed from excalibur, and so forth. The left at York has a tendency to call people racist when the "anti-oppression" activists are questioned. It's a case of not being able to swallow your own medicine. The creation of this new "anti-oppression coalition" by the YFS and the GSA only confirms this. This coalition you have a hand in no doubt thinks of itself as defenders of morality, but please remember that Joseph McCarthy, Josef Stalin, Francisco Franco, and many members of the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages all thought of themselves as defenders of morality. I don't think I need to recap the damage they did in the pursuit of their holy societies, clean of any devious actions.

Go right ahead and attack me. I have no plans on leaving. Just one thing: this letter is, in no way, representative of the excalibur editorial board. This represents my views, and my views alone. If you are to attack anyone over this "appropriately scathing" letter (to paraphrase you), attack me. This

is my complaint. Attacking anyone else will only further call into question your ethics, morality and competence (although it should be noted that your integrity is certainly called into question, when articles blast market capitalism while the handbook features an application for ... credit cards).

By the way, a copy of this complaint has been forwarded to Loma Marsden, York's president, via registered mail. That way, she can be aware of the insanity that goes on at this school, even if she is powerless to stop it. In addition, a formal complaint has been made to the Office of Student Affairs.

In the meantime, Mr. Dockery, it is advisable that you attend sensitivity training, to be able to deal with race issues more successfully in the future. You may also consider resigning, before you cause the YFS any more harm.

Sincerely,

Miguel Martin
Features editor, excalibur
Fourth year labour studies-political science double major

"Would you like fries with that?"

...or perhaps a future that's a bit more palatable?

Check out toronto.com's campus feature to keep one eye on your future career options while you pursue your studies. Click to our Jobs & Training Guide for listings and advice on job-hunting, resume-writing, and interviews, or link to other online career resources.

www.toronto.com/campus

toronto.com

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT T.O.

Un nouveau principal à Glendon



Kenneth McRoberts, notre nouveau principal

Julie et

Lyne Bourdages-

Après trente années d'enseignement au département de sciences politiques, voilà que Kenneth McRoberts est maintenant principal du Collège Universitaire Glendon. Étant très intéressé par la politique québécoise ainsi que par les relations et questions politiques, entre les canadiens français et anglais (sujet à la base de son livre « Un pays à refaire »), l'idée de travailler dans un collège bilingue lui a immédiatement plu, bien qu'il n'avait jamais envisagé une carrière en administration.

M. Kenneth McRoberts croit en l'avenir de Glendon et tient à conserver son aspect historique. L'un de ses objectifs, entre autres, est la promotion de cet aspect et l'augmentation de l'importance de notre collège, un peu comme c'était le cas autrefois. Il veut aussi assurer la continuité de la spécialisation de Glendon en sciences humaines.

En plus de cela, le principal a plusieurs projets visant à asseoir Glendon au sein du milieu francophone. Il dit vouloir faire de Glendon un lieu d'échanges culturels et politiques et, idéalement, que le collège devienne un « pont » unissant francophones et anglophones canadiens.

Kenneth McRoberts désire recruter beaucoup plus de québécois et de franco-ontariens afin de se diriger vers cet objectif.

Pour ce qui est de ses autres projets, rien n'est encore définitif puisqu'il attend d'avoir l'opinion des étudiants de Glendon avant d'agir, et ce, afin de mieux répondre aux besoins de tous. Pour l'instant, il cherche encore le meilleur moyen d'entrer en contact avec le plus grand nombre d'étudiants possible.

Face à certains problèmes actuels, le principal se dit prêt à faire un effort pour améliorer la communication entre Glendon et le campus de la rue Keele. Il est en effet conscient des conflits présents entre les deux campus et réalise que le collège Glendon n'obtient peut-être pas toujours toute l'attention qu'il mérite. Il serait intéressant d'ajouter à ceci que Kenneth McRoberts est le premier principal de Glendon à venir de l'autre campus.

Il existe aussi un certain nombre de questions au sujet des admissions des étudiants et de la poursuite de leur scolarité à Glendon. Selon le nouveau principal, le nombre d'admissions est un problème qui semble s'être stabilisé cette année. C'est-à-dire

The homecoming of the millenium

Colleen McConnell-

“When you go away, you really realize what a special place this is.”

This quote from Director of Alumni Affairs Marika Kemeny must be true, if the turnout at this year's homecoming is any indication. An estimated 170 former Glendonites came to relive fond memories and visit with old friends last weekend, in a celebration of York's 40th anniversary.

It all began with an alumni pub on Friday night, where over 100 grads took over the Café de la Terrasse - the same place many of them made their first Glendon friendships five, ten, even 30 years ago. It was the site of many happy reunions, and the overwhelming feeling was “it's good to be back”.

The events continued on Saturday morning with a family carnival down at Proctor Field House. This was the first Carnival Day organized by Proctor aquatics organizer Scarlett Farquar, in conjunction with the Alumni Association, and it appeared to be a success. Close to 100 kids and parents

showed up to try their hand at a bean bag toss, throwing tennis balls through holes or to knock down milk cartons, or a wet sponge at Mom or Dad! Lunch was provided at the carnival, or, for those who didn't make the trek down the hill, there was also a BBQ at the Pub.

In the afternoon, the alumni could place bids at a silent auction in Glendon Manor, on everything from massage therapy to Proctor memberships to Glendon memorabilia. Anyone passing through York Hall may have stopped to listen to the classical music coming from the caf, or to check out the 'Alumni Market' in the Hearth Room, where both alumni and non-alumni were selling everything from more Glendon memorabilia to Kenyan soapstone carvings!

Glendon alumnus John Court also gave a historical tour of Glendon, highlighting the origins of the Wood estate and its development, and Glendon's tumultuous past as an unwanted part of UofT (so it isn't just in the past few years that people have been wondering what to do

with this place!), then as the original campus of York University.

The big party ended with a bountiful wine and cheese reception in Glendon Hall, where both former and present students could talk to their favourite professors, other alumni, and even York President Lorna Marsden and new Glendon principal Kenneth McRoberts.

The impressive turnout for this year's homecoming is a good sign that Glendon's new goal of reaching out to the alumni is working, and this renewed line of communication can only bring good things to our campus. It is encouraging to hear that Glendon has been a positive experience for so many people, and that they look back and feel that they made the right choice in coming here. And when asked if he had a message for current Glendon students still struggling through the world of exams, assignments, and loans, recent graduate Dave Robinson had only one thing to say: “Enjoy your time here, 'cause it goes too fast!”

Glendon is us

Colleen McConnell-

Have you ever wondered what people do once they leave Glendon? Do you have anything to say about Glendon, but don't know how to get anyone to hear it?

Professor Bill Greaves, working with colleague Jim Benson, has set up a way you can do just that, and much more.

Two years ago, Glendon's future was in danger of being relegated to a part of the Keele campus, and our beautiful campus was faced with, among other things, the possibility of being turned into a business school. To deal with this, an e-mail listserv called GLISUS (GLendon IS US) was set up to reach out to Glendon students, faculty, staff and alumni, and provide a way to voice opinions and discuss the issues at hand. Everyone involved had strong feelings about Glendon, and this listserv enabled them to come together and let the administration know that Glendon is a community made up of its students, alumni, faculty, librarians, and staff, and that the administration must serve this community, not vice

versa.

This issue of 'What is Glendon?' is ongoing, and Professor Greaves acknowledges that GLISUS is just “one voice in that discussion”. But he is encouraged by what GLISUS achieved during the crisis that it was born in, and wants to see more students voicing opinions on anything that's happening at Glendon that they feel strongly about. He also hopes that GLISUS will be a vehicle for more alumni interaction with Glendon, as takes place in many other universities.

If you're interested in seeing what people (faculty, alumni, students and others) have had to say through GLISUS so far, check out their web page at www.glendon.yorku.ca/glisus. To subscribe to GLISUS, and get in on the discussion as it happens, send the words “subscribe glisus” in a message to maiser@glendon.yorku.ca, leaving the subject line blank.

It's time the members of the Glendon community got together to find out what other members are thinking. This is a great way to get your two cents in!

que d'après lui, le nombre d'admissions de l'année en cours est égal à celui de l'année précédente, ce qui assure une certaine sécurité.

En ce qui concerne la “diaspora estudiantine” de Glendon, M. Kenneth McRoberts désire mieux s'informer à propos de la source du problème avant de se prononcer. Tout de même, il semble dire qu'un bon nombre d'étudiants quittent le Collège Universitaire Glendon pour se diriger vers le campus de York, situé sur Keele, où le nombre de cours offerts est beaucoup plus élevé. Une partie du problème pourrait donc être liée au fait que le transport entre les deux campus n'est pas des plus adéquat. Le principal compte faire un effort afin d'améliorer le système d'autobus qui assure le liaison entre Glendon et l'autre campus.

Finalement, Kenneth McRoberts se dit ouvert aux suggestions des étudiants et n'attend que leurs opinions afin de mieux définir ses priorités et les besoins du Collège.

News/Nouvelles

You are what you eat



Remember frosh week?

Lisa Cipriani-
MONTREAL (CUP) - Those precious summer days of lying around the pool or beach are long gone, and suddenly you've been whisked back to school and find yourself knee-deep in essays and assignments.

Time, you've learned, is a luxury you can rarely afford, so when the hunger pangs strike you make a beeline for McDonald's and hope to be back in time for your next class. Sound familiar?

All right, I won't lie to you: there is no sure-fire remedy for a hectic schedule, but that is no excuse to develop poor eating habits during the semester.

There are plenty of small ways you can alter your daily routine, ensuring that you get enough nutrients to survive the coming weeks.

This doesn't involve drastically changing your lifestyle, but rather being aware of the food choices you make at school.

"[Eating habits] are as varied as people themselves," said Ann Mutz, a public health nurse who works full-time at Dawson College in Montreal.

"Budgetary reasons, demands of courses, sleeping patterns, and not taking time for breakfast are just some of the factors contributing to students' poor eating habits."

For students, the short-term effects of eating poorly may not be as obvious to discern as the long-term effects.

"Students have often come in to me with frequent colds, headaches, digestive problems,

sluggishness, constipation and even an increase in clumsiness," continued Mutz.

"When you look into it a little further you realize that they're just not eating properly."

And in case you're wondering, breakfast really is the most important meal of the day.

"When I haven't eaten properly before school I get sleepier and crankier," said Lisanne Morcos, a first-year Pure and Applied Science student at Dawson.

After several hours of sleeping, during which your body has not been able to eat, your brain needs an energy boost.

Glucose, the brain's main energy source, is sensitive to the drop in blood sugar levels due to overnight fasting.

Therefore, problem solving skills, attention span, memory and physical work abilities are all affected when your body does not get that extra boost in the morning.

Most people who skip breakfast do not usually make up for missed nutrients later that day, so ensuring you eat a balanced breakfast as often as possible will improve your intake of important vitamins and minerals.

Eating a balanced breakfast regularly has also proven to help people keep their weight in check.

Those attempting to lose weight often skip breakfast, but this may result in the temptation to overeat later in the day when hunger pains catch up.

Of course the concept of sitting down to a nice, balanced breakfast every morning is probably so far from reality for most students that it seems next to

impossible.

"[I miss breakfast] all the time once school starts," said Candace Julien, a first-year Electro-Tech student at Dawson. "I don't have time to eat breakfast because I have to get up really early for classes."

But there are several ways of getting around time constraints while you're getting ready for school.

Try fixing yourself a 'three minute-or-less meal,' such as instant oatmeal, if you like something warm in the morning. Add a glass of skim milk and fruit and, voilà, a healthy, low fat, fibre-rich breakfast prepared in less than three minutes.

When you really have to run, take some portables along with you such as a cereal bar, an apple and a container of milk.

Another day you might want to grab a whole grain bagel or bran muffin with cheese and a juice box.

Think of all that time wasted waiting for the bus in the morning when you could be sneaking in valuable nutrients on your way to school!

Missing breakfast, however, is not the only problem area in a student's daily schedule.

New and returning students are often tempted by the convenience of fast-food restaurants.

"Sometimes I get tempted because it's so much faster and easier," said science student Morcos.

Cutting down on junk food can be as simple as packing a healthy lunch to bring with you. The bonus here is that you can pack tons of healthy snacks to

last you all day.

To take it even further, timing is everything.

If you generally have early morning classes then you might opt for packing your lunch at night before bed, Mutz suggests. Once midterms come around, many students feel a huge step-up in stress.

What they don't know is that what they're eating is affecting how they're feeling.

Certain vitamins and minerals found in common foods actually relieve stress or uplift a depressing day.

For example, carbohydrates contained in pasta or potatoes produce a calming, relaxing effect on the body and mind.

When pressure from stress and personal life builds up, increasing your intake of carbohydrates in your daily diet may prevent some of those unwanted frazzled feelings.

Protein is another very important element in our daily diet.

Foods high in protein - such as eggs, milk, poultry, meat, cheese and fish - can make you feel more alert.

The amino acid responsible for this, called tryptophan, increases your energy level as well as your level of concentration level.

These are just two basic examples of "Mood Food," or "Comfort Food," but there are many others.

"There's no simple solution, but my feeling is that like anything, eating properly has to become a priority for that person," said Nurse Mutz. "They have to know that it is important for them."

Source: *The Plant (Dawson College)*

Death sentence issued to four students in Iran

Tariq Hassan-Gordon-
TORONTO (CUP) - Four students involved in massive student protests in Iran this past July have been sentenced to death. The President of the Tehran Revolutionary Court revealed the decision to execute the students in an interview on September 12 with an Iranian newspaper. No information was released on the names of the students or the charges laid against them. "No one knows what happened, everything was done in secret," said Hassan Varash, co-ordinator of the Toronto-based Urgent Action Committee to Release Detained Students.

Varash, a former student activist in Iran, was forced to leave in 1986 when he was 19 because he feared for his life.

"These death sentences are not new," he said. "The Iranian regime stones women and children to death regularly."

From July 9-13, Iran saw the largest demonstrations in the country regime since the 1979 revolution.

The protests were sparked by the closure of Jameah, a liberal opposition newspaper opposed to the Khatami regime in Iran, and a police raid on a university residence which killed one and injured 20.

The ensuing violence was the worst Iran had seen in 20 years.

Over 1,000 students were arrested during the peaceful protests.

One of the students arrested, Manuchehr Mohammadi, confessed to being involved with "counter-revolutionary agents" shortly after the July demonstrations. Mohammadi was a student leader with the National Association of Students and Graduates.

Amnesty International, who fears more death sentences will be handed down, condemned the ruling.

"Torture is widespread in Iran and we fear that Manuchehr Mohammadi and others may have been tortured in order to extract confessions from them," the human rights group said in a press release.

The revolutionary court warned that there might be more death sentences issued.

Advocacy groups across Canada are planning protests to pressure the Iranian government to rescind the sentences.

Source: *CUP President*

News/Nouvelles

GCSU Elections

Colleen McConnell- Elections for three Glendon College Student Union (GCSU) positions take place this week. Nominations were taken last week for councillor, faculty council, and first year representative positions.

Five councillors, Nicole Scherbina, Chris Larochelle, Isabelle Pilon, Shane E. Howard, and Larissa Nicoloff were appointed by acclamation. These people will be helping the directors, for example working in the office to give information to students, or helping with special events.

Three students were nominated for the position of first year rep: Klevin Joseph, Adrienne Olszewski, and Sean Bawden. This student will be meeting with other first-year students, and representing their views and needs to the GCSU.

Competing for two faculty council positions are Karim Elzeki, Klevin Joseph, and Adrienne Olszewski. There are 15 students in total on this council (the rest were acclaimed last year), which is responsible for decisions such as tenure and research grants, and Glendon's policies and planning.

Polling dates are Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday this week, October 5-7, and ballots will be counted at noon on Friday.

News in brief

JJ O'Rourke- On April 17th, 1999, an incident report was filled out by the Glendon college security. It related to an incident that took place on the 16th wherein a message was spray-painted on the door of the GCSU's office. In what turned out to be yet another incident of graffiti/expression on the Glendon campus, security questioned members of the community, but turned up no leads.

The incident occurred after the GCSU's last meeting of the year. During the meeting, the topic of incorporation was discussed for the student union's future. During the course of the discussion, it was brought to light that input from an earlier referendum was inadequate for the current council to make a decision.

There was then a call for an immediate mail-in type referendum. Further discussion revealed that a referendum that

took place in the fall would give students a better chance to inform themselves regarding this change in legal status. For more information on how to join the discussion, please contact the GCSU's office or us here at pro tem.

Third's time a charm

JJ O'Rourke- I'm sure that all of Pro Tem's regular readers are aware of the incident which occurred earlier this month involving the GCSU president, Christy Biggs. She violated the rights of many student contributors in an effort to censor freedom of speech, expression and freedom of the press. What I would like to add is that this is not the first time that this has happened. Last year, during the spring elections, she also censored an independent newsletter that featured three student contributors. This is the second act of aggression on her part.

Now, Excalibur is one of the student newspapers at the main campus of York University. In their September 15th issue, editor in chief Angela Pacienza interviewed president Biggs and questioned her on her views regarding censorship. Unfortunately, Glendon's copies of the issue have been missing in

action. You can find the issue that came out before it, and the one after, but for the entire time that it was current, Glendon was lacking. In questioning president Biggs about the missing issues of yet another student newspaper, she admitted that she had nothing to do with it. She informed me that the only time that she saw the issue was when the Excalibur rep came by and dropped them into the newsstand located in the salon Garigue. Now, there is a discrepancy in her story, as the said rack was not moved into the salon Garigue until approximately one and a half weeks after the drop-off had occurred. So to save time and cross-distribution problems (and also to remove any other chance for whomever removed the issues from circulation), Pro Tem is reprinting the article in its entirety for all of our readers and the community as a whole. Enjoy!

Commentary

Student leader censors newspaper

Glendon's Pro Tem pulled from frosh kits

Angela Pacienza (excalibur)- Conflicts between politicians and newspapers never seem to go away. And on university campuses the wars are fought equally hard.

A censorship battle erupted at York's Glendon College after its student newspaper, Pro Tem, was pulled from frosh kits by student union president Christy Biggs who says she was practicing "damage control". "We worked hard all summer to have a really good frosh week so people coming in would have a really positive image of Glendon," she says. "The issue bashed every aspect of Glendon...it bashed me personally."

The disputed issue is from March 1999, Pro Tem's last issue of the 1998-99 school year. In that issue, staff and volunteer writers critiqued the college — its student union, art gallery, pub, radio station and even Pro Tem. When Editor-in-Chief Mélanie Cadieux dropped off the issues so that they could be inserted into frosh kits, Biggs told her they would no longer be included.

"She unilaterally decided that because she didn't like the issue no one else could read it," says Cadieux. "Students are bright enough to form their own opinions."

The Glendon College Student

Union never voted on whether to pull the issue, rather Biggs made the decision herself on behalf of the council. Biggs maintains she offered to distribute another issue of Pro Tem so long as it was not the March one. "I don't see it as censoring," she says.

But others argue that her actions were deliberately trying to silence the paper because it did not paint her in a positive light. "Pro Tem is democratically elected and not accountable to the student union," says Tariq Hassan-Gordon, president of the Canadian University Press, a national network of university and college newspapers. He adds that because one person took offence to Pro Tem's content, the issue should not be barred from frosh.

Regardless of the student union's attempt to thwart distribution, Pro Tem staff still circulated the issue in the halls during orientation week. Attached to each issue was a note: "the Glendon College Student Union President Christy Biggs refused to include Pro Tem in the 1999 frosh kits. Are you going to let her censor what you read? At Pro Tem we believe you're old enough to have your own opinion. We also think you can decide for yourself if you want to read Pro Tem or not."

NOTICE

PUB

The Café de la Terrasse is no longer accepting York IDs as valid proof of age. Please be advised to bring a VALID GOUVERNMENT ID as proof of age as well as a York ID to prove student status to EVERY PUB EVENT.

Pro Tem

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Wednesday October 6th at 5:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall.

La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mercredi 6 octobre à 17h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

If you have any comments or questions, feel free to contact us at 487-6736 or by e-mail at protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca. Letters to the editor should include your name and a phone number where you can be reached. Your letters should not exceed 400 words. Thank you!

Si vous avez des questions ou commentaires, n'hésitez pas à nous rejoindre au 487-6736 ou par courriel à protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca. Toutes lettres à l'éditeur doivent être signées et doivent inclure votre numéro de téléphone. Les lettres ne doivent pas contenir plus de 400 mots. Merci!

Bistro

Opens at 5:00 pm, Monday to Thursday

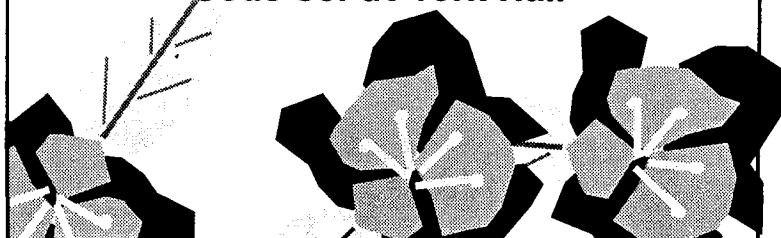
Last order is at 7:30 pm,

York Hall Basement

Ouverture à 17:00, du lundi au vendredi

Dernière commande à 19h30

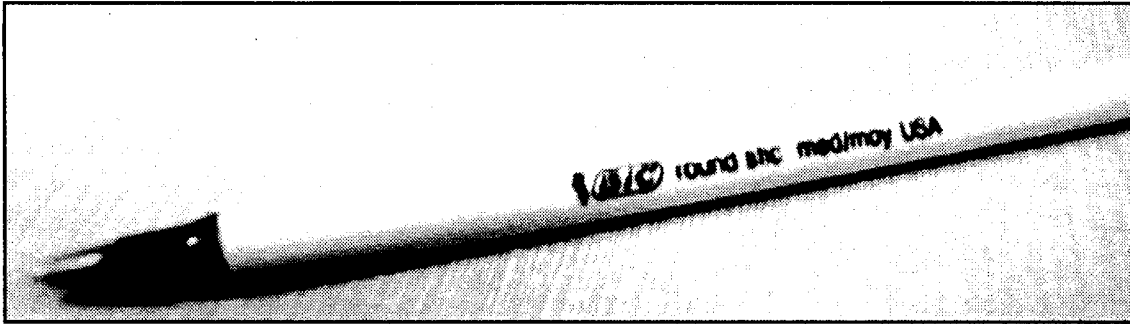
Sous-sol de York Hall



Divers

Série d'articles écrites et éditées dans le cadre du cours de Stylistique française (3240) portant sur des objets usuels.

Le Stylo BIC: une invention qui roule



Jean-Philippe Nadeau & Christine Klein-Lataud-

Il y eut d'abord l'homme. Ingénieux, intelligent, il inventa la roue afin de faciliter ses déplacements, marquant ainsi le début d'un nouvel âge. Enfin, encouragé par son succès, il créa l'écriture afin d'encoder ses pensées, poussant du fait même l'humanité dans une nouvelle période. Cependant, on devra encore attendre plusieurs milliers d'années pour qu'un homme du nom de Laslo Biro pense à combiner les deux trouvailles, elles mêmes déjà révolutionnaires, pour conduire l'humanité dans une toute nouvelle ère : celle du stylo à bille.

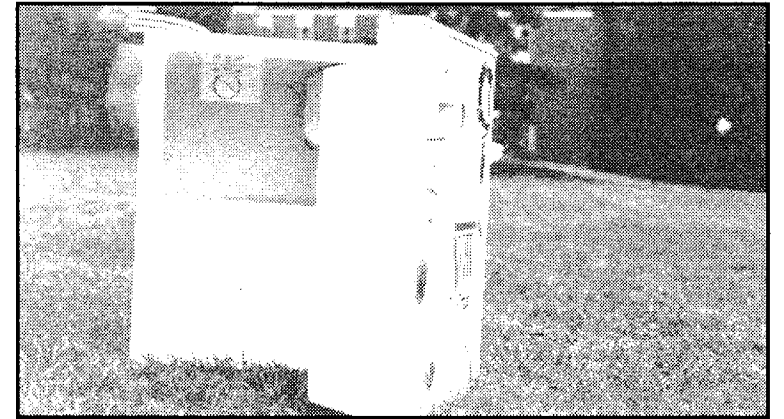
Le stylo à bille vint en effet mettre fin à plusieurs siècles de crampes au bras et de gâchis

d'encre, souvenirs malheureux de la traditionnelle plume. De concept révolutionnaire, la petite bille métallique se trouvant à la pointe du Bic permet un déversement uniforme de son contenu d'encre, et ce, en n'ex-cédant presque jamais le besoin. Finis les dégâts. La pression appliquée sur le stylo lors de l'écriture suffit à faire «rouler» l'encre sur la bille, alimentant ainsi l'écriture de tout écrivain, fut-il prolige ou prolifique.

C'est à Clichy, en 1950, que Marcel Bich et Edouard Buffard reprennent et améliorent le procédé d'un stylo à bille inventé par le Hongrois Laslo Biro. Ils lancent le fameux stylo et le nomment «pointe BIC(r)». En 1953, face à une énorme demande, les deux hommes

d'affaires se décident à créer la société Bic afin de commercialiser leur produit. Il faudra à cette société moins de cinq ans pour se construire un marché quasi planétaire. On voit alors apparaître Bic Brésil, Bic Italie, et plusieurs autres. Au début des années 1960, les consommateurs, déjà fort habitués au confort d'écriture que procure le Bic, ne jurent plus que par lui. À la suite du succès fou remporté par son stylo à bille, Bic diversifie ses produits et en vient à offrir toute une gamme d'articles d'écriture, du surligneur au porte mine, en passant par le fameux WITE OUT(r). Aujourd'hui, la société Bic produit et vend plus de 20 millions d'articles d'écriture chaque jour, comme quoi roche qui roule peut amasser mousse.

Le frigo: therme romain ou objet contemporain ?



Véronique Protoy-

Vingt fois par jour, nous le saluons. Vingt fois par jour, nous l'examinons. Vingt fois par jour, nous le dépouillons. Vite fait, bien fait. Souvent sans y penser. Qui lui jette plus qu'un simple coup d'oeil ?

Mais lui, jamais en froid, continue de nous gratifier de son petit ronronnement, garant de fraîcheur continue. Sa grande porte jamais verrouillée, ourlée d'un joint, s'ouvre encore et encore sur un rayonnage de légumes, de jus de fruits et de produits laitiers. Sa petite porte, tout aussi hermétique que sa grande soeur, nous donne accès à une gamme étendue de plats tout préparés. Ce parallélépipède géant occupe modestement un coin de notre cuisine, se donnant souvent des airs de banal placard. Son cousin américain, généralement de plus grande taille, est moins humble et affiche avec aplomb ses couleurs : blanc, crème, chrome, vert.

De tout temps, l'Homme a voulu lutter contre la chaleur, et a cherché des moyens de conserver ses vivres. Les fils de Romulus, soucieux de leur bien-être corporel, pouvaient toute l'année alterner bains de vapeur et bains froids grâce aux glaces hivernales conservées dans des grottes. Bien plus tard, on transporta la précieuse denrée gelée par bateau, dans d'infortunées contrées dépourvues de glaciers. Mais que de deniers dépensés pour un peu de froideur ! Au travail les ingénieurs !

Les recherches de physiciens tels que Gorrie aux Etats-Unis, et Carre en France au milieu du XIXème siècle, permirent de produire de la glace en toute saison. Mais on bouda l'artificielle, la jugeant trop peu saine. Il fallut une guerre. Toute résistance tomba lorsque, face à l'ennemi, le Sud garda la tête froide.

Mais qui veut transpirer à transporter des paquets de petits palets de glace ? Bientôt, on eut des chambres froides et des wagons réfrigérés.

Bien sûr, on n'en resta pas là, et ce qui vit d'abord le jour dans le domaine industriel ne tarda pas à s'adapter au domaine privé. Lassés de se brûler les doigts sur des blocs de froid, les hommes inventèrent le Frigidaire.

Que de chemin parcouru depuis 1918, année de dépôt de la patente ! Une fois ancré dans les foyers, le frigo n'a de cesse de se multiplier. Il y a tous les formats, chacun trouvera le sien. Le célibataire endurci et la famille nombreuse, le petit budget et l'habitué du luxe. Mais la société évolue. Finies les petites promenades vers l'épicier du coin ; on remplit la voiture au Géant d'à côté, il s'agit de bien conserver. Finie l'approximation, l'homme exige de la précision ! Alors, au fil des ans, la boîte à glace se perfectionne, offre des sections internes séparées, gardées à zéro degrés, des tiroirs régulant l'humidité. Le frigo devient aussi la centrale du foyer : non content de lui confier tout ce qu'il a à manger, l'homme en fait également son fidèle messager. Un Winnie l'Ourson magnétique vous rappelle votre prochain rendez-vous chez le dentiste. Un coucher de soleil sur la Tour Eiffel retient le dernier petit mot de votre épouse, partie depuis deux jours en voyage d'affaires : «Chéri, n'oublie pas de racheter du lait, rappelle aux enfants de se laver les dents. ». Rien ne lui échappe, il retransmet tout, on dit qu'il est meilleur que le répondeur.

Mais quand, la nuit tombée, on le referme une dernière fois, il redevient discret et l'on n'entend plus que son ronronnement intermittent.

Want to be a Yeomen?

Erin Van Moorsel-

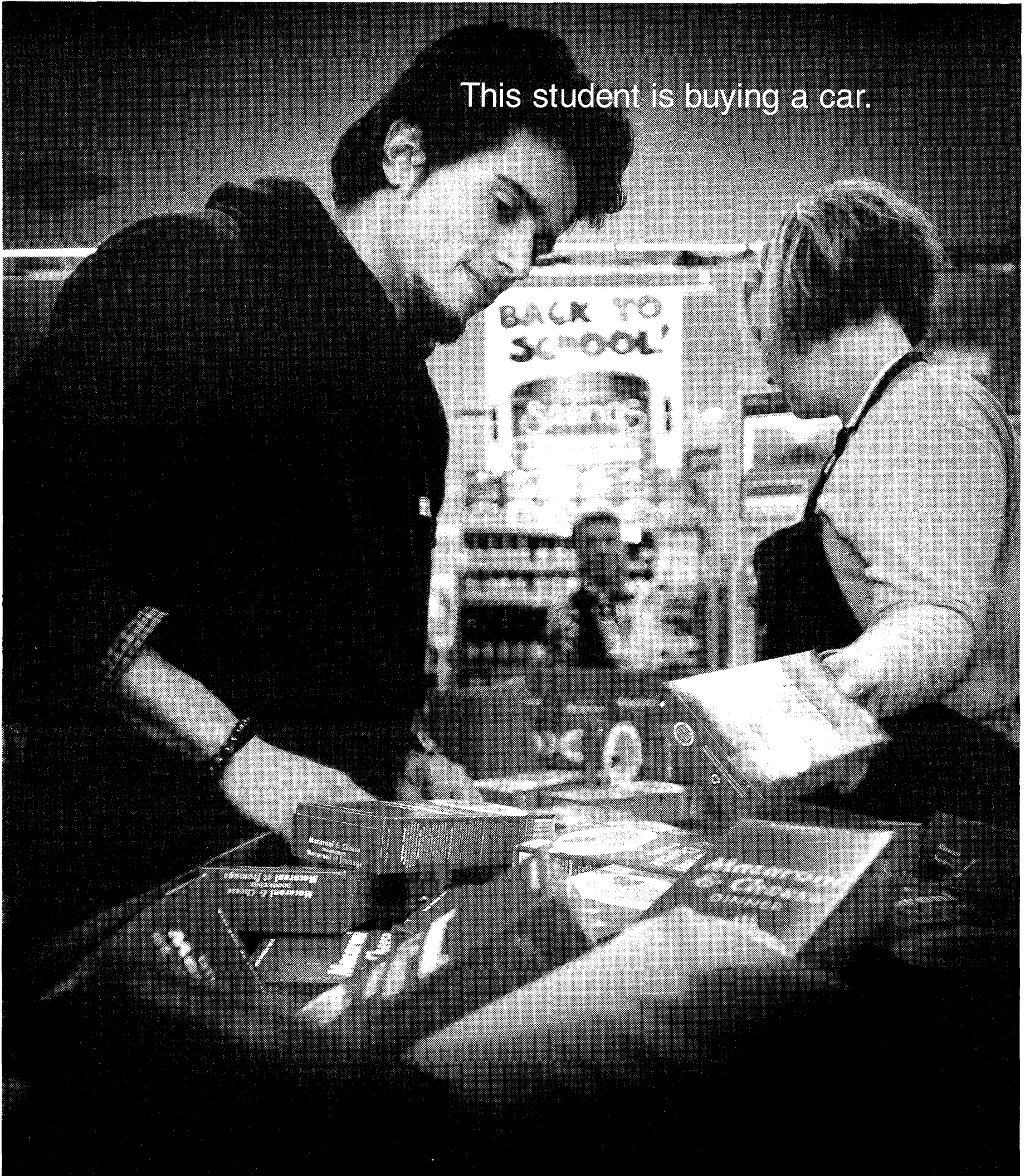
Another year, another chance for the York sports teams to show what they've got. It's a little known fact that by the second week of classes many team's seasons are already in full swing. What!!! Why weren't we told? Don't worry, it isn't just Glendon that is deprived of this information. Sport York seems to be purposely hiding information in order to find the truly dedicated athletes who will find their sport one way or another. I don't believe that this technique is working, especially in the case of Glendon athletes. For example, this is my second year at Glendon and my second year playing varsity rugby for the Yeomen women's team. I was the only Glendon student on this team until recently a fellow rugger found me in residence and signed on with us. There are no Glendonites on the men's team. I know it is virtually the same with all the varsity teams at York. Being an athlete, I realized the huge time commitment that is



required at this level. however, for those of us who do choose to participate your support is greatly appreciated. So trying try-out/practice schedules or even game times and location is virtually impossible. With a little time and effort you can get a hold of this information in one of two ways. First, there is the internet. All you have to do is go to the York homepage (www.yorku.ca). From there you want student information, sport and recreation and finally Sport York should come up some where. Go there. now just click on the sport you want info on and you should be

able to find anything you need. Now if for some reason you have a hostility towards computers, the Sport York office is located on the third floor in the Tait McKenzie Field House at the Keele Campus. Again, they have all the information there. Why am I telling you this? Because we really want to see you get involved! Sport York is trying to promote team spirit and healthy attitude towards sports this year, and what a better way to show spirit then by participating? Be a part of the York team, support your fellow student athletes and be proud to be a Yeomen!

This student is buying a car.



In fact, he's just earned \$1,000 to help him pay for it.

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 buy groceries for instance, you'll get 5% in GM Card Earnings††. Visit us at: nobrainer.gmcanada.com to apply on-line.



What's
your card
done for
YOU
lately?

Features

Big Business Bombing: NATO in Toronto

By Rob Shaw



In the early evening of September 21st, a small group, of about a hundred, gathered in front of the Metro Toronto Convention Center, where a two-day conference with NATO defense ministers was being held. The group, which included: The Canadian Federation of Students, Toronto and York Region Labor Councils, National Action Committee on the Status of Women, and the Ontario New Democratic Youth were once again reminding the public about the illegal atrocities that this organization (NATO) has committed not only this past summer in Yugoslavia, but since its formation fifty years ago. Following speeches from organizers of the event, a march, with a local police escort, took place along Front Street to the Royal York Hotel, where the NATO delegates were staying. The small group was eventually joined by the Serbian community, who had been protesting at the U.S Consulate, and others giving this gathering an estimated two thousand people by eight o'clock. However, the Royal York Hotel was under heavy

security provided by the Metro Toronto Police, as well as Peel, York, and the RCMP. The uniformed police, of around a hundred, were joined by a handful of CSIS agents mixing in the crowd and the Metro Toronto Police Surveillance Unit which was parked outside the lobby of the hotel. This protest, or gathering of information, like so many others in the world (such as in England, America, Australia, Europe, and other NATO member countries) was once again given little, or no, media coverage. The following day, only one of the three major dailies in Toronto carried the story, that being The Toronto

Star. On page twenty-four of The Star there was a small article, of about three hundred words, which mentioned briefly the gathering at the Royal York Hotel. At the same time, the story was placed next to a much larger, denser, article about how William Cohen, US Secretary of Defense, was urging Canada to spend more on NATO weapons. However, after the gathering, eleven o'clock news stations such as CITY T.V, CFTO, CBC, and Global did carry the event, but were very strategic in failing to mention that any other groups

aside from the Serbians were present. This is definitely not a coincidence. In fact, this is more proof that NATO does more than destroy the "evil" powers of the world.

This kind of media coverage also begins to show us how the people who benefit from something, like a war, will quickly hide any sort of controversy. To put this simply, it means that if the media were to report that local groups, like The Canadian Federation of Students, were present at the

gathering then they would have to explain why local groups, such as the CFS, would be unsatisfied with an organization like NATO. They (the media) would have to begin to ask questions about this "new world leader." At the same time, by the media making this a Serbian protest it becomes a non issue to viewers. In other words, the viewer sees this as Serbians protesting against NATO's seventy-eight day bombing campaign over Yugoslavia, and that makes the issue dealt with and closed. However, if they were to give press to a group like the CFS, it may also make it that more students or people other than Serbians would begin to question the conduct of NATO. It leaves one with the questions of "why would the media not want to question an organization like NATO?", and "why do gatherings like this receive little media attention?" This question can be answered in three words: Military-Industrial Complex. Back in the fifties, or the Ike years, America was having a serious identity complex. In both World Wars, they didn't have the power that they thought they had; it was a time when

America wasn't a world threat. After they dropped the bomb in Hiroshima to end World War II, or rather begin the Cold War, the race was on. From the end of World War II until the end of the 1980s, the Cold War with the Russians provided the battleground for a massive arms race. A steady and enormous flow of money came from the Department of Defence and benefited America's largest industrial corporations. In this process, a vast network of lobbying groups and media sources was created to heighten the public perception of a Communist military threat.

In 1989, when communism fell, the threat was gone. However, George Bush, former director of the CIA, was President and the perfect candidate to propel the Military-Industrial Complex into the nineties. In 1991, the invasion of Iraq gave way to a new type of war, and not only did the American military receive very little casualties, but at the same time were able to use weapons that could be showcased on television. This meant that the American public could see where their defense dollars were being spent and what they were doing. Essentially, in order for the Americans to showcase these weapons, they were finding new threats or manufacturing enemies in order to continue high spending and, in a sense, fuel the Military-Industrial Complex.

Firstly, the Military-Industrial Complex is not one group of people who sit around a table and discuss the fate of the world or "a secret organization." They are, in a sense, a collection of different people around the world who benefit directly by these wars; they are the bankers, contractors, governments, media, arms producers and anyone else, including George Bush, who is able to make money off these wars. For the most part, they are Westerners from first world countries and like any business their goal is to make profit. The significant difference between this business as opposed to others is that in order to make profit they must kill people and destroy countries. Unfortunately, the cost is us. To explain this further, let's say that after every attack that a group like NATO takes on, the Military-Industrial Complex profits in every way. For

Essentially, in order for the Americans to showcase these weapons, they were finding new threats or manufacturing enemies in order to continue high spending and, in a sense, fuel the Military-Industrial Complex.

example, the more damage they have sustained in a city (destroying structures), the more construction that will have to occur to rebuild the city; this, of course, benefits Western Contractors. As well, the more arms used during an attack, the more weapons the arms manufacturers are able to sell back to either side involved. At the same time, the more the country under attack spends to fight, the more in debt they become, thus having to borrow from the World Bank. In the end, the Heads of State, Bankers, and others benefit directly from this and this is what keeps the Military-Industrial Complex running.

We can see how this works by looking at what happened in Yugoslavia and to see the kind of destruction that NATO caused. The NATO bombing has done an estimated over \$100 billion dollars in property damage and completely destroyed or seriously damaged dozens of bridges, railways and railway stations, major roads, airports, hospitals and health care centers, television transmitters, medieval monasteries and religious shrines, cultural-historical monuments and museums. As well as destroying hundreds of schools, faculties and facilities for students and children, thousands of dwellings and civilian industrial and agricultural facilities. The NATO aggression towards Yugoslavia was being focused on extensive civilian destruction, unprecedented in the modern history of the world. NATO centered their attacks primarily on civilian targets, directly threatening

the lives and fundamental human rights of the entire population of Yugoslavia. However, this just becomes a glimpse as to what went on in Yugoslavia, but from this we can see that NATO was hardly focusing on armed threats, but instead necessities in Yugoslavia or things that will need to be rebuilt.

What we can see from this is an equation that says: War = Profit (for the right people). In knowing this, we can then examine the William Cohen article, where he says, in the NATO defense convention, that Canada needs to spend more money on weapons. While, truthfully, it has nothing to do with a growing threat lurking somewhere in the dark jungles of the world, it is a fact that if he can convince you to spend more money on defense, it becomes a direct benefit to him and others within the Complex.

A good example to see how the Military-Industrial Complex affects the media is to look at the way they cover these wars. When NATO began its assault on Yugoslavia, there seemed to be more war coverage than ever, for the simple reason that there has been a huge flux in the amount of stations transmitting round-the-clock news. However, did we ever stop to see where this news was coming from? For example, the war news was given from the biased perspective of NATO leaders or the Pentagon or the Government; also known as the people who are profiting from the war itself. This creates a complicated notion that says: if a person is directly profiting from something, why would they say it was

wrong, or, in the case of war, manufactured? Well, they wouldn't. Besides, the longer the media can keep this coverage going, the more "news" they have and the more money/ratings they receive.

The events in Toronto on September 21st began to clarify queries as to why the local and national media would be covering up a story or at least avoiding conflict with NATO.

The Military-Industrial Complex shows itself on all levels and is able to manipulate us (with regard to what they are doing) or propagate the bigger picture. The difference with this propaganda is that these conflicts with which they present us aren't a threat to us at all, and they are certainly not a threat to the global picture.

This idea, as well, gives us a further growing understanding of why the media is afraid to question the acts of NATO. The media will only give us a glimpse of what is really occurring; they will tell us that in Iraq, the Americans are protecting oil; or in Yugoslavia, NATO is protecting the Kosovo independence.

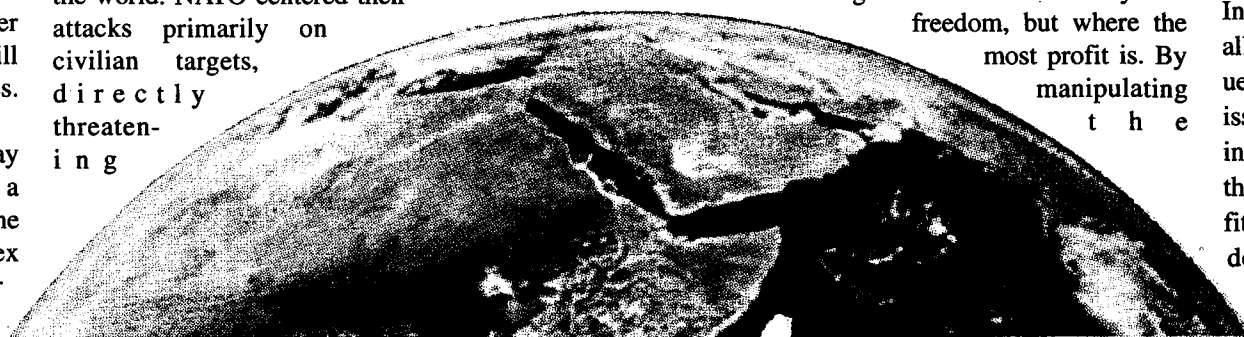
Unfortunately, time and time again we see this fall apart. For example, presently Americans are killing Kurds in Turkey, while they're saving the exact same people in Northern Iraq. Over and over again, the media, or rather the Military-Industrial Complex, stumbles on its words and missions. In the end, it all has nothing to do with democracy and freedom, but where the most profit is. By manipulating the

media to endorse their ideas, they don't look like the world bullies that they are, and at the same time can convince the public to want to spend more on defense.

In fact, as the twenty-first century begins, the Pentagon continues to argue that it should be able to fight not one, but two major wars in two different parts of the globe at the same time. Retired Air Force Chief of Staff Merrill McPeak gave an honest assessment of this argument: "The two-war strategy is just a marketing device to justify a high budget." (Steve Brouwer, *Sharing the Pie: A Disturbing Picture of the US Economy*).

What one can draw from this idea is that NATO and other Heads of State are assassins who are killing innocent people in order to keep their own jobs and to keep their countries, or themselves, wealthy. They are manufacturing the need for wars, and threats, in order to fuel their own agendas, and bank accounts, and to do this they must kill people and destroy countries.

In the end, protests like the one in Toronto will continue. Unfortunately, they will consist, in the future, of different countries that have been attacked by NATO. Soon we will begin to see more intense weapons, more deaths, more destruction, and more profit for the Military-Industrial Complex. Throughout all of this, the media will continue lying and covering up the real issues, at the same time continuing to feed us the propaganda that these wars are for our benefit, and that NATO is the freedom fighter for democracy.



perspectives

This is your money I'm talking about

J.J. O'Rourke-

Through an exclusivity deal that York University signed with Pepsi, Glendon College is to receive 25000\$ a year for the next ten years. This money is to go to students and student organized events that are non-academic in nature. There are many guidelines and rules that come with the money; all the information is available at the GCSU office.

Also at the GCSU office is the means of acquiring funds for projects. The requisition process involves submitting a proposed budget for the project, and then an allocation committee reviews the proposal. Sitting on this committee that controls these student funds are two members of the administration, and also three student representatives, all of whom are on the GCSU.

The first installment of 25000\$

was to be available last January.

Through some fumbling on the part of the GCSU, actual access to the funds was not possible until much later. So far, 9000\$ has been dished out, 1000\$ going to a group of students involved in a conference. The other 8000\$ was quickly approved for by the GCSU in order to save the Glendon grass festival that happened here on campus during frosh week. Attendance for the festival was under a thousand people.

The 8000\$ was needed in what has been called an emergency type situation, because the GCSU did not yet have enough money in their account. All student groups are waiting an exceptionally longer time than usual for the levies to arrive, as the GCSU was late in submitting their financial documents. According to Nicole Lavigne, last year's secretary and this



year's Vice-President, the financial documents were given to the auditor well before the due date earlier in the summer. But it took until merely weeks ago before the report was returned. In speaking with the chartered accountant responsible for the audit, Joe Pollaco, he commented that "there's a process, and it does

take a bit of time." He also revealed that reports take longer than usual if they are either handed in late, as was not the case, or if the documents are not 100% complete; this would create more legwork for his staff in trying to find missing pieces of info in order to provide a complete financial statement.

So while all other student clubs

on campus are scraping to get by, or are simply in dire straits because of the government's inefficiency, it's nice to know that the GCSU has found a way to save their own asses with more money that was supposed to be for all of us. So when they say that they broke even, that's the down-low on how they did it.

La réincarnation de Pavlov

Martin Carrier-

Il y a ce tyran qui, depuis ma tendre enfance, manipule subtilement mes réflexes conditionnés et mes émotions, hélas, comme bon lui semble. Caché derrière son masque publicitaire très charismatique, charmeur d'enfants et qui opère souvent sous le nom de code de Ronald, cette institution impérioculturelle qui n'a pour but que la conquête de chaque être (et donc de chaque portefeuille) me scandalise toujours de plus en plus, me faisant ainsi réaliser à quel point les dommages seront per-

manents au sein de notre société future.

Je me rappelle du temps où j'étais extrêmement vulnérable et que la saveur du mois déclenchait en moi un sentiment incontrôlable, à la fois impalpable; je l'apercevais à la télévision ou

sur une réclame publicitaire et soudainement une faim imaginaire me portait à l'exiger. McDonald's m'avait attrapé. J'étais alors devenu un de leur disciple. Après vingt ans de conditionnement sans pitié et après des milliers de contacts visuels avec ce gros M, une simple interrogation m'a illuminé: pourquoi est-ce que cette corporation gaspillerait des centaines de millions de dollars en marketing et en publicité, si ce n'était que pour le simple fait d'étendre leur hégémonie "culturelle" sur notre subconscient tel de la moisissure s'étendant sur une tranche de pain? La publicité est conçue pour nous, selon nos standards, nos émotions, ce qui nous rends ainsi vulnérable. Aussi n'est-il pas nécessaire de débattre si un Big Mac est bon au goût (car ce ne l'est sûrement pas pour la santé) mais bien de percevoir le subtile contrôle que ce représentant par excellence de la "junk culture" américaine a sur notre jugement individuel et sur le fait que notre amour de cette merde vient peut-être d'un conditionnement bien calculé.

Lorsque je vois mes concitoyens bavant tel le chien de Pavlov à la vue du "Golden M", je crois qu'il est grandement temps de mettre fin à cette triste manipulation expérimentale. La seule arme que nous possédons

est le boycott à son endroit, pour le bien-être de notre génération et celui des suivantes car sinon, les dommages culturels et physiques seront irréparables. Certes, j'évoque les dommages culturels provoqués entre autre par la prolifération internationale de la franchise qui régit et définit ainsi les normes mondiales au sujet des standards alimentaires, mais je me dois aussi de dénoncer ces "faux-touristes", cette bande de cons qui voyagent partout dans le monde mais qui restent perpétuellement à la recherche d'un oasis de culture occidentale/américaine, accentuant dès lors le développement de ce fléau moderne. On ne peut évidemment pas laisser sous silence les dégâts physiques que crée le fast-food en général (avec Ronald et ses acolytes comme leader du mouvement) faisant des américains les personnes les plus physiquement éloignées de leur propre standard "télévision", lequel n'est pas nécessairement préférable. Mais l'apparence ne constitue pas ici le point de mire. Ce qui est primordial, c'est la santé mentale ainsi que le dynamisme des gens, et McDonald's est le parfait catalyseur du "syndrome du moindre effort". Le service à l'auto, le "je mange, je rotte et je jette mes déchets non-biodégradable

dans la poubelle proche de la sortie tout en me poussant" doit cesser.

Si cela n'est pas assez pour que la réflexion s'installe en vous, peut-être la déforestation de la jungle d'Amérique du Sud et l'exploitation massive des animaux vous tiennent plus à cœur. Ou peut-être même le respect de la main-d'œuvre plus souvent qu'à son tour étudiante et non-syndiquée, ou encore les lavages de cerveaux infantiles et les déchets plastiques qui polluent notre vie. Peu importe la raison vraisemblablement humanitaire qui vous motive dans votre désintoxication alimentaire et mentale, remettez en question ces certitudes qui se sont solidement ancrées en vous depuis votre jeunesse. Les excuses minables tel "ça ne sert à rien de combattre une aussi grosse corporation" ou pire encore "tout le monde le fait" ne sont que des signes clairs de passivité. L'impérialisme culturel, la pollution/exploitation de la nature et le contrôle des réflexes conditionnés doivent être supprimés au plus tôt et la meilleure façon d'amorcer ceci est de dire au gros M d'aller sonner sa cloche ailleurs, loin de nous tous, mais plus particulièrement loin des enfants, leur cible favorite au sein de notre jolie société amorphe.



The role of the small press: Waging the battle against domestication

Patric Tomlinson-

The existence of the university press has for years walked the fine line of obscurity. The role of the student press has never been determined by any one popular opinion or another, but it constantly comes under fire for being a misrepresentation of its community. Student newspapers all over the world do battle every week to obtain any sort of readership. On certain campuses it is even difficult to find writers. Even here at Glendon College the paper suffers from a lethargic student body. With this in mind, we must consider what the role of the small press really is in relation to what it should be. Once this is understood, we must turn the focus of our attention to the matter at hand: WHAT IS THE ROLE OF PROTEM?

There exist a great many differences between student newspapers and the standard press. Generally speaking, student newspapers enjoy much more freedom than their professional counterparts. This freedom exists primarily because the newspapers rely very little on either volatile advertising or subscription money. Unlike the mainstream press, student newspapers receive stable funding from the tuition paid by the student body.

There has long been a debate over the role of news media. What is the role of the newspaper? Should the editor concentrate on selling the product, or remain loyal to the ideal of being an informative medium? The idealists would argue that both of these options are one and the same. Yet, every day, editors must choose between what makes it in the paper and what does not. What set of criterion does an editor use to make such decisions? Do you print the story on the latest massacre in Sierra Leone or do you print a story on the suicide bombing in the Middle East?

Such decisions are made every day in the mainstream press. These judgements which ultimately rate one piece of information as being more important than another are simply interpretations. There exists no



“The mediocre alone have the prospect of continuing on and propagating themselves- they are the men of the future, the sole survivors; be like them! Become mediocre! Is henceforth the only morality that has any meaning left, that still finds ears to hear it. - But it is difficult to preach, this morality of mediocrity! - for it can never admit what it is and what it wants”-Friedrich Nietzsche

value without interpretation! Rarely do we know who is making these decisions, but even more importantly, we do not know the fundamental assumptions upon which these values are based. Only one thing is certain; the maxim which dictates in the high offices of the mainstream press is kept firmly silent.

Pardon the Nietzschean optimism but just because we have traded our bibles for the morning paper does not mean that we are any closer to the “truth”.

One possible explanation, which has become popular as of late, comes from an M.I.T. linguistics professor. To his credit, Noam Chomsky is a renowned scholar of languages and the methodology which structures them. In the last decade, Chomsky has become a household name because of his “controversial” views on information and international relations.

Chomsky would have us believe that violence, deceit and lawlessness are natural functions of any state. The irony of the situation is that even the system’s harshest critics only fall victim

to the same indoctrination, for the most educated class can be the most ignorant:

“...The systemic expression of the way our institutions function and will continue to function unless impeded by an aroused public that comes to understand their nature and their true history- exactly what our educational institutions must prevent if they are to fulfill their function, namely, to serve power and privilege.”

Unfortunately we live in a democratic society!

Since those in power lack the authority to ensure obedience by way of brute force, they must cut off the threat at the head. Even the left wing must accept without question the “fundamental doctrines” that society is based upon, simply to be invited to the debate. As Chomsky himself puts it: “The more intensely the debate rages between hawks and doves, the more firmly and effectively the doctrines of the state religion are established”.

Domestication occurs in the brain my friends; what bowl are

you eating from?

The role of student newspapers is simple: provide a clear alternative to the mainstream press. Student newspapers must not reflect the coverage of their professional counterparts, but complement it. Writers can only express themselves within the set limitations of the system which they are a part of. Student newspapers can afford to offer a less hostile environment to free expression, and thus open up a wider spectrum of interpretation.

As the essence of objectivity lays battered and bruised, we can only turn our attention to the newspaper representing Glendon College, Protem. In this world of popular causes, sellable morals, and common opinions lies the very antithesis of efficiently communicated news.

This newspaper is dedicated and responsible to Glendon College. The newspaper accepts submissions from everybody. The editors are obedient to no master doctrine and contrary to popular opinion Protem DOES NOT conspire against any one

target.

If Protem receives “hateful” pieces they WILL NOT be printed.

Protem is a manner in which the Glendon community may present its many opinions to one another. We often pride ourselves on the diversity of our student body. This emotion should be demonstrated by way of expression and Protem is a perfect forum in which ideas may be juxtaposed. Never again will we get a chance to express ourselves as individuals to such a great number of people.

I say to all those who criticize Protem and its content; whether you be in the classroom, the bar, or lost somewhere in between: rise up FOOLS, for your time to speak freely is now! Write intelligently and hold no cowardly loyalties. Praise what you will, but do not sit idle when your interests are misrepresented. Show me no mercy and we shall walk the same plank, for in the end we both fall into the sea of mediocrity.

perspectives

World Issues...???

Steven Irvine-
Piece o' cake. (Although I have been reminded in the past that a piece of cake is far from easy if ya' ain't got the sweet tooth happenin'.) Earthquakes, hurricanes, floods, famine, war, super-powers meeting Kryptonite - it's been done so many times, I'm beginnin' to think I found the Salvation Army's vinyl department. What if we started from ground zero? - You know, take the bull by the horns and pull the touque over it's eyes. Mmmmm... bull's eyes... [drools]

WORLD

"We are the world.
We are God's children.
We are the ones who make a brighter day so shut up or you'll get a spanking!"

(According to The Concise Oxford Dictionary)

n. 1 a the earth, or a planetary body like it. b its countries and their inhabitants. c all people; the earth as known or in some particular respect. 2 a the universe or all that exists; everything. b everything that exists outside oneself (dead to the world). 3 a the time, state, or scene of human existence. b (prec. by the, this) mortal life. 4 secular interests and affairs. 5 human affairs; their course and conditions; active life (how goes the world with you?). 6 average, respectable, or fash-

ionable people or their customs or opinions. 7 all that concerns or all who belong to a specified class, time, domain, or sphere of activity (the medieval world; the world of sport). 8 (foll. by of) a vast amount (that makes a world of difference). 9 (attrib.) affecting many nations, of all nations (world politics; a world champion). [] all the world and his wife 1 any large mixed gathering of people. 2 all with pretensions to fashion. bring into the world give birth to or attend at the birth of. carry the world before one have rapid and complete success. come into the world be born. for all the world (foll. by like, as if) precisely (looked for all the world as if they were real). get the best of both worlds benefit from two incompatible sets of ideas, circumstances, etc. in the world of all; at all (used as an intensifier in question) (what in the world is it?). man (or woman) of the world a person experienced and practical in human affairs. the next (or other) world a supposed life after death. out of this world colloq. extremely good etc. (the food was out of this world). see the world travel widely; gain wide experience. think the world of have a very high regard for. World Bank colloq. the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, an organization administering economic aid

between member nations. world-beater a person or thing surpassing all others. world-class of a quality or standard regarded as high throughout the world. World Cup a competition between football or another sporting teams from various countries. world-famous known throughout the world. the world, the flesh, and the devil the various kinds of temptation. world language 1 an artificial language for international use. 2 a language spoken in many countries. world-line Physics a curve in space-time joining the positions of a particle throughout its existence. the (or all the) world over throughout the world. world power a nation having power and influence in world affairs. the world's end the farthest attainable point of travel. World Series the US championship for baseball teams. world shaking of supreme importance. the world to come supposed life after death. world-view = WELTANSCHAUUNG. world war a war involving many important nations (First World War of 1814-18; Second World War of 1939-45). world-weariness being world weary. world-weary weary of the world and life on it. world without end for ever. [OE w(e)rold, world f. a Gmc root meaning 'age': rel. to old]



ISSUE

"if you spell it backwards
- EUSSII-
it doesn't make any sense at all."

(According to The Concise Oxford Dictionary)

n. & v. -n. 1 a a giving out or circulation of shares, notes, stamps, etc. b a quantity of coins, supplies, copies of a newspaper or book etc., circulated or put on sale at one time. c an item or amount given out or distributed. d each of a regular series of a magazine etc. (the May issue). 2 a an outgoing, an outflow. b a way out, an outlet esp. the place of the emergence of a stream etc. 3 a point in question; an important subject of debate or litigation. 4 a result; an outcome; a decision. 5 Law children, progeny (without male issue). 6 archaic a discharge of blood etc. -v. (issues, issued, issuing) 1 intr. (often foll. by out, forth) literary go or come out. 2 tr. a send forth; publish; put into circulation. b supply, esp. officially or authoritatively (foll. by to, with: issued passports to them; issued them with passports; issued orders to the staff). 3 intr. a (often foll. by from) be derived or result. b (foll. by in) end, result. 4 intr. (foll. by from) emerge from a condition. []at issue 1 under discussion; in dispute. 2 at variance. issue of fact (or law) a dispute at law when the significance of a fact or facts is denied or when the application of the law is contested. join (or take) issue identify an issue for argument

(foll. by with, on). make an issue of make a fuss about; turn into a subject of contention. [] [issuable adj. issuance n. issueless adj. issuer n. [ME f. OF ult. f. L exitus past part. of exire EXIT]

To those who took the time to get here - cheers; to everyone else - I hope your remote contains the "copper-top" and your Kleenex box is stacked infinitely. We need to gain an understanding before we can squeeze out last night's pasta and flush the bowl. The "World Issue" section in general contains the same drivel we've been reading for years. It appears to be somewhat never-ending. Is it the monotony of life that perpetuates this, or is it what the masses want and what will make the most cake? Is the section inserted simply for tomorrow's small talk? Are people honestly concerned? Is it used to make 'yer paper a tad bigger and therefore more enticing? Is it the byproduct and justification of the mass destruction of Joe-tree? Talk to Joe-tree's family and get it from the source - that's what I say. At any rate, from this moment onward - yer goin' ta' have something to think about each week. It'll contain what you'd normally expect - just don't expect it to be what you're normally expecting.

Until the next,

"The faster life gets, the more sense stuff that makes sense makes."

Invaders from TFS

Angela Milenovic-

I'm starting to become somewhat irritated with these little uniformed smurfs who parade about our campus on a daily basis. Gosh, I'm sorry, I was under the impression that this was an established university, not a haven for a bunch of pretentious elementary and highschool brats. In the past I have done my best to ignore their presence and go about my business, but today (September 29, 1999) they were absolutely unavoidable. At approximately 11:10 this morning, a swarm of Toronto French School students invaded the premises, pressing their turned-up noses against the classroom windows, making silly faces and waving their middle fingers at us passing.

By the time that my class had our break, a mere twenty minutes following their arrival, the invaders had already succeeded in taking over our entire cafeteria. Dozens of them huddled around the Pizza Pizza counter and even more stationed themselves by the grill, a tactic that prevented Glendon students from obtaining nourishment - unless of course, they didn't mind waiting around for half an hour or so just to place their orders. For those like myself who had to return to class, this was not an option. Thanks to the hooligans, I was forced to sit down to a bag of Doritos for lunch.

Oh, I almost forgot to mention that while I stood for what seemed to be an eternity

and a half in line, I had to fight the urge to vomit when I caught one of the little hoodlums swiping chips from the nacho bar and double dipping them into the salsa. (Actually, it was more like quadruple dipping, but there's no need to get technical here.) Yes, that's right. For only \$3.95, you can enjoy the taste of great Mexican salsa spiked with some kid's spit! Mmmmm... appetizing isn't it?

I just don't understand why they're here. Do they not have a school of their own? Why is it necessary to hold conventions at Glendon for TFS students? Why must they buy their books from our bookstore? Why must they raid our cafeteria daily? Why? Why? Why?!

Art and entertainment

Happiness is Our Lady Peace

Michael Harrison-

I love rock music. Always have. I love the emotion, the energy, the excitement and anticipation. Simply put: rock music, well - rocks! That's why it brings a lump in my throat to see such Canadian artists as Moist, I Mother Earth and The Tea Party leading kids from their candlelit living rooms of easy listening back into the mosh pits. Ah yes, many a good night has been spent sweating in a mosh pit. One particular band which I've had my eye on since their '94 release of "Naveed" is Our Lady Peace. Although I didn't find their second album, "Clumsy", as strong as their first, it gained them international status, touring with such talents as Led Zeppelin, Alanis Morissette, The 'Stones, and of course performing at Woodstock '99. That's why, when I purchased their third album, *Happiness is Not a Fish That You Can Catch*, I ran home excitedly.

The same familiar senior (named Sol) graced the cover as on the last two albums, proudly displaying a pink fish. *Interesting*. I gently placed the disc in what was to become its home for the next week straight. Of course I was familiar with their first single, "One Man Army". This was the reason I was expecting a veritable feast of music. At a mere 43 minutes and 29 seconds long, I would have to downgrade it to a hearty meal. "One Man Army" came on first, pushing its way through my speakers like a freight train. The catchy groove, pounding bass and blistering guitars were instantly recognizable - their fingerprint, as were Raine's vocals. The song "Happiness & The Fish" came on next, and I sensed that this meal might be hard to swallow. Could the whole album be as bad as this? I started to question their growing international fame. I played through all eleven tracks. Then I played 'em again, and again, and again, and then... well, it took a while, but the album eventually grabbed me. With the Radiohead-inspired intro to

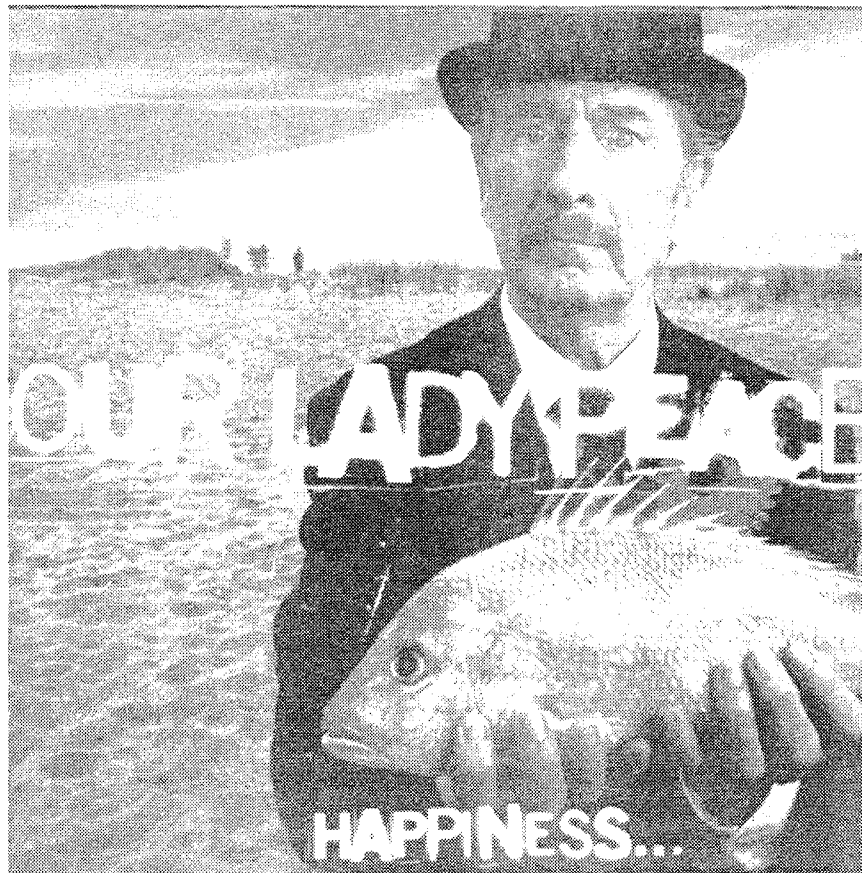
"Waited", and the Beatle-esque melody in "Annie", it was growing on me.

The album takes you on a sonic ride of dense melodic rock music. While the melodies are sometimes subjected to painful vocal gymnastics, they are overall strong. The bass is strong enough to liquefy your liver, while still pleasing your ears. Jeremy hops behind the kit drumming up a frenzy of sixteenth note fills and unusual timings; he's as dead-on as ever. The guitars... what can I say? -brilliant! I can envision many singles being released, with very few tracks not being radio friendly. Indeed, each song says what it has to say in four minutes or less.

The success of tracks like "4 a.m." from their last album seemed to inspire the boys to write more ballads. Not altogether bad; "4 a.m." is a great track. Still, punchy tunes like "Lying Awake" and "The Consequence of Laughing" keep things interesting. In short - it's still mosh-able. The most difficult things

to gulp were the squeaky, nasally melodies served up by vocalist Raine Maida (who incidentally is a former York student). However, the catchiness and attempt at creativity eventually redeemed him, and his stirring and often weird lyrics evoke thought, laughter and the occasional raised eyebrow. "Thief" is the strongest track, melodically speaking. I can picture Raine sitting quietly in the studio, eyes fixed on an invisible object, humming out the words, "I don't want to understand this horror/ there's a weight in your eyes that I can't admit/ everybody ends up here in bottles,/ but the name tags' the last thing that you wanted..."

They end it all off with "Stealing Babies", featuring a cameo appearance by (78 year old!) Elvin Jones on drums. The song, just like the album, comes in like a lion, out like a lamb, as the jazzy rim shots can be heard near the end. While, for me, nothing will probably ever take the place of "Naveed", this Toronto quartet are riding the "peace-train" to success.



McMaster & James : The Next Big Thing?

Catherine Hancock -

I don't know how many of you have heard of McMaster & James, but there isn't much doubt that you will soon enough. I discovered these two boys from south of the border when they opened up for Joey McKintyre at the Warehouse in September.

Their music style is somewhat unique. They take all of what is found in top forty music (dance, pop,

bubble gum, latino, etc...) and basically mix it together. How can I sum up their musical style better? You can find their first single, "Love Wins Everytime" on the *Planet Pop 2000* CD (along with 3Deep, The Moffats and Brandy).

I'm not too sure just how much talent these boys actually have. They claim to write all of their own stuff; if this is the case, good for them. During the show, however,

McMaster (they go by their last names) stopped playing his guitar for a second, but the music kept going. Hmmm...

The performance didn't really get good until they took their shirts off; and even then, they need to clock a few more hours at the gym.

You can get more information on these boys at: mcmasterand-james.com

Upcoming Events

September 25 - October 16, 1999

The last homecoming of the millennium - Dernières retrouvailles du millénaire!
Glendon Gallery - Galerie Glendon
Info: (416) 487-6721

Friday, October 1, 1999

DRIVE me CRAZY opens in Toronto.
Starring Melissa Joan Hart and Adrian Grenier.
ALSO
Happy Texas opens in Toronto.
Starring Jerry Northam, Steve Zahn & William H. Macy
ALSO
Mystery Alaska opens in Toronto.
Starring Russell Crowe, Mary McCormack, Burt Reynolds and more.

October 6-10, 1999

Drumming presented by Rosas 8:00 p.m.
Harbourfront Centre Dance
Info: (416) 973-4000
Tickets: \$23/\$16 (student rate)

October 14 - November 14, 1999

Play: It's All True
Buddies in Bad Times Theatre, 12 Alexander St.
(416) 975-8555

Du 14 au 17 octobre 1999

Salon du livre de Toronto
Au Palais des Congrès, 222 Blvd. Bremner
(416) 498-6275

October 15, 1999

The Story Of Us opens in Toronto
Starring Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer.
ALSO
Octoberfest in Waterloo
Bus and bar tickets arranged by GCSU

Samedi, le 16 octobre, 1999

Lancement des cinq derniers ouvrages du GREF
Salon du livre de Toronto

Saturday, October 23, 1999

Ballet Creole. 7:30 p.m.
Etobicoke School for the Arts, 675 Royal York Road
Tickets: \$10/\$15

Saturday, October 30, 1999

Special Blend from Montreal 2:00 p.m.
Siverthorn Auditorium, 291 Mill Rd.
Tickets: \$9/\$7

Sunday, October 31, 1999

Michael Burgess in concert. 2:00 p.m.
Siverthorn Auditorium, 291 Mill Rd.
Tickets \$35/\$30 (Group rates available)

November 19, 1999

Glendon's Annual Snowball Formal
Organized by the GCSU

Art et culture

A fridge, a gas heart

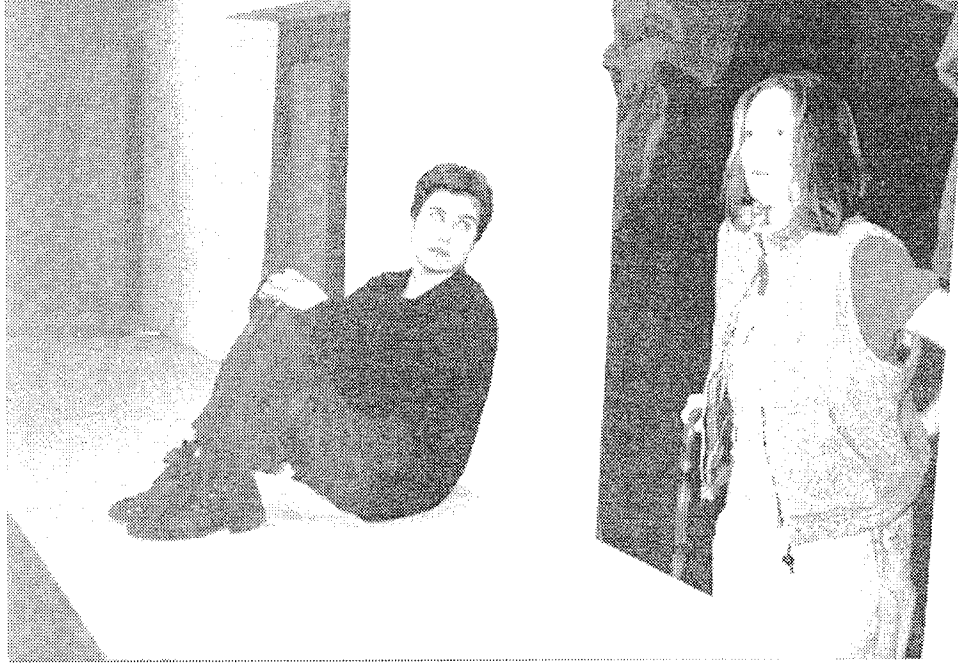
Glendon's theatre season commences

Rae Perigoe-

Three major productions and a renewed, reorganized "Fridge Festival" are in the works for Glendon's 1999-2000 theatre season.

The first production of the year, put on by students in the second-year production course, will be an adaptation of a translation of Tristan Tzara's

"The Gas Heart", directed by Prof. Bob Wallace. The play is one of the few remaining examples of Dadaist theatre, having been first performed in France in 1920. Describing the play as "completely non-sensical", Wallace asserts that the challenge of the production process will be "to create an entertaining evening reminiscent of Dada styles, using the talents of the class." Audiences can expect "elaborate sound and lights", and a minimal, concert-like set. Although Wallace has already finished casting the play with students in the course, he insists that there are still opportunities for other students at Glendon to become involved with the production; particularly needed are people willing to work on a lighting crew. Check the theatre board (across from the vending



machines outside the cafeteria) for more details. The production opens on Tuesday, November 23 and runs to Saturday, November 27. All performances start at 8 pm. Tickets are \$5 for students and \$8 for non-students.

The other major productions of the year have yet to be determined. However, it is likely that students outside of the production courses will be allowed to participate in one or both of them. Check the theatre board

for information about how you can get involved.

Glendon's "Fridge Festival" of short, student-produced work will take place at the end of the theatre season. This year, there has been an effort to form a "virtual theatre company", composed of students working on plays for the Fridge as an independent study course, according to Drama Studies Co-ordinator Claude Guilmain. Approximately ten students are taking an independent study

course offered by the Drama Programme, building theatre skills such as playwriting, directing, set and lighting design, and production management. However, it is important to note that all Glendon students are invited to audition for and participate in the Fridge Festival.

General auditions will be held in the coming weeks. You can (yes, you guessed it) check the theatre board for further details.

OLP, Out Of the Blue

Leslie Oke-

"What are you doing next Tuesday?" he asked me. "Why?" I asked.

"Do you want to go see Our Lady Peace at the Skydome?"

What a question. Is the Pope a Catholic? Does Glendon have a shortage of guys? The days passed slowly until finally concert day, September 21st, arrived. I was all set to go, ready for what I believed was to be a little concert for the 2000 people with the Labatt BlueLine cell phones or pagers. Little did I know that there were also passes available and my little concert grew from 2000 to 15 000 (as a radio station declared the next day). Still, the large crowd did not throw me and I was anxiously awaiting the band.

As with most good concerts, beer stations were set up. I was not impressed with the fact that there were only three small stations with two bartenders in each. Enormous lines spewed behind them. Since an hour wait for beer just wasn't happening for me, I weaved my way through the crowd to the front row. Sure, some people complained (namely a bitchy old lady who was trying to relive her long-gone youth), but the security guard was young and no doubt remembered doing the same thing himself, and let me stay.

It ended up only taking me 15 minutes to get our beer, but even that is a long wait for me. I can only imagine how much more money Labatt would have made if they had set up more stations and more staff, since all they were serving was Blue. Everyone inside was over the age of 19 and everyone was drinking, but apparently the connection just wasn't made. Regardless, we had our drinks and the concert was about to start.

As the opening cords to "One Man Army" drifted out, the masses began to gather. It surprised me that there was no opening band but honestly, I didn't care all that much - I was there to see Our Lady Peace. They played a mix of old and new, with the crowd screaming along with the old. Everyone was having a good time.

The music was loud, the band was good and the fans were moshing - what more is there in life?

Sloan goes over to the edge!!

Natalie Flute-

Saturday, September 25th, Sloan christened the new location of Edge 102.1 and performed their first post Between the Bridges show.

At 3:00pm, there was a line-up of about 30 people outside of the new Yonge and Shooter location of The Edge radio station. Sloan wasn't scheduled to play until 6:00. The freezing-cold fans were discussing their favorite songs from all five CD's and favorite moments from past Sloan shows. The kids weren't bothered by the weather, they were too pre-occupied with making signs adorned with such phrases as "kiss me Jay" out of Starbucks' paper bags.

At about 4:10, Chris Murphy and his girlfriend crossed the street towards the building. Chris was immediately worried about the safety of the cold fans and coaxed The Edge to let

everybody wait inside. The place soon filled up. Being a radio station, there wasn't much room, which was good for the people who actually got in, as it

**He received
a butter-
scotch cone
(supposedly
his favorite)
from one
obsessed fan**

provided an intimate environment, but bad for the few who were left standing on the street.

Jay Ferguson was the last band member to arrive, but still got an extremely warm welcome. Fans screamed his name when he walked across the stage. He received a butterscotch cone (supposedly his favorite) from one obsessed fan, and a homemade necklace from another fan who was adorned in a jeweled princess crown and was carrying a magic wand. This is of course not was surprising, as at the time of the Navy Blues release, the band's personalized Chart Magazine covers were also released, and Jay's cover sold the most copies.

At 6:00 the band finally kicked into "Losing California", the first single from their new album Between the Bridges. After that came "Take good care of the Poor boy", and then the Edge guy stopped the show for a mini-interview. He asked the band about what it's like playing in Japan and other countries

around the world as opposed to playing in Canada. Chris Murphy replied by saying that it's neat because the crowds are small, just like it was when they started out in Canada, although he said he probably "could name about a third of the people" that were at The Edge that day. Chris also mentioned that the band would be playing some Canadian dates around January or February, after they got back from doing the States and abroad. The band then kicked into "So Beyond Me", "Sensory Deprivation" (an Andrew Scott original), and "Friendship". They then welcomed Jay back from his bathroom break and began "All by ourselves", which was the last song.

Although the set only lasted a half an hour, it kicked ass in terms of audience participation and the band's enthusiasm. Well worth the three-hour wait in line!

Art and entertainment

The Fragile The New Nine Inch Nails Album.

Ian Savage-
Well, it has been over three years since *The Downward Spiral* and all that we've seen since are a few remix albums, the music from *Quake* (a computer game) and *The Perfect Drug* (which we have yet to see on a proper album). Well, the long wait is finally over as we were presented with *The Fragile*. It was released on Tuesday the 21st of September, two weeks overdue; a shame they had to miss the 9/9/99 release date.

For anyone who went out and bought the *Star Fuckers Inc.* single, the two songs it hold are a good preview of what you are going to get in this new double album. The first and last song, *The Day the Whole World Went Away* can be found on the first of the two CDs, called *Left*. Now, if you like the way Nails

has always sounded you will most likely prefer this CD. It is constructed and laid out like the same way as *The Downward Spiral* and *Pretty Hate Machine* but has a somewhat different sound (due to the growth of Trent Reznor). It begins hard and is followed up by a pseudo-soft version of *The Day The Whole World Went Away*. The CD oscillates from hard songs to soft, my favorite of the hard ones being *We're In This Together* (which, if you're lucky, you've seen in rotation on *Much Music*). The most hard core song on this CD, if you like that sort of thing, is a gratingly loud song called *Pilgrimage*. It ends on a soft note with a song that sounds very much like *Hurt* but without the obnoxious dead air for a minute and a half. Trent's writing has improved if anything, giving this song a

melancholy and heart wrenching sound...

The second CD in the set, *Right*, is much more of a departure from the old Nails sound. There is a lot more mixing in this CD, using more base and drums than ever heard before. Also, there is very little sampling. My favorite song on this album, a song which is somewhat indicative of the entire album, is called *Into the Void*. But probably the most interesting thing about this CD is that you can hear the influence that David Bowie had on Trent when they worked together on *Earthling* (you can really hear this in part of *Star Fuckers Inc.*). In closing, I would strongly recommend this Double CD to anyone (with the exception of those with a strong dislike of *Nine Inch Nails*).

American Beauty

Catherine Hancock-

What a simply fascinating story. Words cannot express just how unbelievably good *American Beauty* really is. With Academy Award winner Kevin Spacey (*The Usual Suspects*) and nominee Annette Bening (*The American President*) heading the extremely talented cast, this is truly an exceptional piece of work.

The director, Sam Mendes, makes his feature film directorial debut with *American Beauty* and he will no doubt have many screenplays at his front step during the next decade or two.

This movie makes a lot of serious comments about the society we live in; however, it is also very funny. I was surprised at just how much I laughed. *American Beauty* is the story of the average American man, who

lives in an average suburb, has an average job and an average family. Suddenly, he realizes all of the things that are lacking in his life. He had somehow lost track of all of his plans and dreams from his youth and he now decides (better late than never) to reach for them. The screenwriter, Alan Ball, explains that one of the film's themes is "how we have preconceived notions about things, but the truth often turns out to be something we never considered - where you find true beauty might be in the place you least expect it."

What makes this story so believable is that the characters and their problems are common in our society today. What does it take to make you feel as though your life is complete? *****

(See picture below)

Best Laid Plans

Catherine Hancock-

The idea is good. The twists are surprising. Nick (Alessandro Nivola), Lissa (Reese Witherspoon) and Bryce (Josh Brolin) learn that every action has a reaction as each character desperately tries to escape from their intertwined web of problems and consequently ends up worse off than when they began. The three are forced to make life-altering moral decisions in order to follow their plans in life.

Nivola (*Face Off*) and Witherspoon (*Pleasantville*) play their parts well and their stories are believable. It also doesn't hurt that they look good

together. Josh Brolin (*The Mod Squad*), on the other hand, does not fit in. He plays Bryce, an old college buddy of Nick's; only he is about ten years older. At first, I thought he was an old college professor. His character is annoying and unfortunately so is his acting. The director, Mike Newell (*Pushing Tin*), made a mistake in casting him. I wish that I could see this film again with someone else playing his part.

Best Laid Plans is still worth seeing for its creative camera work, unusual yet delectable background music and unsuspecting ending. ***



The Relic Hunter: Made In Canada

Catherine Hancock-

After a Jays game this summer, I was walking around downtown with my friends when we were suddenly directed to walk on the other side of the street and not to scream anything out. Surprise, surprise, yet another film was being made.

Over the years, Toronto has become what many are calling *Torontowood*. There are many reasons why major movie executives are choosing to shoot their films here. The two main reasons being that 1) it is much

cheaper to film in Canada (our dollar is an added bonus) and 2) people in Toronto don't obsess over movie stars the same way Americans do. We don't find it necessary to know what they are wearing, who they are dating and what kind of salad they ate for lunch. Movie stars enjoy filming here because we leave them alone.

So we walked on and stopped for a quick peek from a crowd of about ten people. We saw Tia Carere walk through a doorway and said, "Hey! That's

Tia Carere. I wonder what movie she's filming." Then, we continued on our way.

That was not a movie, it was the new T.V. show *The Relic Hunter*, on City TV, Tuesdays at 8:00 p.m.. Filming began in May and is still in effect today. Glendon's background (You probably noticed the film crew on Thursday, September 23) will pass as Italy on the show. I found that out talking to one of the workers whose title I'm not sure of (he wanted to remain mysterious). I would have talked to Tia myself, but being the Toronto girl that I am, I didn't want to impose.

Is the show any good? This I do not know. I would tune in myself, but it's on at the same time as *Buffy*. Sorry Tia!

Glendon is also very popular. (Below, Psy-Factor)



Poetry/fiction

pig in sheep's clothing

he awoke lying on his back. he could feel the cold steel underneath him; he wasn't even in the recovery room yet, still on the operating table. a nurse came in and cleared away some instruments. she saw that he was awake, and muttered something about the operation having been a success. he fell back asleep.

he was looking in the mirror. he did not recognize the face in the reflection as his own. but he did recognize it. it was the face of a suspect that he had been following for the last three months. the officer had been trailing the movements of citizen 6969XXX in order to compile a profile with which the upper ranks could then prosecute. nothing was left out. the

officer had undergone the operation to look identical, but the last months had been dedicated to teaching the officer to act like the suspect.

the officer was to conduct business around the city while pretending to be citizen 6969XXX. the plan was to operate like that until he was found out. he hoped it wouldn't be long, he could feel the tingle-burn of the skin grafts, and he didn't want to get too comfortable living in this skin. once he was found out, the matter would go to the courts. from there, the case would close easily. who would believe the maniacal ravings about conspiracy from a squeegee kid, instead of an 18year veteran of the city's finest?

-JJOR

Winter

I carried my brain down
my keys in my pocket
to the stream.
The birds were singing
the sun was shining
the water warming with the
oncoming energy of spring.
No pathetic fallacy here.
I feel cold in my soul
as the world is getting
feverish
beginning to toss and turn
blood heating up
as winter is sweated out,
dampening the sheets.
I am thawing slower than
that,
as I wake up and your
sweat
is dampening my sheets.
I open the window and cool
air washes over me
Something in me is fighting
the energy of spring.
- D. Eleanor Mackintosh



Enfin, je succombe, me pliant à la force;
Puis, la peur cède à l'émerveillement.
Je vois, avec les yeux de l'âme,
Ce que nul ne peut voir dans la réalité.
Des ombres se démêlent
Et se séparent de la lumière.
Des images apparaissent,
Malheureusement, vite évanouies.

Dans un océan où flottent d'innombrables formes,
Une seule source,
Une seule racine de lumière jaillit,
S'épanouit.

Il était là.
Avec la lumière de Sa pensée
Et le gouffre de Son amour,
Il m'a arraché à cette angoisse existentielle.
-Ilwad Ahmed



Teardrop

Happy Birthday Daniel!
The woosy scent stung the crisp air,
And a new perfume still hung;
The fresh fragrance satisfied my soul;
I breathed it to fill my lungs.
The unseen man left moments ago,
The footprints his only trace;
He saw the trees and the cloudless sky,
But no one did see his face.
If I could have seen his handsome smile,
His truly exquisite eyes;
I would have cried to him
"I love you!
And for you my heart doth die!"
I stand here alone in the moonlight,
With a small drop of



water;
It glistens in the evening splendor,
To my lone heart it bids her.
I look upon the perfect droplet,
And hear it calling my name;
T'is the stranger's abandoned teardrop!
The single tear shows his pain.
My lover searched for me this cold eve,
And wept when I was still lost;
He felt I was his true destiny;
He looks for me at all costs.
I sense our blue hearts shall never meet,
And I kiss his starlit name;
But together we shall always be
For I know he feels the same.
-Bridget Suzanne van Voorden

Yearling

finally I see the pattern
patchwork in a thousand shades
of
laughter
rainbows thrown
from prisms of youth
threading through
to spatter my walls
in a luminescent paradox
as freedom lives a part of the whole
fabrication
transcending all boundaries
even as it shapes its place
within my blanket
I wrap myself with contradictions
as inhibitions too are part of the hole
yet slowly I do shed
these weavings of interment
as life beats through me
faster
prompting newfound feet to dance
where once I knew an anchor. . .
and as this cycle of song
turns my feet to frenzy,
I can feel the wind
at
last.
-Danielle

L'ultime secours

Assise sur une pierre en bois,
À la lumière d'une lampe éteinte,
Je passe toute une nuit
À cerner l'être de mon néant.
La réponse se fait attendre;
Plusieurs nuits blanches passent
Et l'absurdité de la vie
Se fait persistente.

El Tuerto

Noel Barnett-

If you can smell the smoke of a thousand lonely children smoldering with lust amongst the oaks, then this bud's for you.

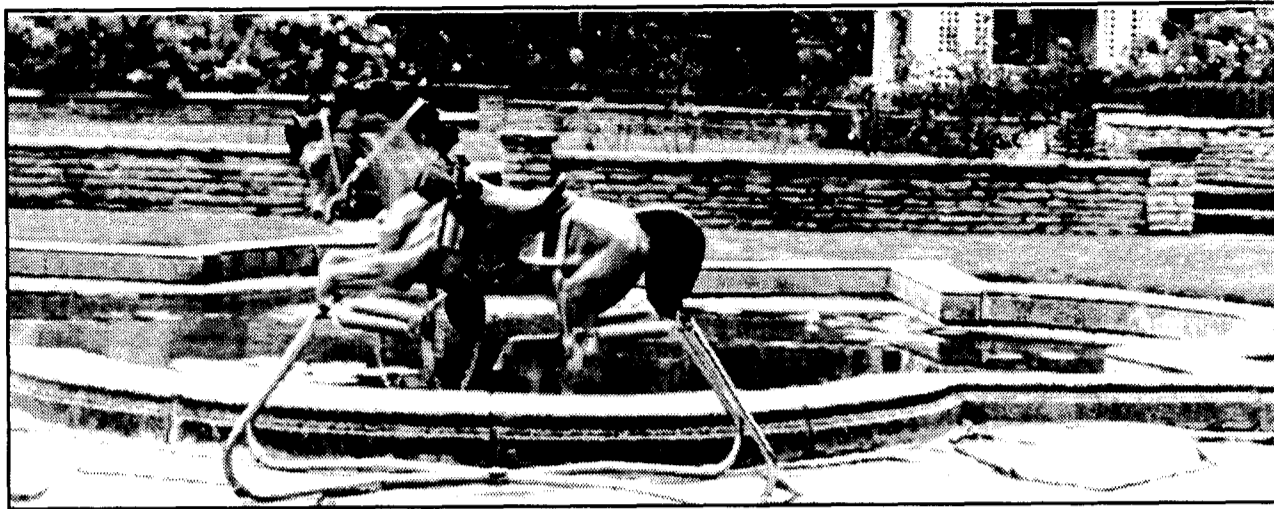
I can only speak for one peculiar instance of twisted affection between a lost couple with whom I am acquainted.

Millicent is an original sweetpea, a plate of butter beans simmering on the edge of Shangri-La's stove so close to the paradise of intimate bliss with every passing stranger on a two-way street of brief and entreating glances that for a lack of spoken words, leads to nothing.

Recently, in a moment of rare inebriation, she confided to me that this past summer while passing through Winnipeg, she was witness to evidence that mercy exists in the concrete folds of Manitoban towns.

She carried seven hundred and fifty-three kilometers of Trans-Can Hi-Way on her aching back into the lobby of a Best Western beneath an immense cobalt-blue evening sky thick with sauna-style humidity. It was a Jesus Christ type situation in the early chapters that read "NO ROOM AT THE INN." See Pan-American games for details.

She said she made a last ditch call to an old friend who



good things.

His overnight re-education consisted of twelve solid hours listening to artists off the Bad Boy label which included the philosophies of Biggie Smalls, the ideology of Mase and the domestic theology of Craig Mack. Now don't be so quick to disparage Eddie or his mentors. It has everything to do with context and situational reality as any Phonetician worth his salt will tell you.

As I said, much like Millie, Eddie adhered to the letter of the law where polite society was concerned. He never spoke to anyone outside the invisible yet imposed boundaries of cold Anglo-etiquette. If a bank teller was

betwixt the door and me are eight hundred fricasseed human fowl in a smoke haze with throbbing Pope's noses as the bass licks: 'bully-by-bully-by-bully-by-number-one,' and suddenly the fowl begin to squawk with the kind of exuberant fury that generally precedes armed revolution.

The DJ rewards them with another one drop and I'm suddenly dancing with a firecracker of a young woman intent on doing the five-cent ten-cent wind (as in up a clock, not breeze) with every manjack in the place. But what the hell is this... It's Millicent!

I look on with genuine shock and notice at the periphery of the dance floor Eddie systematically approaching women, shouting, "Hello! Are you dancing?!" The ladies, swaying to the music in a tight circle with their other girlfriends would each in turn reply, "What does it look like?" And Eddie, taking that as the cosmic green light and invitation, abruptly brought the discourse to an end by applying the five-cent ten-cent wind (clock, remember) to the backside of the woman he'd just asked to dance. Or did he really? Poor Eddie. The ladies invariably came to a dead stop, removed his hands from their waist and shook their heads, 'No.'

But Eddie only seemed to gain momentum with each additional rejection and soon had exhausted the resources at the edge and moved towards the centre of the floor. Now anyone who's seen the sun knows what's involved in making your way across a crowded club dance floor just as the masses are reaching the pinnacle of ecstasy: it's no easy feat. And Eddie was trying his best not to trod on the feet of some personage he'd later regret trodding on, so it was a twist and a turn here, a precarious dip there, a quick spin and duck, all the while scouting for a fine female, five-cent, ten-cent, dollar wind.

But oh, it was a bleak scene in the middle. Everyone was accounted for. As the strobe light flit across his face, I could see the disappointment begin to set in. He took one last look, decided to retreat, turned around to leave and was suddenly riding the end of Millicent's ample ass.

Ohhh, ho ho! The Gods be damned! The young and confused have found each other in spite of omniscience! Up and down. Bump and grind. Five-cent, ten-cent, dollar, dollar, dollar, dollar! Millie and Eddie murdered Calypso before the very eyes of her betrothed. For the fleeting moments they straddled one another, neither saw the other. Rather, blinded by the sudden smorgasbord of flesh, each surrendered to the hard, the soft and the wet, which is as it should be if humanity intends to stay the course of time. But alas, twisted, oh so twisted, are those two sweet kids, without a teaspoon of predatory nature, unable to marry culture and nature.

The next day I introduced them both in the caf. They were damn shy at first and I was tempted to spook them with a tale of vice that'd curl both their hair, but seeing them bite after a few awkward minutes, I let it slide and left them alone, together.

He sleeps through what few classes we share, so like I said, our paths cross at Fluid, Paradise, Studio 69, Atlantis and the odd time at Epiphany.

had made a Midwest relocation and subsequently disappeared. The number elicited nothing more promising than a machine playing what sounded like Céline Dion in last throes of a painful death. When she hung up and headed out the door, a lone figure seated on a padded bench in the lobby called out to her in passing, "Good-bye, Moreno." She looked up as the first of the glass partitions closed between them. The fellow was what she described as 'a young Ricardo Montalban in a Panama hat.'

With one year of elementary Spanish under her belt, the History Major knew she'd been complimented for her raven dark tresses and deep olive hues that came compliments of a Haitian mother and Puerto Rican father. Flattered to death and feeling good after so much monotonous pavement, an upward flutter of spirits breached the gates of her lips and she suddenly found herself shouting through the glass, "Adios!" and then was back in the street, ready to drive another seven-fifty to Thunder bay.

If you think it ought to have gone further, you and I are in agreement, but such outcomes are entirely dependent on the players involved and Millie, as you will see, could only imagine herself at the mercy of the Gods where a mate was concerned.

Eddie, I see at the clubs, a myriad of which litter the streets of this city like so much silk-hatted recyclable trash on a Thursday night. It's the same story with him every weekend. He's been convinced that discretion is best discarded in the dark where women go bump and grind on formica floors illuminated by speckles of light from an all reflecting mirror ball. Suspended disbelief and a good-hearted fool make for bad bedfellows where asking women to dance is concerned and originally, Eddie suffered the same fear as Millie, but in a single sweeping grand gesture he vowed to reconstruct the Self in a pronounced effort to procure a woman and all life's

especially nice and especially beautiful and ended their transaction with the words, "Is there anything else, at all, I can do for you?" Eddie would instinctively reply before giving it a second thought, "No thanks, that's it for me today," and exit. But like clockwork, once alone again on the street, he'd suddenly realize that perhaps he ought to have said, "Yes, how about being my guest for dinner this evening." And to exacerbate his confusion, he would suddenly call to mind certain details of the lost moment in isolated detail. For instance, he would remember her name-tag read "TASLEEM," and later discover it was the past-participle of 'surrender' in Arabic, meaning 'one surrendered.'

Then for days he would berate himself for having not been able to read the signs the Gods had put in his path and from there it declined into 'I could have been a contender...' soliloquy binges, drama major that he was.

He sleeps through what few classes we share, so like I said, our paths cross at Fluid, Paradise, Studio 69, Atlantis and the odd time at Epiphany. You know the names, they read like a list of usual suspects.

Well, it came as no surprise to me when one auspicious Friday evening I arrived rather early at one of these joints, tired as all hell after a pick-up game of ball with some of the fellows from the old neighborhood. One of them, Junior I think it was, nearly took out my one good eye with an un-manicured pinky in a give and go collision beneath the basket and now my date, Mary of a Magdalene sort, was attentively nursing my abrasion in a quiet corner while I nursed my drink and awaited the imminent arrival of the herd.

When I awoke, I was drenched in sweat, Mary was dancing in an elevated cage and a three-eyed albino cat I know called Sergio was going through my wallet. One bitch lick served to Serge, a quick interrogation of his pockets and I repo my stuff and head for the door. But

**A TRADITION
OF EXCELLENCE**



PLAYERS' RACING

FOLLOW THE TEAM: WWW.PLAYERS-RACING.COM