

pro tem

40ième année
Fanfare for the common man since 1962

Glendon's
bilingual newspaper
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Glendon

Shhh! I'm Froshing!

KRISTIN FOSTER

So it was my first day on campus one late afternoon last week and I was feeling all young and easily-influenced as I walked through the mighty iron gates of Glendon college. All seemed quiet and contained on the neatly manicured campus except for the huge, rowdy nebula of first-year students crowding around two huge yellow school buses, the ones that have elementary schoolchildren racing for the back seats and sliding precariously close to the edge every time the driver takes a sharp turn. Ah, the memories all came flooding back. I was drawn to the buzzing group in the grips of curiosity. I approached a section of the students and parked myself behind them, craning my neck to see what was happening.

"Psst! What are you guys doing?"

One of them flung a response in my direction:

"We're froshing!"

"Oh," I paused. "How do you do that?"

"Well, yesterday we froshed at the beach and uh, we're

supposed to be froshing at Wonderland this weekend..."

"So you went places and... uh..."

"Look, I'm too busy froshing to answer you. Can't you see how busy I am?"

My informant turned around abruptly and the crowds moved into the buses and took the students away, probably to go frosh somewhere.

I was busy sleeping and working out my timetable while those bright-eyed youngsters were whooping it up across the GTA. I don't feel bad, though. I'd rather meet people myself, get involved under my own steam and figure things out that way. I spoke to about a dozen Froshers and the majority lamented that although the activities were lots of fun, they didn't feel as though they had made any leaps and bounds in the friendship department, and even some Frosh veterans pointed out that, for the most part, they never again saw any of the people they had met during their Frosh week. There were a few, though, who said that Pub Nights and other planned



activities helped them meet people and become more familiar with the city. Everyone I spoke to, including older students, enjoyed Pub Nights. Hey, being crammed into a bar and getting sloshed with people you don't know is a great way to make friends (as long as they don't puke all over your floor later on).


There was a package you could buy to be in on the fun. Sixty-five dollars got you a ticket to a Jays game (which I believe they won), admission to Canada's Wonderland, an evening boat cruise, a play,

and a bag filled with campus info, pamphlets advertising night clubs, books of coupons and pamphlets on safe sex, among other things. According to the GCSU the Frosh package was worth much more than we paid for, so I hope everyone got something out of it.

Hey, I didn't see anyone wearing their Frosh bandanas or their bright red "Cheer" t-shirts, but I'm sure they all have special places in our bottom drawers.

For those of you who are still wondering, the word "frosh" means (according to my

Webster's New World Dictionary): frosh, young student, a college freshman. Kinda reminds me of those Lay's chip commercials, "Always frosh". So, to those of you out there who slept through Frosh week like me, it turns out you don't need a special kit to frosh, you don't need to go play pranks on U of T, you don't even need to wear the nifty bandanas or ride the cheese-wagons. No, friends, just by living and breathing as first-year students at Glendon you are froshing! Isn't life great?



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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independant newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signataires n'engagent qu'eux-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.

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Falling into Things

ROB SHAW

There was this mother who had left her child in a supermarket and then moved west. She had written a note that said she was no longer able or that the child would be better with someone else. I'm not exactly sure, as I'm sure that she wasn't exactly sure as to what she was thinking or trying, in a way, to justify.

The authorities caught up to her a few days later. They seemed content on catching her, there was public outcry, newspapers had tattooed her picture on their covers with descriptions of her past. A past summarized in tick-tacked sentences.

In the beginning of June there is a fair in western Ontario. It's in a small town with one main road and a gas station. There are about three thousand people who live there and most, if not all, come out for the weekend festival. They will file into a racetrack grandstand before the sun goes down, huddling together, sipping beer or liquor or both, cheering and clapping, while watching old beat up cars and trucks spend their last moments hitting and smashing each other on a flooded mound of mud.

This event kicks off the festival. There's an older man who stands hunched over the gate charging five dollars. People park their cars on lawns or along the main street or in the hockey arena next door, while a Ferris wheel moves in the distance behind the track. The cars will stop and start and hit and eventually as the night begins to settle over the town only one-car remains on the track; an old station wagon with horns pasted to its hood. Then a large man appears, wearing a beige suit, with a girl half his age crowning a tiara. They hand the man in the station wagon a cup, which he holds high as the crowd claps, while the night air cools, and everything ends in a matter of seconds.

It must have been a strange moment for the mother who left her child. Strange to be leaving a motel or house or store or, simply, going to pick up the mail and then in a split second having someone grab her. The way someone may have grabbed her child, gently, and both of them showing the same expression or feeling a nervousness falling through their backs or spines or knees.

I don't remember the man who won the demolition derby. I



JEREMY FORTIER

remember that his car was parked, covered in mud, with the rear window smashed. I'm not sure whether he was excited or simply glad it was over. After he lifted the cup the crowd began to leave quickly, carrying their belongings and children, searching in the dark June night for their cars. Then everything and everyone began to fade away into little specks of light as they moved further from the fair grounds.

It never occurred to me to find out what had happened to the mother and her child. Sometimes you lose sight for a minute or awhile. You think of something and then it's gone and then it comes back, but it's

too late.

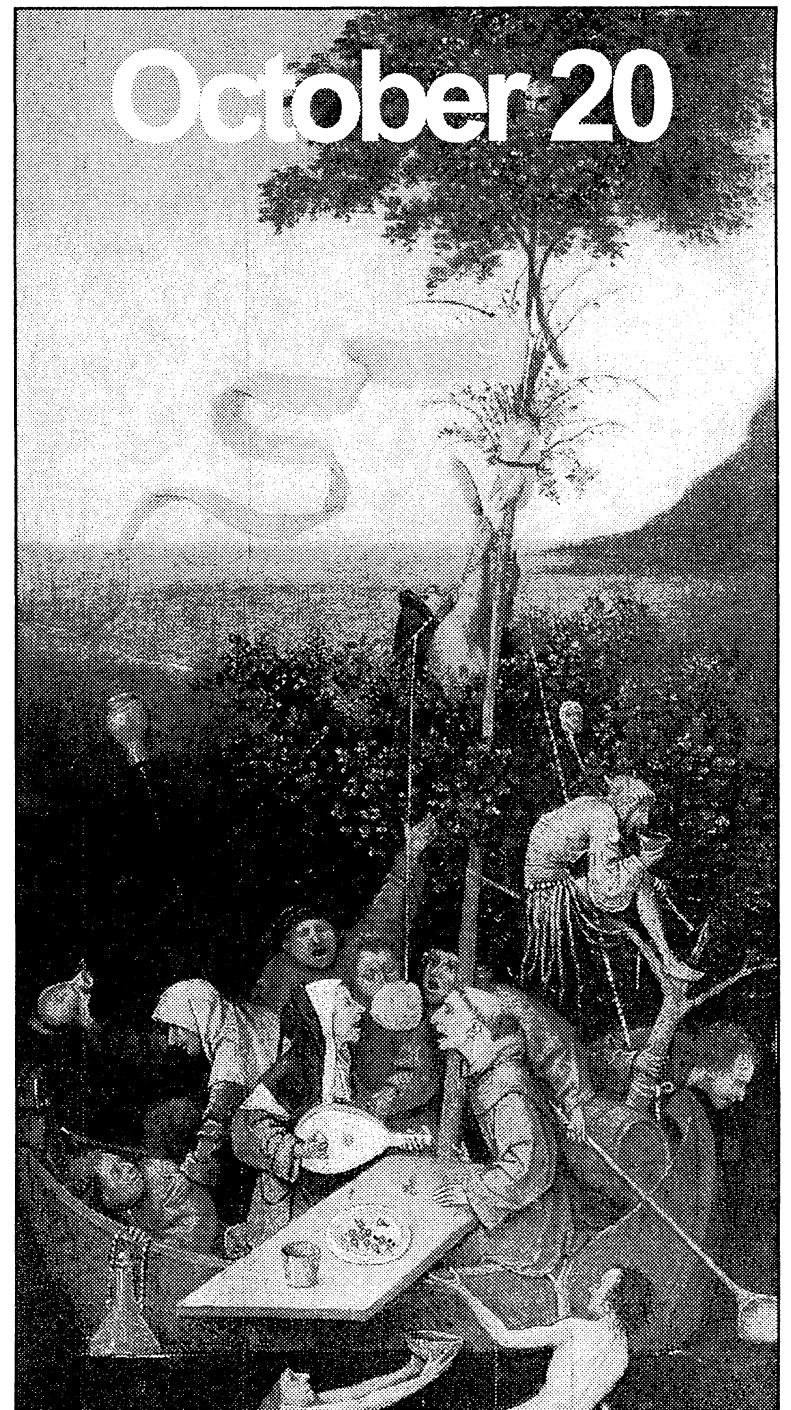
There's a man who spends his days in darkness and lightness. He stands on the street with a cane and a cup and he has ideas and he justifies these ideas to himself and to the people around him as I do, as the woman does, as the fair or the town or this medium does. That's all we can do, for now. We can justify and simplify and make sense of ourselves. There are no truths and lies or lies and truths; it seems that there are just unanswered thoughts and feelings. This is a collection of those feelings and expressions and JJ and I both invite you to fall into this form.

Notice

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Tuesday September 19 at 7:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall. La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mardi septembre 19 à 19h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

If you have any comments or questions, feel free to contact us at 487-6736 or by e-mail at protem1@yahoo.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 contacter au 487-6736 ou par courriel à protem1@yahoo.ca. Toutes les lettres à l'éditeur doivent être signées et inclure votre numéro de téléphone. Les lettres ne doivent en outre pas contenir plus de 400 mots. Merci!



Shuttle Bus Strands Busy Students

CATHERINE HANCOCK

On Tuesday, September 12, four students and I were turned away from the shuttle bus because it was filled to capacity. The bus driver told us to go to the bookstore and they would call us a cab and give us a pay slip.

When we arrived at the bookstore's information desk, the employee had no idea what we were talking about. He said they stopped providing that service three months ago. I had T.T.C. tickets but some students weren't prepared for this dilemma. First year students with only a meal card and shuttle bus tickets figured they were set for

the day. And so they should. Others were late for meetings and courses and couldn't afford the hour and a half that public transportation usually takes. How did the employee respond? He said, "That's not really my problem."

It's not right to leave students stranded. The shuttle bus was full at 2:50 even though it doesn't depart until 3:05. Five students all came, at separate times to ask for a taxi and he gave each of us the same response. So I called the phone number that was underneath the list of scheduled times (which haven't changed, by the way) and

explained to them what was going on. They told me that they were sending a supervisor over to sort everything out and that he would call us a cab.

One hour and ten minutes later, our taxi arrived and we were finally on our way to Glendon.

So if the bus is full, do not go to the bookstore. Pick up a phone with a blue light and call the Grounds Crew (5-5502). They'll call you a cab and bring you a pay slip. And they are nice.

Thankfully, a new bus is on the way so we shouldn't have to deal with this problem much longer.



ROSALIE TAYLOR

I've never felt so cold.
or the weight of such a burd
on my shoulders.

Discontent. Discord.
Disconcerted.

My head is bobbing on the
surface;
just my mouth, or maybe just
my nose.

I wave cheerfully and am dri-
ven through the rain.

I need a shower anyway.
The lakes fill up, the rivers,
the sewers;

I'm taken by the current far
enough away that I can't smell
your pain or my boredom

I collapse cat style, leaning
out on my paws,
claws scratching and gnawing
at the inner thoughts

I left on the ground

I'm so uptight

(Nothing is more dull than
talking about yourself).

Uptight, yet so relaxed, and
confined, and carefree.

I wonder how long this will
take.

Sweet, innocent, rose.

Dance for me.

I tried but tripped over my
unfinished sentence,

and couldn't keep on playing
with words.

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Upon the Death of A Loved One

As sunlight shines through
vacant autumn trees,

And numbness crawls through-
out my soul, I find

My mind begins to float away to
days

When she was not yet old and I
would whine,

For stories, songs and rhymes,
some left untold,

And I would wish that they
would never end.

Her ways of comfort I cannot
forget :

For orange cake and lemon pie
divine,

And sanctuary I would find
within

The folded arms which rest
eternally.

And though it seems the
boundaries of time,

Permit us not to flourish on and
on

We live on through the hearts of
those who love,

And love indeed the memories
that be.

ResNet Information: fiasco central

MIHNEA DUMITRU

I've been thinking for the whole week on whether to write this article. Should I tell everyone about how they're being duped? Should I keep this to myself, and enjoy hundreds of hours of fast net access? I guess I couldn't stand to see you people giving away your money for something you had such high expectations of but that will be such a huge lie. By the way, ResNet means Residence Net, a fast Internet access through Ethernet, courtesy of York University.

My saga began on the 11th when I went to the Help Desk and asked for my installation kit. I was told ResNet still didn't work, and that I should expect these famous kits towards the end of the week. Of course, not being taken too many times to church, I kind of lost my patience and decid-

ed to do everything on my own. I found out exactly what I needed to install the service - FYI, an Ethernet cable, an

CD.

I still remember installing the so-called 'high speed' Internet connections in Hilliard last

can't get sweeter. But I did find out a couple of things that compelled me into writing this. Firstly, the more people

and destined for your wall jack. Now, I'd like to think the Help Desk people don't have a clue about this little slip up, since they're selling Ethernet cards at the same time with these wires - in case you haven't understood, the wires they're selling are actually for your modem, not your network card, which means that you won't get on the Net even in a hundred years. This is basically a slap in the face for you, the Glendon student, as someone who's paying for this service. Therefore, it's either you keep what they gave you and plug the wire in your modem, and it will go faster than usual - but not significantly so, and probably affected by the number of users online simultaneously - or buy a new Ethernet wire from Futureshop or something of the sort and plug it in your network card. Finally, you DO NOT need the software that they provide you with. It's there to track you, to find out what you're doing on the Net, and your computer's whereabouts. You don't need to install it, since the information can be found in print at the Glendon help desk. I won't go into the legal matters of this intrusion of privacy, but I'm sure that you've read enough already. Always get a second opinion on whatever the Help Desk tells you, and always be weary of leech software.

My saga began on the 11th when I went to the Help Desk and asked for my installation kit. I was told ResNet still didn't work, and that I should expect these famous kits towards the end of the week.

Ethernet card, and the installation CD. So I went to Futureshop, got myself a nice Ethernet cable - blue - for \$10 and then went to York Main, got the CD for \$5 from the Steacie Library. Luckily, I also had an Ethernet Card in my computer - from the days when I thought Glendon was not unlike the rest of Western universities in terms of student services. Now, I had already been signed up for the deal since the first days of frosh week, and I was assured by York Telecom that the Internet WILL be working on the 11th - mind you that this was York Main's promise, not Glendon's. So with that in mind, and knowing the general lack of information and general computer expertise at the Glendon Help Desk, I sat in front of the computer and followed the instructions on the

year. The modem speed simply sucked, and people were suckered into buying themselves accounts - \$10 a month - so that they could have access. For your information, there are FREE choices out there that actually have much higher speeds as well as dedicated services and help. For more information, relate to www.1stup.com. Save the installation kit for whichever free service you want on a floppy and take it home. It truly is free, as long as you call within the city of Toronto. Now, if you do have some money, go for other modem services such as Idirect or any other that suits your pocket and choice of box colour.

Getting back to ResNet, I actually managed to get it working with my own hardware. I've been enjoying fast access for over 3 days now, and it truly

will be on this service, the slower it will go. Each residence is apparently connected to only one router - forgive my layman terms - which means that the more people will be on it, the slower it's going to get. So we're destined to the same ill fate as the previous 'high speed' Internet connection fiasco. Secondly, there's something that breaks all bounds of decency and common sense. DO NOT BUY cables from the Glendon Help Desk! Why? Because they're not Ethernet wires per se. They're there to plug in for your normal phone line modem to the Ethernet, therefore getting a much lower bandwidth - the actual 'space' you take from the line while connected - and also a much lower speed. Check out the plugs: one's for a normal phone line, and one's larger

The Pillar of Life

Intimate carvings,
Holes beneath the layers
Allowing sun and rain
To tickle
And trickle
And leave its mark.

Within the structure-
Which bends and weeps
And sways and creeps
A vertical tunnel
Dispersed through the ground
A pillar of life
Securely anchored.

With pulsating veins
Sucking nourishment
From beneath
Inhabitants lingering within
It's full cylindrical shape
Embodies a still rhythm
Embracing the caress
Of each season
Come and gone.

Scarred with the abuse
Of those who pass by
Who climb and swing
Of winters relentless and raw
She still remains
A beauty profound.
An eternal provider,
A support of solitude,
A protector for life,
Without which
We would
Undoubtedly
Be lost.

When Rowan Barrett was the man

NOEL W. BARNETT
Sydney-

If you listen closely you might still hear the lingering sound of a Varsity Arena rim shuddering after having taken on a power dunk from Rowan Barrett almost seven years ago. Then around twenty years of age, the 6'5", 210 pound forward was fronting a Toronto All-Star squad drawn from the best of Hogtown high schools facing a rival Michigan squad in what had become an annual event.

Those of us who remember that cool spring evening can recall with great satisfaction that moment in the second half when T.O took possession off a rebound, outletted the ball to the left-hand side where BAM!, it ended up in the eager palms

of R.B. He was on a bat-outta-hell break towards three Michigan defenders, two of whom came out to meet him to stop the dribble. Well, the Man was having none of it. Introductions were made all around as R.B. took one last strong dribble, picked up the ball, planted his left foot and exploded onwards and upwards between those two hapless Detroit fools who watched as he soared over their compatriot from Ann Arbor to throw down a one-handed power dunk that cracked the seams in the parquet floor and caused pandemonium to break out amongst the locals. Word hit the street: Rowan Barrett was the Man.

The enthusiasm generated by that spectacle did not die quick-

ly, nor did the respect of his peers, which he had obviously worked hard to earn. After graduation from West Hill High, he accepted a scholarship from St. John's University in New York to play Division I ball in the States, and though he wasn't drafted by an NBA team, he has created a successful situation for himself playing the game he loves, professionally, in South America.

As a starter on Canada's national team, Barrett and his teammates face the daunting challenge of securing one of only three positions available on a podium beset on all sides by big, strong, hungry international squads, the USA Dream Team being the Goliath of the bunch. It's a fairytale to

believe that Team Canada can pull off a 'David' and take the gold, but the reality for Rowan Barrett is that he has shined in competition with the best the world has to offer. Late last month in Canada's inaugural exhibition match with the Dream Team on Hawaiian soil, Barrett traded basket for basket with Vince Carter defending him and ended up with a team high of 22 points in a game that Canada lost by almost thirty. A shrug and a sigh later and the most one can do is pine for another Barrett throw down that might once again remind us of a time when victory was secondary to a few seconds of hair-raising spectacle that signaled somebody's coming-out party.

Filiation du con

Quoique ce beau titre puisse te suggérer
Je t'arrête, c'est pas de toi que j'veais causer.

En fait la question demeure, qu'est ce qu'un con?
Ce n'est pas simplement ce que nous en savons ;
Pour la majorité, le con est un crétin.
Stop! Il faut remettre le con dans son écrin

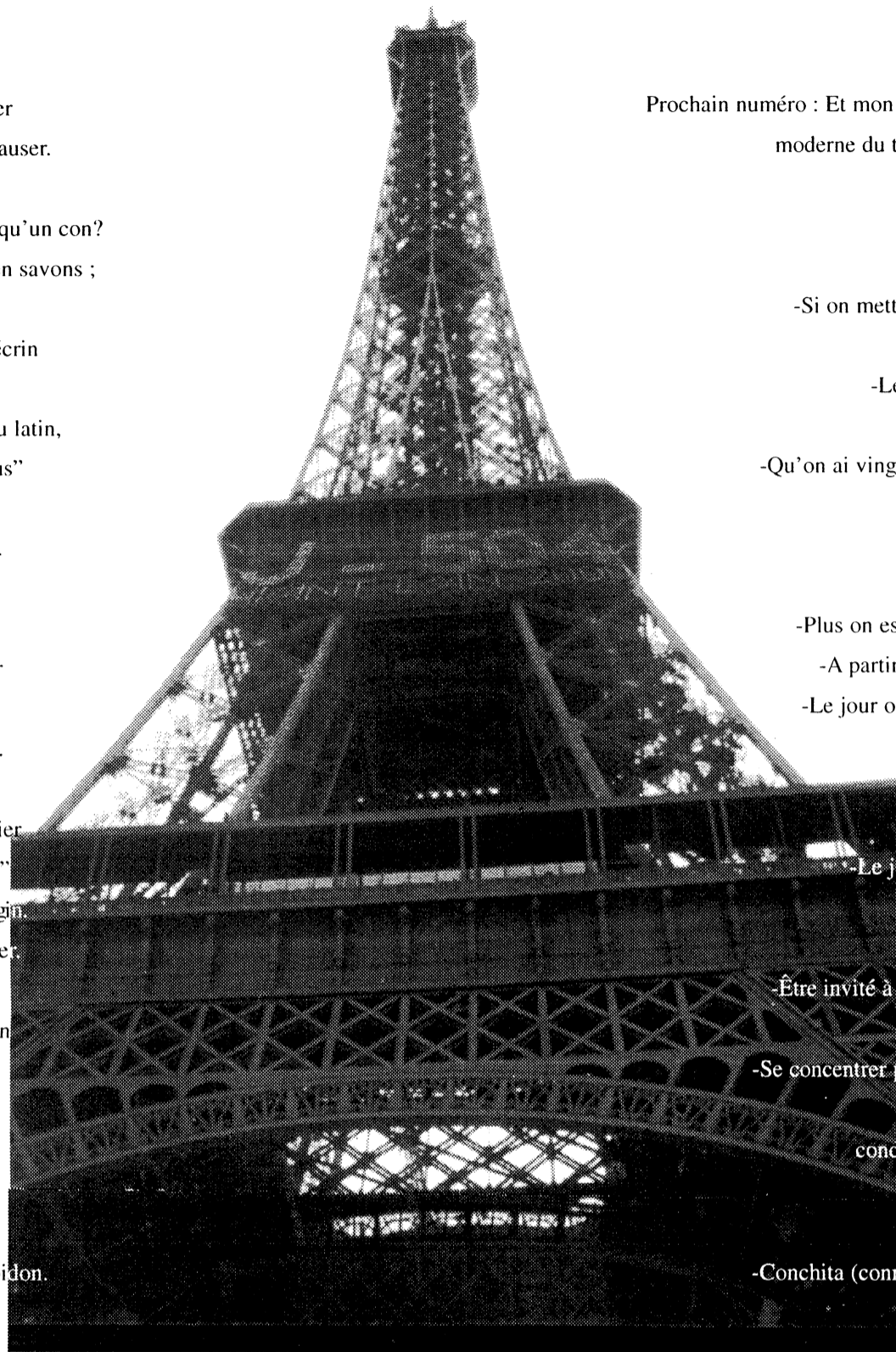
Le nom viendrait (oh stupéfaction!) du latin,
Un truc du genre "cunus" ou "cuniculus"
Qui même s'il rime avec cunnilingus
Semble dans cet idiome signifier lapin.

C'est devenu "coniglio" en italien
Et en bon français, le mot conilicuteur
Désigne celui qui élève des lapins.
Là je te sens un peu perdu chère lecteur.

Sache que ce bon Rabelais fut le premier
A employer (quel poète) le mot "conin"
Alors qu'il voulait en fait traiter du vagin.
Si tu ne vois pas le rapport, va te pieuter.

C'est à cause de la douceur de sa toison
Que le lapin est à l'origine du con.
Inutile de faire cette pauvre tête,
En argot, con veut dire salle des fêtes.

Même si l'étymologie semble à la con,
Ce n'est pourtant pas une explication bidon.



Prochain numéro : Et mon cul c'est du poulet? (version
moderne du traditionnel Et mon con c'est du lapin?)

Lexique pour les cons :

- Je ne parle pas aux cons ça les instruit
- Si on mettait tous les cons sur orbite tu t'arrêterais pas de tourner
- Le jour où les cons voleront tu seras chef d'escadrille
- Qu'on ai vingt ans, qu'on soit grand-père / Quand on est con on est con (Brassens)
- Se retrouver comme un con
- Plus on est de cons plus ça se voit (Têtes Raides)
- A partir de deux on est déjà une bande de cons
- Le jour où le soleil ne brillera que pour les cons, t'auras le bout du nez qui chauffe
- Jouer au con
- Le jour où les cons seront plus à droite, y a peut-être une chance que tu votes à gauche (Renaud)
- Être invité à un dîner de cons (quand on a une vraie tête de vainqueur)
- Se concentrer pour condescendre à la connerie du con concupissant à condition qu'il ne soit pas un con disciple de con-fesse.
- Con : sexe de la femme (no comment)
- Conchita (comme un manche à balai portugais)

JuJu.

This Cubicle Is So Fucking Small

KATERINA BAKALIS

It never seemed more obvious to me that our social structure in society is divided, as Marx claimed, by the proletariat - the worker - and the owner of the means of production, the corporate elite. We are being controlled by people too greedy to understand that money is not life. Their obsession with accumulating as much wealth and land as possible in the race for economic power, is leaving millions working long, hard hours in jobs that give them no personal satisfaction whatsoever. Not to mention their paychecks can scarcely cover the bare necessities of life, let alone give them the opportunity to unwind during the precious little time that they are not labouring aimlessly

for measly scraps. While Ken Thomson, a prominent and successful Canadian elitist, owns over a hundred newspapers in Canada and abroad, as well as the Hudson's Bay Company, and is worth an estimated \$6.4 billion, most of the working class can find work for only \$7 an hour. Even a 40 hour week won't cover your rent and bills. Money is not life. But the idea that you might make it one day and be one of the lucky few to win the lottery or get that big promotion (after working your ass off for 30 long years, by which time you are too mentally and physically drained to enjoy the fruits of your labour anyway), keeps all of us hard at work and taking the kind of bull-shit from other people that, put

into a social setting and adding a few beers, might turn into a rowdy bar brawl. Money and the desire for it (stemming from the capitalist way of living and thinking that we have grown up in) has caught us all in a vicious circle that cannot be escaped. In the elitist's quest for more money and power, s/he must make a profit by downsizing or lowering costs, and this usually means keeping wages at a minimum among other things. The worker employed by the elitist can thus hardly live respectably on this wage, but works for it anyway due to a vast array of circumstances that could be the motivator - for example, have no money for post-secondary education and no one to lend it to

them, or have a family to sustain and not be able to afford to take time off to learn a skill or trade that might give them an advantage because they need to pay this month's rent, etc. The only solution is to work for minimum wage, which might be more than \$7 in some places, but even at \$15 an hour, this yields only \$2,400 gross monthly. I bet Mr. Thomson wouldn't be happy if he was earning only \$2,400 gross monthly. He wouldn't be able to attend those luxurious \$1,000-a-plate dinner parties, and he'd probably have to sell the Porsche 911 he keeps up at the cottage for summer drives in the country. Although many of us might already know these facts and get upset that our society accepts

this way of life, I don't see a socio-economic revolution happening anytime soon. Why is it that we don't try to change any of this? Maybe because we are enticed by the aforementioned reason - the tiny, minute, microscopic possibility that we might one day be making enough money to have all that we desire. Only we don't realize that even if we did, by some miraculous event, become as wealthy as Mr. Ken Thomson, we still wouldn't have enough. Just like Ken, we'd still be struggling to acquire more, more, more, and we'd be right back at square one. Money is not life. Satisfaction has to come from somewhere else.

Embodiment

SASHA ARSHARHA

Embodiment, the recent works of Mexican artist Sabrina Villasenor, will be on display at our own Glendon Gallery from September 21 to October 21, 2000.

Sabrina Villasenor is an acclaimed artist with an international background in fine arts, design, painting, and drawing. Her pieces focus on the human body and find expression in such media as oil, pastel, inks, charcoal and various textures, occasionally presented in abstract form.

Sabrina's accomplishments include, among others, being first place winner in the 13th Poster Competition for the International Film Festival in Mexico City, and participating in the 8th Annual Indoor Art Exhibition at the BCE Building in Toronto. So come by and have a look at Embodiment. Sabrina will be there in person at Glendon Gallery on Thursday September 21, from 6:00 to 7:00 p.m. INVITE YOUR-

SELVES

Embodiment is part of the Hispanic Feminist Literature Congress, in which 165 theoretical and critical academic papers will be presented. This conference, hosting accomplished scholars and respected academics, offers students a brilliant exchange opportunity with a trilingual appeal. Papers will be presented in English, French, and Spanish, adding an international atmosphere to the conference. Programs are available from Girol who will be having a book sale at the Salon Garique.

The conference will begin all over Glendon on the same day as Embodiment, September 21, and end September 23, 2000.

Don't miss out on this great opportunity to learn, share ideas, and expand your social as well as intellectual horizons.



Student Clubs Provide More than Just Free Food

DENNIS YANCHUS

Glendon College has always been one of Canada's best kept secrets, so much so that it has struggled for its continued existence. Now in the midst of yet another Twenty-two points, plus triple-word-score, plus fifty points for using all my letters. Game's over. I'm outta here. facelift, under newcomer Kenneth McRoberts' leadership, we of the Glendon community, are looking for new ways to tell the rest of the country about our little secret.

But what attracts students to a particular university? Location? Glendon is located in one of the most beautiful areas of Canada's largest city. Faculty? Professor Tweyman is a controversial, yet well-respected expert on David Hume. Professor Kirschbaum is an expert on Eastern European studies. There are numerous economists, CEO's, and professors who have Professor McDonald to thank for their love of Economics. Our own Principal, Professor McRoberts, is considered one of Canada's foremost experts on French-English relations. Reputation? More Glendon graduates go on to do graduate work than their

peers at the Keele campus and Glendon grads have gone on to do work at Oxford, Harvard and many other Ivy League schools.

What about student life? An active student life presents students with new opportunities to interact socially, to develop and express opinions and to use what they have learned from their studies. As a new student, the state of a university's student life can weigh the scales for or against their decision for enrollment and can also affect their decision to stay at a particular university. A good measure of the vitality of a university's student life is the state of their clubs and student run organizations. Here, for the most part, Glendon can be proud. In the past, students have been able to take trips to New York, Boston and parts of Canada with the United Nations club. They've had Salsa lessons with the Hispanic club. They've tried ethnic foods and learned about other cultures through the Glendon International Club. The Economics club and the History club have presented

(SEE PAGE 10)



Glendon College
York University



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CRUZANDO FRONTERAS:

25 Años de Hispanismo Femenino en el Extranjero

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Asociación de Literatura Femenina Hispánica

21-23 DE SEPTIEMBRE 2000

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TORONTO - CANADA

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Chas

ROB SHAW &
JJ O'ROURKE

I GUESS I'M SIX DOLLARS SHORT OF WHAT I'M TRYING TO MAKE.

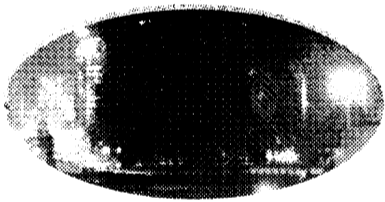
Other than that, I can't think of much. Other than I've got way more cigarettes than I'm going to smoke.

I could go on and on about social spending cuts. How much of an asshole the politicians are, but why? It's not going to change anything in my life. Not really much I can say.

I'm thinking I wouldn't have to be out here if those temp agencies would hire me, but they won't cause I'm only seventeen and I'm not worth their business. Other than that...

I can't really think of much.

Track 1

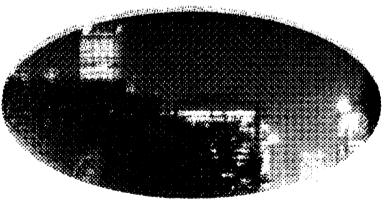


I'M ON THE STREETS TO GET SOME EXTRA MONEY.

I got a bad back. I still got to do this cause I got a bill to pay off and, um, I like sports: baseball, hockey, football. I go to church down on Parliament and Gerard. I play cribbage and euchre with my friends. I do some work with the elderly.

I also use the bible as my hobby.

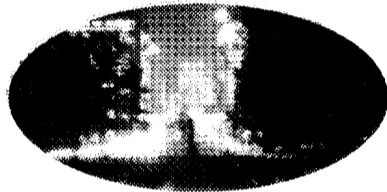
Track 2



THE FIRST THING IS THAT THERE IS GOING TO BE AN EARTHQUAKE TOMORROW AND A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE STILL DENYING REALITY. I don't know if they think it's going to make nature change, it isn't going to make nature change. The other is, the poor

people and the homeless people are getting tired of these people blaming their economic problems on the poor, when the poor didn't have any influence whatsoever over the state of affairs. That's about all I have to say.

Track 3

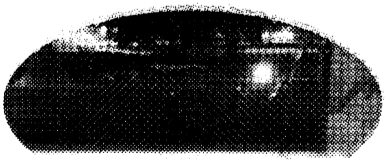


I READ SOMETHING THE OTHER DAY.

It was a book about how colours relate to personality and I was reading about it, there is a little test. The four colours they were talking about were red, orange, yellow and green and they were saying that from many years ago the thought was that each colour can evoke a certain emotion and have certain effects on the body and that different people are tuned to different colours and their personalities are according to that and I found it pretty interesting. Did the test, for example, I found that I'm like a green personality.

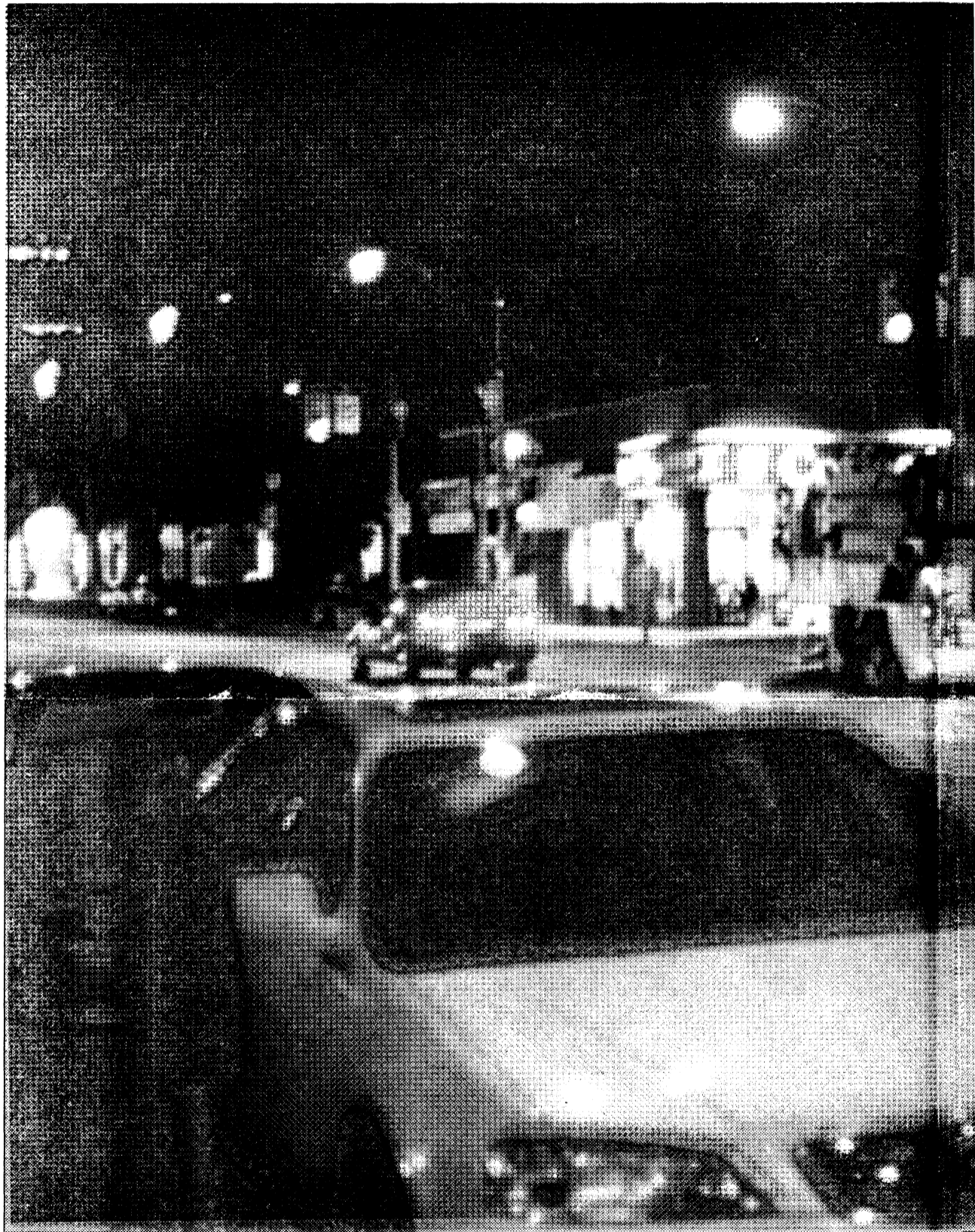
It's just how each colour personality has certain areas of their body which resemble and are affected by it or when they are not in balanced that part of the body is more affected by it and I found it to be pretty interesting.

Track 4



I REALLY HAD A ROUGH DAY AT WORK.

Got really busy and I'm the only one here. Burnt my hand, its been going like this all week. Just about had enough. One day it's going to be really busy and I'm just going to walk out the fucking door. Leave then all



fucked. I don't care. They don't seem to care. Really about it. Other than that, I'm enjoying my scotch and cigarette. Looking forward to drinking some more.

Track 5



THE FACT THAT I THINK THE GOVERNMENT

NEEDS TO GET MORE HELP DEALING WITH STREET KIDS. You know, it's just like they don't know what they're dealing with. That's about it.

They're not dealing with the real problem. So until they do it's still going to be a problem in the city. That's about it.

The hostel hands a kid who has had the shit kicked out of him a hundred-dollar bill and says it's going to be all right. It's not going to happen, you know. That's what they don't realize. You can't fix an emo-

tional or a physical problem with a dollar bill. It just doesn't work. It just does not work. They've tried and where has it gotten them? If you look at it, where has it really gotten them? Nowhere. As far as I see it anyway. Just gotten them worse.

Track 6

usin' Wind

The whole premise is to keep money in the pockets of music fans, so they can spend it on whatever they want: buy more CDs, go to more shows. Instead of siphoning it out of the system and putting it in, you know, scalper's hands.

Track 9



I THINK THAT IT'S SUPER, ACTUALLY, THAT SOMEBODY IS BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIER ON THE TRANSIT and actually speaking to somebody as opposed to sitting in complete silence as we all do on the transit, all the time, in these big cities. You'll be on a streetcar packed with people. You know that people must be looking at one another and thinking about each other, but nobody says anything to one another. So it's nice.

Track 8

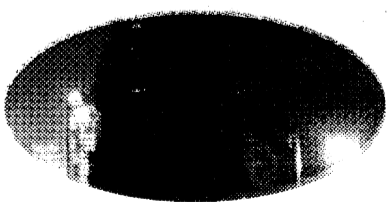
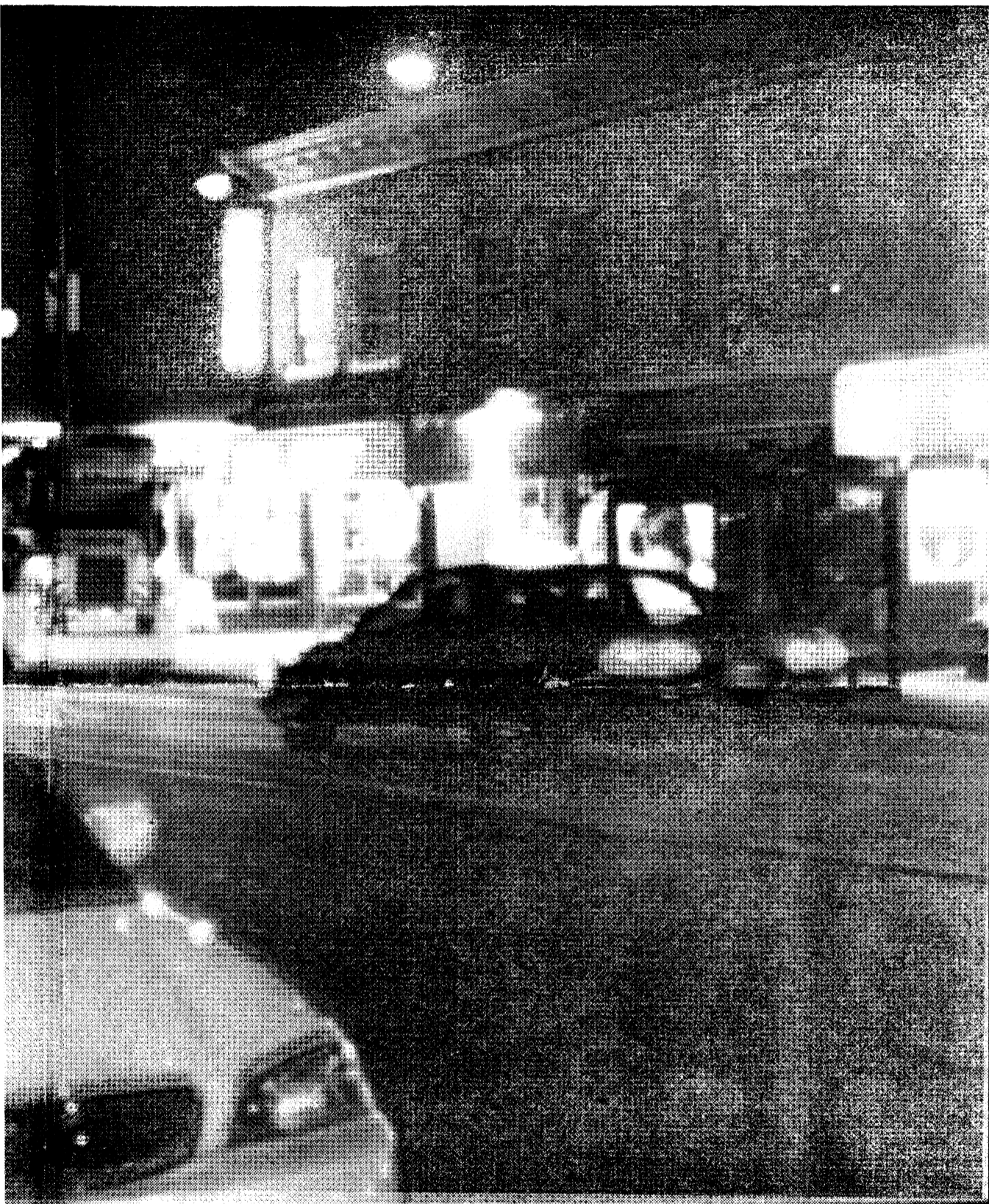


I HATE THE FACT THAT I LEFT MY BOYFRIENDS HOUSE EARLY IN ORDER TO CATCH A ONE-THIRTY BUS HOME, TO FIND OUT THAT A NORTH-BOUND TRAIN JUMPED OFF THE TRACKS OR SOMETHING, and I have to wait about half an hour to get onto this bus in order to get home which I'll have to pay an extra ten dollars for a stupid cab and I have no money because I'm paying for school and it's so irritating that this constantly happens to me because it happened to me last week cause I went to see Jello Biafra of the Dead Kennedys and he spoke for like four hours and I missed my subway and had to take the blue night home again, cause I have to work tomorrow at ten in the morning.

Track 10



OK, SO, ME AND A COUPLE OF FRIENDS ARE SPEARHEADING AN ANTI-TICKETING CAMPAIGN OVER THE SUMMER. Got a web-site, got some coverage from the National Post and if you want to check it out the web-site is www.go.2/scalpers.suck.



I'M JUST WAITING HERE RIGHT NOW and I'm waiting for the streetcar and I'm going downtown and I'm going to a place and I'm going to a party at an art gallery and I'm hoping to have some fun. That's all for now.

Track 7



Student Clubs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7) lectures by world-renowned speakers. The International Studies Student's Association has organized conferences on various international issues.

Despite these accomplishments, many if not all of the clubs have found meeting their financial obligations increasingly difficult. Faced with rising costs with no similar increases in funding, many clubs have had to cancel many of their regular events. The United Nations club for instance was forced to cancel two scheduled trips last year for lack of funding. If left unchecked, this lack of funding will eventually force clubs to curtail many more of their functions. Given that their mandate is to promote student life, it is telling that in the past five years the G.C.S.U. has never let club funding climb above 4% of their total budget. If we want to attract more students and increase student retention, it seems to me that we must put more money towards enhancing student life and there is no better place to start than with the clubs. With fresh faces in student government, my hope is that they also recognize the problems that the clubs are facing.

We cannot however put all of the blame on the shoulders of student government. We need the participation of students. What do you want out of your clubs? This year we are going to have many exciting events from movies to interesting speakers to plays. In the next few weeks there is going to be a Club Day. I urge you all to come out and join your favourite club. As always, any institution is only as great as its members. From this point of view we are headed in the right direction.

The ProTem needs
people for layout
and production.

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a besoin de personnes
pour la mise en page.
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Money, Money, Money

CATHERINE HANCOCK
This summer I had the wonderful opportunity of seeing the latest musical to take Toronto by storm: Mamma Mia!. It started off as a limited engagement at the Royal Alexandra Theatre; however, it has been such a huge success that the show has been carried into the new year. All of the other performances scheduled for the theatre (Dame Edna: The Royal Tour, Stones in his Pocket, A Flea in her Ear, The Drawer Boy, and The Drowsy Chaperone) have been moved elsewhere in the city.

Ed Mirvish brought Mamma Mia! over from London, England. It is the first production of the musical outside of the United Kingdom. And it is a different type of musical. Instead of traditional, "musical performance" music, the entire production is composed of ABBA songs. It is not a tribute to ABBA, it is not their life story, or anything like that. Mamma Mia! is a romantic comedy set to ABBA music.

The way that the writer, Catherine Johnson, incorporated a story to the music is brilliant. And how she

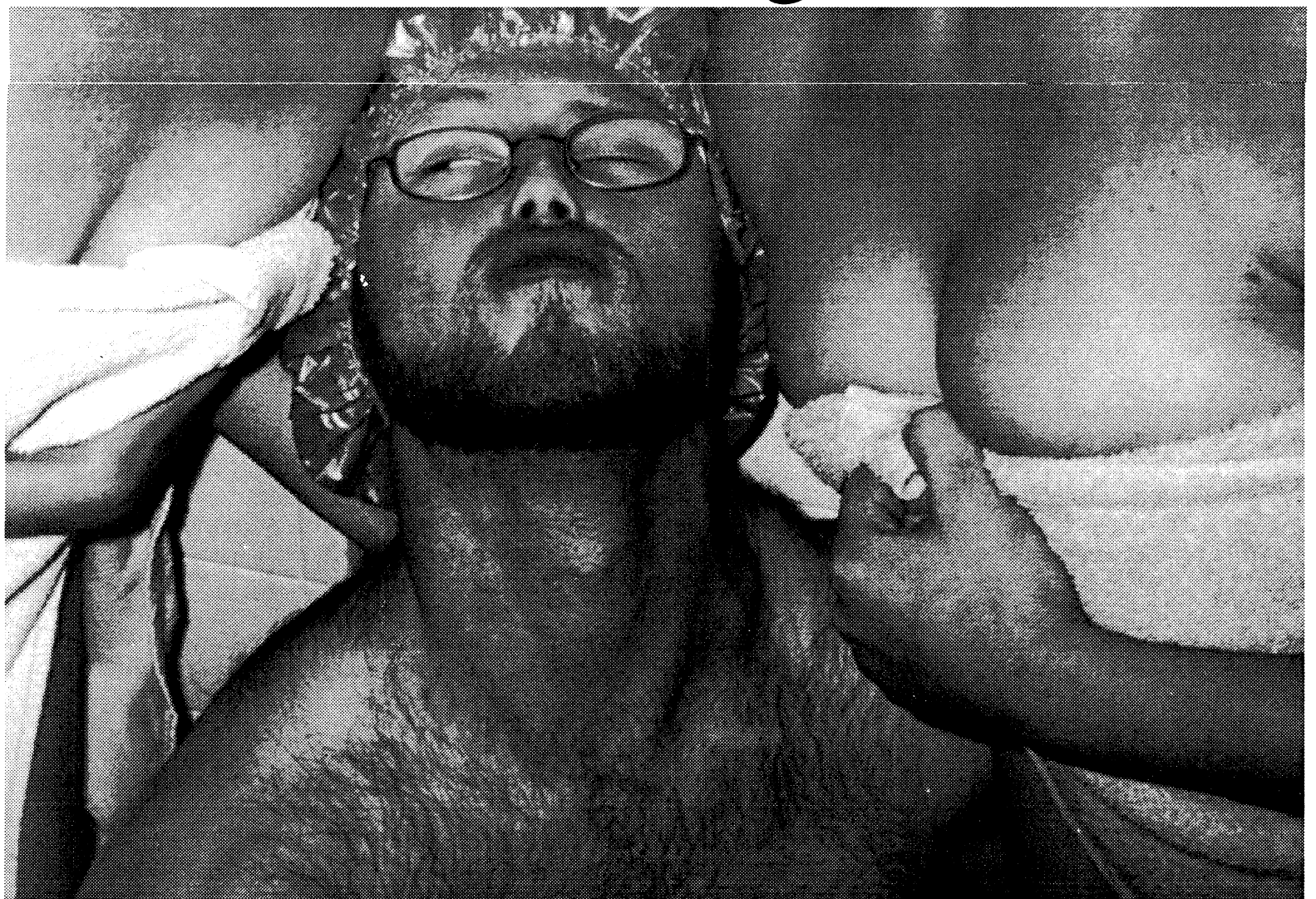
arranged the order of the music is truly fascinating. You never know what song is coming next. The program simply lists all of the songs in alphabetical order to keep the audience in suspense.

The one thing that struck me as odd a couple of times throughout the performance was to hear trained theatre voices singing pop music. There were moments that it did not sound right to me. Most of the time, however, I was blown away by the amazing talent that filled the stage. Luise Pitre (Fantine in Les Misérables), Gary P. Lynch

(Inspector Javert in Les Mis.), Tina Maddigan, Adam Brazier, Gabrielle Jones (Les Mis.), Mary Ellen Mahoney (Irene in Crazy For You), Lee MacDougal (Smokey in Damn Yankees), David Mucci (Willie Conklin in Ragtime) and an incredible ensemble of good looking, talented young performers.

Mamma Mia! is a hit. An incredible success. Everyone on stage and in the audience is having the time of their lives. This one is worth seeing. For tickets call: 872-3333, Group rates: 593-4142.

Si jamais un Prof te regarde...



KELLEY GREEN
To wrap up a wonderful Frosh Week here at Glendon, Theatre Glendon and Pepsi brought us a humorous and informative play entitled "Scenes from the Co-ed shower et Autres Histoires de la Vie Etudiante". The play dealt with the common issues that face not just first year students, but those in upper years as well. Such

issues were homophobia, sexual harassment and racism. Todd Cleland brought humour as well as phenomenal acting to the play. His actions were not far from the real feelings of students. Only in his second year, the theatre is lucky, as are we, to see more performances from such a talented young student. Another actor worthy of men-

tion is Eva Moran. She expressed both the slutty whore as well as the good conscience, two extreme roles that could not have been better cast. The aforementioned actors are the ones that stuck out and left an imprint on my mind. This review was hard to write seeing as all the actors deserve mention. Evelyne Bourdua-

Roy, Noemie Olibera-Dorn, Linda Ronchi and Gab Sirois put on fantastic performances. If you missed this play, then you'd better be sorry you did. I have nothing but great comments for a wonderful play with even more wonderful actors. Congratulations goes out to all.

The World Wide Web: What You Don't Want the Internet to Be

MIHNEA DUMITRU

It is safe to say the Internet has changed many things in our lives. We can now do pretty much anything on the Web, from chatting with a person on the other side of the world, to shopping, filing tax returns or snowboarding on some virtual slope in Aspen. And indeed, what could be more fun than doing all of this from the comfort of your own home?

But the Net is ultimately a cup of mixed blessings. Privacy and security issues, copyright infringements and a slow evolution of features - such as connectivity - are constant reminders of what the Internet could be. But is that the final resting place of our thoughts? Will the Internet be a continuously evolving mass of bits and bytes, providing an ever-increasing number of users an overabundance of new and original content? Are we to believe that this new Wild West of human thought will never be tamed by someone slaving to the power of the all-mighty buck?

The most important thing that the Web has brought is change. Besides its apparent ease of use, it has brought us in touch with the world in a completely

different way, paving the road to a more tightly knit global society. However, it has also transformed many of us into helpless addicts of information traveling at high speed. Many of us will not rest until they have the very best computer and the latest software - I'm ashamed to look in the mirror s o m e t i m e s .

However, as much as the Internet might seem to evolve, it's nonetheless under siege from large corporations. From a profit point of view, what could be better than to developing one unique piece of software filled with bugs, and then to keep on developing solutions for it for the next couple of years?

When you ask someone where they want to go today, the answer is usually to the latest upgrade. Not that Microsoft invented this idea - they don't innovate, they just improve - but as the largest software company in the world, it does represent the pinnacle of consumer mistreatment. But enough on that.

The Internet has been built on

standards. You basically have one language - hyper-text markup language, or HTML - in which most web pages are written. The browser on your computer then interprets the language and transforms it into an audiovisual experience of text, sound, and images. The Net is basically a giant spider's web of personal computers,

there's Windows Media. I'm not going to turn this into an anti-Microsoft article, bear in mind, but it's interesting to see how one technology can exclude another - you can not play Windows Media files with Real Player and vice versa - and how the corporations prefer to work against each other by gathering their own slaves

and 'protecting their ability to innovate' as well as their brand names. Unfortunately, this trend will go continue to grow among companies who are riding the Net revolution. Ten years from now, you will be able to log on to a million world wide

webs, not just ONE hub of information. The trick will be that you won't be able to access them simultaneously. The best present day example of future internet evolution is a portal site. MSN, Yahoo!, About.com, and so many other such portal sites live by providing content - everything from jokes to weather reports - to their millions of visitors. But put together, they all stand out

through repetitious content and a general lack of interconnectivity. America Online is yet another great example. The internet surfing package comes with its own community and its own standards and ways of browsing the Net. You can't use your own Windows browser - even though AOL does use a stripped-down version of IE - and unless you know how to get out, you are constantly bombarded with AOL's own community and content, simply discarding the rest of the Net. Portal sites exclude their competition, and draw themselves as many users as possible, leaving aside the good of the consumer. That's us, by the way.

These are the same corporations that tell us how the Net will evolve into whatever we want it to be; they're simply clever media campaigns that make us feel important, as if we actually had anything to say in regards to what we really want. Web-wide standards, ease of use, connectivity, and free flow of content are just dreams that we have, as we continue to surf the binary wave of internet devolution. Pray for future rebellions.

"I'm not going to turn this into an anti-Microsoft article, bear in mind, but it's interesting to see how one technology can exclude another"

which then connect to larger computers, and then to larger ones, and so the process goes. The greatest threat to the Net comes from this idea. One standard doesn't bring you as much money as having two mutually exclusive ones. Let's take Real technology for instance. For some time, it represented the only way to transfer audio over the web. Now

I give up

You piss me off I see fire in your
Eyes I see you repressing everything
Hiding intense emotion behind those
Solid walls surrounding your true true self
It's different than what we see what they see
'cause I see through you into you and you
have to be liked by me
I don't think you realize this not yet
But so much lost potential and you are
So hard so repressed emotions release
Yourself and there'll be me right here you'll see
You piss me off you are stubborn like me
(And in shadows I see your fall for me,
Yet still you piss me off you ignore me).

Ode to a Murdered Mosquito

You kept me company,
through this lonely, night.

You kept our private conversation going,
to most interesting mosquito heights!

You dined with me at my meager table,
and made no complaints about the meal.

So, I am sorry that I have killed you,
but more than your share, you must not steal!

Sasha



Excerpt from P.P.



tains themselves. it wore coverings over its entire skin organ, so i could not sex it easily; until i realised his beard. he was hunting the way spiders do, but in the sea. intermittently, throwing this web over the edge of his craft, practicing a craft, and would then pull it back.

it was full, his web, but of what i am not sure, perhaps food or treasure, and even though the sea was waving, and not exactly a friendly wave hello, i was filled with his serene sense of calm rightness."

the computer was whirring with analysis, though dreams were not part of the original programming, the Parynt Project (PP) pods has developed a mechanism with which it could comfort and guide its bio-load towards a better understanding of itself. the computer marveled always at dreaming, how close it came to the notion of original thought, and craved accounts of them and the fresh data that it offered. after all, it was the only part of Ubellin's psyche that had not been taught, informed or tainted by the PP education module. it was the only feature left that could bind humans to their home

J.J. O'ROURKE

"now why do you think that my darling young one, won't you tell me what you saw?"

"well, i'm not quite sure how to explain it, jaysen, but there were dark purple mountains covered in mist. they were very hard looking,

"also, there was a figure, like my own, but older and as hard looking as the mountains themselves. it wore coverings over its entire skin organ, so i could not sex it easily; until i realised his beard."

like a skeletal landscape. the geology allowed for several lakes to form. lakes and rivers and streams that joined to the oceans that lay below. and though they were dark, the sun was out, peering through the tendril holes in the mist and playing star spinners like pirouetting parabolas across the surface of the water. this is what i remember.

also, there was a figure, like my own, but older and as hard looking as the moun-

planet, long destroyed, and its magic would always be a mystery to AI.

epilogue

Meanwhile, back on earth...

"hey robb, what's the location report from NCC 1701, that kid... uh... Maybeline?"

"Ubellin, dude, he's doin' ok i guess. i mean as well as can be expected from someone who's been lied to his entire existence about his history. but aren't we all?"

"Huh?"



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Save Me John Coltrane



Dear John,

My mother's sick. She sees centipedes on the walls. My girl was seen on the street with my best friend. When I asked him about it, he said it wasn't him. She said I was crazy and called me a desperate fool. My pregnant canary has osteoporosis. The veterinarian told me it would cost six hundred dollars to treat her. Last week a man called Gardner called my house and said his collection agency took over my Visa account. He's been calling everyday, three times a day ever since. Yesterday he told me that I was guilty of fraud and I was going to jail and that in jail I was going to drop the soap in the shower and that someone called Bubba was going to forcibly insert his rather sizeable penis in my anus. I think he might know this Bubba personally. I started drinking Lysol from the can diluted with a little spring water. I guess I was trying to kill myself. I thought it might be a plausible alternative to my present circumstances. But now I can't even walk. Otherwise I would make a second trip to

the cupboard and try to finish the job. Now my stomach is cramped something awful. My mother keeps banging on my door asking if everything is all right. Everything is not all right Mr. Coltrane. My friends don't call anymore and the NBA season doesn't start for another month. Please save me John Coltrane.

Francis, Massachusetts

Dear Francis,

Sounds like you got a problem. Well, maybe a few. Hell, let's be honest son, you fucked plain and simple. First you gotta kick that Lysol habit. Believe me, I know what I'm talking about. Then you gotta find that girl and make her feel the blaze of passionate love like what you got. It's all about LOVE SUPREME, baby. You need to recognize that. Then don't give up on your mom. Sounds like she needs a hobby. Why ain't you buy her a camera when you're feelin' better and take her to the park. She just might start feelin' better too. As for your partner there who was checkin' your lady

on the down low, kick that fool to the curb and leave his sorry ass there for good. And as for Bubba and the bill collectin' jive turkey, hell son, welcome to the world. It's a cruel harsh one out there and it's all a brother can do to try and keep his dick hard in the midst of it all. But don't be scarry now, and don't let the fear mongers get one up on you. John is burnin' a candle for you kid, so keep hope alive.

John

“...don't let the fear mongers get one up on you. John is burnin' a candle for you kid, so keep hope alive.”

Dear John,

My name is Betty and my boyfriend keeps calling me Irene. When I confront him each time, he laughs and says he's just joking. I don't

find it amusing. I think Irene really exists. We fight about lots of things. It's usually a very bad scene and there have been a few times when I scratched him and drew blood and he pushed me away very hard. Those nights we sleep in different rooms and don't speak to one another until much later the next day. We fight over what food to cook for dinner, what music to listen to, and the fact that he has not worked in six months and is not looking for a job. He says that I don't have any friends and that I'm putting too much pressure on him to fulfill all these

roles in my life. I said I do have friends. He said not real friends who understand the real meaning of friendship. He says I have acquaintances that are fair-weather. I told him his ass needs to find a real job and understand THAT! Now he's not around some nights and when I confront him in the morning he says he was at his friends house. But I talked to his friend's wife and she says they haven't seen him around there for weeks. Now I know he's up to something, but I don't know what. How can I find out, John Coltrane? Please help me.

Betty, Calgary

Dear Betty,

Sometimes when we think our problem is one thing, it's something so entirely different that we hide in our subconscious 'cause we're too frightened to face the reality

during your lifetime. Courtship provides us with the opportunity to gauge how devastating a collision our idiosyncrasies will make. There'll always be some strife when a man and a woman congregate on the regular, it's simply a matter of determining whether or not the two of you are going to go through life as a mere fender bender or the smoldering twisted remains of a five car interstate collision with ambulances on the scene. It's true that the latter love hard like no others during those brief moments when the smoke clears away, but a tragedy is a tragedy and that brand of love is like life's last gasp and better left to alcoholic blues musicians and yes, jazz composers. I think your trouble lies in the fact that the thought of being alone scares you to death. You are more willing to endure the debilitating grind of that relationship rather than face the uncertainty of having to find someone more suited to your personality. I want you to challenge yourself, Betty, and find the courage to do the right thing for yourself. And listen, when you leave, leave the slate clean, don't go laying blame come history time. Go beyond good and evil to a state of understanding that people are who they are with very little hope of changing, and that for good fortune to prevail in anyone's situation, they usually have to rely solely on individual wisdom. What I'm sayin', baby, is... it's our world out there. Go and

of our situation. I think it's pretty obvious that you and this young man DON'T belong together. Remember, finding a mate is the most important thing you'll do

make it happen for yourself. Love, John

Send your letters to John Coltrane @ John Coltrane c/o Protem etc.

You Still Know What I Did This Summer

CATHERINE HANCOCK

Last year, I reviewed the films I saw over the summer and people seemed to enjoy what I had to say. For this reason, I decided to do the same thing again this year. The following are all movies that I

saw on my free time and paid money to see. I write about them so that you, the reader, have the opportunity to see what my taste in films is like. This way, you can decide whether or not you will agree with my film reviews.

Very suspensful, plus I enjoy seeing Matthew McConaghey in uniform.
B+

Boys and Girls

Jason Biggs saves this film from complete failure. Prinze should find himself a new agent. At times, however, this film is amusing in it's very shallowness.
C-

warnings, but I figured that with Joshua Jackson in the cast, it wouldn't be so bad. His part was about 3 minutes long. Oops.
D-

The only true part about this story was that fisherman were caught in one of the most violent storms of the 20th Century. The special effects were pretty cool. C+

ful day, uh huh.
A

Scary Movie

It's the kind of movie that's probably even funnier on video - but it was very clever at times. B-

What Lies Beneath

Terrifying!!
A

X-Men

Comic books are big on the big screen once again. I never followed the stories before, but I still enjoyed the film.
A-

The In Crowd

I was expecting another "Gossip" but it was suprisingly much better than expected. (Still, that doesn't say much.)
C-

Road Trip

God damn right, it's a beauti-

U571

Coyote Ugly

I didn't want to see it but I'm glad I did. This film is light, fluffy and fun - but don't believe a minute of it.
B

Loser

The title says it all.
F

Gladiator

Aside from the stellar cast, this film is worth seeing simply for the costumes and sets. Incredible.
A

Me, Myself and Irene

When it's funny, it's really funny.
B

Gossip

I should have listened to the

The Perfect Storm



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Canada

Film Festival is Bigger Than Ever

CATHERINE HANCOCK
On Thursday, September 11th, the annual Toronto Film Festival took flight. This year, the number of films have gone up by more than 320, with 175 plus, as World or North American premieres. There are more Canadian films than last year and the

number of countries participating in the event have risen to a record of 56. Big names are currently gracing the mega-city with their presence to promote their upcoming films, with stars such as Al Pacino, Gillian Anderson, Dan Akroyd, Scott Speedman, Kristin Scott

Thomas and many more. Keep your eyes open for them. For more information on dates, locations and everything else to do with the festival, be sure to check out their official web page at www.bell.ca/filmfest.



The Glendon Cine-club at the Glendon Theatre September 28th – October 19th

Date	11:30 a.m.	7:30 p.m.
September 28	Le Dîner de Cons	Johnny Stecchino
October 5	The Limey	Run Lola Run
October 12	Il Postino	The Ogre
October 19	La Haine	Ulee's Gold

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The Glendon Women's Education & Referral Centre is a feminist collective serving the Glendon community. We are an equal opportunity employer and encourage Francophone women, women of color, queer women, women with disabilities, and First Nations women to apply. The deadline for applications is Friday, September 22 at 5 p.m.
*For more information about these Work/Study positions, please visit www.campusworklink.com, the online job posting service.

Information session: Tuesday, September 19 at 6:00 p.m. D124 Hilliard Residence
Tel: (416) 736-2100 ext. 88197
E-mail: glendonwc@gurllmail.com
Website: www.yorku.ca/gwc
Join us for the World March of Women 2000 - October 15 in Ottawa!

Le Centre des femmes de Glendon est à la recherche de:
Membres bénévoles, une coordonnatrice de la banque alimentaire*, une coordonnatrice des ressources*, une coordonnatrice des communications* ainsi qu'une trésorière.

Le Centre des femmes de Glendon est une organisation féministe autogérée servant la communauté de Glendon. Nous sommes un groupe approuvant l'équité en matière d'emploi et encourageons les femmes francophones, les femmes autochtones, les femmes ayant différentes orientations sexuelles ou habiletés ainsi que de différentes origines à postuler. La date limite pour envoyer son c.v. est le vendredi 22 septembre à 5hrs. pm.
* Pour de plus amples informations au sujet des postes travail/études, SVP veuillez visiter www.campusworklink.com, le service d'emploi en-ligne.

Il y aura une session d'informations le mardi 19 septembre à 18h00 au D124 dans la résidence Hilliard.
Centre des femmes de Glendon
de téléphone (416) 736-2100 ext. 88197
courriel : glendonwc@gurllmail.com
site web : www.yorku.ca/gwc
Joignez-vous pour la Marche mondiale des femmes de l'an 2000 le 15 octobre à Ottawa!!!



