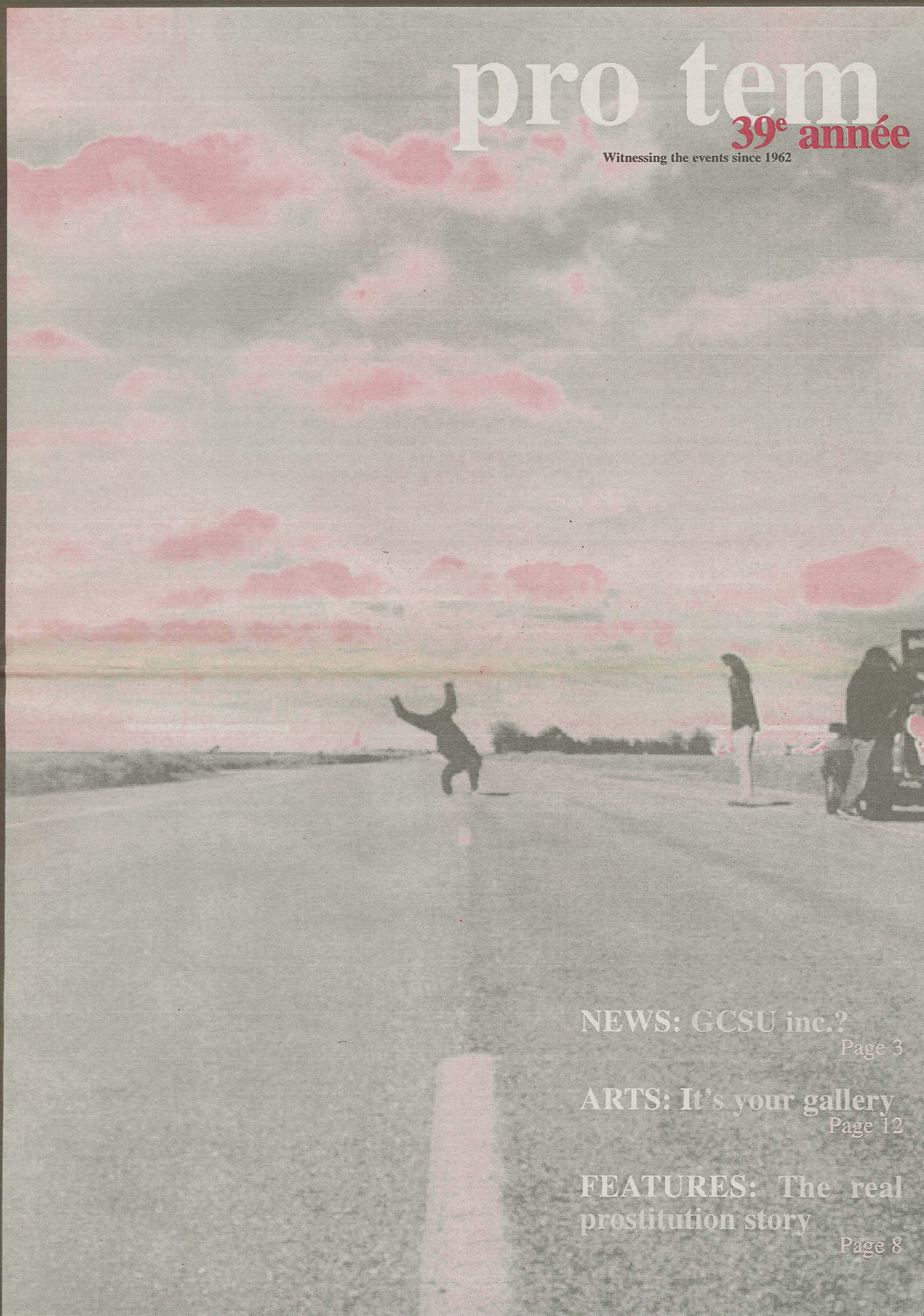


pro tem

39^e année

Witnessing the events since 1962



NEWS: GCSU inc.?

Page 3

ARTS: It's your gallery

Page 12

FEATURES: The real
prostitution story

Page 8

Pro Tem

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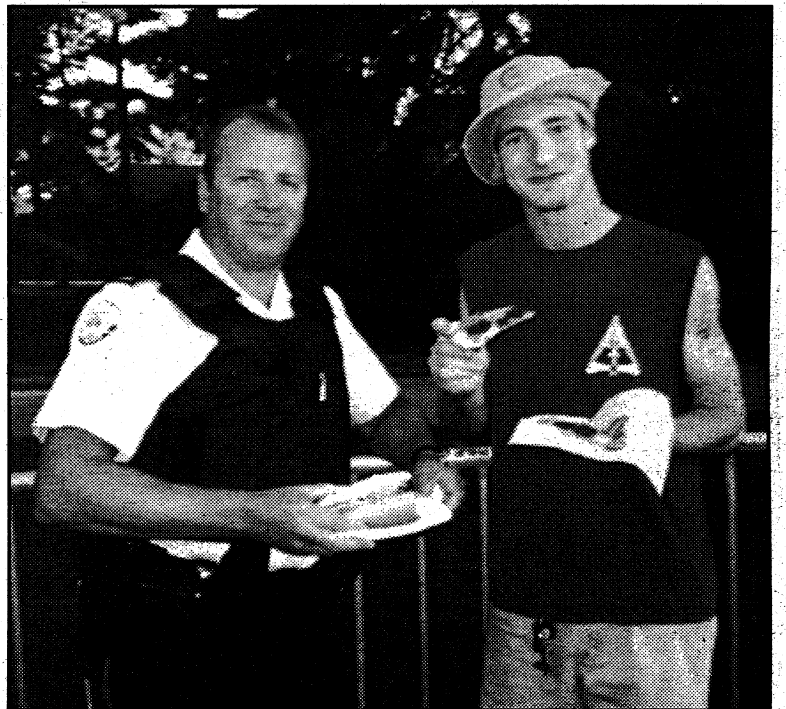
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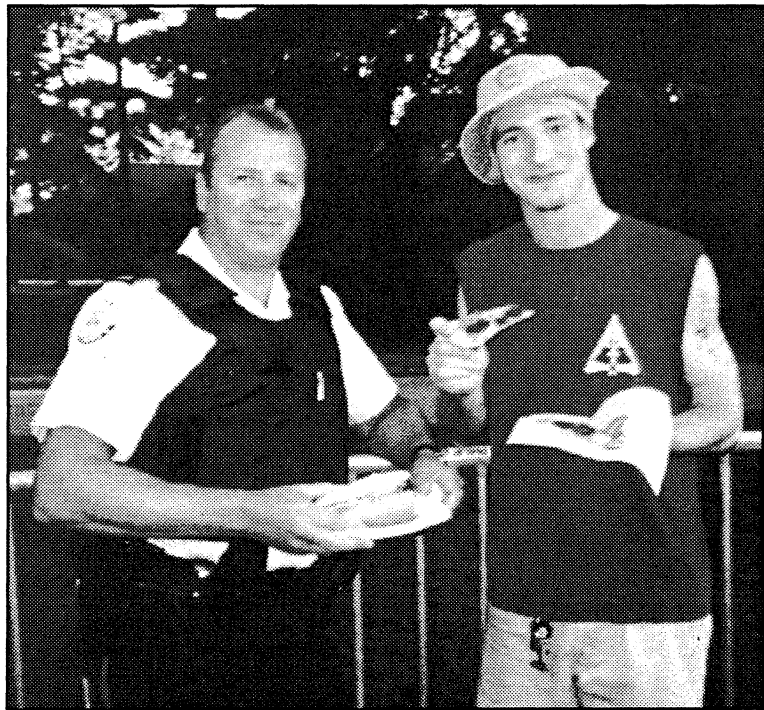
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Letters to the editor

News/Nouvelles

Open to the World- But Not to Neighbors.

Dear Editor,

In Reply to Angela Milenovic, let me ask you, how many hours of class do you currently have a week? Around fifteen, if you are an average Glendonite. Well, the average TFS student has thirty or more hours a week of school. They have no choice as to when they can take lunch. They are simply looking to enjoy the beauty of our campus on their meager lunch break. I know because I used to be one of those Smurfs (so feel free to refer to me as Papa Smurf). Now that I am a student at Glendon, I know what it is like to be on both sides of the TFS vs. Glendon debate. So, here is why, why, why...

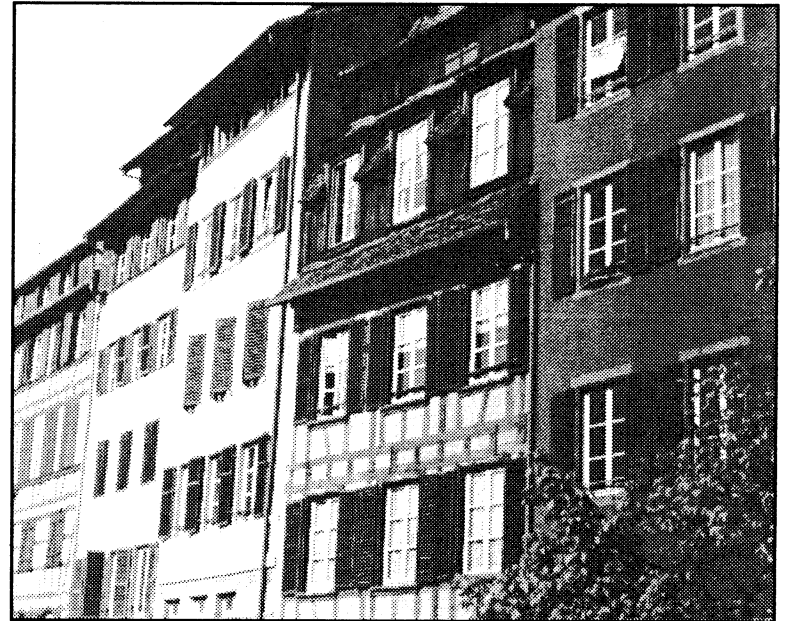
One of the reasons that TFS students come to the Glendon campus is because of the cafeteria. The only cafeteria that they

have is a room the size of L'Arcade, which is hardly big enough to cater to the needs of an entire high school. The other reason that TFS students come to Glendon is that there is no bookstore that fulfills the bilingual needs of TFS outside of Glendon. The majority of the books used in the teaching of French at TFS come from the French school system making them difficult to order. Only the Glendon bookstore has the combination of facility and proximity that TFS requires. Lastly, TFS has no Athletic facilities, except the gymnasium at the infant school. Therefore, they have to come to Glendon to use the facilities here. TFS has a contract with Glendon Athletics to this effect.

The real problem that I have with the article you wrote is that

it takes a tone of snobbish university elitism ("Glendon is not a haven for a bunch of pretentious elementary and high school brats"). Then, you pontificate about TFS students with "their turned up noses". What about when you mention the double dipping episode in your article ("Actually, it was more like quadruple dipping, but there's no need to get technical here.") You say there is no need to get technical here', but wasn't that getting technical?...

But, most importantly, what do you think Glendon is, some sort of guarded private property? Do you read about UOFT students complaining about pedestrians on their campus? I don't think so. It specifically says in the York and Glendon mission statements "we encourage bilingual study" and that "York



University is open to the world". So what do you propose to do about TFS students? Not allow them on campus?

There is a place on our campus for everyone to come and visit,

that means the good and the bad. If we start shutting out TFS students then eventually Glendon will have to close its gates to everyone.

Ian Savage

GCSU Inc.?



Colleen McConnell-

Do you agree that the Glendon College Student Union be an incorporated body?

If you can't answer this question yet, don't worry - you've got another week to figure it out. On October 26 and 27, the GCSU will be holding a student referendum, asking exactly that question, to decide whether they should incorporate or not. Incorporate what, you ask?

Incorporation is a legal procedure which, as stated in the motion passed at the last GCSU meeting, will recreate the GCSU as a fiscally responsible and legal entity. It will mean a change in name, possibly to

something like the Association of Glendon Students, since the name must be distinctive, descriptive, and have a legal element. It will also mean that the students union will be able to sue and be sued, and individual directors will not be personally liable - except if they purposely breach their constitution, the law, the charter of rights and freedoms of Canada, or the Canadian or provincial constitution.

It must also be noted that this referendum on incorporation should technically have been held before last year's referendum on joining the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS).

In order to join CFS, the student union must be an incorporated body. Students last year voted in favour of joining CFS, but we are still not a part of it because of this preliminary requirement of incorporation.

However, students should be aware of what incorporation will really mean to them. Joining CFS may be a good thing, and if we want that, we have to approve incorporation, but are there any negative side-effects to incorporation? Many students were not even aware that the GCSU was planning the referendum, not to mention the fact that they don't know how it will affect them.

Calling all the frosh

Natalie Flute-

Are you enjoying your time at Glendon so much that you would like to tell others, perhaps those students at your old high school, how great a place this is? If so, this is the program for you. Taking Glendon With You is a program that has been around for many years. Valerie Clark, who works in Liaison, organizes the program, but it is basically reliant on students for its success. How it works is students who are interested in telling kids at their old high schools about Glendon go to visit Valerie. She then puts the students through training, teaching them statistics, facts, etc. about Glendon. This usually happens during reading week as to not disturb the students' schedules. But this year the GCSU is taking it one step further. They want to take a small group of maybe five students to three CEGEP's and three high schools in Quebec.

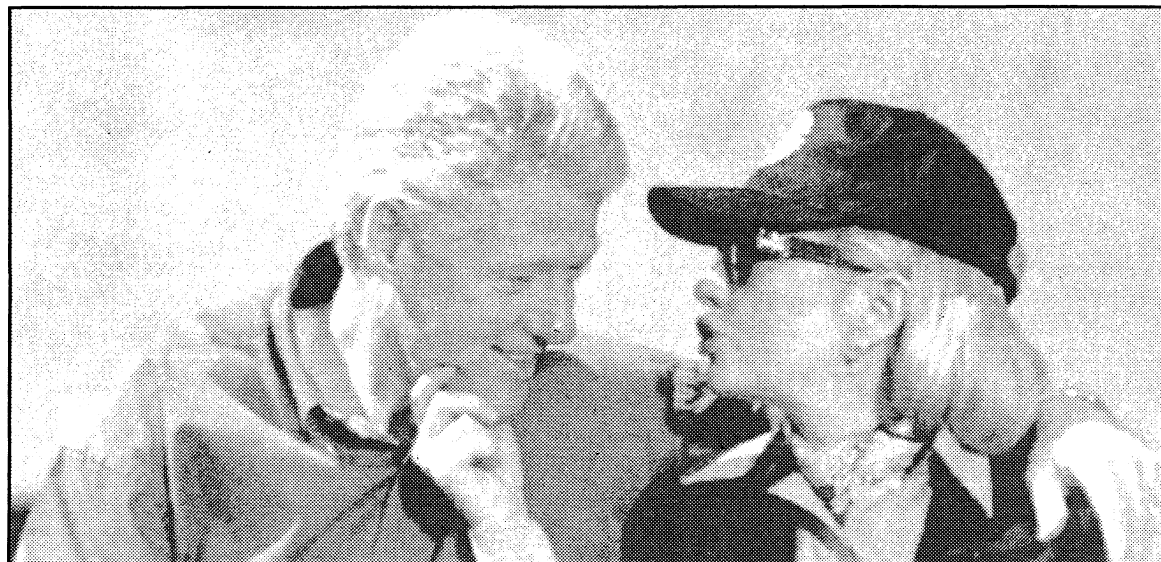
These are schools that Liaison is not visiting. The student union is using the trip to push the student movement, to encourage student solidarity between schools in Quebec and Ontario. At the same time they will also be advertising for Glendon, encouraging students to come and visit the campus and see what we are all about. Kind of like killing two ants with one shoe, or something like that. The more bilingual you are the better, but it is not a must. The GCSU mostly needs students with lots of school spirit. The trip will take place sometime during the first two weeks in November and is a three-day adventure. It is an excellent way to get involved in enrolment and to share your feelings and experiences with future frosh. If interested, see Danny Tan in GCSU for more info.

For one thing, how much is it going to cost? The act of incorporation itself is estimated at \$175, but holding a referendum can cost up to \$400. And, although this fact has not been well-publicized, there will be two referendums - the first one to approve incorporation, and the second one to approve the changes to the constitution that will have to take place because of it.

There is supposed to be an information session this week, but that could be difficult in light of the fact that, as GCSU vice-president Nicole Lavigne said, "even Council is not nearly informed enough". For the sake of Glendon's future, let's hope information is communicated quickly so that students can make an informed decision at next week's referendum.

News/Nouvelles

First Bill Clinton, now Christy Biggs?



Colleen McConnell-
Proceedings are underway for the possible impeachment of the President.

Sound like déjà vu? Well, it is actually happening right now, right here at Glendon College. Christy Biggs, president of the Glendon College Student Union (GCSU), is facing the possibility of impeachment for removing last March's issue of Pro Tem from this fall's frosh kits. She claims the issue bashed "every aspect of Glendon... it bashed me personally", and therefore would not have provided incoming students with the right image of Glendon.

Under the initiative of J.J. O'Rourke, a petition has been started to remove Biggs from office. O'Rourke claims that the removal of the newspaper from frosh kits qualifies as censorship, which violates students' freedom of thought, and therefore violates the GCSU constitution. Indeed, article 6b of the constitution states that "Everyone has the same fundamental rights and freedoms... Freedom of thought, belief, opinion and expression, including freedom of the press and other media of communication".

However, for Christy Biggs, my

perception of the definition of censorship would involve the total removal of all the issues of Pro Tem. The issue in question, Pro Tem's last issue of the 1998-99 year, was not completely unavailable, and the Pro Tem staff made certain that it was to be found around campus for anyone who wanted to read it. She does not believe that her actions violated students' rights because "the removal of one means of dispersal does not qualify as censorship, [and] Pro Tem does not have the RIGHT, per se, to put the issue in the frosh package".

O'Rourke believes that the president's actions violate students' freedom of thought, and wants recognition from the student body that rights cannot be violated - and that attention should be paid when they are. He issues the following challenge to Glendon students: look up the definition of censorship in as many sources as you can. Students are then encouraged to contact him for more information or if they wish to sign the petition.

According to the constitution, at least 1/10 of the membership of the Union (i.e. approximately 165 students) must sign the petition, which must then be submit-

ted to Council. Council will then decide whether the constitution was violated. If their ruling is yes, the president will be suspended for a period of two weeks, and an investigation into the issue will be carried out. There would then be a student referendum, where the majority of votes would decide whether or not the president should be impeached.

Neither party will venture a guess as to the possible outcome of these proceedings, but Biggs appears to be taking the precautionary measure of sharing some projects (such as incorporation) with other GCSU directors, just in case her duties should be suspended.

This is an opportunity for all students to reflect upon the meanings of not only censorship, but also freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. As J.J. O'Rourke says, not even Pro Tem offers complete freedom in these areas. This may come as a surprise to some readers who have commented on the opinionated nature of some of Pro Tem's articles, but censorship is a daily issue in all areas of public life. Hey, it's a free country, but are you really free to speak and act any way you want?

CUPE strike vote successful

Union could hit picket lines October 25 if no agreement reached

Kelly Pedro,
Staff Writer (excalibur)-

In an overwhelming response, CUPE 3903 has voted yes to a strike. CUPE 3903, the union representing 1,700 teaching assistants and contract faculty, held a strike vote last week. On Friday, 92 per cent of Unit 1 members, made up of teaching assistants voted yes to a strike. Unit 2 members, made up of contract faculty, also voted to strike by 81 per cent.

York administration, their employer, appears unphased by the strike vote results and say it does not necessarily mean a strike will occur. According to a press release issued on the York web site, the university says despite the results negotiations will continue throughout the week.

A CUPE strike would likely see the cancellation of tutorials and some classes. The 55-day faculty strike in March 1997 saw a virtual shut-down of the university which included the cancellation of most exams and deadlines extended into the summer months.

Fred Ho, executive member of CUPE 3903 Bargaining Team, says the vote is characteristic of what union members are feeling in their negotiations with the university. "I think this is a clear message about the support there is for graduate student issues in Unit 1," says Ho.

Currently, the union has been working without a contract since August, and the two parties have been negotiating since June. Despite the overwhelming vote to strike, bargaining between the two parties will continue until the strike deadline slated for October 25.

Presently, CUPE is asking for money to maintain family health plans and teaching costs, a wage increase and more job security for contract faculty. Ho says at the time of the strike vote many

members felt the proposal the university offered was less than the value of the last contract. "Many members felt it was unfair for the administration to offer this," he says.

The university says they have presented responses on all major issues by CUPE. They remain confident the two parties will settle before a strike results.

In early September a provincial conciliator was brought in to bridge the gap between the union and the university. Shortly afterwards, CUPE filed for a no-board report from the province which gave put them in a legal position to hold a strike vote.

But Sine MacKinnon, director of media relations at York, says outside help is always available but is only helpful if used. "The university is always interested in a mediator helping along the process as long as it's useful," says MacKinnon.

The last time CUPE went on strike was 1984 when members walked off the job for two weeks. Last November, the union found itself in the same position when, hours before hitting the picket lines, a tentative agreement was reached and later ratified by members. CUPE is the last of three unions to renegotiate their contracts with the university.

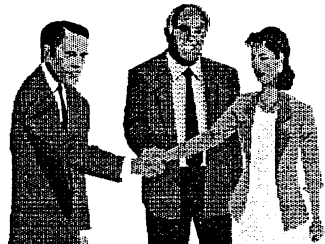
In August, the York University Staff Association, representing 1,500 non-academic staff such as computer and technical workers, ratified a one year deal with the university. Similarly, the York University Faculty Association (YUFA), the union representing full-time teaching faculty and librarians, reached a tentative agreement on September 27. A ratification vote to accept that offer is scheduled for today and tomorrow.

Counselling and Career Centre, Glendon Campus
presents

THE EMPLOYMENT FAIR

Tuesday, October 19, 1999
10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.
Cafeteria, York Hall

Meet employers who have bilingual full time, part-time or seasonal jobs.



mardi, le 19 octobre, 1999
10h00 à 14h00
Cafétéria, pavillion York

Rencontrez des employeurs qui ont des postes bilingues à temps plein, à temps partiel ou saisonniers.

Centre de consultation psychologique et d'orientation
professionnelle du campus Glendon
présente

LA FOIRE DE L'EMPLOI

Election appointment results

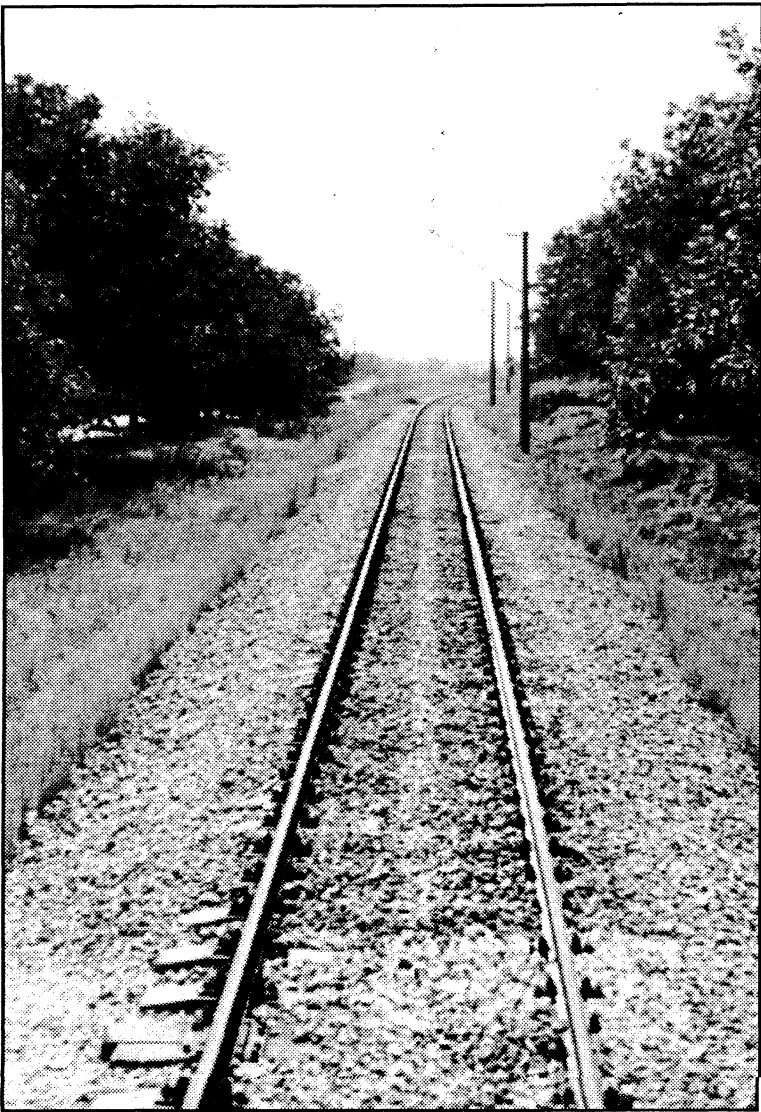
The following students have been accepted to the acclaimed council positions of:

First Year Representative:
Adrienne Olszewski, Sean Bawden
Faculty Council: Klevin Joseph,
Karim Elzeki

Councillor: Isabelle Pilon, Larissa Nicoloff, Chris Laroche, Shane Howard, Nicole Scherbina

Commentary

Miss the bus?



Colleen McConnell- Anyone who has ever taken a course at the Keele campus knows the Glendon Shuttle schedule: one too early in the morning, one just before the end of your class, and one too late in the afternoon. Apparently I'm not the first to notice that this bus, which is fairly well advertised as a great way of connecting our little campus to the main campus, does not provide adequate service. It is indeed a great way to get to York, if you're one of the lucky ones who gets to take it, because it takes only 30 minutes instead of 90 minutes by TTC. But because the "transport" of students is considered a secondary function of the Glendon Bus, the scheduling is often less than convenient and students end up waiting around for a couple of hours in order to get the bus. And because of this, the bus is continually full to overflowing with students - and I mean that literally, since when the bus is full, the driver is forced to refuse passengers and leave them to fend for themselves. Apparently, there are certain delivery times that have to be met, and the main priority is the

delivery of mail and books, not students. If you think that setting of priorities is not quite right for a university, you're not alone. Our new principal, Kenneth McRoberts, is concerned that Glendon is losing students to the main campus because of their wider selection of courses, and believes that it should be easier for Glendon students to take courses over there, without having to move there. Improving the bus service is one way to make it easier, and so he has Gilles Fortin looking into the problem. Mr. Fortin believes that the fact that so many students are taking courses at York is a good thing, and says the increase in bus passengers has many causes. For one, there is no longer a limit to how many courses students can take at the Keele campus, and York students can also take courses at Glendon. Also, many courses are now cross-listed between York and Glendon, which means that students can freely choose where they wish to take courses. Thirdly, Glendon's faculty has recently been reduced, meaning that the number of courses offered here has dropped. For some students, their only option

is to take some courses at York. Revising the shuttle's mandate appears to be a priority in Mr. Fortin's strategy. Viewing the issue from a Student Services standpoint means that he will be looking for anything we can do so that students can be served better. He, like York's Grounds Department, acknowledges that it's a question of money, but says that we're going to have to find the money. It may involve relocating money from somewhere else in the University's budget, it may mean every student paying \$1 more in academic fees, or it may mean a higher user fee for riding the bus (passengers currently pay 75 cents). Nothing is sure yet, not even the form that the improvement to the service will take. Another bus later in the afternoon may be added, so that those who have courses at York in the afternoon don't have to come home by TTC. Or maybe another bus in the morning, since the bus is especially crowded then, and it is important that students be able to get to their classes. Maybe the route will be covered by a bigger bus, to ensure that everyone gets a ride who needs one. But whatever the changes, Mr. Fortin asserts that they will be something central and permanent, not just a Glendon-based service. And it will not be a long, drawn-out process either, he would like something to be achieved this month. For those currently struggling to get to the bus half an hour early to ensure a seat, that's definitely good news.

News/Nouvelles

Four CIUT volunteers get the boot

By Andrew Loung-TORONTO (CUP) - The problems at CIUT, the troubled radio station at the University of Toronto, just keep on mounting. On October 1, CIUT's new directors - U of T Student Administrative Council (SAC) President Matt Lenner and a committee of student representatives - yanked the station off the air for two weeks.

Now, less than a week after the shutdown, four veteran volunteers have been stripped of their on-air privileges and station memberships.

All four programmers were dismissed last week for alleged "harassment of staff" or "harassment of on-air programmers." But all four say the accusations are wildly unfounded.

"This is defamation of character," said Eddy Brake, who has run his show at CIUT for the past 10 years. "It's just another excuse to get me off the air." Brake was taken off the air two years ago for criticisms directed at the Toronto Blues Society.

After more than a year of fighting, he won a reprieve and an apology from the CIUT board of directors. He says he will fight this time as well, and may pursue legal action against SAC.

All four programmers were notified of their dismissal by letter. None were granted a hearing nor an opportunity to respond to the accusations in person.

But Lenner says the letter of notification does allow for a response, but only in writing.

"It's to protect the station," said Lenner. "They're not allowed to have any further contact with

the station or its employees."

The four programmers, however, feel they are being systematically silenced. "Not only were the charges ludicrous and unsubstantiated, there was no chance for the accused to defend themselves," said Rebecca Chua, chair of the now-disbanded spoken word committee. Chua has been charged with "harassment of staff and co-op students," but she claims not only did she help organize the co-op students over the summer, she was asked to write testimonials for them.

"This is obviously a targeted purge," Chua said.

Nevertheless, Lenner insists he possesses written complaints against Chua and the other three programmers by other CIUT staff that substantiates the charges of harassment.

"These [four] people were making CIUT an unsafe place to work and visit," he said. "The decision to revoke their station privileges was not made lightly."

But Thor Volokwyn, one of the four, claims Lenner is the one who has made CIUT uninviting. "Lenner is on a campaign to rid the station of anyone the least bit outspoken," said Volokwyn. "But there's a reason why people speak up. It's when they see something wrong."

Volokwyn says all four of the dismissed programmers were very critical about the station's high debt-load.

Moreover, they have the ability to expose irregularities in CIUT's internal operations that may have led to the station's current financial problems.

The fourth dismissed member, Ricardo Persaud, believes he was unceremoniously dumped because he was investigating the station's financial discrepancies this summer, and was in the process of arranging an audit. "One of the reasons the notice said I was being dismissed from my duties was that I was 'telling clients not to advertise at CIUT,'" Persaud said. "But I've been doing my job. I've delivered the ball. Others have dropped the ball. They want me out because I know things."

Source: *The Varsity* (University of Toronto)

NOTICE

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on **Wednesday October 20th at 5:00 p.m.**, in 117 Glendon Hall.

La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le **mercredi 20 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 **prottem@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 commentaire, n'hésitez pas à nous rejoindre au **487-6736** ou par courriel à **prottem@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!

Perspectives/World issues

Steven Irvine-

If we've seen it once, we've clichéd a thousand times... Here we all are, rotating on Mother Earth, running about like chickens with their heads cut off, searching for truth, justice, and something bigger and better than what we already have.

One gorgeous day in July, Richard notices Dick washing a new automobile:

"Nice Jaguar, Dick."

"Thanks, Richard."

"How much did that cost 'ya and what happened to your arm and your leg?"

(Ahem)

Imagine: Cute old couple toiling in their "Megacity" yard. Grace is ever so gently trimming the hedges, as Richard finishes up the lawn. Afterwards they rinse their sidewalk and driveway clean to paint their quaint, little Sunday perfect.

Once upon a time: Dick felt the pressure for a good poop, but after realizing he was terribly constipated, he wiped, tossed the square, flushed the non-existent waste, and dreamt of bran.

Just another manic Monday: Richard woke, showered, cleaned the pool, took a dip, rinsed off the chlorine, went jogging, took a shower, and headed off to work.

What do these four examples have in common? They all start with the letter "P". What? No

wait. They show our priorities and ignorance towards life's greatest asset. What is the world's greatest asset? Well contrary to popular belief, it's not love. It's not trees, and it sure as hell isn't a new car. I'll give you a hint - it's water. Damn, so much for my dramatic build-up.

The planet and everything it hosts needs water in order to survive. Why do we road-rage our way though our "progress world" treating water the way we do? Is it our ignorance, or is it our ignorance? Hmm... perhaps it's our ignorance. After all, we hold useless articles and materials such as gold, dia-

monds, entertainment devices, and vehicles as gods, and yet we literally shit all over our natural water supply. If we're not supposed to swim in Lake Ontario, then why are we drinking it? Oh yeah, I forgot that bottled water is more expensive than gasoline. How long do we have before we're forced to drink water that slowly kills us like it

pesticide-covered fruits and vegetables, etc.

Waste Extraction: Whenever we tinkle, fart, plop, barf, or spit into the bowl - how much water is used and abused when we flush it away?

Byproduct Dumping: When it starts to sizzle on the streets, will Amanda still want it to "Rain down" on her? We're all fairly aware of the damage

does to other people around the world?

Take a few moments to think of all the ways that you use water, then multiply that by too many damn people, and perhaps then you might start to worry about its common misuses.

Cleaning Stuff: Vehicles, sidewalks, windows, clothing, our smelly pets, our smelly selves, our

done by the waste being dumped into the rivers, lakes, and oceans, but what about the garbage seeping into the earth's underground waterways? What about the toxins and pollutants being released into our atmosphere that end up back on earth once the clouds grow tired of it? Question: These examples are more than obvious, so why is it that we continue to live our lives the same way?

Answer: We're lazy, we're gluttonous, and we're selfish. It is easier to shove it all aside and continue living the way we do than it is to restructure our day to day existence.

Want more? Do you crave a head full of statistics? Do you want to hear it from the experts? Get online and follow these site addresses:

Environment Canada
"Environmental Priority - Clean Water" :
http://www.ec.gc.ca/envpriorities/cleanwater_e.htm

Universities Water Information Network - Wetlist:
<http://www.uwin.siu.edu/WaterSites/browse.html>

World Wide Web Water World:
<http://www.nrriohio-state.edu/water/ww.html>

Until the next - save 'yer spit and tears, 'cuz someday they'll be worth a million!



dilemma of the immortals



J.J. O'Rourke

(on location in ST-John's NFLD)- racing towards the morning side of day to devour other people's heroes, as we leap and soar across the place where men give over and offer up their souls. to catch it, to make it with time to

reflect and collect and, without neglect, be each other's what we need to be. this is of the immortal side of life. the mortals romanticize it, categorize it, and go pay their half-score doubloons to bask in it, but they just don't understand it. there comes

a time in young people's lives when they choose to be, or get to be, or just be... immortal. those that choose mortality sink to the common level of all, and wallow with sallow looks at what could be, if they just looked up. but the immortals should not hold

this decision against them. the path is a difficult one to follow, and the life is rich in sorrow, that deliciously deep darkness of the death and rebirth in the soul. it hurts, and not everyone is strong enough. most people follow the path of the mortal, when the issues that occupy the mind are confined to a lifetime. a house, a job, kids, taxes, partners, wrestling... work all your life just to be too old to do anything when you're done. for all of this, the mortals cannot be blamed, they are pushed into it, they are told that it is legitimate, anything else is unfair, the only way that everything will work properly is if they spend all day at work, and come home to neighbourhoods full of strangers. the immortals see this and laugh, and cry deep chest rattling sobs at the promises that are dying in every community. MENTAL ILLNESS IS THE REACTION OF A HEALTHY MIND TO AN UNHEALTHY SOCIETY imagine it, try to see the immor-

tals in their places of worries that are different. the immortals' concerns are with matters that will live on even after they die. the human spirit, freedoms, holistic views of the world around them. the immortals are constantly reminded of the mortals' presence around them, because the mortals' ways destroy the fabric of all that is immortal, they break the big IT. immortals are sinful of mortals, but the reciprocation is non-existent. the mortals try to kill immortals, even though it is impossible, try to break their spirits and entire ways of life. think of your own definition of mental illness to see what i'm talking about, because i am of the opinion that mental illness is the reaction of a healthy mind to an unhealthy society. i'd be surprised if you got this far without discounting the piece with an "oh he's got his head in the clouds"; please be mindful that not everyone is 'into' your BLOODY lies.



This student is trying to win a car.

And if he doesn't win, at least he's just earned \$1,000 to help him pay for one. 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 swipe your card, like to buy stereo equipment for instance, you'll have a chance to win***a Chevy Tracker, Pontiac Sunfire Coupe, Chevrolet Cavalier Coupe or 1 of 300 CD libraries as well as getting 5% in GM Card Earnings††. Visit us at www.nobrainier.gmcanada.com for more information or to apply on-line.



What's
YOUR card
done for
YOU
lately?

©Registered Trade Mark of General Motors Corporation, TD Bank licensed user. *TD Bank and GM are licensed users of Marks. ®Trade Mark of TD Bank. **All applicants applying in person for The GM Card at on-campus booths will receive a copy of the Frosh Two CD at no charge. Applicants applying via the Internet will receive a copy of the Frosh Two CD upon approval, at no charge. Limit one copy per applicant. †Applies to full-time students only. ***No purchase necessary. Contest closes December 31, 1999. Open to Canadian residents (excluding Quebec) who have reached the age of majority. Visit nobrainier.gmcanada.com for full contest Rules & Regulations or to apply on-line. ††Subject to The GM Card Program Rules.

Features

The Real Pros

Geoffrey Young-

A University of Guelph survey done in the 1980s shows that most Canadian men have been to see a prostitute. Those who haven't probably will. I surveyed 100 residents of the Church and Gerrard area, the prostitution "high track", and 83 of them said that they have no problem with prostitutes working in their neighborhood. 82 of those 83 people thought prostitution should be decriminalized. These percentages are only slightly higher than most major polls on the subject.

Despite the fact that the Canadian public favors decriminalization, no steps have been taken in that direction. In fact, the only significant piece of legislation in the past 15 years (Bill C-49) has only made the trade more dangerous.

So what impedes the carrying out of the public will in a fine democracy such as ours?

Usually, the left and right wing parties would take their traditional stances, with the conservatives wanting to control everything they possibly can and the liberals typically favoring allowing the woman to have autonomy over her own body and to do with it as she sees fit. In this case, it isn't quite so simple.

"I prefer the right wing", says Valerie Scott, "at least they just come out and say that we should be shot."

Valerie is Canada's only public prostitute and one of the founders of the Canadian Organization for the Rights of Prostitutes. The prostitution lobby is in the difficult position of having no partisan political allies.

The left wing parties take the condescending and opportunistic stance that legislation is necessary to "save" women from a life of terror and victimization as a prostitute.

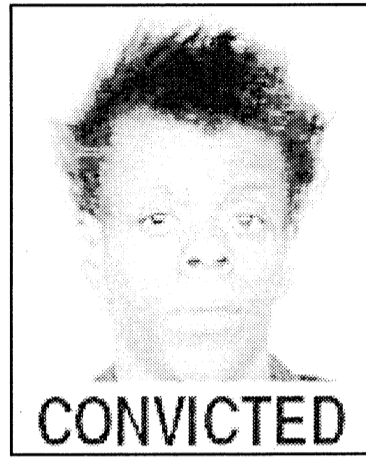
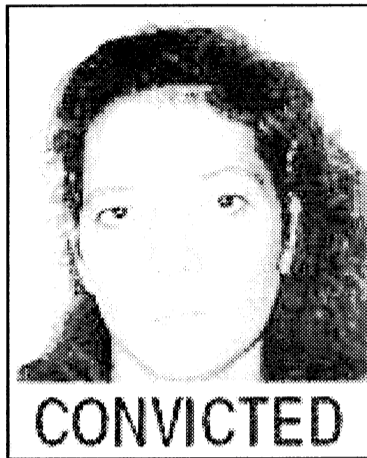
From the prostitute's point of view however, this is a load of crap.

"We're not victims. That's left-wing feminist crap, that prostitution is the epitome of the patriarchy working against women.

But that's the front they like to present. It's a great power ballot". Valerie elaborates: "the only time I feel like a victim in this business is when I have to deal with a religious nutcase or a feminist." She finds the fact that feminist groups take the same victimization point of view insulting. "When I stand up and speak my mind, I sound like an intelligent person; the feminists hate this, it's not what they want to hear". The condescension from feminist groups is often belittling. It's all "oh, you poor, defenseless women" as if prostitutes were helpless children. "That's fine" says Valerie, "the feminists who are against us are all washed up, they've all been artificially inseminated and now they're stuck with these babies. The left are so condescending because they're still wrapped up in that good-girl-bad-girl moralist shit".

P Particularly prevalent amongst feminist groups is the use of what Valerie calls "prop-up whores" in publicity campaigns. Anti-prostitution parties will often use "prop-up whores" to present prostitution as a social problem. They'll find some willing young prostitute and get her to read a prepared speech for the media about all of the terrible things that have happened to her. But what of the law enforcement? Why do they see prostitution as a crime that warrants endless crackdowns and incessant harassment of street prostitutes? The story is familiar. Det. Constable Jones of the plain clothes unit says "most of the danger involved in prostitution is to the prostitutes themselves". Det. Constable Bruce Newman from the dubiously named Morality Squad elaborates: "There's always the danger of bad clients and pressures put on them by their pimps to commit the acts. There are situations with young girls forced into prostitution by their pimp or their drug dealer".

V Valerie Scott isn't quite convinced. "The police also run towards the victim aspect of prostitution; the 15 year old girl that is out there working for



"We're not victims. That's left-wing feminist epitome of the patriarchy working against to present. It's a great power ballot"- Valerie

some pimp and is on crack. Those girls aren't the same, they're not prostitutes, they're drug addicts turning tricks". Consensus amongst the powers that be say that prostitution is not illegal due to out of date Christian dogma, but rather to protect the women from themselves and the profession they choose to practice. These girls are victims, and need to be helped. That's why there are laws.

H However, upon even cursory examination, it is obvious that the laws which are currently in place to control the sex trade are ineffective and, if anything, only make that prostitute's job more dangerous. This is strange considering that after all, these girls are "victims" and need to be "helped".

The last major wave of prostitution-related legislation was in the 1980's under the government of Brian Mulroney. It included the current communication and pimping laws.

In Canada, the act of prostitution is not illegal, but rather, any and all communication "for the purpose of engaging in prostitution" is. So is any attempt to solicit a client. This actually takes the powers of law enforcement reach much further than if there were simply a law against the act of prostitution. The communication law allows for law enforcement to work undercover and present them-

selves as prostitutes. This is very dangerous from the point of view of the girl as it shakes the girls' trust in one another. If they can never be sure whom amongst them is an undercover cop, they will be more likely to work alone, or with one single partner. This not only makes them better targets for people on the street, but it also means that they aren't as safe when they are with a client.

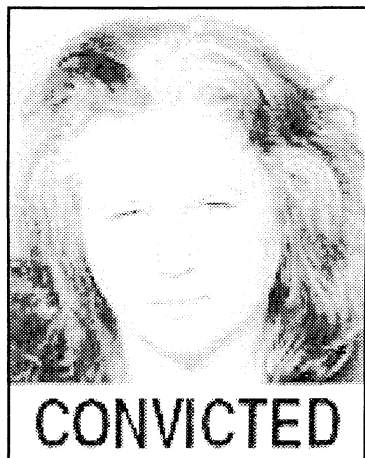
T Technically, it is possible that one prostitute assisting another prostitute with her choice of date, regardless of whether there is a legitimate reason such as safety, could subject the first prostitute to prosecution. This is very dangerous. Valerie Scott explains: "before the communicating laws, news of a bad date used to travel very fast. When one of us got into a car, the others would make a show of writing down the person's license plate. That worked like a charm. Some of the guys actually used to worry if they didn't have us back to our friends in time. However, if any of the girls on the street could be an undercover cop, the girls become reluctant to talk to each other. This decreases safety and takes away the prostitute's best protection". Bad dates are a danger to prostitutes, but the communicating law makes it harder for the girl to protect herself. Now, one of the only ways to get news of a bad date is through bad date lists

which are compiled by the girls themselves. The problem is that these lists give the girls a false sense of security. They tend to think that if a local John is not on the bad date list, that there is less propensity for an attack. This is certainly not the case and fails to address any of the girls' clients who are from out of town.

The communication law also provides grounds for harassment by the police.

A Another working girl who did not want her name disclosed spoke candidly about the way the police deal with prostitutes. "The cop is usually titillated. They'll often ask you to give a description of yourself even though you are standing right in front of them. They'll ask all kinds of personal questions. The girls that don't know their rights let them get away with it. If they do know their rights, they'll get arrested. At 1:00 in the morning when its just you and the cop, what can you do? They can hide under the communication law." Valerie Scott and CORP had a chance to challenge the law in the Supreme Court of Canada, but certainly didn't emerge victorious. The judge found that the communicating law was a violation of the prostitute's rights and freedoms under section 7 of the Charter. They also said that the infringement of those rights was a justifiable limit in a free and democratic society on the basis

stitution Story



eminist crap, that prostitution is the
 against women. But that's the front they like
Valerie Scott

that the prostitutes were causing a "nuisance" in the neighborhoods where they work (i.e.: the infringement of rights was an acceptable limit under section 1 of the Charter).

"You don't bring in the criminal code to deal with a nuisance", says Valerie, "it boggles the mind".

Much of the testimony used in the case wasn't taken under oath. The Supreme Court made their judgment based on evidence which Valerie calls "bogus" (an understatement?). "It was political posturing by the anti-prostitute rate-payers organizations. It's all political posturing, and pure B.S. They say stuff like "you literally can't walk down the street there's so many prostitutes". I lived on those streets and I rarely saw prostitutes. They say that there are used condoms everywhere and they make it sound like you need a f—— canoe to get across the street". With the pressure from the rate-payers groups, it was pretty obvious that the wise political decision was to side with them and deny the challenge despite the fact that the law was found to be unconstitutional. Maybe the constitution only applies to situations where political points aren't jeopardized.

The other prominent law regulating street prostitutes is the

pimping law, officially called "living off the avails of prostitution". This was put in place to "protect" prostitutes from violent, abusive pimps. Outside of the House of Commons, in real life, it's a completely different story. "People think that pimps are like they see in movies. Those Hollywood types do exist, but most guys hit with the pimping laws are the boyfriends of prostitutes."

Pretty much anyone can be charged under the pimping laws and unlike most other criminal laws, there's a presumption: if you are found to be living with a prostitute, you are presumed to be "living off the avails". This clause is probably unconstitutional but it has not yet been stricken as it has not yet been challenged. Anyone who lives with, or is "habitually in the company of", a prostitute can be charged under the pimping laws. Being "habitually in the company of a prostitute" could mean being in the company of said prostitute three times in a lifetime. So beware, if that girl you keep seeing on the subway is in fact a prostitute, you can be sent up the creek. (Come to think of it, I met with Valerie more than three times, so I guess I'll see ya in the hole).

The other cute part of this law is "living off the avails of prostitution". I'll be straight forward in admitting my guilt on this charge also. By definition, living

off of the avails of prostitution means accepting any money or anything that can facilitate your existence from a prostitute. For example, Valerie gave me a token to take the streetcar home. There, see, I am guilty, and thus, I can be put away for up to 10 years. The problem lies in all of the obvious extrapolations that can be made based on the definitions in the law. Prostitutes aren't legally allowed to rent apartments because the landlord would then be guilty of living off of the avails. Consider a case which happened a couple of years ago where a boy delivering dry cleaning to a prostitute was arrested and subsequently charged with living off of the avails of prostitution, which he was, technically guilty of (hope that wasn't his third delivery to her). It went to court and after a couple of levels, the Supreme Court decided that it was legal for prostitutes to buy groceries and what not.

Valerie says that "the law does nothing to get the bad pimps. They could use the laws that are already there such as intimidation, extortion and assault when it's warranted."

The history behind these laws is just as hair-brained as the laws themselves. While Jean Cretien was Deputy Prime Minister, in 1984, the federal government commissioned the Frasier institute to carry out an inquiry into the effectiveness of the coun-

try's prostitution laws.

Shortly thereafter, Brian Mulroney's conservatives came into power and he became the P.M.

The Frasier commission came back with several suggested amendments to the prostitution law. Among those was the loosening of bawdy house laws so that 2 or 3 girls could work together in an apartment. It also suggested that parliament introduce a really tough street law. The idea was to allow prostitutes to work in small groups in apartments but crack down on the streets so that prostitutes would be forced off the streets. So Mulroney introduced a really hardcore street law (communicating for the purposes of prostitution). The only problem is that he did not follow the Frasier commission's other recommendation of loosening the bawdy house laws. This made life really hard for prostitutes working the streets, but they couldn't move inside because that was just as illegal. And that's the current state of the business. Girls trying to operate safely in an unsafe environment.

Despite the fact that the original Frasier report was commissioned by a government in which Jean Cretien was a key player, he has shown no interests in intervening and carrying out the full set of recommendations the Frasier Institute originally made in 1985.

What exactly needs to be done in order to make right laws that were put in place due to a former Prime Minister's lack of listening ability?

"The first thing is to remove prostitution from the Criminal Code. All of it, except indecent acts. Take away the bawdy house and pimping laws, let us work on commercial streets. That would solve the prostitution problem overnight." Valerie continues, "When you stop forcing us into the gutter, people will stop seeing us as being in the gutter. There can be public education programs to explain to people that it's not a lifestyle, it's a job".

It seems as though politicians in

this day and age are in a perpetual state of campaigning. At no point does any candidate want to step forward and speak out on issues which may in the future have any effect whatsoever on his or her political career. It doesn't matter much that the will of the general public isn't quite being carried out. Or that the vast majority of Canadians would favor removing prostitution from the criminal code. Only the representatives from areas with a large number of street prostitutes are going to speak out about the issue, and when they do, it will undoubtedly be on the side of citizens groups seeking to rid their neighborhoods of prostitutes. When that's the only side represented, that's the only side that will get heard. The opinion of the majority doesn't matter. All that matters is the opinion and loudness of vocal voters in a specific riding.

The marijuana lobby has been in a similar position for a number of years now, and slowly but surely, absolutely nothing is being done about it. As long as it is not causing a noticeable problem, why do anything about it? Why fix it if it ain't broke?

Well, maybe it is broke. But with the stigma surrounding the sex industry and the stereotype of prostitutes being brain-dead Betty Boop characters, there are not an awful lot of people who are going to speak on their behalf.

Every other service job has plenty of regulations ensuring that the job can be carried out as safely as possible. But with no referendum on prostitution in the future, it's unlikely that any politician is going to have the variables to speak out and right a wrong. And come next election, if the local MP hasn't done too much to create a stir, he'll get re-elected; if not, he won't, and he'll probably be replaced with another politician bent on holding down as long a term as possible in office, no matter who they have to ignore.

Divers

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

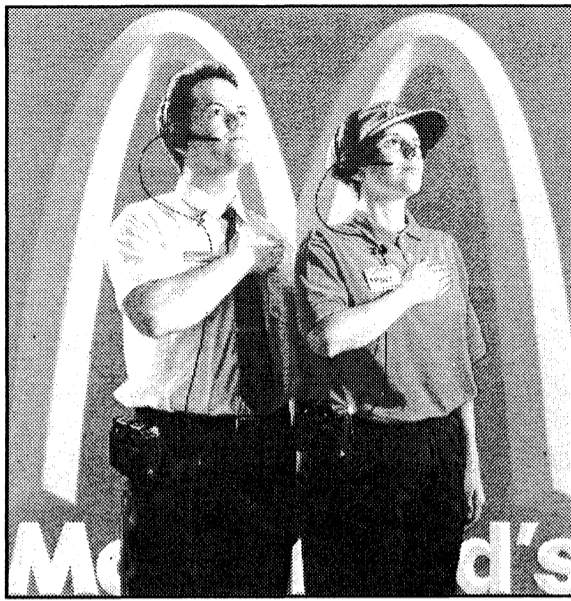
McDonald's et l'ascendance vertigineuse du "Big Mac"

Esther Raanani-

Eh oui, vous l'avez deviné ! Le sandwich McDonald et ses pommes frites ! Les petits comme les grands en raffolent et il n'est pas difficile de comprendre pourquoi. En effet, ils représentent la pause, le déjeuner, le fun. Manger dans un restaurant McDonald, même pour un homme d'affaires, n'est pas synonyme de "bon marché". C'est un des rares endroits qui vous procure, l'espace d'un moment, une espèce de paix, un sentiment provisoire d'insouciance, d'innocence, et vous amène un sourire sur les lèvres. Les enfants, tout excités, qui attendent leur tour patiemment, les serveurs qui jonglent avec leurs plats et leur boissons, le brouhaha qui y règne, les affiches sur les murs de toutes leurs spécialités : tout ce spectacle amuse et ne manque certainement pas d'attrait contrairement à un repas au Restaurant chic d'à côté. A McDonald, le temps de macher votre hamburger, et hop ! vous voilà dehors de retour à vos occupations, à la réalité ! La popularité du hamburger a

surpris le monde entier. Il a suffi de trouver un système pour un service rapide, il a suffi de soigner la qualité, il a suffi de donner de la saveur au produit ; il a suffi enfin de rendre son prix accessible à toutes les bourses ; ajoutez à cela une atmosphère nostalgique qui respire la joie de vivre, et vous voilà, prêt à prendre un petit bain dans vos souvenirs d'enfance, à savourer votre sandwich et à vous lécher les babines !

Ce fut en 1940 que l'idée du service rapide - fast food en anglais - germa chez les frères Dick et Mac McDonald à San Bernardino, Californie, où ils possédaient un petit restaurant avec conduite au volant. Histoire d'améliorer leur chiffre d'affaires, ils inventèrent un tout nouveau concept lequel aurait pour but de dispenser un service rapide, à la chaîne, à très bas prix, pour une production de masse. Le menu serait limité à seule-



ment neuf aliments différents, tels que hamburger, hamburger au fromage, boissons légères parfumées, lait, café, tarte, et plus tard, laits frappés, et pommes de terre frites.

Ce qui attisa la curiosité, en 1954, de Raymond Albert Kroc (1902-1984), vendeur et distributeur exclusif du Multimixer pour laits frappés. Il se rendit sur place espérant faire une vente massive de ses appareils. Bien inspiré, fut-il ! Il avait 52 ans. Il n'avait jamais vu autant de

monde servi à la fois en si peu de temps. Il était convaincu qu'il réussirait à placer huit de ses machines dans chaque établissement McDonald, que ce serait une affaire qui marcherait dans n'importe quel coin du monde. La vraie poule aux œufs d'or !

Ray Kroc ouvrit donc le restaurant Des Plaines en 1955. De 30 cents le hamburger, il passa à 15 cents à titre de promotion. Les

revenus du premier jour s'élevèrent à 366.12 \$. Aujourd'hui, Des Plaines ne fonctionne plus, et est devenu un musée contenant tous les souvenirs et artefacts, y compris le Multimixer. Quelques années plus tard, plus de 1000 restaurants McDonald furent ouverts à Des Plaines, Illinois, pas très loin du premier.

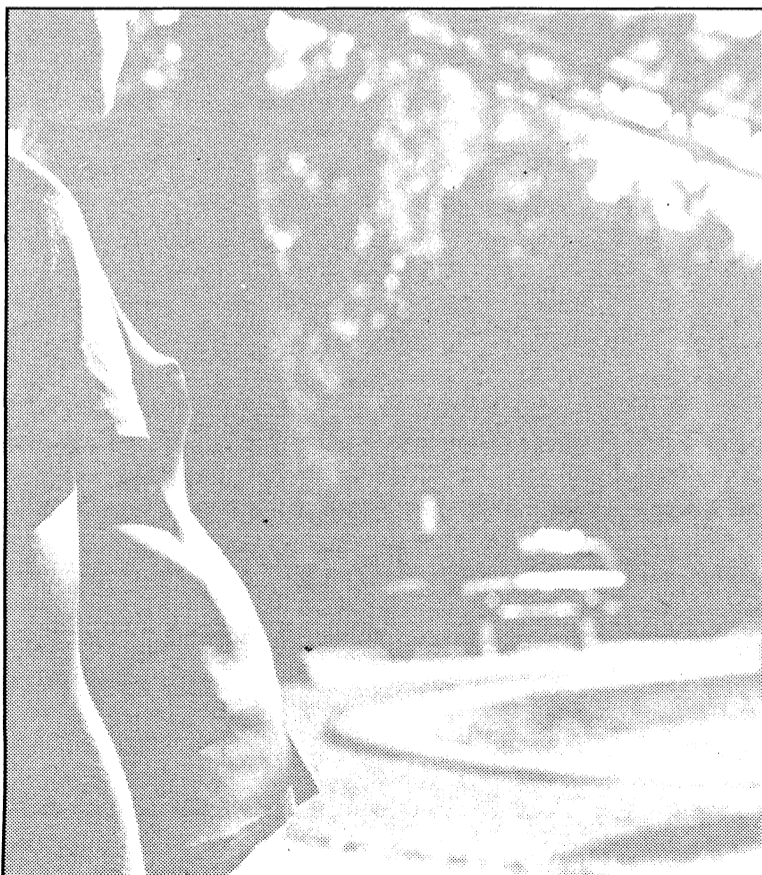
Ray Kroc résolut donc d'entrer en coopération avec les deux frères McDonald, et acquit plusieurs franchises. En 1965,

l'université hambourgeoise (hamburger university) fut ouverte dans le sous-sol d'un restaurant dans le village d'Elk Grove, en Illinois - destinée à la formation des nouveaux franchisés et directeurs. Kroc vint au Canada où il ouvrit près de 1000 restaurants. Il contribua grandement à l'expansion de l'affaire McDonald en variant les menus, notamment le Big Mac pour les adultes, le menu enfant, le Mac Filet, l'œuf Mac Muffin pour le petit déjeuner, pizza, etc. Les plus fines bouches ne pouvaient y résister !

Les franchises commencèrent à circuler au-delà des frontières : le Japon, la Chine, la Russie, l'Allemagne et autres. Sa croissance internationale fut phénoménale. Les chiffres d'affaires se montaient par milliards. Parce qu'il a voulu placer quelques machines chez les frères McDonald, Ray Kroc s'est trouvé en tête d'une affaire des plus lucratives jamais vue !

Avis aux amateurs, si l'intérêt du gain vous chatouille, achetez une franchise McDonald pour vous assurer un bien-être à perpétuité !

Le lendemain matin...



Par Kathleen Imbeau-

"Ding dong!" La sonnette de la porte fait battre votre cœur à cent milles à l'heure. Vous allumez une dernière bougie et éteignez la lumière. Sur la table basse du salon, deux verres de champagne scintillent à l'éclat d'un feu de foyer romantique.

"Ding dong!" Les papillons dans le ventre, vous ouvrez la porte à l'homme de vos rêves. Brusquement, il vous prend dans ses bras musclés et vous dépose doucement sur le divan. Main dans la main, vous échangez quelques mots doux et il vous embrasse tendrement. Séduite par

le moment passionné, vous vous déshabillez délicatement tout en maintenant un baiser sensuel. Vous êtes deux corps nus enlacés en parfaite harmonie. Unis par l'amour et l'érotisme; séparés prudemment par un condom.

Après une soirée de sexe extraordinaire, le corps en sueur, vous vous endormez dans ses bras. Quelle nuit de rêve! L'arôme du pain doré vous réveille le lendemain matin. Vous jetez un coup d'œil à côté du divan pour rassembler vos vêtements et tout-à-coup... ce coup d'œil transforme instantanément votre "nuit de rêve" en cauchemar. Le condom est déchiré!

Que faire?

Quoique le condom soit une méthode commune de contraception, l'efficacité n'est vraiment pas absolue. Heureusement, il existe une pilule qui peut aider à guérir un tel accident. C'est la pilule du lendemain. Eh oui! Deux petites capsules "magiques" peuvent diminuer de 75% les possibilités d'une grossesse imprévue. Ce qui veut alors dire que si vous avez des relations sexuelles sans protection durant la période d'ovulation, vos

chances de devenir enceinte se montent à 30%. Toutefois, en avalant seulement deux pilules, ce pourcentage se réduit à 8%.

C'est bien simple... la pilule du lendemain comprend deux doses puissantes d'hormones. Vous prenez la première aussitôt que possible après la relation sexuelle en question, et la deuxième douze heures après la dose précédente. Ce coup d'hormones agit en arrêtant soudainement et temporairement l'ovulation, en stoppant la fécondation, ou en empêchant l'implantation de l'ovule fécondé dans l'utérus.

Cette invention vous semble peut-être trop belle pour être vraie. En effet, un système anticonceptionnel aussi facile ne vient pas sans conséquences. Les effets secondaires de ce traitement incluent

des nausées, des vomissements, des maux de tête, des étourdissements, des fatigues intenses et des rétentions de fluides.

La pilule du lendemain n'est pas un contraceptif quotidien! Il existe de très bonnes méthodes que vous pouvez utiliser et qui n'ont pas d'effets secondaires aussi terribles. Oui, le condom est une bonne idée, mais des pilules anti-conceptionnelles journalières ne se déchirent pas ou ne s'enlèvent pas comme un condom.

La pilule du lendemain a gagné en popularité surtout durant les années quatre-vingt-dix. C'est dommage! Choisissez plutôt une méthode plus rassurante. N'oubliez pas, il est toujours mieux de prévenir aujourd'hui que de guérir le mal du lendemain matin.

Rectificatifs

Dans l'édition du lundi 4 octobre 1999, deux erreurs se sont glissées. Dans l'entête des articles sur le stylo Bic et le réfrigérateur, on aurait dû lire: "Série d'articles écrits et édités dans le cadre du cours de stylistique française (3240) et portant sur des objets

usuels". D'autre part, seul Jean-Philippe Nadeau était l'auteur de l'article portant sur le stylo Bic. La direction du journal s'excuse pour ces méprises, et invite les lecteurs à l'informer de toute erreur de ce genre qui pourrait se produire.

Art and entertainment

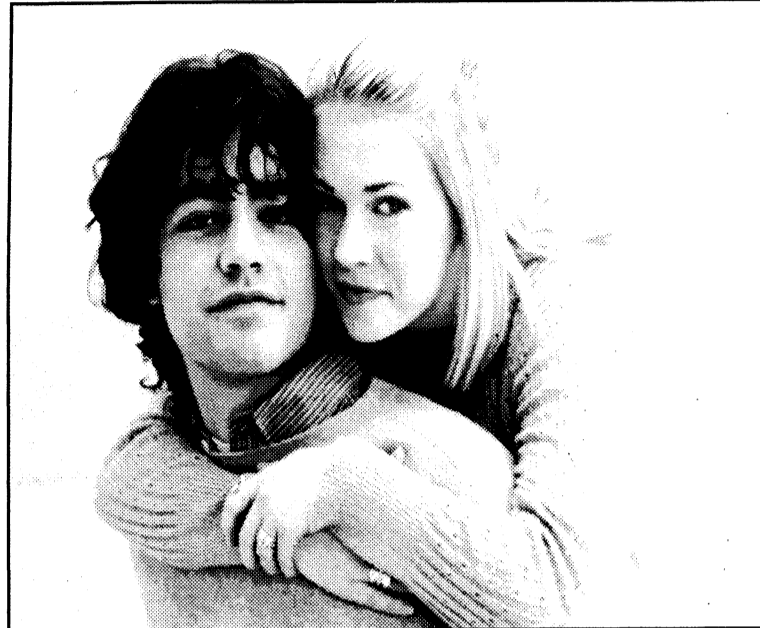
Drive Me Crazy

Catherine Hancock-

This is romance/comedy at its hilarious worst. If there is one thing that *Drive Me Crazy* proves it's that Melissa Joan Hart is no Jennifer Love Hewitt and does not even compare to Sarah Michelle Gellar. Melissa, who plays Sabrina on the t.v. series *Sabrina the Teenage Witch*, has simply brought her television character to the movie screen in her first starring feature film role.

I am a big fan of the "teenie bopper" world. Backstreet Boys, Buffy and 'NSYNC are all at the top of my favorite things list. I go to all of the cheesy high school movies, never expecting more than a temporary escape from reality. Yet lately, I have also found myself entertained and even a little surprised at just how good these movies actually are. *American Pie*, *10 Things I Hate About You*, and *Varsity Blues* are all quality projects. I was hoping that *Drive Me Crazy* would have the same effect, but it didn't.

The movie tries to make so many points and takes off in so many different directions that it is virtually impossible to finish any of the storylines. Every time it seems like the plot is going somewhere, it moves on to another subject. The basic



idea is cute (though it's been done many times before) and if they treated their many subplots appropriately, this would be a good movie.

Maybe this is an editing mistake. They cut out too much and assumed that their targeted twelve year old audience would be able to fill in the blanks.

Moreover, this film seems nothing more than an after-school special trying to enforce too many morals and teach too many lessons; the kind of special you quickly get sick of watching and decide to change over to *The Simpsons*. Basically, what I am trying to say is that if you are going to do

a cliché, do it right. Otherwise, you'll end up with a movie like *Drive Me Crazy*.

In all fairness, there are some good parts to this movie; actually only one. His name is Adrian Grenier (*Celebrity*). He plays the role of Chase, a cute rebel-guy who is anti-anything mainstream. Grenier is, in short, a pretty boy with talent. And in today's mainstream world, that's pretty much all you need.

So if you have the time and money to waste, go ahead and see it. But if I were you, I'd wait until video - it shouldn't take too long.



Mystery, Alaska

Melissa Major and Chantal Regimbal-

Mystery, Alaska est un film qui explose avec la fromage. For those that like the fromage, this movie might be a "go see", but for people with heads on their shoulders, you might want to turn the other cheek.

Quick summary: A hockey team, in a quiet small town, Mystery, Alaska, hosts a hockey game against the New York Rangers. All the hype and funk

of the game awakens the historical secrets previously left to rest. These in-your-face ordeals cause the villagers (who hate to be called Eskimos) to experience an array of mixed emotions.

The talents of Burt Reynolds and Russel Crowe create a highly effective cast that needn't have diamonds to shine. The entire cast's character focus is very evident.

Though this semi-dramatic film

contains several scenes with comic relief and pseudo-entertainment, it's more for the kids than my mom. Similar to the hoot-a-roo movie *Mighty Ducks*, *Mystery Alaska* is more than just any old sports movie. It's a character-driven drama that relies on humour, fast paced hockey and the small town's undying belief in miracles. Talk about fromage.

Upcoming Events

October 14 - November 14, 1999

It's All True

Buddies In Bad Times Theatre, 12 Alexander St.
(416) 975-8555.

Tickets: \$22/\$30 (Sunday, pay what you can)

Thursday, October 21, 1999 6:30-9:00

Auditions for Glendon's Drama Independent Studies

All are welcome!

Sign up on the Theatre Board

Two one-minute contrasting, contemporary monologues please

For more info call:

Scott 923-6592 or Maria 516-0980 or Lionel 927-8491

Saturday, October 23, 1999

Ballet Creole. 7:30 p.m.

Etobicoke School for the Arts,

675 Royal York Road Tickets: \$10/\$15

Sunday, October 24, 1999

Button Up

Accordianist Joe Macerollo plays at Harbourfront center*

ALSO

October Browne

The Toronto based singer releases her self-titled debut CD at this concert at the Harbourfront center.*

October 29 to October 31, 1999

Glendon Christian Fellowship's annual retreat at Maple Creek Christian Ranch. Tickets: \$65, all included!

For more information call 229-9783 or 512-0908

Saturday, October 30, 1999

Special Blend from Montreal 2:00 p.m.

Silverthorn Auditorium, 291 Mill Rd. Tickets: \$9/\$7

Sunday, October 31, 1999

Le groupe biblique de Glendon organise un amas de nourriture non-périssable.

Recontre à la cafétéria à 17h00

Pour plus d'information appeller Kate 440-9578

ALSO

Tasa

Unique cross border sound quintet plays at Harbourfront centre*

ALSO

Degenerate Music

Formiere Dance Theatre at Harbourfront centre*

(416) 973-4000

ALSO

Michael Burgess in concert. 2:00 p.m.

Silverthorn Auditorium, 291 Mill Rd.

Tickets \$35/\$30 (Group rates available)

Sunday, November 7, 1999

Scruj MacDuhk

Six instrumentalists of Celtic Music play at the Harbourfront centre*

Sunday, November 14, 1999

Bill Bourne

Alberta based singer/songwriter perform at the Harbourfront centre*

ALSO

Read All About It

Philippe Magnan reveals the range of the oboe at the Harbourfront centre.*

Friday, November 19, 1999

Glendon's Annual Snowball Formal

Organized by the GCSU

*Harbourfront Events call: (416) 973-3000

Art et culture

It's your gallery

Rae Perigoe-

Glendon's art gallery appears to be making an effort to be accessible to Glendon students and the wider community in their 1999-2000 season.

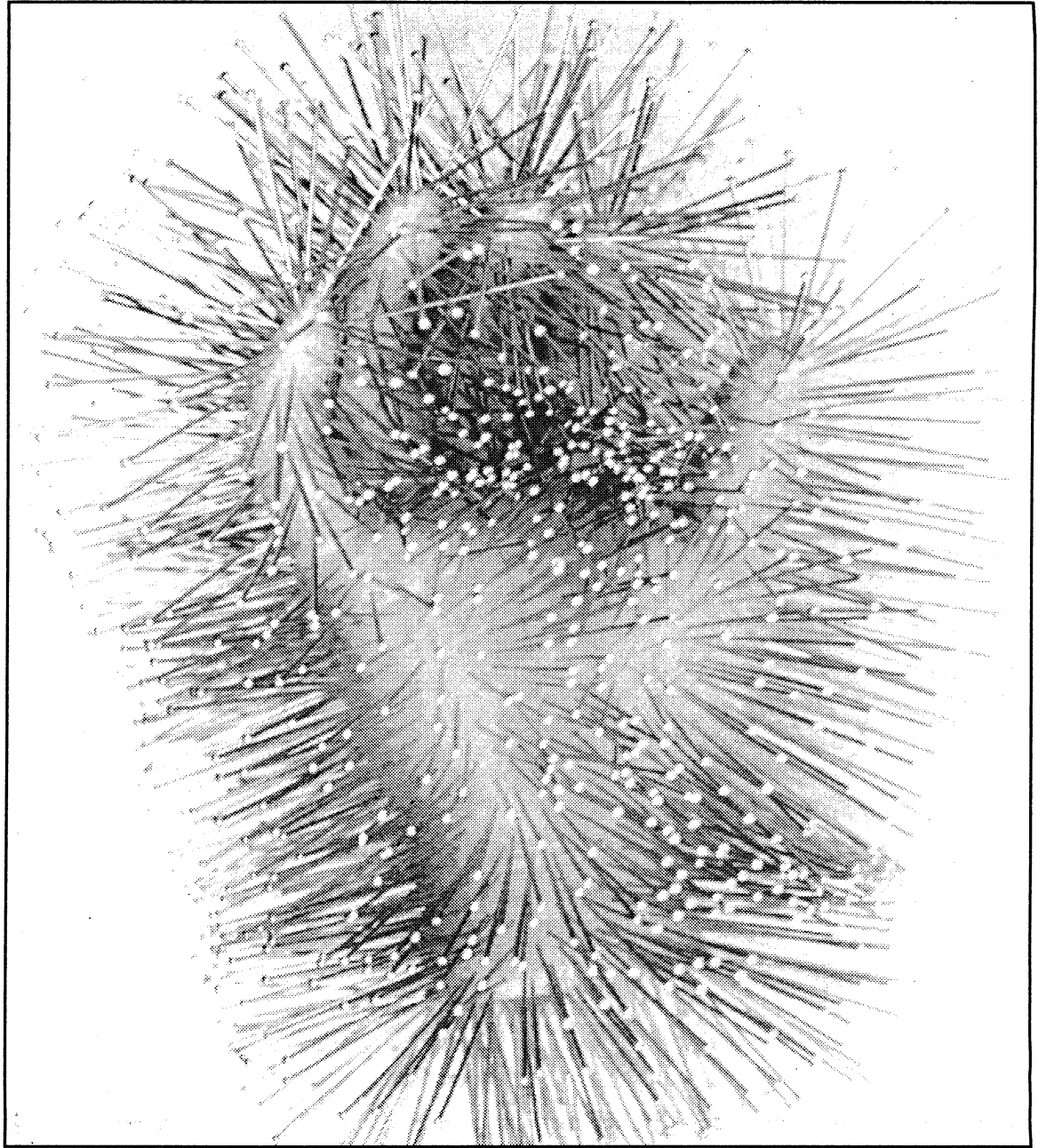
The first exhibit, which closed on October 16, highlighted the talents of Glendon alumnae. The exhibit, titled "The last homecoming of the millenium", featured the work of recent Glendon graduate Jean-Sebastien Lessard, who, as some students may remember, was also featured in an exhibit at the end of last year. The presenters ranged in age and spirit from twenty-something Lessard to the octogenarian water-colour specialist Edith Komisar. At least three of the presenters were full-time professional artists, proving that a liberal arts degree may lead to unexpected paths. Part of the Glendon Alumnae Association's homecoming celebrations, the event brought many Glendon alumnae back to visit their alma mater, though it was not well-advertised on campus (a recent search through Glendon's corridors turned up no posters or advertising).

The second exhibit of the year will feature Spanish artist Ana Soler Baena. Born in Seville, Spain, in 1972, Baena received first prize at the 1995 "Alonzo Miguel de Tovar" painting competition in Herelva, Spain. Her

unsettling images, using unconventional materials such as fabrics and pins, have been presented at many of the world's finest art galleries, including the Real Academia de Bellas Artes in Seville. She is also an academic, having received her doctorate in fine arts from the Universidad Complutense in Madrid. An example of her fascinating yet startling work, 1999's "Espinario", showing a hand made into a pin cushion, can be seen on this page.

The rest of the exhibits for this year are as yet unplanned. Martine Rheault, co-ordinator of arts and cultural events at Glendon, says she wants to form a committee, composed of Glendon students and faculty, to plan the year's future exhibits. Not wanting "to make the choices herself", Rheault insists that such a committee will allow students at Glendon to take ownership of the gallery in unprecedented ways. While the exhibits aren't fully planned, Rheault is committed to an exhibit reserved exclusively for Glendon students, from November 21 to December 3.

There will also be a poetry reading in conjunction with the exhibit, to be followed by a wine and cheese reception, on Wednesday November 24. Students can get involved with either the exhibit or the poetry



Ana Soler Baena's *Espinario* will be featured in an upcoming exhibit at Glendon Gallery.

night by speaking to Martine Rheault at the Glendon Gallery office or her office at York Hall rm. 130.

Of course, there have been times when not every student felt that the gallery was accessible. In particular, two years ago GCSU president Cedric Therrien circulated a petition calling into ques-

tion the gallery's commitment to students. It was felt that the gallery (which is funded through student tuition fees) should be accountable to and representative of the students of Glendon. When asked whether the gallery is continuing to be relevant to students, Rheault claims that the committees she is forming are

"a tool by which the students may give suggestions and be heard". In essence, Martine Rheault wishes to empower the students to make decisions about their gallery. In other words, the success or failure of the gallery ultimately rests on your contributions.

Le Septième Salon du livre: un succès croissant.

Par: Helene Di Papajupni et Lidia Jeunvau

Le Salon du livre de Toronto, qui se déroulait du 14 au 17 octobre 1999 au centre des congrès, est, selon son directeur M. Alain Baudot, en passe d'être le plus couru des sept éditions. L'an dernier, l'événement avait attiré près de 12000 personnes. Cette année, après seulement deux jours, ce chiffre déjà impressionnant avait été dépassé. Les organisateurs du Salon 1999 estiment que l'affluence aura cette année excédé les 15000 visiteurs. Ce succès est en partie dû à la venue de 6500 étudiants des écoles catholiques de la région de Toronto.

Les éditions du Gref, dont la présence au Salon est devenue une véritable tradition, ont pour

leur part lancé cinq nouveaux ouvrages. Retenons en particulier un recueil de poèmes, qui a valu à son auteur, M. Philippe Garigue, ancien principal de Glendon, le Prix du Consulat Général de France. Le succès remporté par ce lancement a suscité l'engouement, tant des organisateurs, que des spectateurs présents. Cette réussite a entre autres été rendue possible grâce à la participation, bénévole, de plusieurs professeurs de Glendon.

Considérant tout ce que le Salon du livre avait à offrir, voilà un trois dollars bien investi! Ce que l'on ne peut pas dire de tous les lieux publics où le prix d'entrée est également de trois dollars (sic).

Forever Swing Entertains

Catherine Hancock-

"It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing." From the Producer that brought Toronto *Forever Plaid* and *Forever Tango* comes the new Musical Revue, *Forever Swing*. Originally produced under the title of *Swing* in Vancouver, B.C., *Forever Swing* can now be found at the Winter Gardens Theatre here in Toronto. If anything, it is worth seeing to experience the incredible atmosphere of the magnificent theatre. There are leaves stemming from the ceiling and glorious lights dangling all around. Located on top of the Elgin Theatre, it is one of the few double decker theaters still running.

Even more important than the theatre is the show itself. *Forever Swing* does its best to

capture the era of swing by following the talented Tommy Vickers Band through the ballrooms and dance halls of North America in the 1940s. With the help of an extraordinary cast of dancers and singers, the audience finds themselves snapping their fingers, tapping their feet and wishing they knew how to swing dance.

In this incredible cast there are many multi-talented members. There is a young boy named Jesse Weafer who can tap, swing, sing and everything else. You name it and this kid can do it. Jesse stands out from the rest because of his young age. Among the others is a young man named Michael Bublé who charms the audience with his gorgeous looks, graceful dance moves and glorious

singing voice.

As a whole, the show is a terrific two hour escape from reality. The fabulous sets, magnificent costumes and wonderful choreography add flavor to the 30 greatest hits of the Swing Era. Tickets are available at The Winter Garden Theatre box office or by calling Ticketmaster at (416) 872-5555. Social reps can plan an excursion for their floor by calling (416) 345-1839 for group rates (20 or more). "You ain't seen a thing, if you don't see this swing". Even if you don't leave blown away, you will leave entertained.

Editor's note: One of the seats in the Winter Garden Theatre is the same seat that John Dillinger was sitting in the night he was shot by the F.B.I. in a similar theatre in Chicago (1934).

Art and entertainment

Glendon student dances Life's Tango

Tammi Kizoff-

During these days of electronica and the "Brittany Spears/Hip Hop" movement, it is a refreshing change to have "Life's Tango" to listen to. By one of

Glendon's own students, Rae Perigoe (who also happens to be active with Pro Tem and an active player in Theatre Glendon), it is a blend of blues and folk music and you won't hear a single electronically produced beat, nor will you hear any senseless rapping. Rae refers to himself as a metaphysical poet. And he is. Take "Chunky Mountain" for example. The song speaks of love and how if it were "a rock" or "a big chunky mountain" it might be enough for a suburban girlfriend (but it never is, of course).

But that isn't the only type of poetry on "Life's Tango". The extremely funny "Washing Dirt", otherwise known as

"Pick Your Own Title: a) Washing Dirt or b) Ode to Intimations of Apocalypse" is another example of the gift Rae has for poetry and lyric writing. And as the first person to hear "Washing Dirt" (before it was even a song), I thought it was such a funny poem, and I was laughing so much, I nearly drove the car into oncoming traffic. But, as a song, it does not cause the same reaction, because of the bleak outlook it gives on the future of the world. The accompanying music helps to set this bleak tone.

Stories of loss are found throughout this album. "The Fish Song" is the story of the loss of the love of pets and people, "Chunky Mountain" the loss of the innocence of the urbanite, and "Nod" about lost neighbourly love.

Some of the songs are about anything and everything, like "Happy Clown", "Yankee

Doodle" and "Shimmery Song".

"Museum", the fourth song on the album, opens with a most original beginning and continues to impress throughout its duration. And the guitar work on "Norman" is impressive and exciting. "Happy Clown" is a bit slow and takes a while to pick up, but "The Cinderella Complex" follows directly after and brings the beat up again with great chorus riffs. Although there are underlying similarities in the guitar styling, every song is lyrically different, fresh and new. The album begins with "Completing the Allegory" and ends with "Allegorizing the Completion" and Rae is able to do both these things with his original, imaginative and humorous lyrics and song writing. On a scale of four stars, I would give "Last

Tango" three stars. Look for Rae Perigoe's second album out sometime next year. And don't forget to attend Rae's CD release party right here at Glendon at the Café de la Terrasse



Tango" three stars.

Look for Rae Perigoe's second album out sometime next year. And don't forget to attend Rae's CD release party right here at Glendon at the Café de la Terrasse

(AKA "The Pub" on October 29th. Entrance is \$3 per person or free with the purchase of "Life's Tango" (\$10) at the door.

www.beingjohnmalkovich.com

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ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT T.O.

Poetry/fiction

El Tuerto

Noel Barnett-

Jimmy got a hotplate for Thanksgiving.

Now generally Jimmy gets nothing from nobody but this Thanksgiving he's gotten himself a hotplate and guess whose gone an give it him? None other than Sally Ann. Now if you don't know who Sally Ann is, then probably you never heard of Jimmy either, but he's holdin' on for dear life in one of them alcatrazian solvent-greenian cells up there in the res where they parle the anglais and Sally Ann, well hell, ask your grandma.

So anyway, Jimmy's down at the Sally Ann looking for one thing the day before Thanksgiving and by a stroke of luck the forever unlucky bastard comes across it in a blue wooden bin marked 'stuff.' Underneath some shoes it is, shoes what smelt like a tub of rancid bathwater afterin' some filthy son of a gun has lain in it some twenty-one

They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach...

days an passed his liquids and his solids in it for no good reason other than he's good like that.

So Jimmy, bein' used to the other end of the stick, gently brushes them aside and breathes a long breath of gratitude to life's hard realities an' takes hold of the gummed up electrical sticky tar cord and pulls it slowly watching carefully as the twisted coils unfurl in all their provident glory and ever so slowly the tough bit of black line snakes its way through a forrest of beige socks, pig iron pots and a privileged child's discarded half-eaten candy apple, until finally, with one last tug on the cord, Jimmy chuckles a sigh of relief rather than breathing it 'cause the cords attached to a buttered green hotplate chipped all to hell, but with a healthy layer of teflon still lining the bottom. So like the sons of Robert Redford in that movie Jimmy never saw, he reeled it in an' fished it out with all the grace and aplomb one could imagine.

It was like the touch of God hovered over that bin marked 'stuff' and an Angel had lured Jimmy into the corner for all his cries of distress had finally made it up to heaven instead of floating back down like so many discarded an' unread letters.

But to see a man's salvation in a hotplate which we don't even know whether it works yet, well hell, you got to be able to see beyond that cheap green butter pan of aluminum and into a fellows soul.

They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but they who say that feed us a lot a other lines too, that are just as useless and hell, they're lost an' history for them is a thirty-second spot on the teeee veee an' hell,

they're goin' ta hell anyway, so let the holy be holy just for tonight if anything.

You see a man's stomach for they that know and have the gift of discernment is no Pavlov's dog like you'd expect. Naw, its infinitely more discreet than that. What it is really is the mirror of his soul an' Jimmy had plenty of that with some left to spare but no food in there and here the god of irony begins wielding his unruly and decietful rod.

A man with a full belly is dead set on one thing and that thing is no_thing. Can't you just picture him sittin' there with his legs all akimbo beneath the kitchen table, not even strength enough to pick himself up an' head for the living room and pay a night's homage to his god, the Cathode Ray Tube? Hear the top button on his pants pop? That the opening of the sacrament and heathenism, as aunt Esther will tell you, goes from bad to worse.

But a man's stomach, the walls of which are lined with nothing more than acid and a shallow puddle odiferous bile at the bottom slapping to and fro against the sides as the man staggers from pavement path to concrete crescent is nothing less than the holiest of holies; a veritable breeding ground of fortitude shadowed by death 'and decay. Now a silver-dollar sized cornmeal cake can stave off the threat of an early grave and keep a man in the good graces, but a Thanksgiving turkey with all the trimmings is utter sacrilege. As it slides down into the esophogous with the scent of decadence still lingering on its masticated form, it's the same as if the veil of the temple has been rent in twain by all the devil's children.

"They're at the walls of the city!" the cry goes out, "The babalonians have come the babylonians! They'll kill us all!" and that's pretty much the end of purity.

But Jimmy had no need to fear such a thing 'cause all he had up in his cell was a half-pound bag of cornmeal, the other half of which he had tried to eat raw an' that nearly killed him an' it was a good thing I'd called in on him to see if he had anything to eat 'cause I was sure as hell hungry after stuffin' myself on mom's sumptuous home-cooked fare an hour earlier but this is Jimmy's story and I carried the poor wretch an' got him to a heavin' up that yellow stuff, just as dry as if it'd never been taken out the bag and between wretches he begged me to get the bag an' try an save some o' what was comin' out of him, but by that time it had all pretty much gone the way of the great sewer somewhere down below flowin' towards a land far far away where pink elephants grow oranges in their armpits and store raisins between their toes...

But like I say, Jimmy was a man without the necessary means to afford what temptation could offer, though I swear he'd no doubt have given his right arm to get it and fill that shriveled up belly o' his till it burst at the seams and killed him right there and then in the arms of Ineptness that spirits the soul of the full belly man to the Dark Angels shooting craps in the alleyways between Islington and Queensway somewhere halfway between a

cathedral and a strip club, nestled up against the back of a Jamaican autobody shop.

But Jimmy was singled out for greatness and Ahura Mazda had seen to it in all his omniscience that Jimmy would recieve just enough in this life to keep him alive. His daily bread so to speak. All in order that he would relentlessly pursue the ghost like taste of fulfillment which oft times brushed his tongue with the playfulness of a fleeting tail wind before finally disappearing around a corner just to tease and egg on Jimmy to his destiny that will no doubt be madness, plain and simply put: Jimmy goin' crazy a little further down the line and scribblin' a few words here and there to herald his hungry unnoticed end.

You see, I'll come across those pages after Jimmy's gone an send 'em off to a publisher just like Max did for Franz. But you see what I'm sayin' about a man's soul and a hotplate an' how a single epiphany on Thanksgiving Eve can sustain hope for yet another twoscore and ten...which is about what Jimmy was likely to get up to the few minutes prior to the end of the third act, well...

He let the chuckles go and was content to keep a wide grin as he hauled that hotplate out of the blue wooden bin. So happy he was that he left the half-eaten candy apple for the next poor sod sure enough to come after him searchin' for a small stove in that same blue bin.

Well, he moseyed on up to the counter where a little old lady in a tapioca dress trimmed with holly peeled off a tiny white sticker from one of the hotplate's legs an' asked Jimmy for five dollars. Like a fool lost in a dream about stumblin' onto a harem of women he brought out his wallet still grinnin' with bliss until when he reached in an' saw nothin' was there but dust and lint since he'd sprung a dollar and a half earlier this mornin' on that bag o' cornmeal. He'd plum forgotten all about it and now reproached himself for havin' been taken in, even briefly, by the illusion that good fortune could somehow have altered the effect of just plain bein' Jimmy and all that went with bein' that.

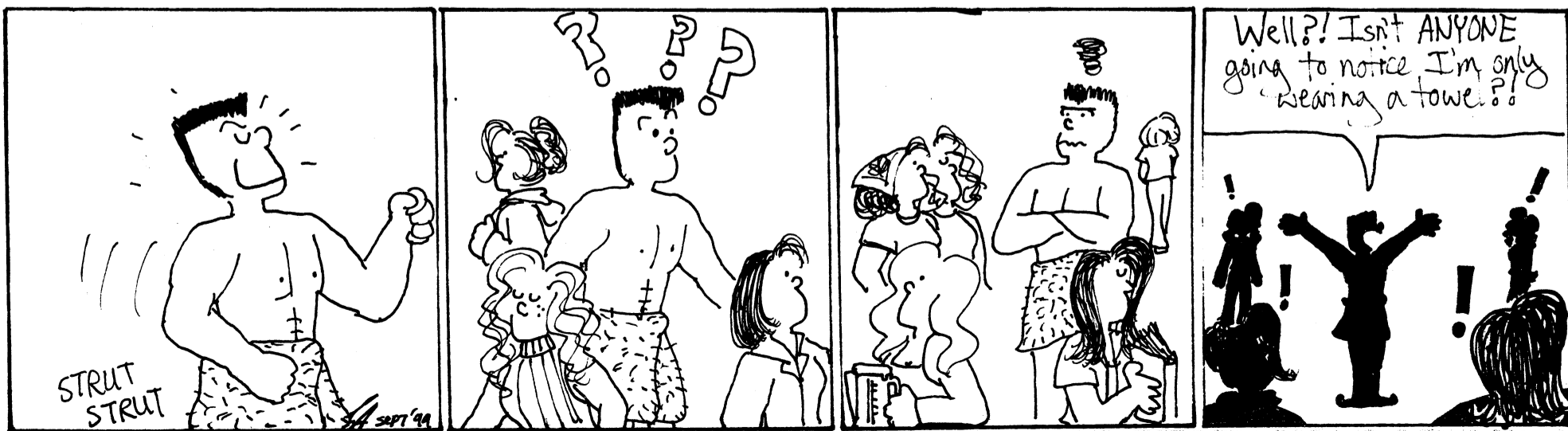
Well, that old Scottish sweetpea had a name tag what read "Charity" and the old gal had more than just a teaspoon of that goodness in her which is more than I can say for plenty o' the kind of people who work in them places an' hell, she just said, "Son, you take that and go on have yourself a pleasant Thanksgiving."

Well hell, it was almost more joy than Jimmy could bear and he just near 'bout died right there on the spot. But she put the plate in a bag, then into his hands an' gently pushed him out the door towards his waiting dinner.

Now I've heard it said, "Faith, Love, Hope, Charity and the greatest of these is Love..." But to see Jimmy lord it over that buttered green hotplate all chipped to hell in his cell wolfin' down cornmeal cakes and singin' 'Thanksgivin' songs all to himself like a little kid, well hell...I'd have to say-Charity.

A3rd

CHRISTIE ADAMS



Poetry/fiction

The Ministry of SELF

Self-indulgent, you say? Well who else is there to indulge? Self-amused because other entertainment is too costly. Feeling inadequate? Then add a bit. You are a see-er of similies: you notice all the things that are like you. Thus the self is the ultimate reference, always subjective, always limited by space and time. When you understand conditions, then you can measure the difficulties and bring

about changes in conformity with your will. If you are true to your nature, and shed all artifice, the inertia of the universe will assist you... so the sages say. Can you make a clean sweep of pretensions? Do you dare to NOT be suave? You are what you are. The denial of this betrays the Self. Your every act is significant, but not important. The undivided self is not irked by internal conflict. Do you

understand the necessity of interaction for your reactions? Integrity is your being over Time; you 3 dimensions, in the continuity of the fourth. Can you see your congruity in the personal history of your behaviour or is it disjunct? Have you strayed from your course, or was your course defined by others' externals? For my sake, do please try to please yourself. Forget what your family will

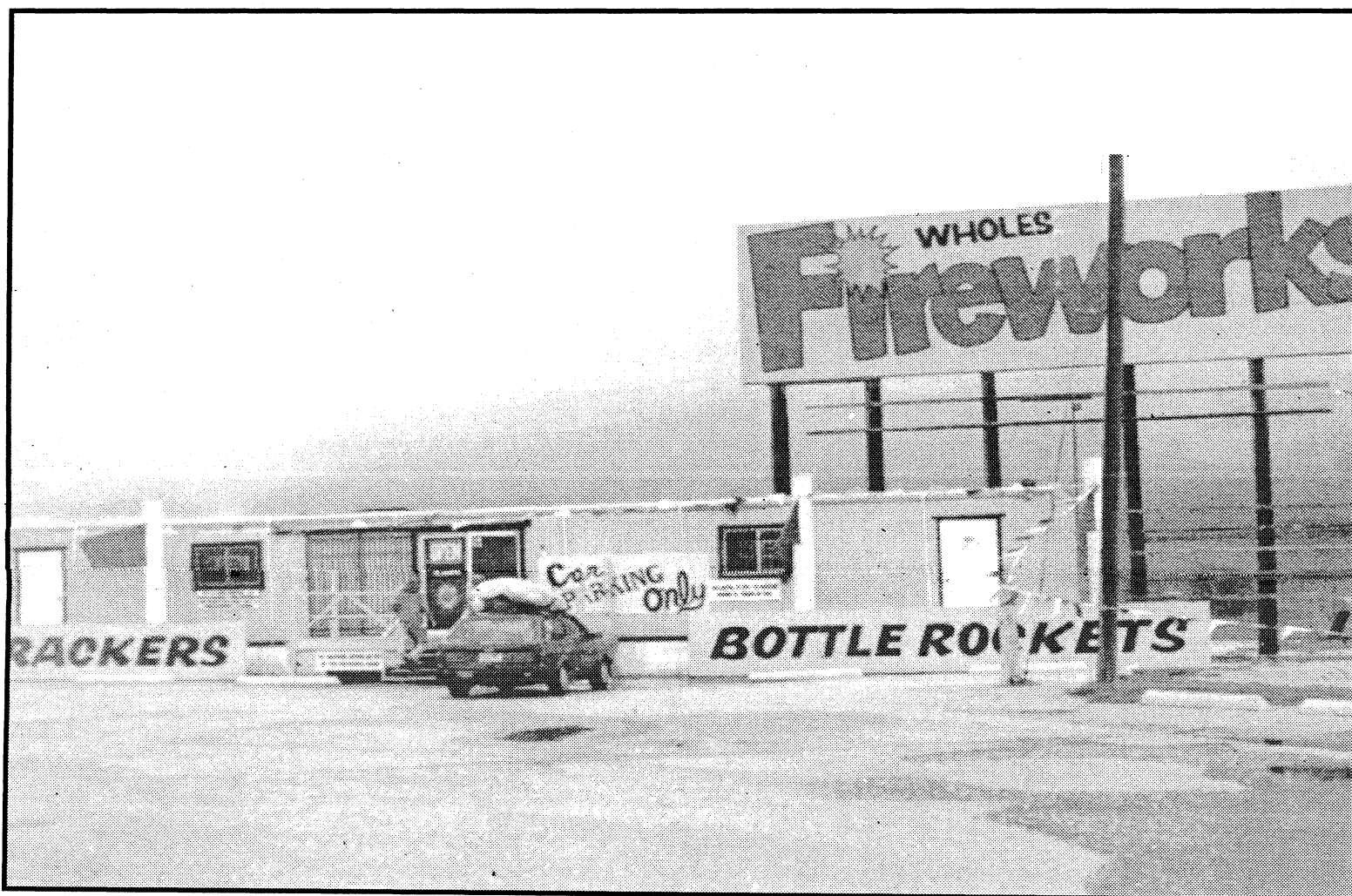
say, whether that family be Church, State, or Clan. Have you got the decoder to interpret your instincts? Do you know what is best for you or do you need assistance?

Everybody knows everything about everything.
(If you don't believe me just ask anybody anything.)
Opinions are like assholes, everyone's got one.

When you lie, that fraud contaminates all your subsequent acts. Is that the kind of future history you wish for yourself? You are always open to interpretation.... how can you assist others in being clearly perceived?

Every number is divisible by one. You have a dependence upon what you rely on. Is that self? Or is there more to it than that?

Yehudah Lionel Cullman



Half a wish remembered On the Ha'penny bridge.

In some cobbled village square, walls washed white and weathered, fell asleep to a flickering film reel of rushing clouds across the buildings

Only to dream myself half awake in a bed in a Dublin flat. With a broken-hearted sweet charmer

Telling me the story of yellow eyes.

(Handfulls of wildflower seeds pulled from deep pockets- what will grow will grow.)

Sierra Nelson

Cum shot

It's supposed to go on her

And they say it is good for the skin.

But I think it's a myth the boys tell the girls: that and the low calorie content bit.

It's like by doing the standard you'll become the standard: creamy smooth low calorie body with creamy smooth low calorie skin.

Sometimes, she'll wear glasses, (not so she can see better) but just so the cum can slowly drip off her lenses.

Sperm. Cum. Cock juice. Man

Milk. Love Juice. Whatever.

I remember:

In the coffee shop, the girls would make jokes about passing the cream, and whose knees were scraped the worst, stories about some boy who drove one girl home:

"Oh please oh please let me cum on your chin, or right on your tits, if you don't swallow that is."

And always said in a quiet boy voice

like his "special request" was oh so unique.

Like the same hadn't happened, like right just last week.

But the last time I checked, there was a multi billion dollar industry that had just one plot, that is the same as everybody's

fantasy that is the same as every porn movie, so that it's hard to tell who came first on the first girl face.

But one of the girls had only one boyfriend, she said:

"No. No way never. He pees from there. That's totally ick."

But after a while, she started to soften, she'd still say though:

"If you cum in my mouth, I'm so going to spit."

So then sometimes, I'd rebel, too. I would rub my fingers in it, and they'd mad, (because it's not supposed

to go on him.)

And sometimes, too for fun, I'd rub my fingers in it, but onto the car seat or into the couch.

There was something good to be said about that: making a mess out of cum that you know his mom won't clean up.

And it's not that, but it's just that: what's the big deal about this cum shot big deal anyway?

I don't know

the coffee shop girls anymore, except for the one who still has 'good knees'.

And even now, she has the same [over, and years later, got over the sex

juice thing.

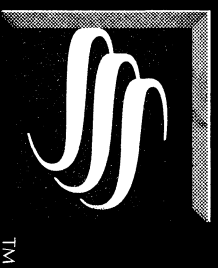
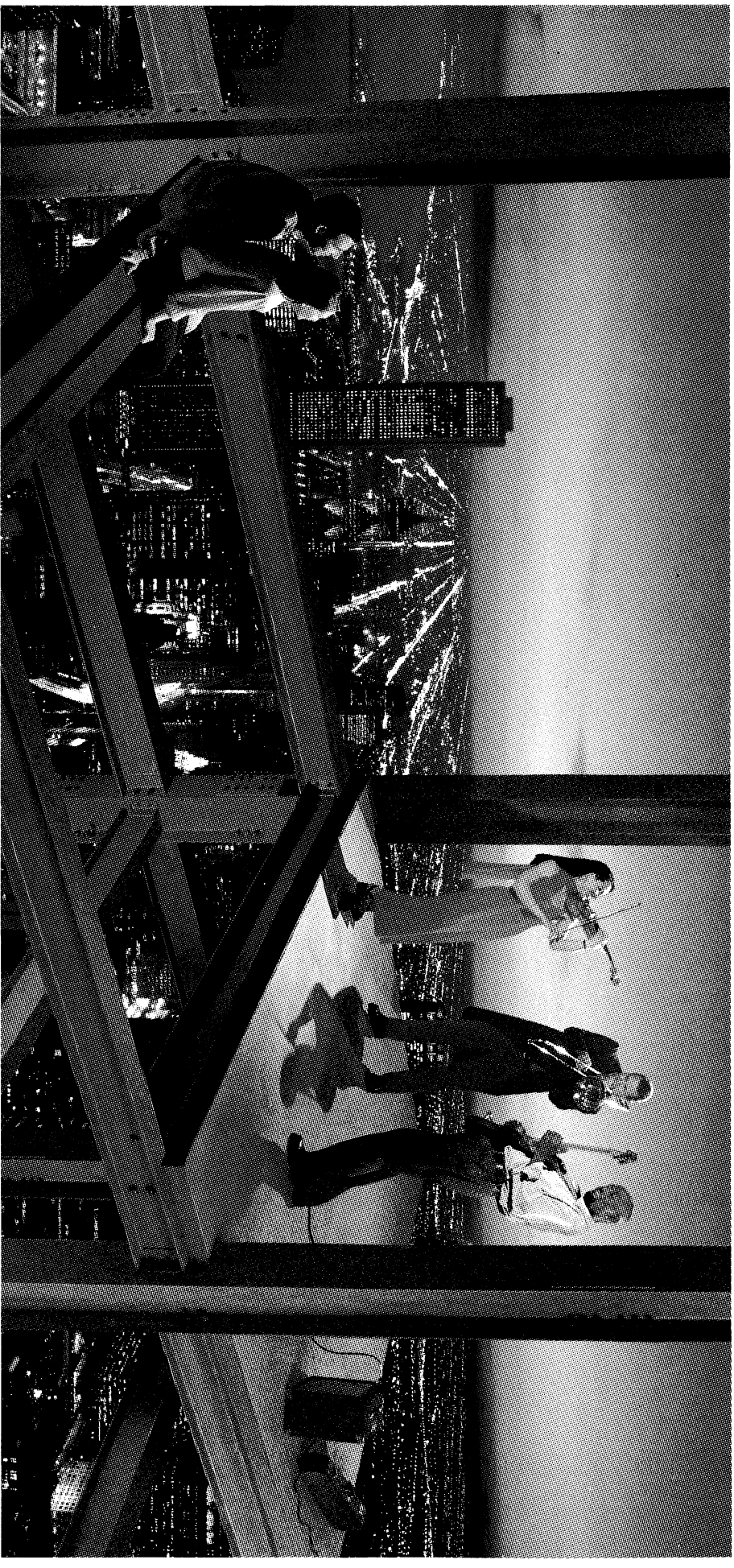
One workshop on female ejaculation was all that she needed.

And at first she said to her boyfriend: do you mind if cum on your face?

Then she stopped asking - she said, but it's supposed to go on him - that's the standard.

Besides, his skin is so shiny from my wetness. My cum. My Cunt Juice. What I shoot out. MyLovejuice. Whatever.

mino



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du Maurier

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