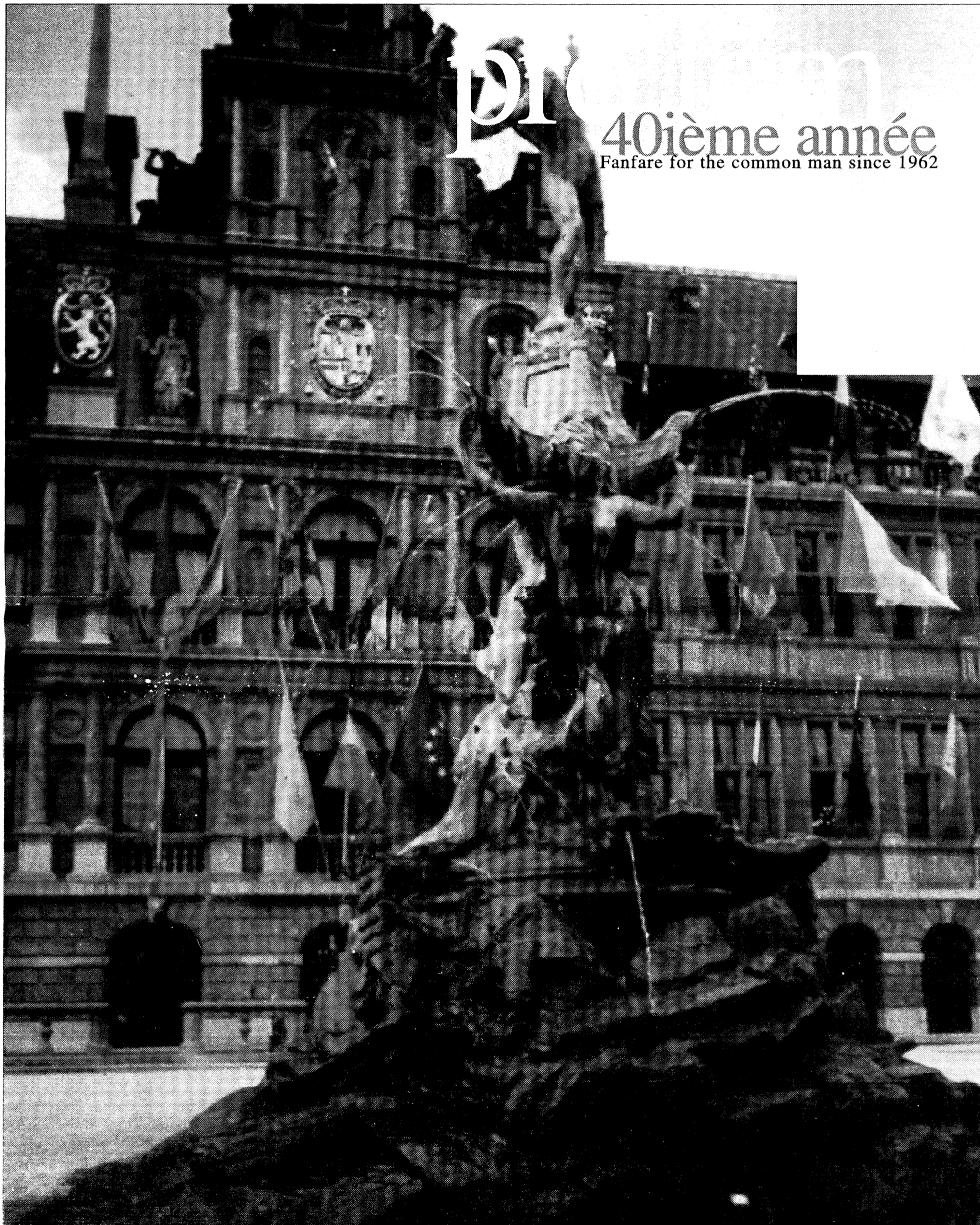


Proclamation

40ième année
Fanfare for the common man since 1962



La Valse Des Feuilles D'Érable

JEAN AYMAR

O grande feuille d'érable, où te caches-tu en cette magnifique journée? Serait-ce sur un sac à dos, un chandail Roots ou même sur le pare-choes d'une grosse bagnole américaine rouillée? Éblouis-moi de ta beauté superficielle, de ta gloire louée par des gamins de l'école primaire, ces proies si faciles à manipuler! Que nous réserves-tu derrière ton imperméable, sale corrupteur de la jeunesse? Pourquoi ce ton aussi agressif et dénigreur, cette propagande si subtile? Te sens-tu menacé?

Ceci dit je sympathise tu sais. Sam, ton voisin du sud, t'a presque complètement assimilé et endoctriné dans sa secte. En plus, ta partenaire francophone ne voudra bientôt plus de toi si tu ne changes pas tes vilaines manières. Bref, tu te cherches, tu paniques, tu sombres. Voilà ce que je te suggère Ô Baron

Rouge, mais ne t'avise pas de me faire la sourde oreille, ta chaloupe prend l'eau et elle coulera inévitablement d'ici peu.

Tout d'abord tu dois travailler sur le contenu et non, comme c'est présentement le cas, sur le contenant. Détache-toi de l'influence culturelle de ton obèse et arrogant voisin, peut-être trouveras-tu sans aucun doute ta propre personnalité! Pour ce qui est de ta mère, cette vieille et insignifiante conasse qui gît sur tes billets de banque, vire-la rapido presto! Ta douce moitié et toi ne vous en porterez que mieux. En parlant de cette douce moitié, comment est la communication entre vous? Quel effort as-tu fait dernièrement pour comprendre sa langue, sa culture et son passé, qui sont à mon humble avis aussi intéressants que ceux de Sam, malheureusement si fascinant à tes yeux? Montre-lui ton intérêt. Cesse de



la traiter comme une gamine, elle est maintenant assez responsable et solide pour prendre soin d'elle comme bon lui semble.

Je ne t'en veux pas d'agir de

cette manière Ô mon très cher. C'est pourquoi je te fais part de mes modestes conseils. Ne te cache plus derrière ta parure érablée et ton hymne déplacé que tu matraques à longueur de

journée Ô Baron Rouge! Laisse donc tomber cette feuille faussement représentative, vide de sens, et expose nous ta véritable identité ; connais-toi toi même.

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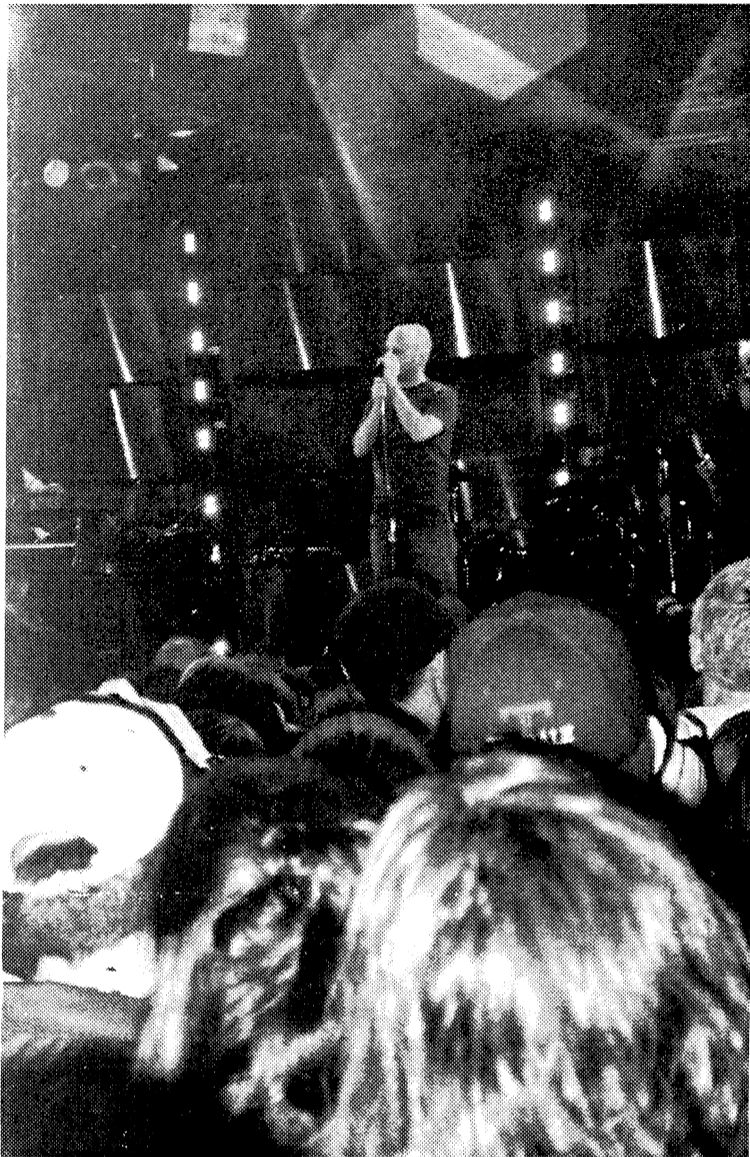
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Stars and Straps



CATHERINE HANCOCK

me to pick myself up and dust myself off. "Hold your head up high Kelley", they said. I must say I am glad they did. If it weren't for them, I would have just watched the awards on the boob tube instead of up close and personal.

All of a sudden, Esther had an idea. She would go in and explain (to the non-evil people, of course) that her friend needed access. She couldn't just leave me all alone out in the cold, with a crowd of strangers. The sympathetic souls at Much Music actually bought this and slapped on the blue wristband! Now one last problem to deal with...my friend, Pat, didn't have one. Now it was my turn to coerce them into allowing him access. With a deep breath I walked past the crowd of screaming fans and marched in there with pride and confidence. I was going to get him a wristband and we were all going to see the show together. And that was that.

Amidst all the hustle and bustle, Pat and I had a great time, especially when he threw a warm up pack at Rick the Temp

I marched up to the lady in the trench coat and pleaded my case as she blew smoke in my face. "Which one is your friend?" she questioned with authority in her voice. I yelled for Pat to give a big smile and a wave and she

told me he would get in. This was it, we were all in and I never thought I would be happier to see someone walk through those gates as I was when Pat did, as Lenny Kravitz began to play.

At last, I got to see my future boyfriend - none other than Lenny Kravitz. Pat and I made our way into the crowd and of course the tallest person in Canada had to be standing in front of me! Go figure. I called him the skyscraper and we had a loving relationship by the end of Lenny's song.

Pat struck up a conversation with the ladies behind us and we were arguing over the so-called career of the Barenaked Ladies (not the ones behind us) who also played. Amidst all the hustle and bustle, Pat and I had a great time, especially when he threw a warm up pack at Rick the Temp (who is no longer a temp). The packet hit him in the leg (may I remind you that this was live TV) and he thought it was hot chocolate!

Finally Esther and Catherine joined us behind skyscraper, and enjoyed the rest of the performers, Blink 182 (or in the words of Steven "no career" Segal, Blink 8-2) Matthew Good Band, Destiny's Child (note to men: they are all more beautiful in person) and Moby, just to name a few.

Countless presenters also populated the Much environment.

Musicians included members of Aqua, Matchbox20, *NSYNC and Edwin.

There were also several actors who took the time to present as well: Brendan "I wanna hump your leg" Fehr (Roswell), James Marsden (X-Men), Amy Smart (Road Trip, Felicity) and Lochlyn Munro (Scary Movie, Dead Man on Campus).

I introduced my friends to Pat's new friends (the ladies) and we all had a good time. One of them called their cousin on her cell phone, I had quite the nice chat with her until she got bitter that I was there and she wasn't and so she let me go. (Jealous much?) The new found friends cut out early, Kelly had to work at Red Lobster the next day so we had our hugs and kisses and parted our own separate ways.

The final band of the night was The Matthew Good Band and after they played we hung around and threw the paper confetti that exploded during their incredible performance of the song, Load Me Up.

The subway ride home was quiet to say the least. After standing on our feet from 3:30pm to midnight we were all tired and feeling the bone on bone foot friction. I had a great time and so did my friends. Peace out and I'll catch you on the flipside!

KELLEY GREEN

With my pledge to go off campus more in hand, I had quite a weekend. I was star struck. Not literally struck by a star, but I had close encounters with the Hollywood kind- for lack of better phrasing.

Last Thursday, three of my friends and I went to Queen Street West to try and get in to see Lenny Kravitz play at the Much Music Video Awards. We were surrounded by hundreds of little kids and other "older teenagers" in what was thought to be an impossible task - gaining the blue wristband for an all access view to stars!

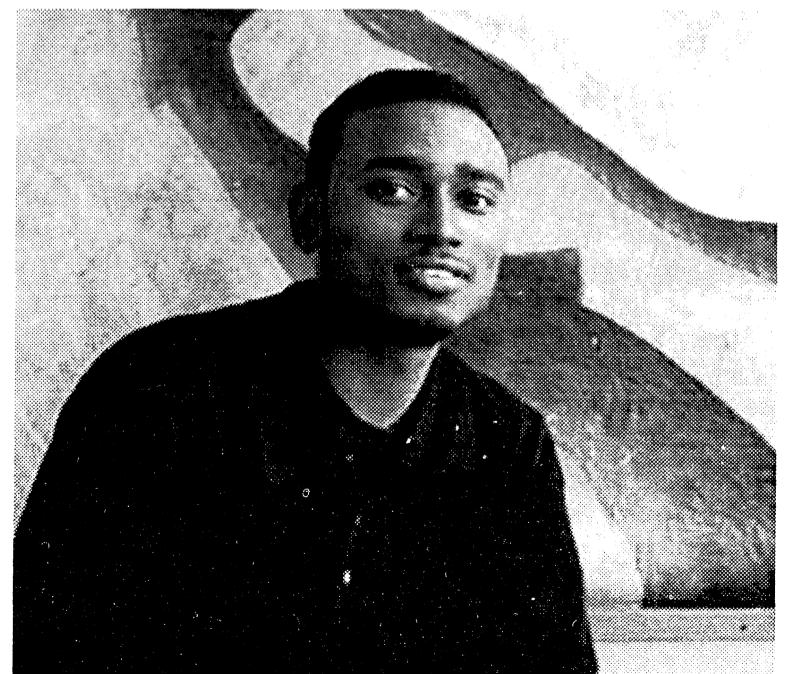
We decided to perch ourselves on top of the Pizza Pizza balcony in the hopes of getting birds eye view of the happenings. Sure it was a great view and all, but I was not willing to stand there and let others get in while I had the smell of fresh

baked pizza surrounding me. We had to take action.

We ended up splitting up and doing our own thing. I was with two of the foursome and my other friend was alone in the crowd. When it came time to hand out the wristbands, my friend, shall we call her Esther, announced that she was going to ask for four of them. My other friend, let's call her Catherine, told her not to ask for four but instead two, and that she would ask for two as well. Then something very bad happened. The evil lady who had control over the distribution of the wristbands heard our conversation and said rather rudely I might add, "give them each one!" and that was that. All my hopes and dreams shattered in four little words. Only two of us got access.

At this point I had given up hope. I am at times a pessimist. But my good friends encouraged

YFS President Gafoor has met with Pro Tem this week to announce his presence on campus and willingness to fulfill his promises to his voters. According to Mr. Gafoor, Glendon is seen as a true asset and an integral part of York University. Also, as part of his promise to the student body during his campaign, he will be having office hours at Glendon every week. You can meet and chat with him, share your concerns and ideas between 12 and 1:30 every Wednesday. You may also leave him a message in his mailbox, located at GCSU.



The Spirit of the Vikings

AMANDA KEHLER

Over one thousand years ago a Norseman by the name of Leif Ericson, along with his ship's crew, became the first Europeans to set foot on the eastern coast of North America. For the better part of the last millennium Newfoundlanders remained oblivious to the cultural heritage literally underfoot in L'Anse Aux Meadows, located on the northern tip of the western peninsula. In the 1960s Anne Stine Ingstad and her husband Helge uncovered the first evidence in the form of long houses and simple artifacts that verified the arrival and brief encampment of the European adventurers first described in the Greenlander's Saga and in the Saga of Eric the Red. The year 2000 marks the 1000-year anniversary of this momentous event. I planned my vacation on the East Coast to coincide with the celebration on July 28th.

The local authorities had planned well for this modern 'invasion'. At eight o'clock on the morning of the festival a school bus was sent around the dusty loop at my campground to pick up revelers and drop them off at the main event. The powers that be had wisely decided that with 10,000 or more expected visitors parking in the tiny fishing village would have been the height of delirium.

My partner and I brought our camping chair and set up for a while to relax and get some footage on camera. Highlights of Norstead, the village site, consisted of a of three long houses, a Viking ship, travelling tents, and various artifacts such as swords, shields and cook sets. The settlement was filled with local and foreign Viking recreationists providing demonstrations of activities that the original settlers would have been familiar with, from spinning to forging metal. Icelandic and Norwegian children's choirs charmed the



crowd and were subsequently bombarded with requests for photos with their alabaster skin and dark velvet caps. I planned ahead and was able to procure front row seats for what I considered the highlight of the day - the battle. The Vikings attacked one another fiercely with metal weapons and wore real armor over tunics and leggings. I spoke with a hitchhiker from Toronto who had ended up spending a night with some of the participants. They told him that a slip of the wrist could and had caused broken bones and other injuries, even though the weapons were blunted. The re-enactment was far

superior to the kind of show you'd see at Medieval Times. It wasn't hard to pretend that this was a real conflict, that the fallen berserkers might not get up. After the battle I roamed the upper levels of the grounds. While there was a lot of people at the site the organizers had seen to it that there was an adequate amount of food available for the tourists. I was disappointed that the closest I came to authentic Norse cuisine was a mooseburger. I was hoping for some mead, but that was apparently only for the Viking actors.

The publicized highlight of the day was the arrival of the ships.

These 12 ships were recreations of Viking knarrs of the type built around the year 1000. Each was built in a different country, with participants from Canada to Iceland to Germany. The European contingent crossed the Atlantic under

power of sail and oar alone, just as the original Norsemen would have.

I settled upon the rocky shore in order to get a good view of the landing. It took a couple hours for all of the ships to organize into a colourful row before dropping sail and cruising into shore. The master of ceremonies, an actual descendant of Leif Ericson, began the speeches that would complete the day's activities. I was too far away to hear the words, but for me that was only dressing anyway. I had already seen what I had come for.

Although the program at L'Anse Aux Meadows continues with local recreationists year round, this was an event that will never be repeated. As the bus pulled in to take me away, I felt satisfied to have witnessed what was truly a unique event, a celebration of the adventurous spirit of the Vikings, the first visitors to Canada and the New World.

The Ashtray (le cendrier)

Spirits and songs come together
Visits and tongues complete
each other

To bring but one thing to life:
betrayal

Betrayed by the wind
Betrayed by the trees
I thought I was in...
Into falling for thee.

Now I feel hurt, betrayed and
just used

'Cause you think that my words
were plain, were amused

Abused by my game
By the name of 'feelings'
I see what you're sayin'
Trust should see no endings

I'm sorry for letting you think
that one day
I'd burn you on purpose, like
ash in a tray

ELECTIONS 2000

October 17th, 18th and 19th.

Nominations for this year's by-elections of the G.C.S.U. open on the 2nd of October 2nd at 9:30 a.m. and close on on October 6th at 4:30 p.m.

Positions available are:
Two 1st year student representatives
Two part-time student representatives
1 Alumni representative
Seven councillors
Six Faculty Council positions

Nomination kits can be picked up at the G.C.S.U. office, located @ 175 York Hall. For more information on these positions, please go to the G.C.S.U. office, or call 487-6720!!!

élections 2000

17, 18 et 19 octobre.

Les mises en candidature pour les élections de l'AECG seront acceptées à partir de 9h30, le 2 octobre, jusqu'à 16h30, le 6 octobre.

Les positions disponibles sont:
Deux représentants de première année
Deux représentants d'étudiant(e)s à temps partiel
Un représentant des anciens étudiant(e)s
Sept conseillers
Six positions pour le Conseil de la faculté

Vous pouvez vous procurer de vos dossiers de candidatures au bureau de l'AECG situé au 175, York Hall. Pour plus d'informations sur ces positions, venez au bureau de l'AECG ou appeler au 487-6720!

ResNet: Fiasco Further

MIHNEA DUMITRU

Dear readers,

This relates to the article entitled "ResNet: Information: fiasco central" that I wrote for the last Pro Tem issue. In it, I described my disagreement with the way the computer help desk handled the Internet service connections to the residences. Over the past two weeks I have received several complaints from both the Help Desk team and other Glendon officials over how I have tainted the name of the York service, as well as presented defective and in some cases false information regarding the happenings related to the article. Since my article was written from two different viewpoints, I have two answers for these allegations. Permit me to separate myself as a York student and the Pro Tem News Editor in the column below.

Firstly, I would like to say that as a Glendon and York student, I have not been happy with the support given by the Help Desk

over the past year, as well as the general quality of York Internet services. I doubt that any university in the United States or Europe that can match York in number of students and funding, yet York actually requires its students to pay for their Internet connections, no matter how fast they are. I feel this is petty and unnecessary. Regarding the help desk, I feel that they could do a much better job at servicing students from a technical point of view, despite their limited employees and demanding schedule. I am confident my voice does not cry alone on this issue.

Also from a personal perspective, I realize that I am largely a self-taught person when it comes to computers, and that my knowledge in networking is severely limited. For that reason, I do acknowledge my mistakes, especially related to the technical terms and matters presented. To go into a little detail, the cables sent from York University were not entirely

faulty, and the mistake is not to be attributed to Glendon's team of networking specialists or the Help Desk. Another mistake on my behalf is my statement regarding the actual York software, which according to my source and logical analysis at the time seemed to be some sort of leech program that tracked one's computer. This point has been severely criticized and deemed as being entirely false. There are many grey areas in the article that could be misread or misunderstood, and I apologize for misleading my readers in those specific instances. Ultimately, the good news is that the Help Desk is now selling new cables and/or exchanging the faulty lines they have previously sold.

Considering the fact that my article was submitted as a commentary, a personal opinion, I do not feel compelled to protect my name as News Editor at Pro Tem. However, that does put me in a delicate position, especially vis-à-vis my credibility as a

writer in general. I can only hope my readers will build back their trust in me throughout the future editions, provided with my firm promise that I will run further checks on my sources, and keep as far away from Louis XIV-style conspiracies as possible. Objectivity is a very hard thing to master, but it's nonetheless a prerequisite to any newspaper writer.

This conflict could be seen from many points of view, each time casting a different light on the events. I personally see it as a lesson in life. I expected the flak, but I never actually expected the errors. I will go further in developing my sources of information in the future. Please note that my apologies do not stem from my willingness to reach common ground with any group within Glendon or York, nor am I writing this article as a result of pressure from any outside party. I am simply abiding by my own conscience and its admission of guilt.

I do, however, intend to stand by

my main point that I am not entirely happy with the assistance provided by the Glendon Help Desk to its students. As someone who is paying for certain services, in principle, I have the right to complain when they are not implemented. Again, in that, I am certain I am not alone. But I also understand that some of the problems branch off from larger issues that have nothing to do with Glendon or the Help Desk. I applaud the fact that they have taken the necessary actions to repair the ResNet delivery problem and I trust that they will continue to provide services to the students. They are professional individuals who will go the extra mile in order to better serve us. Ultimately, I greatly enjoy ResNet, as it continuously provides a fast and reliable access to the Internet. Kudos to those students who already have it, and many thanks to the friends that supported me through these weeks of personal struggle.

Ode to a Beautiful Woman

In due stillness, what beauty you possess
With your locks in chimes with everlasting rhyme
Misconstrued calmness, what serenity you professed
With your eyes of gold, with your jewels, behold

Oh, Beautiful Woman, what ammunition you undressed
Full of sharp daggers seering through my flesh
Your thoughts in vain, velvet pain you caressed
With acute precision, you settled for less

What wicked evolution have you sent me through
Through the nippings of Eros, what did you do?
Wading along the shore, I waiver with less ado,
Your metamorphosis, Eos, your loneliness askew



Revelations and Subtleties of Autumn

KATERINA BAKALIS

Wind whipped fervently against my face, blowing and whistling, my hair flapping and flying every which way, across my eyes and lips. I took a deep, deliberate breath, remembering the scent of autumn as a child. Gathered leaves in the grass, waiting for young bodies to plough through, giggling and laughing. Why does it all seem so solemn now? As if experience and time take away the gaiety of changing colours, the passing of seasons. Awe fades. He whispered something, quiet and drawn out like it was difficult for him to speak. "Yes," I answered, "just a few more days

now." I imagined he commented on how quickly it was getting cold, that fall was just around the corner. His hand trembled in mine, a sudden chill up the spine, a momentary glimpse at death. A nervous movement. Gentleness, soft and delicate, filled my soul. There is no right time. There is no miracle, no magic spell, no happy ending. It's how you want to believe, how you wish to perceive that determines your fate. No one else sees through my eyes, no one else hears my thoughts, feels what I feel. It's all in my head. It's what I said, it's what I wanted.

He kissed my cheek, his lips lingering, brushing my skin, tingling. I looked up into sad, hopeful eyes. He was tired. I knew he needed rest, but he would hear none of it. Though circles had formed and his lids drooped charmingly, his blue eyes were sharp and docile. What was love compared to this? He was me. I smiled, longing for his warmth again. "Let's go to bed," I murmured, pressing myself against him, "it's getting late." Though it was only eight o'clock. Trees bending, grass fluttering like ground confetti, we turned and strode back toward his place.

Communiqué

KENNETH MCROBERTS

As many of you know, I am entering my second year as Principal. I came to Glendon from the Keele campus where I spent many years as a professor of political science. My first year at Glendon was challenging and a little hectic but also exhilarating and most rewarding. Glendon differs in so many ways from the York University I had known. Beyond the natural beauty of the campus, I couldn't help but be struck by the profound attachment to Glendon that is shared by faculty, staff and students alike. Glendon has all the strengths of a real community. And its mission as a bilingual liberal arts faculty makes Glendon unique not just within York University but in

Canada as a whole. Clearly, Glendon is a very special place. Over the last year, several new people have assumed administrative positions at Glendon. Gilles Fortin, who has long been associated with Glendon, became our new Executive Officer. Guy Larocque, a graduate of Glendon, assumed the new position of Director of External Relations. Françoise Boudreau became Associate Principal for Academic Affairs. Also, this fall highly-qualified new professors have joined us in six different departments. Computer Science, Economics, Hispanic Studies, History, Political Science and Sociology. In addition, we are creating a Chair of Quebec Studies; this year's occupant is Jean-Louis Roy, historian, past editor of le

Devoir and former secretary-general of l'Agence pour la Francophonie.

At the same time, Louise Lewin, who many of you know very well, is entering a new term as Associate Principal for Student Affairs. There have been some changes in her team: Tobi Strohan has been promoted to Director of Student Affairs and Margaret Wallace has become director of the Proctor Field House. Fiona Kay has assumed the new position of Director of the Office of Financial Assistance and Jan Van Huyen has become Louise Lewin's administrative assistant. Pam Broley remains in charge of student counselling and Martin Rheault continues to be responsible for cultural affairs. With her new team, Associate

Principal Lewin will be working to strengthen the network of student services available at Glendon.

One of my greatest pleasures over the last year was getting to know Glendon's students, whether individually, through meeting with the GCSU or through attending such events as the Snow Ball and the poetry night. I hope that I'll have many more such opportunities in the months to come. Indeed, if you have ideas or comments about Glendon I hope that you'll let me know.

I'm excited to be at Glendon as we start a new year. Glendon has been enriched by a new first year class. A host of initiatives is underway. But, most of all, I'm simply happy to be able to call myself a "Glendonite".



Save me, John Coltrane!



Dear John,

I'm a broken young man. Few words could describe my present distress, but I need something, some words of comfort to cope with my loss, so I'll try my best to describe the situation. I am a member of a group of young men who have worked day and night for the past four years in the hope of achieving

greatness in our field. Despite the odds against our ever reaching such a goal, during the past week we surprised both our supporters and detractors by attaining unprecedented success in our field. Each member contributed to the endeavor to the best of his ability, yet I was singled out by strangers and given

special attention. Though they were merely observants of the spectacle, their constant praise of what they termed 'my considerable contributions' and 'talents' eclipsed the stellar work that was being done by my colleagues. And as generous and self-effacing as they are, they also gave echo to the cries of the maddening crowd in regards to my ability. Flattered as I was, I sought to remain modest, focused, and continually espoused the sentiment that it was a team effort and nothing more. Yet the very nature of my position in the project placed me in a leadership role, which I assumed without hesitation and have always felt comfortable in, but emotion, John Coltrane, emotion has done me in. Do you know what it means to get caught up in the whirlwind, John Coltrane? It swept me up from the inside out and riding the crest of oblivion I could no longer distinguish between confidence and presumption. I said things, John Coltrane, made promises regarding the success

of the project and the like. But already my own physical limitations were preparing to dictate the pace of reality and I was too far-gone to give them serious consideration. We leaped into the fray, myself heading the charge and though we gave our best effort throughout the immense struggle, we were vanquished in the end, partly due to my sins of omission. I could not deliver, John Coltrane. Now, the pain of defeat, loss, whatever you want to call it, is crushing my spirit and I truly feel as though there will be no escape from this moment in time.

-Steve, Dallas

Dear Steve,

It's difficult to achieve success on your own terms and without the unwanted distractions that often appear along the way. And anyone who has ever been seriously in love with their vocation, or calling, whether it's music, letters, gardening, or science, understands what it means to sacrifice time and energy

towards achieving something worthwhile in that venue. But I smell the scent of competition in your story, an ambiguous kind of competition that breeds uncertainty and doubt based on unrealistic expectations. Don't get John wrong, the sense of attaining certain immaculate heights is a wondrous thing and good for the soul in regards to contemplation, maybe even meditation. But we walk on soil, Steve, not castles in the air. You're made of mud, blood and bones, son, and subject to the laws of this terrestrial realm with whose disappointment we are all well acquainted. I believe you can detach yourself from the hype for just a few minutes to realize that. Maybe then the clouds that now weigh heavily on your shoulders will rise to their natural place in the heavens and who knows? You may aspire to the true condition of your nature and once again join us down here, on earth.

-John

Astérix chez les bûcherons

JULIEN DAVIAU & JULIE SAGE

Il était une fois Astérix le Gaulois qui muni de sa hache parti pour le Canada. Gloire et liberté il voulait trouver, à rien de tout cela il ne fut confronté. Avec son kit de bûcheronnage (qui comprend : une belle chemise carotée, une hâche bien affûtée, des gants à sa taille et un ceinturon de travail), il était prêt à faire un carnage. Plein de bonne volonté, ses élans furent coupés. Quelle ne fut pas sa déception lorsqu'il arriva devant Glendon. Ce mot d'ordre, Glandons, constitua pour lui une source d'inspiration. À la recherche de sa piaule, notre héros s'en fut sur son étage. Il fut alors fort en peine en trouvant des canadiennes pour la plupart en bas

âge. Néanmoins en quittant sa Gaule natale, il découvrit la gaule matinale. «Un esprit sain dans un corps sain», telle était la devise de notre moustachu ; il se rendit donc à Proctor faire d'autres folies de son corps. Essayant de passer pour un pro, il décida d'enfourcher un vélo. Il se mit alors à regarder toutes ces p'tites qui s'escrimaient à perdre un peu de cellulite. Cette vision le remplit s'émotion. Après avoir fait le beau, Astérix eut les crocs. Direction la cafette pour voir les minettes. Il en perd la tête. À Jacquot le cuisot il

commanda une pout' et un chien chaud. Dieu que c'est à chier, il n'y a même pas de s a n -



gliers! À la bonne heure, va pour un raton laveur.

Ainsi repu, au pub il s'en fut. Astérix est dans la place, tout beigne! À la «Pub Night» le jeudi soir il n'y a rien à voir mais il ya du disco pour les ginos. Plein d'entrain, il décide d'aborder une catin : «Hé l'eau, maille naïme is-eu Asréryese, but you ken côle mi Ass». French touch oblige, la b e l l e autochtone succomba au charme ravageur du Gaulois sans peur. Astérix, dans un élan de générosité, lui montra au baby comment jouer. Et un, et deux,

et trois zéro! Il est maintenant temps de faire dodo. Seule ombre au tableau, les lits ne peuvent contenir deux tourteraux. Le lendemain, le fièr personnage se dit : «Y a pas que le sexe dans la vie, y a les cours aussi». Inscriptions piège à cons. Pour simplifier, rien que du compliqué. Après avoir tergiversé toute la journée, il n'était pas plus avancé. Point de vue administration, Gaule Canada, même combat, c'est loin d'aller à fond les ballons. Enfin, passons. La suite des palpitantes aventures d'Astérix le Gaulois au Canada dans un prochain numéro (où nous lui ferons découvrir la «belle» ville de Toronto).

Almost

NAOMI MACLEOD

I actually did try to like this piece of poo. Maybe each song is super duper important to the movie, and when you listen to it you get warm and funny feelings just thinking about your fave part of the film. I don't know. I do know. Someone took a few good songs and a bunch of bad ones, and then tried to convince me this was really what I wanted to hear.

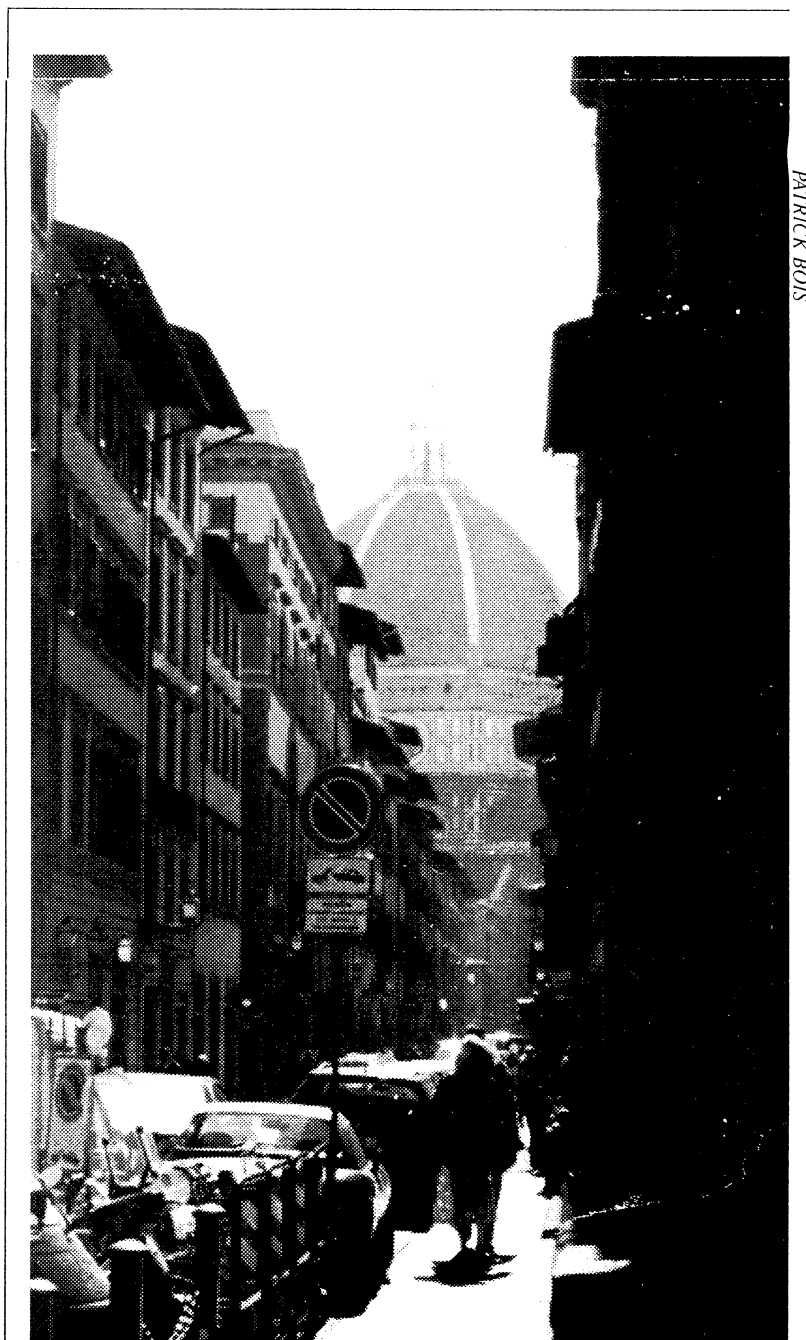
It seems that the goal of the CD is to make something-for-everyone dream mix, but this goal did not work. This album doesn't have a point. It's glam, it's folky, it has Rod Stewart, Lynyrd Skynyrd not singing "Sweet Home Alabama", and one of the women from Heart. The soundtrack is happy, sad, spacey, bad pop, more bad pop and then it ends. I went

bananas trying to enjoy it. I do like a few of the songs, especially "Sparks" by The Who. It is an instrumental from Tommy - buy that instead.

I thought David Bowie covering "I'm Waiting for the Man" would be neat to, mostly because Bowie was my hero all throughout high school and Lou Reed can write no wrong. But I was saddened and betrayed. If I didn't know the original, it would have been fine, but I do know the better version. Lou Reed sang about desperately wanting to buy heroin. My roommate Melissa pointed out that Bowie is just doing a weird Lou impression. I don't understand why no originals of these two were used when they both have so many perfect songs from which to choose. I ended up stopping this CD and putting

on the Velvet Underground instead. In short, I was disappointed.

In fact, 'disappointed' best sums up my feeling for this music. Not all songs are bad: "America" by Simon and Garfunkel has always been good for mixed tapes, and the Cat Stevens song is calming. But these few enjoyable bits don't play well at all with the rest of the songs. Honestly, go buy Bookends or Hunky DQH or pretty much any other good albums from the late 60's and early 70's. I know I like to pretend that Rod Stewart never happened to the music world. Don't waste your money just to flick past songs. If anyone does have that much money to throw away, please give some to me.



PATRICK BOIS

Giuliani's Genocidal Gentrification

ROSALIE TAYLOR

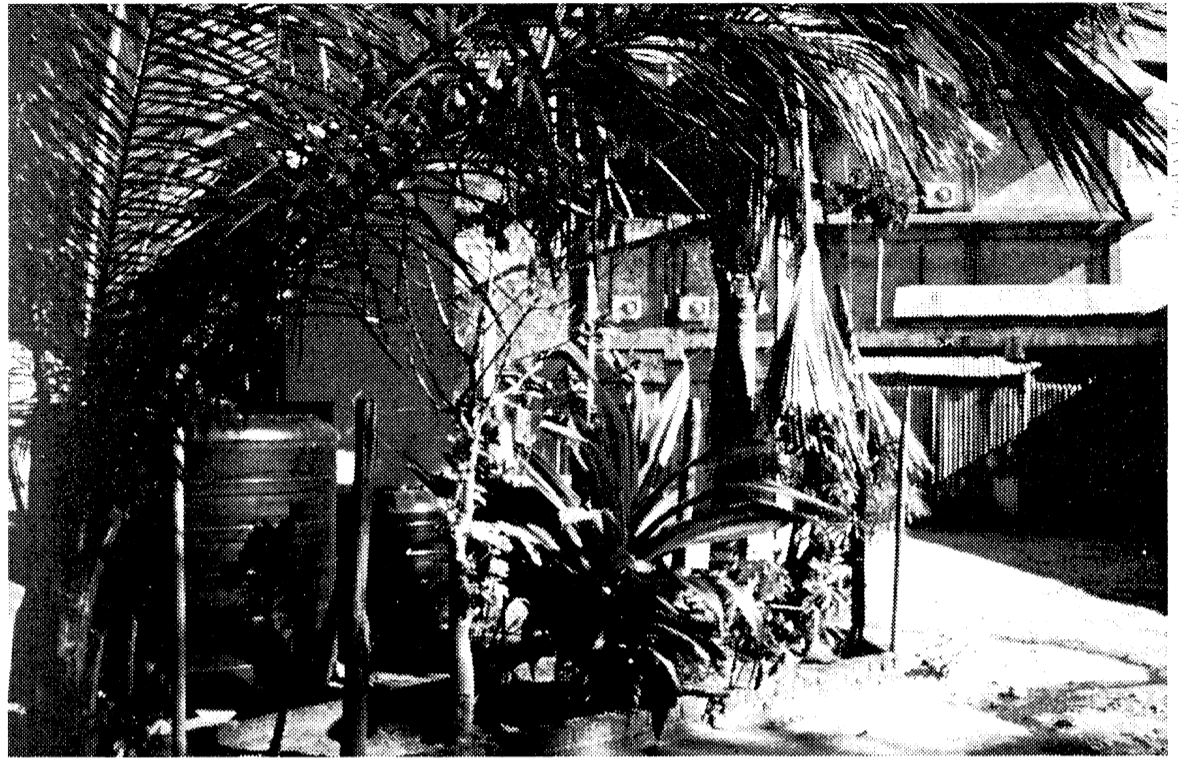
Most cities aren't known for their greenery or their peacefulness. Usually a city is based on marketplace and manageability. Municipal governments need the predictability of its citizens in order to run smoothly. When people start getting too creative with their actions, the city's leaders quickly put a stop to it because it's not something they're prepared for. If the citizens act only in an orderly and collective manner, the government can control them more easily.

Recently in New York City, citizens have been expressing their creativity by building community gardens. The gardens are built with the intention of creating a place where people can go for peace of mind - something hard to find in a busy city. The gardens are generally built on empty lots, where buildings have been burned or torn down. The gardeners grow a variety of fruits, vegetables, herbs and flowers. Of course this creativity is too much for New York's government to handle because it isn't something they planned on, and thus it's something they

cannot control.

In 1997, 20 of New York City's community gardens were bulldozed by Mayor Rudy Giuliani's decree. As part of his mayoral campaign, he told citizens that he would be developing vacant lots into much-needed, affordable residential neighbourhoods. But because the majority of community gardens in New York City (as it is elsewhere) aren't registered as active areas of land, Giuliani got away with lying to the citizens of New York. He told them that what he was building on was a vacant or 'derelict' lot. In reality, 40 of the 137 properties chosen to be developed are the sites of active gardens. And as for Giuliani's plan to create 'affordable housing', the Department of Housing Preservation and Development hasn't put a restriction on the price of each rental unit, so there's no telling how expensive each house could be. It seems that Giuliani's idea of progress is a bit distorted - he is willing to destroy the deep cultural roots that the lower classes have created in place of steel, glass and concrete.

Community gardens are a meeting place for friends, or a place



to give poetry recitals and jazz concerts. Religious figures of all disciplines can be seen as ornaments in many of the gardens. They represent creativity at it's best. It's shortsighted to think that replacing something as intimate as a community garden with a housing unit will make the city better in any way. The gardens give a community a

sense of humanity and feeling of returning to nature in a city where everything is fabricated. Gardens are not a bad thing. Community gardens especially are not bad things. They turn vacant lots, which are usually full of trash and debris, into something useful and beautiful. Whether those people are building the gardens legally or not,

they are bringing communities together, where they otherwise may not have had a chance to meet. Community gardening should be supported, not bulldozed.

If you're interested in knowing more about the present situation in New York, or on community gardens in general, go to www.cityfarmer.org.

My Blue Scarf

JENNIFER SHEEHY

What an appropriate time to write this. Sitting in the back of math class doing nothing but drawing all over my desk and telling Jennifer Ducker I'm absolutely going to fail. Slap me, I can't stop laughing. I'm trying to work on lyrics for a song (I do try sometimes). No, I'm not planning to be a song writer or something, I honestly don't have any plans for my future. I'm just helping out my lazy-ass boyfriend's band. It's probably not any music you'd like, it's punk (my fave music). Trying to think up crazy shit is hard work sometimes. As easy

as that sounds for me, my mind is blank....yes, empty as usual. How typical of Jen.

In New York City, a few months back I went to a music store. I picked up a song writing magazine, but never got a chance to read it 'cause as soon as I did this cute older man started talking to me. Asking if I "composed" songs. I said yes (yes, I wish). He thought that was cool, since he also wrote songs. I admitted that I was pathetic at rhyming, and next thing I knew he was teaching me how to rhyme. We made up a song in the middle of the store about the blue scarf I was wearing. My friends thought I was nuts, so I

told the guy I had to go. For the last time people: "strangers are just friends you haven't met". So, he shook my hand told me his name was Mark and I should write more songs.

I guess I have to take this stranger's advice. Maybe it's weird, we made a song and all. Music people are funny people, so I accepted that. From now on, my blue scarf stays with me 'cause it gives me some strange form of inspiration. But, even with the damn thing I don't know what the hell to write about for my song. Where the fuck's Mark when you need him?

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The Collection of



NOEL W. BARNETT

'It is not sensible to give the children's bread to dogs,' and the counter, 'Yes Lord, but even the dogs lick the crumbs from the Master's table'. Fair enough, there's plenty of logic to that parry and thrust. But what happens when the children themselves are in possession of mere crumbs and the dogs have them backed up against a wall, fangs bared and snarling? Well, you've pretty much entered an analogy fit to describe the often-mysterious realm of debt collection. After all, the money-lending industry depends on a clean public image to do business. It stands to reason that they would prefer to keep the negative aspects of loans and credit quiet behind closed doors. And how successful they've been! With the exception of the occasional rare 'behind-the-scenes' documentary, and a limited number of rel-

evant pamphlets available from the government, generally, the public is far from being swamped with information on the subject.

to their downfall should they suddenly find themselves in difficult circumstances. For if you run into arrears on your student loan repayments, or find yourself unable to make the monthly minimum payments to Visa, or perhaps have even soundly forgotten that you made that purchase with your Bay card: you can be fairly certain that you will eventually be contacted by a collection house. There are 133 collection agencies in Ontario, employing more than 2,500 collectors. They are often crudely trained with little regard for the regulations that govern their industry. Sample clips from an American training

video in 'How to be an effective agent of accounts-payable by phone', reveal a Jim Baker-esque host in a pale-blue polyester suit, wearing far too much pancake make-up, and dispensing eternal wisdom on how to coerce debt payment, under some very bad video lighting. Cheap production values appear to dog the reputation of everything to do with collection agencies. Though they parade beneath a seemingly noble mandate of consumer responsibility and social stability in regards to finance, they are renowned for behaving with the malicious barbarity of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Complete disregard for the debtor, the truth, and the law which protects the debtor, is the standard by which a good agent is measured for the simple reason that employing such behavior gets results more often than not, and results mean one thing: money.

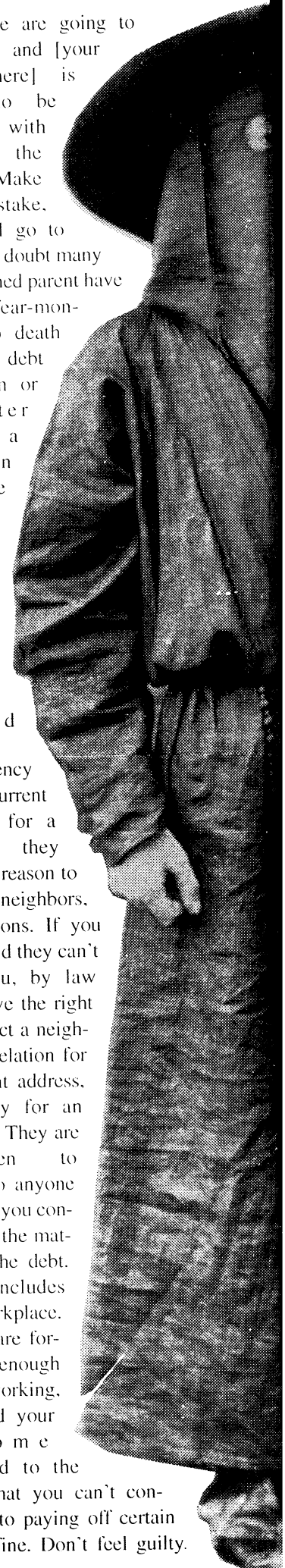
But, of

course! Who didn't know that? It's as redundant as saying 'the cucumber is green'. So let's talk about some things that you probably don't know.

Collection agencies receive their license to operate from the Ministry of Consumer & Commercial affairs, in particular, from the Registrar, Gary Demers. There are four pieces of legislation laying out in detail the regulations by which they must abide: The Collection Agency Act, Consumer Protection Act, Consumer Reporting Act, and Business Practices Act. These can be purchased for around ten bucks each at the government bookstore, Publications Ontario, at 880 Bay Street in the downtown area.

placing a call to your residence without warning and demanding to know 'what is your intention in regards to this account?' They try to glean as much information as they can in regards to both your financial and personal situation to build a profile that will assist their efforts to regain the money. If they hear children in the background, they'll seek to ascertain whether or not their yours, asking directly with the expectation that you'll answer since they've caught you off guard. The information is quickly employed further down the line when they begin to use fear as a tool of manipulation making unsubstantiated claims such as, 'Do you want to be out on the street with your kids? We're gonna put a lien against your house and sue you!'. But in fact, the law forbids them to contact you by phone unless having first notified you in writing that they have taken over your errant account. Neither are they entitled to any private information. Some agents will ask anyone who answers the phone for their relation to yourself and then tell that person yet more atrocious claims. 'If someone doesn't pay this debt

the police are going to contacted and [your name here] is going to be charged with fraud in the matter. Make no mistake, they will go to jail!'. No doubt many a frightened parent have been fear-mongered to death over the debt of a son or daughter and sent a collection house money seeking to avert what they perceived to be a untold tragedy. If an agency has a current address for a debtor, they have no reason to contact neighbors, or relations. If you move and they can't find you, by law they have the right to contact a neighbor or relation for a current address, but only for an address. They are forbidden to speak to anyone else but you concerning the matter of the debt. That includes the workplace. If you are fortunate enough to be working, yet find your income strapped to the point that you can't contribute to paying off certain debts, fine. Don't feel guilty.



Children's Crumbs

Life's no box of chocolates. They don't have the right to call you there. If you volunteer the information that you are working and still can't pay, most agencies will threaten you with court. In fact, they often employ this tactic with unemployed person as well. They will send letters to the debtor written with terse legalese to this effect. Lines like, 'A summons through the court having jurisdiction in your district will be issued in 48 hours,' or 'A

that. But in fact, those well acquainted with the legal system advise a debtor to not be so easily taken in. According to Debra Ram of Clasp at Osgoode legal aid, "Finding yourself in court as a debtor in difficult circumstances against a collection agency retained by a huge corporate money-lending institution is a good position to be in. A judge is much more likely to be sympathetic with the debtor than the creditor."

that, and the credit-reporting bureau. Court is a last result that many creditors will not pursue because of the cost, risk, and potential for negative public image. Usually, a collection agency under the conviction that someone is hiding a lot of money will ask the original creditor for permission to initiate legal action on their behalf. But this is rare. After all, who has a lot of money? Nevertheless, one should be aware of what judgments the debtor is subject to in a court case. First off, be certain that defaulting a loan or not paying a credit balance falls into the realm of civil, and not criminal, proceedings. Do not allow a collection agent to frighten you with talk of jail or fraud. The worse that can happen is the judge issues a court order for them to garnish your wages up to 30% if you have any, or orders you to find work within a specified period of time and to begin paying the debt. That's it. It's not a great deal to fear, and it's the reason why a lot of agencies will try to frighten you into allowing them to garnish your wages without the court order, which takes a lot of time if the creditor gives the O.K.

These are a handful of companies which act as data-banks in specific regards to consumer credit history. They retain submissions from creditors

regarding their clientele, information such as line of credit established, missed monthly payments, defaulted loans, etc. Negative material is cleared from a consumers record every seven years. This is not to say that one will not be able to receive credit during those seven years that come as a result of having not paid a debt. Remember, moneylenders are in the business to lend money and despite the fact that some will frown on a bad credit history; there will always be other companies that have more relaxed criteria for obtaining credit. Everyone is entitled to view their credit record and can challenge anything reported therein which they claim to be false. It's usually obtained by fax with copies of the requisite I.D., driver's license, etc.

for a moment. Agents will call a debtor up to four times a day every day in some situations, despite the fact that they are forbidden to 'make calls of a nature or frequency that constitute harassment'. In one documented case an agency made repeated calls to a young man dying of AIDS in a hospice

and upon discovering his circumstances, told him something to the extent that god was judging his misdeed, et cetera. Perhaps you're wondering how they get away with all this? Why doesn't somebody complain? Well, as anyone who's ever experienced the inner-workings of a bureaucracy firsthand can tell you: 'the wheels turn pretty slowly around here'. Official complaints are welcome at the Ministry of Consumer & Commercial Relations, but they are just as welcome at a collection agency since they usually come to naught, though in the case of that young man, several people were fired at one agency because of the publicity his story generated. The government's oft times ambivalent position is highlighted by its suggestion that a debtor first approach the manager of the collection agency where they are experiencing harassment. Of course it's a ridiculous non-solution, but remember, a citizen with no dough is just as much a headache for government (who going to pay taxes?) so they want to see you doing well with your credit and all its subsidiary organizations, regardless of how foul they might be. Nevertheless, keep a record of every infraction committed by a collection agency and send in your com-

plaints. The paper trail you leave will either frighten a creditor from pursuing the matter in court, or should you find yourself in one, it'll make the judge that much more sympathetic.

It's not even an alternative for student loan problems since the government has enacted legislation that excludes federal loans from being defaulted by bankruptcy. And then there's the interesting moral question of the government using collection agencies for delinquent student loans, and the even more delicate matter of delinquent child support payments. Attorney General Jim Flaherty hired three collection agencies to collect \$1.2 billion in delinquent payments this year. Suddenly it becomes that much less difficult to see why collection agencies are so brazenly fearless, the institution of government set aside to police them, is also a client. Cy Spirling, eat your heart out.

FOR MORE INFO:
<http://www.ccr.gov.on.ca>
<http://www.legalaid.on.ca>

CLAIM HAS BEEN FILED! If within five days from the date of this claim we have not received payment or heard from you concerning this claim we may have to instruct our solicitors to sue for the recovery of our client's money'. Most folks shit their pants after reading a letter like



HVW8

KRISTIN FOSTER

After a short jaunt up to the North York Centre subway stop and a quick (but freezing) walk outside, my friend Dani and I found the Museum of Canadian Contemporary Art last week. It

is currently showing the first phase of the Heavyweight Art Installation, a live painting series that made its Toronto debut on September the 15th.

All paintings were created in a club environment (i.e. some were done during raves, some

during the Montreal Jazz Festival). The artists set up their canvas with a tinted light so that their work wouldn't contrast the music or the atmosphere.

Because of that, some of the paintings have ended up with very interesting colour palettes.

One graffiti artist would create the background (which is usually mono- or duo-chromatic) and the other would then paint figures over them, sometimes using Polaroid pictures as references. Some wonderful visual interpretations of the music and



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the artists (dancers, DJs, musicians...) were created using acrylic paints and a variety of brushes. Because they used acrylic paints and not traditional oils, the colours and sometimes chunky applications of the paint are bright and expressive.

One of the most notable elements of this show is the pure scale of the paintings. Each canvas easily measures about sixty inches by sixty inches, giving the observer a lot to look at. It is interesting to look at the painting from a distance and then look at it up close. Because the graffiti artist put a lot into his work, the amount of detail in some of these paintings is astounding. For instance, in almost all the paintings he has incorporated the name of the series (HVW8) in one way or another. What you may think is an abstract block of paint turns out to be the logo done in futuristic block letters. It's pretty crazy.

Hey, while you were reading this you could have been on your way to go see the show! Well, why not get off your butt and take a look? It's only a couple of stops away and admission to the gallery is pay-what-you-can. This is a perk for starving poor college students like us, and the guy who works the door is really friendly. Here's the info you need to get there:

Museum of Contemporary Canadian Art
5040 Yonge Street
Info: (416) 395 0067
Open Tuesday through Sunday,
12-5 p.m.

www.hvw8.com

Portrait of a young girl

NOÉMIE OLIBERA-DORN

The jaguar's shadow slinked
through the glass corridors
Disturbing the stillness, each
paw silently echoed.
The beast's breaths were
relentless
ravenous, longing...
The oil paintings watched
Him pass
shivering in their gilded frames
Suddenly,
His breath became wing
rippling Monet's pond,
freezing Cézanne's wine,
creeping down my neck...
Couldn't run
Couldn't scream
Out of the darkness two topazes
gleamed
hungry, desperate...

My ruby smile stayed fixed,
and as He tore me apart,

I could hear Renoir's cry.

Waiting

AGGIE GASIOR

Another minute passing
Feels like an endless hour
While I impatiently drag myself
Pointlessly around the house.
Wishing hopelessly for time
To stop
But wanting it to pass faster.
Trying desperately to keep busy
To keep my mind off of your
Perfect face.
Wondering when I'll see you
Again
As I perform tedious tasks
Over and over.
Minutes turn to hours
Hours into days
As I continue to restlessly wait
For your call that will
Never come.

The Toronto Star Deal

Are Campus Newspapers at Risk?



PATRICK BOIS

MIHNEA DUMITRU

You take it every morning from the Salon Garigue. You read it. You fill out the crossword puzzle, check the sports section, hoping to see another Gold for your country, maybe glance over current Canadian and international affairs... and as you finish sipping your coffee you laugh at the comics section. It's all free. Yet just 300 feet away from the Cafeteria, you have to purchase the Star. Ever thought why?

You take it every two weeks or so from pretty much anywhere around campus, skim through it, jump over most sections, sometimes admire the cover, sometimes just send it to hell in your thoughts as you grab your coffee and head on to work or class. It's the campus rag, the Pro Tem, the Excalibur, the voice of the student, the constant nuisance to the Establishment and the perpetual critique of any and all grey areas in your student life. If you enjoy it, you might notice it's getting smaller, less interesting... Ever pondered why?

Of course, you have them both on the same rack. You can always choose, and you always

do. Sometimes you pick both. Sometimes you take the Star. Other times you make yourself touch that smudgy cover, leaving marks of ink on your fingers - constant reminders of its dirty yet candid content, and even more importantly, of the problems it's passing through. Our student newspapers aren't unique cases. Freeing the press on any campus is like setting fire to yourself - if you happen to be part of a certain group of people, that is. And you don't really want that. Fire burns through your clothes, your pockets... ultimately engulfing your entire being into frustration and maybe guilt.

What, you didn't think there was a deal? This is about money, and the Star is more than willing to lose a little on printing and shipping all those free newspapers, considering that they can later make it up by using the students of York University to bloat their advertising costs, as well as to benefit from the many companies willing to spread their names among the campus intelligentsia. Not to mention that once you get out of college, you're going to miss that newspaper that you used to get with your coffee every

morning. What can we say... life is full of tough choices. Add to that the fact that the National Post and maybe other newspapers will soon follow suit and will be moving in on more prize catches like us, and you have papers like Pro Tem going underground in the very near future, shallow reminders of a time when... well... vintage rebels anyone?

Over the past year, the Excalibur - York Main's largest student newspaper - has had to reduce its circulation by 2000 copies. Explanations differ from source to source; some saying it's in need of more funds, of the advertising that the Star is drawing to itself by its simple presence on campus, while others argue that Excalibur's number of readers is really much lower anyway, the bloated numbers being there simply to artificially keep the advertising sums up per page. But it really doesn't matter how much the Star is offering to Excalibur or to us. The issue deals with a completely different group of people: the students. While certain people/companies are willing to pay something around \$1200 a page in Excalibur - which

comes out once every week, and has a present circulation of about 15,000 - others pay \$25,000 to the Star and ensure that their one page is seen by hundreds of thousands every day. And while you're part of the audience no matter which way you put it, you still have a voice, and an option.

It's really up to you, the readers, to decide which one is right on the issue. The fact of the matter is that in the Toronto Star-York University deal, there are losers. And those losers are these very campus newspapers, including the one in your hands right now. The deal does give them certain perks - Excalibur, Pro Tem, as well as any other so-called community newspapers that see their creation within York University can have a place of honour on the racks, for free, between the Toronto Star and the cold dirty cement. Also, we're always invited for mentorship programs, summer internship programs, etc. Anything to draw talent to them anytime in the future... No matter the money that flows from one corporation to another, no matter the massive deals signed and co-signed by suits in egos, we are the ultimate losers. And so are you...

The Symphonic Moshpit

PHIL RUTLAND

Heavy Metal and Classical Music, two styles that have about as much in common as a bachelor and Hugh Hefner, or so you think. This may surprise you but there is a very distinct influence of classical music in Heavy Metal. If this didn't surprise you then I'm wasting space but that's my job.

Classical Music's been around for centuries. Heavy Metal's been around since the seventies, okay that doesn't sound like much, but remember that alternative was born and dead in five years. In the seventies Deep Purple were the first to tap into the classical genre for inspiration...or something like that. Purple's guitarist Ritchie Blackmore used classical scales for his riffs and solos, whereas Metal to that point had limited its use to Blues scales.

A few listeners and guitarists picked up on this. Two in particular would shape the face of 80's guitar playing: Yngwie J. Malmsteen and the late Randy Rhoads. Randy Rhoads used classical playing to a whole new level. (Even writing a piece on classical guitar for his mom!) His acoustic playing pays tribute to the classical stylings of finger-picking and exotic scales. His leads, which are immortalized, on Ozzy Osbourne's first two solo records are all done in clas-

sical scales and modes. Sadly, in August 1982 Randy was in a plane that had a close encounter with a house.

His chops were perhaps only challenged by the Swede Yngwie J. Malmsteen who, besides having a name impossible to pronounce and an ego the size of the statue of liberty, brought even more chops. Inspired by the violinist Paganinni, he basically played real fast which impressed a lot of guitar players but nobody else. He was the first shredder (of many, unfortunately) which is the musician's equivalent to people who never shut up about themselves.

So entering the 90's, the classical influence was confined to scales and technique. That would change. While grunge was killing away all the annoying poseur metal acts, over in Scandinavia something really new and interesting (and scary too) was brewing. The genre called Black Metal was on the verge of exploding. Black Metal at that time was an evolution of the music that Slayer, Venom, Celtic Frost and Bathory had pioneered though it still hadn't truly taken form until the early 90's when the scene exploded. Black Metal is extremely up-tempo, blastbeats galore (weight training's for pussies - try being a drummer in Black Metal band). What Black Metal did was combine beautiful,

ethereal symphonic melodies via a synthesizer/keyboard over an insane, otherwise brutal soundscape. Just listening to the melodies of these bands you'd never guess they were psychotic Satanists who liked (?) to burn churches in their spare time.

One Black Metal band in particular, Emperor, took the classical influence to a higher form. Their 1997 album 'Anthems to the Welkin at Dusk' is one of the corner stones of this genre. A great example of the best the scene has to offer, the guitars, vocals, bass and drums rage along while overtop the musical battlefield, ethereal melodies are overheard. Slightly before the albums release a short EP was released called 'The Loss & Curse of Reverence EP'. This three track EP garnered attention due to its inclusion of a classical rendition of the song 'Inno A Santana' (which was on the bands previous album, In The Nightside Eclipse) renamed 'Opus A Santana'. Recently Emperor frontman Ishahn released a solo album of entirely classical compositions. It's astounding that in a genre notorious for its close minded and fundamentalist fan base that classical music can flourish in this genre.

So you're saying, so what, eh? I mean they're only using keyboards right? Wrong. In 1996, out of nowhere a Swedish band called Therion released an album



called Theli that made every metalhead's head spin, either in disbelief or admiration. The album featured classical instrumentation and operatic vocals combined with a vaguely retro-metal feel. Their next album, 1998's 'Vovin' went even further, with frontman/musical genius Christofer Jonsson realizing he can't sing and adding actual strings to the mix, creating a lush musical landscape of Choirs, orchestration and metal. 2000's Deggial is almost entirely classically oriented, with an interesting cover of 'Orfi's O Fortuna'.

Another stand-alone band is Apocalyptica. This is a group of four Finnish cellists who like Metal (especially Metallica). Their first album, 'Plays Metallica' by Four Cellos, sold fairly well and garnered them a following of metalheads as well as classical purists. For 97's Inquisition Symphony they expanded their repertoire, adding a few originals, covers of Faith No More, Pantera and

Sepultura. Their version of Metallica's One is pretty fucking heavy. They have a new album due in early October which will feature a purely classical cover by some obscure Polish composer whose name escapes me 'cause I'm lazy and he isn't famous.

A few bands have dabbled in classical music lately. Metallica, the Scorpions and Deep Purple have further embarrassed themselves by playing with orchestras with dull, unoriginal arrangements (and crappy song selection too). What's worse, Metallica think they're actually doing something new! A few bands use orchestration by way of keyboards, the best at this game (other than BM acts) are annoying prog metal pussies Rhapsody and the industrial/atmospheric band Samael.

What's next? Beethoven's 5th symphony being belted out by a Death Metal band? Like a great philosopher once said, that'd be pretty cool, Beavis.

Ode to a T-Bird a.k.a. "Mofo Thunderbird"

Ode to calypso, and ode to Pluto
Ode to T-Bird, and ode to Thunderbird
Pavements steam
Rubber tires gleam
Hi-Fi, Lo-Fi
Domino chairs recline
"Driver", Mr. "Actor" wears shades
While T-Bird glides in the rain.

Eight-Tracks blaring, Supertramp screaming
Cigarettes-a-flickin', while the dames are watching
Interstate 69, foreshadowed destiny
Retro-Skool benign, emergence on the street.

Black Velvetine girls, olive-d martini swirls

Plasticine bar, horizontal view, the sky screams blue
Driver in car, vertical cue, I'll pass Tattoo
Fantasy Island Beetle, midget size festival.

Ode to T=Bird, as well as all the drivers
The highway is my
Iter, buzzing with sweetened
Brown Sugar
It's time to head home, to a life at Monotone
Tomorrow, same time, same place, in a Tinseltown
Drag race.

Steve McQueen's on fire.
Will he retire?

The Skinny on Being Skinny

KATERINA BAKALIS

Undoubtedly, North America is home to the most obese people on this planet. It is no mystery that we are, thus, bombarded by thousands of advertisements, magazine articles, TV infomercials and videos on how to lose weight. The people of North America seem to be (at least from my point of view) on an endless search to rid themselves of excess fat through exercise, weight-loss products and eating disorders.

Then there are people like me, a 22-year-old girl weighing 92 pounds. People with fast metabolisms, over-active thyroid glands, agitated nervous systems, and whatever other medical reasons which allows them to stay thin no matter what amount of food they intake. People look at us and it upsets them. I have to admit, watching how many calories or grams of fat are in each portion of every meal has never even crossed my mind, and I never feel guilty about stuffing my face with chocolate or sweets. But I would give up my skinny physique in a split second to be able to gain at least one pound. I would trade in my millions of fat-burning cells in an instant if it meant that girls from every corner of the globe would quit staring at me in awe and disgust, coming up to me and circling my wrist with their fingers, screeching "Oh my GOD you are SOOO SKINNY!!!"

Many people don't realize it, but being this thin is comparable to being obese. I am self-conscious about my bones sticking out everywhere, and get really nervous wearing a bathing suit

in public. There are also issues with my health, as I am prone to osteoporosis, anemia, as well as poor circulation, muscle deterior-

ation and chronic fatigue syndrome. Not to mention that when people comment in wonder out loud about my weight, I

feel relatively the same as any obese person would if someone called them fat out loud in an astonished manner. It's like

being called a freak. You're different from others, and they make it clear to you. It evokes a sense of inadequacy, and self-esteem wanes. Needless to say, these are not good feelings.

I realize it's hard for many people to understand why being really thin could possibly be a problem, but just like any other defect, you don't fully empathize unless you have gone through the experience for yourself. Having an average figure, being able to fit into anything over size 1 and actually looking like a woman instead of an underfed pre-teen until I have children or some other miraculous event, are all dreams and aspirations for me, while millions of other girls already have these qualities and insist on complaining that they are still too fat.

Maybe I'm annoying the shit out of all of you slightly-over-weight-but-probably-just-right-sized girls out there, but I don't care anymore. This bloated obsession with looking thin is over-rated, and I wouldn't mind seeing some infomercial on how to gain weight for a change!! My voice has to be heard! I have rights! And I would love to hear at least one of you tell me you're comfortable with your body instead of whining and bitching and wishing you looked like a malnourished super-model!

So the next time you females out there look into the mirror and feel a little low, remember that as long as you can walk down the street and not attract attention like some weird side-show, you've got nothing at all to worry about. Keep smiling!



ESTIA NAOMI

Attacker Targeting Females

CATHERINE HANCOCK

On Tuesday, September 26, police warned all female students at York University's Main Campus to take extra precautions for their safety because a string of attacks have been

occurring on and around the campus.

The attacker is believed to be a teenaged boy, approximately 18 years of age. After the alleged attacks on these women, he has been seen fleeing on his bicycle. The reported attacks have ranged

from assaults to robberies. The most recent took place on Friday near the University.

All five victims who have come forward are of Asian decent. Police speculate at this time that Asian women are his primary targets.

Glendon College Counselling and Career Centre Presents

EMPLOYMENT FAIR

Tues, Oct. 17th
Meet employers
who have bilingual
part-time, full-time
or seasonal jobs.



mardi le 17 oct
Rencontrez des
employeurs qui ont des
postes bilingue à temps
partiel, et à temps plein ou
des postes saisonniers

FOIRE DE L'EMPLOI

Présentée par le Centre de consultation psychologique et
d'orientation professionnelle du collège Glendon

Crash Claims Canadians

TONY SPEARS

A Boeing 747 carrying ninety-eight passengers, including twelve Canadians was shot down today as it flew over the break-away Russian province of Petrovnia in the latest of a string of horrifying events from that corner of the world.

Government officials from within the rogue state released a statement just hours ago concerning the occurrence, claiming that it was a malfunction in their missile guidance systems that caused a barrage of six SAMs to target and destroy the jet. However, an interview with a Petrovnian soldier resulted in a startling admission to the effect that

a) it was a premeditated attack and that b) the few survivors were quickly tracked down by a team of guerrillas who surrounded the flaming debris and forced them to burn alive or be shot by the their sharpshooters. This is the most recent in a slew of attacks that has left the Petrovnian ambassador to the United Nations begging for intervention on their part.

"We are desperate. This civil war is tearing our country apart. How many more thousands must die before help will arrive?" said the ambassador.

Good thing none of that was real. But did you believe that it was? Even if it was just for a minute, did you find yourself wondering just what the bloody hell was going on in Petrovnia or where exactly it was? While you may not be particularly surprised to find out that the aforementioned atrocity never actually occurred, I would be to some degree surprised if you weren't at least curious about why you had never heard of this place and its seemingly grievous internal problems. Why would it surprise me? Because, to some degree, you have learned to trust what appears in print. Maybe not the Enquirer with its headlines of Kathy Lee Bearing Jesus' Love Child, or Frank Gifford and Regis Are Shacking Up: Exclusive Photos. However, if you see a



story on the misfortunes of a war torn third world country in the Toronto Star or the Globe and Mail, you are inclined to believe it. Even if it's a story in Pro Tem and it's in the guise of a legitimate factual article you'd probably accept the information therein at face value without troubling to research it much further, if at all. For example, I'll admit that I wasn't sure the first time I saw it: whether or not Ask John

This, for instance, is written in a slightly informal, honest, 'confide in the reader' sort of style. The point of which is, of course, to get you, the reader, to trust me and to generate a sort of rapport between us so that you believe everything or most of what I say. But how do you know whether this is real? Maybe I'm a forty-five year old woman named Frieda who has done away with the real Tony Spears. Or maybe I've been

"We are desperate. This civil war is tearing our country apart. How many more thousands must die before help will arrive?"

Coltrane was real or not. Come to think of it, I'm still not sure and I work here. That is the awesome power of the legitimate media, or, perhaps more accurately, the awesome power of the illegitimate to semi-legitimate (cough, Fox, who said that?) that passes itself off as the legitimate media.

Even the style of writing, no matter the source, can impact the credibility of an article.

brainwashed by an extremist conspiracy theory happy bunch of people who are holding me at gunpoint in a dark, dank, dingy, disgusting, dungeon. The answer is that you don't. What would be the point of doing such a thing? How could anyone profit from tampering with a writer at Pro Tem? I, for one, have no idea. But if there was a way to profit from it, then rest assured that somebody would.

It's the self-interest motive plain and simple: if you can profit from it, do it. So while small papers like this one are probably fairly safe from censorship, tampering and nefariously meddling their stories throughout; the mainstream media are being altered and edited and withheld and blown out of proportion because somebody can profit from it. The Toronto Star may run a story on the growing problem of homelessness in the GTA, whereas the National Post will ignore it because the Star has a more liberal Toronto based socially responsible readership. However, the Post has a more elitist sheltered view of the world and depressing stories about marginalized people would cut into profits. The Toronto Sun may, ok, will, run T and A up the wahzoo, whereas the Globe & Mail will not, as the Globe's clientele includes the literate.

This article, in fact, is not immune to that sort of bias either. While writing about the dangers of trusting the media too much, I have made some rather pointed remarks about the Post and the Sun for which I do not feel particularly sorry about (unless you read the Sun for reasons other than the in-depth not

so covered cleavage on page three). I guess what I'm trying to say is to be ever vigilant in what you see in print, or indeed anywhere else. If it's an American publication look for the inevitable pro-American bias. If it's a piece of my writing, look for the inevitable anti-American bias and so forth. Just remember that news is reported, not so that you can find out what's happening but so that someone can profit from it. If there's an organization trying to get news to you as fast as possible, it isn't because they have a social conscience, it's because they want their interpretation of events out there first. So trust no one, believe nothing, or, at the very least (although it's much less melodramatic) never accept what you read at face value. Hold on, I think I can

hear John Honderich and Conrad Black at my door. Come on Mr. Black I never insulted the Tubby Times, honest! What are you doing to me? Put down that gun! I mean this was merely intended as a moment of levity to end the article. The publishers of two very fine newspapers are not at this moment forcing me to write this. Be alarmed. Have a pleasant evening.

This Is What I Like

CATHERINE HANCOCK

How excited am I? Let me count the ways. Okay, okay, that was a really stupid thing to write but when FENIXtx come to Toronto, I lose all control. I get so happy. I feel like my life has a purpose. Alright, I am really exaggerating now but I'm just trying to get the point across that I thoroughly enjoy this band.

Some of you avid Pro Tem readers might remember hearing of FENIXtx last year. I only mentioned them in about three issues - more than anything or anyone else. This band was definitely my favourite topic of the year. It's probably because they were the first band that I ever interviewed. I remember that day so clearly. In fact, I remember the entire week leading up to it...

A publicist from Universal Music called me at Pro Tem to ask if I was interested in doing an interview with Blink182. Hmm... of course, I was interested. I was ecstatic! Wasn't I supposed to be the one calling her? I felt like the luckiest girl on earth. I was going to meet Blink182 in the tattooed flesh. I spent the next week researching everything I could about them. What kind of clothes they wore, what music influenced them, how they got started, where their band name came from - you name it and I had memorized it.

The Universal representative (I don't want to print her name because I don't have her permission, but let me just say here that I LOVE HER!) had also sent me a package of information on the band to help me out. So the day before the big interview, I was sitting in my room, looking over my list of questions and going through their biographies for what was probably the hundredth time when I noticed that on the sheet that announced the time and place of the interview, it also said FENIXtx.

I called the publicist and asked if I was also interviewing FENIXtx. The answer was yes,



CATHERINE HANCOCK

Like a crazy lady, I headed over to the computer lab and did as much research as I could. I was so scared that I was going to look unprepared for my very

and the third time for my camera and CDs. 15 minutes later than I had planned, I headed out the door for the last time and raced for the bus.

“So the next morning, I spent about an hour getting ready because I wanted to look good and I headed out the door.”

first interview.

I listened to their CD all though the night - even in my sleep - and I quickly discovered that I like punk rock.

Since that night, I have purchased countless alternative/punk CDs to help expand my musical horizons. I guess that I'm just thankful to FENIXtx for truly introducing me to a new musical world other than Backstreet Boys and Aqua. To something that's, well, an alternative.

So the next morning, I spent about an hour getting ready because I wanted to look good and I headed out the door. I came back once for the questions, twice for the tape recorder

And then there I was, sitting in a bar in Yorkville with Blink182 and FENIXtx sitting right across

from me. Travis Barker (Blink's drummer) was to the left of me, our arms were practically touching, and I was doing my best to contain my excitement.

There were about 8 other reporters from college newspapers and each of us took turns asking questions. Of course, most of the questions were directed to Blink (since they were the big name), but since I had been up all night trying to find out all I could on FENIXtx (which, since they weren't very well known, was a hard thing to do), I kept asking them unrelated questions and asking Blink general questions that FENIXtx were welcome to answer as

well.

After the interview, I took pictures with all of them and talked to their drummer, Donnie Reyes, for 5 or 10 minutes. I could not get over how nice they were. They were all regular guys, who just happened to be in a band.

The review that I printed covered more of FENIXtx than it did of Blink182. This made everyone happy. You see, Mark Hoppus (vocals/guitar of Blink182) manages FENIXtx. So it's not as though I was choosing one band over another. FENIXtx was so happy with my review that the next time they came into town they asked their publicist to invite me to their show. Afterwards, they came looking for me. I brought some friends and they all got to meet the band.

Basically, I've been an annoying groupie ever since. They just can't get rid of me and I think it's getting to the point where they're seriously trying. (Hi Donnie!)

If you went to see them perform, you'd understand why I'm so crazy about them. These boys rock the house. They kick some serious ass! And now is your chance to see them perform. FENIXtx will be in town on Tuesday, October 17th at the Operahouse. Tickets are only 12\$, and the doors open at 6:30 p.m. Tickets are available through ticketmaster.

Check it out - it's well worth it.

Free Money!

MATTHEW BRAMHAM

That's right fellow Glendonite's, Student Financial Services is giving away thousands of dollars because they are running out of places to put it! Being a Glendon student does have its advantages because not only can we apply for bursaries from Glendon but from the Keele campus as well! There is some serious money up

for grabs here, and the best part is, you don't have to pay any of it back, EVER! The smallest bursary is \$250.00 and some are as much as \$7,500! Bursaries are not assigned based on grades, but on financial need! Show me a student who wouldn't want a little cash back after handing over ten thousand dollars to the school!

So get off your asses and get on the web for an application for a

York Bursary available online after September 18, at www.yorku.ca/osfs. The deadline for York Bursary applications is October 20th so don't delay, apply today!

Friends of Glendon Bursary application forms will be available in mid-October from the Student Financial Aid office here at Glendon.

Vous avez dit bizarre?

CORALIE COCHIN &
AMANDINE ODY

Il faut l'avouer, l'esthétique minimaliste de Mataz KABBANI a de quoi surprendre le néophyte. Le chorégraphe montréalais a présenté la semaine dernière au Winchester Theater de Toronto sa dernière création, Singularities, une anthologie de quatre solos qu'il interprète en compagnie de Daelik HACKENBROOK, lui-même chorégraphe et professeur de «contact improvisation». À l'image de son spectacle, le parcours de KABBANI est des plus singuliers. C'est parallèlement à des études en génie chimique qu'il commence l'apprentissage de la danse sous la houlette de So LECHAV et Martine HAUG. Élève prometteur, son talent lui vaut d'obtenir

la bourse Harry ROWE qui lui permettra de sortir de la faculté de York titulaire d'un baccalauréat d'honneur es art.

Si le répertoire de KABBANI s'est considérablement élargi ces dernières années, c'est dans un style simple et épuré qu'il exprime le mieux sa créativité et sa vision désenchantée du monde.

Premier volet de cette anthologie, Pariah présente sur fond de musique électrique (Carlos LOPEZ) et sous les traits du danseur Daelik HACKENBROOK un personnage marginal dont les mouvements saccadés et provocateurs sont un véritable pied-de-nez aux stéréotypes sociaux, sexuels et artistiques de notre siècle.

Dans Voyage numéro quatre, KABBANI nous suggère par la circularité de sa trajectoire le



passage d'une comète dans un espace réduit à son plus simple appareil. Interprété par Daelik HACKENBROOK, sur une musique de Franz SHUBERT,

Unwritten est sans conteste le solo le plus marquant des quatre dans sa volonté de choquer et de briser les tabous. C'est d'ailleurs au mépris de la morale

que le danseur entre nu sur scène.

Enfin, derrière un titre obscur, I Shill, le dernier opus de cette anthologie est aussi notre favori. La présence des musiciens donne vie à ce solo aux accents épicés et colorés de l'Orient, accompagnant avec rigueur et précision la performance artistique physique du chorégraphe. En bref, on aime ou on n'aime pas mais on ne peut guère reprocher à KABBANI de céder à la facilité ou de faire preuve de complaisance à l'égard du spectateur. Le titre laissait entrevoir une certaine «bizarrerie», on vous aura prevenus...

Singularities sera à l'affiche à Montréal du 11 au 14 octobre au théâtre de La Chapelle.

Reservations : (514) 843-7738

Ohhh Canada....

SRINOYEE MITRA

"So where are you from?", "India", "India!", "Yes India..." "So you came all the way from India, just to go to Glendon?" "uhh..yeah" "Oh... cool!"

This has been the most common question that I have been asked, in my three weeks here. Only three weeks since I've been in Canada and it feels like I've been here forever. When I think back to the first day I landed in Canada, Friday the 8th, terribly jet lagged, with one of my suitcases mysteriously missing (thank you British Airways), got to Glendon, to the Wood residence, got my keys, I remember a long silent corridor, with doors which had names, on both sides, and here I am pulling the big black suitcase which had survived the journey (thank you British Airways). So I reached a room, unlocked the door and slept.

I managed to catch the end of Frosh Week, went for the football game, a tour of Wonderland, and then school started. I hadn't been downtown yet, I hadn't even been out of Glendon on my own yet. "So, is Canada what you expected it to be?" "Isn't it a

major culture shock?" "Oh, so you're not going home for Christmas... you don't have an accent..." So what did I expect Canada to be? No, I wasn't undergoing a major culture shock, but I could not figure out what exactly I was going through. I did not know what to expect of Canada. "We do not live in igloos!" "Oh really..." I said. Now that was a shocking revelation!

So I got caught into school life. Arriving a week late was not fun. On what was the first day of school for most, for me was a day to organize my life at Glendon. I waited for half an hour before they realized I was an international student at Glendon, and that I needed to figure out my courses. I tried to enroll into the courses through the 3 computers, and 2 phones, laid out by Student programs, which for the longest time did not work. I ran around signing contracts for my residence, trying to figure out where the computer labs were so that I could email my parents and tell them I was alive and almost well in Canada. Having found the computer lab, I was sent down to the information technology services help desk to find out how to

log on after pressing ctrl+alt+del. I ran down, got the information, and finally wrote to my parents. Even the 'best place in the world to live in' can be disorganized and bureaucratic - that was one of the first lessons that shocked me in Canada. I finally managed to get my life organized. I unpacked my suitcase, decorated my room, bought cigarettes on campus, and got my missing suitcase hand delivered to my residence. They had managed to break the handle. (Thank you British Airways). Now I felt at home.

The funny thing is that despite feeling comfortable and at home, it felt like some sort of a strange extended vacation. The next morning I got myself a bagel with cream cheese because I'd never eaten a bagel before. Good. Very good. For the first time in Canada, a bagel, just enough to fill my stomach. This morning would be the day I was to go to Royal Bank. "Take the 11 to York Mills, and walk straight, around Dominion", were the instructions I was given by Student Affairs and Housing. Wonderful! I did exactly that and found Royal Bank. It was smooth - smooth and easy. Did what I

had to do at Royal Bank, stepped in Dominion, just to look around, stepped out, got the 11 again and got dropped off opposite Glendon. Standing on the pavement, waiting to cross the road, I had to remind myself over and over again, it was 'left hand drive', "look the other way", I could hear in my head. While crossing the bridge, I looked down, two wide lanes with cars. I thought that Bayview bridge overlooked the 401, until in an embarrassing conversation with a friend I realized not! That was my little adventure, the first day alone in Canada. I started enjoying Glendon, meeting more people everyday, spending time with them, lounging in their rooms, getting involved in theatre Glendon, attending ProTem meetings, doing the things I wanted to get involved in, making Glendon my home.

I've been downtown more than a couple of times, down to Bay and Yonge, walking around Queen West, there was so much to explore, so many little shops, such little money, art galleries, cafes, and the cold wind.

Three weeks old and what do I know about Canada. No, it was not the towering skyscrapers, or

the clean wide roads, the multicultural people that surprised me. Rather, the fact that 'Simpsons' is on all on the time, TV is such a significant part of most people's lives, how everyone wants your phone number, the food is literally varieties of hamburger bread, or pizza, how everything is so easy, so smooth, where it's difficult to get lost, and the moon is upside down in the northern hemisphere.

Don't get me wrong, I am not criticizing. These are only observations, the observations that hit me, that shocked my little Indian brain. Three weeks down, and four more years to go. No I'm not counting the days. I like the feeling of an 'extended vacation'. A vacation with assignments perhaps, which gives me the liberty to continue exploring. And that is the best part about being an international student. So thank you British Airways for bringing me here!

Ohh and if any of you go to India, it will help to know that all Indians do not wear turbans, and live around the Taj Mahal, that is in Hollywood movies ONLY. ... you know just like I wasn't shocked to see Canadians not living in igloos!?

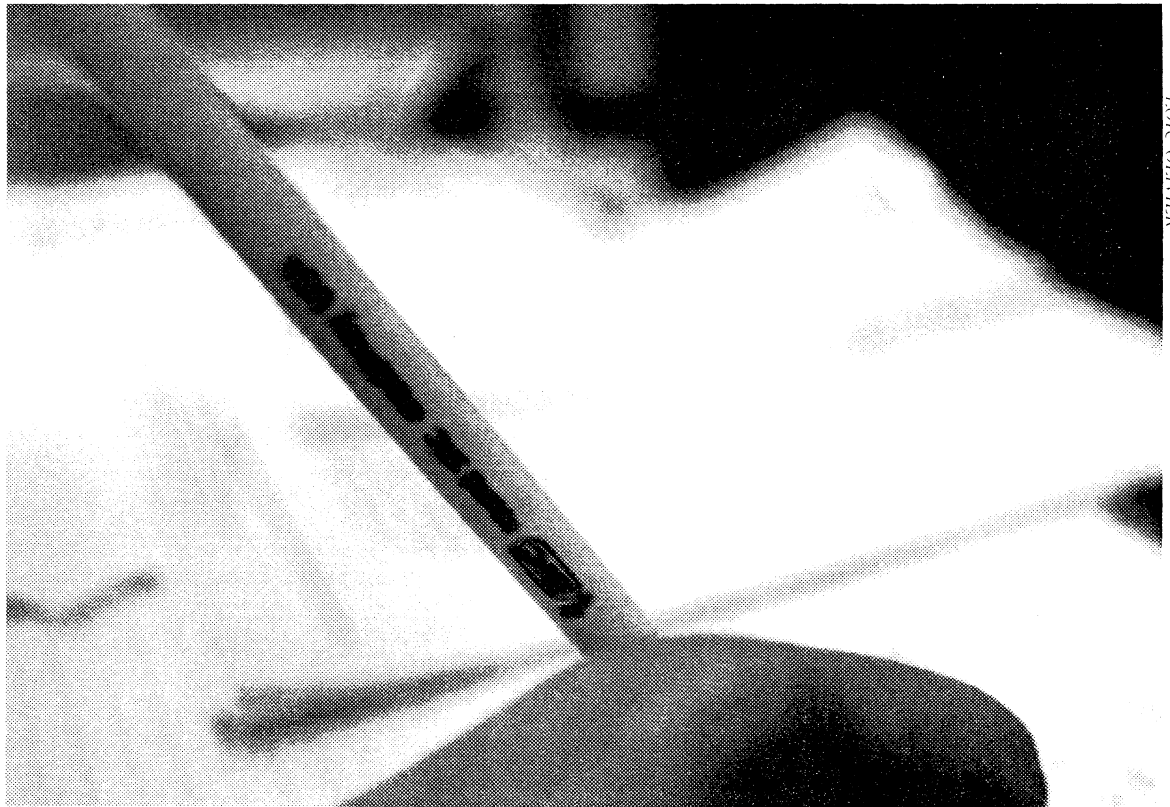
Oops, I Dropped My Flute

JENNIFER SHEEHY

I am pretty tempted to just bang my head over my music stand, over and over until my head rings. I do not know if I am tired or just plain bored out of my skull. First period music class sucks when I've missed my Tim Horton's coffee, that's what. People tune their instruments around me, and I'm just sitting back wishing I were back home in my comfy bed. Oops, I dropped my flute. My teacher just gave me a "look." I return another "look" and I lie the damn thing across my lap. I unconsciously create a "top 10 things to do with a flute" list in my mind. Anything to make my day more exciting. Jordan, the clarinet who sits beside me is complaining about the adult gymnastics class she must teach tonight. The image of 35 year old men doing summersaults makes me shudder. But, it's quite erotic all the same. Now I'm staring outside the

hall. At the incredibly ugly pink and green lockers we have. Who the hell decided to paint all our lockers pink and green? Freak! Our school smells like urine and niner B.O. It's just grand! Just imagine the guys change room downstairs. If you can stand the smell though, it's a good place to "fool" around in.

Now my band (the unenthusiastic 17 people) is playing Pomp and 'Circumcision'. Again, my teacher is now throwing me more dirty looks. Thank-you, thank-you. Like I give a shit! I'll play when I want to play, and write when I want to write dammit. I'm Jen! Time to get really off track... I saw this really hot "buff" dude on the bus this morning. He didn't know one of the buttons on his blue tear-aways was undone and it was a great sight indeed. I gawked at his lovely tighty-whities till he got off at his stop. It's a good thing I was still half-asleep, 'cause I came pretty close to ripping all those buttons off him.



Damn, parting was such "sweet sorrow". So that's the only highlight of my day so far...besides fondling and blowing my flute

of course. Now I must decide between playing my instrument and pretend it's fun, and ask to go get a drink of water and never

coming back. If I don't come back, this journal would make great toilet paper, either that or submit it to Pro Tem.

SAGA - Full Circle

JANE CURRIE

From what I'm told, SAGA is a legendary group on the international rock scene originally from North America. From the exterior, the CD cover design is a very detailed sketch of an unidentifiable insect resurrecting from its crusted shell. Maybe the insect represents this group being resurrected from the "bad 80s music" bargain bin. Their old hit albums are from the late seventies and early eighties, with song titles I've never heard before. As for their latest album, there doesn't seem to be any modern influence in their music.

Every song sounds like typical eighties rock with heavy use of the synthesizers. The lead singer doesn't have the prettiest voice either... in fact it's slightly irritating. But he sure

does enjoy his wailing. For an idea of what the band sounds like, think Devo meets Glass Tiger.

It's unfortunate for SAGA that I am the one writing this review, because I can't stand early eighties rock. I did, however, like the second track, "The One". This track was a little more upbeat than the others, but still very poppy with lots o' synthesizers. To those who are still fans of the early eighties rock and don't think it should be left in the past * cough * where it belongs * cough *, this album may interest you.

Hey, maybe you've heard of SAGA already and I'm just uncouth. To the rest of you, if you have money to burn it'd better sure make a purdy beer coaster.

My Arms, Your Hearse

PHIL RUTLAND

In my dead field
Where poppies grow
I heard a dirge
My name-its mournful chorus
Burnt roses of enchantment
Lie scattered everywhere
Like the passions of yore

The candle flickers
Millions run in fear
But you stayed
You thought it be my ethereal presence
There was much i yearned to say, do
But I am just a spec of thin, empty air
I could only watch and follow
As, crestfallen, you walked towards the moor

Mutely you stared at the ground

and water
You laid to rest
The blade at your side
The sigh brought back memories
once beautiful but now ugly
In dazed sleep she moaned my name
In dreamy despair
Her voice brought infinite tears to my eyes
She awoke suddenly
And walked on the edge of the water
The moons rose to their slumber
In the light
She saw my ethereal reflection
She turned and saw me
Tears flooded her eyes
She said my name
And attempted to embrace me
But she only touched the thin air
I vanished as the sun rose shortly thereafter

She fell into uncontrolled grief
Her grief was mine
She held the blade in trembling hand
I could not stop her
'Twas not the way to reach me
My name she repeated over and over
In grief I cried aloud
As she cut herself
She bled into the water
Her face turning paler and paler
She eventually heard my weeping
And saw me again (for the last time)
Then she understood
Demons rode high on chariots
And took her away from me
In untellable grief
I could do nothing
But moan of my woe

Las Toro's of Barcelona

SCOTT BRADLEY

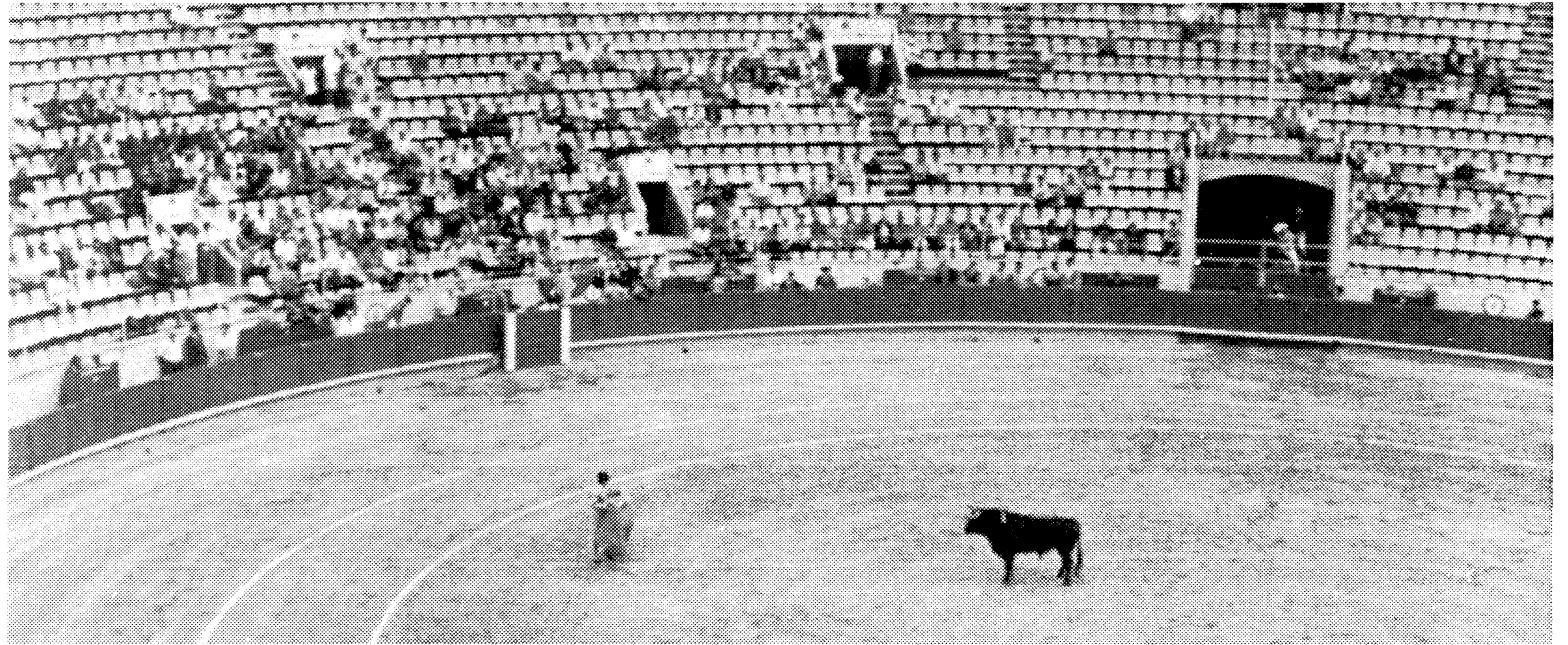
Places in Spain have spirit that one will never find in Canada. It is that European instinctual sense of character that makes everything seem older, slower and more appreciated. In Barcelona you can see this spirit of place in the hidden corners and open plazas of her streets. But true Spanish culture is one of those things that is rare. It's like a fine thread that holds a country together and can only be seen in the right light.

I never once heard of that great sense of Spain before embarking on this trip. "You have to visit the Sagrada Família, Gaudi's Park and Las Ramblas when you go to Barcelona!" Three great tourist hot spots that are a cultural experience for one reason and one reason only - to sit and watch life and señoritas go by.

My friend and I had one planned event for our trip - we were going to see a bullfight. We had to take the train to Barcelona from Paris and arrive by Sunday afternoon at the doorstep of La Plaza Del Toros. It was to be the spirit of Spain. I worried that seeing a bull being killed would be too much. One of my friends called the experience of seeing a bullfight "intense and totally nuts." Ernest Hemmingway wrote that "the whole bullfight is indefensible; there is too much cruelty." And both are right. For those of us with a soft spot for animals, it is unbearable to watch the poor, sad bull be beaten. But the alternative is the Matador - and no one wants the latter.

After seeing the famous church designed by the Spanish architect Gaudi, we had about fifteen minutes to stroll towards the Plaza. We had bought our tickets two hours earlier and were excited that our pilgrimage was worth the paestas. The crowd was beginning to enter what looked like a small Roman Coliseum and we searched impatiently for Porto 10.

Once inside I felt a strange feel-



ing that I was arriving at the Spanish equivalent of a Sunday afternoon baseball game. Groups had gathered around vendors selling San Miguel beer, plastic swords and post-cards. Young Korean tourists were taking pictures of their friends with their fingers pointing upwards from their heads, making 'horns' like those of the bull. "This is hilarious," I said to my friend. "TORO, TORO!" he replied at the top of his lungs.

After walking around for about five minutes, we found our seats and sat down; looking curiously at the crowd who was filtering itself in and were speaking words I couldn't understand. After about twenty minutes and a couple San Miguel's, everyone took to their seats and were ready to see whatever they had come to see. People were sitting on the edge of their seats and a grand feeling of anticipation was coming from the stands. The bands, made up of trumpet, drummer and tuba players, were entering to the front and left of us. Spanish music began to fill the stands as an announcement came over the P.A. "El Presidencia llega el do! El Presidencia llega el do!". "The President is arriving," my friend said. "Look at the fat bastard," I said, "he has the best seats in the house."

The music stopped and the

crowd was beginning to clap as the matadors, banderilleros and picadors began entering the ring to bow before the Presidencia. In fact, as I found out later, the Presidencia isn't, as my friend thought, the number one man of Spain, but more or less a referee to watch over the procedure of the fight. Let me quickly explain who is who. The matador is the bullfighter. The banderilleros, who are basically there to provide the bull with more agony by sticking two banderilla's into the his back, are actually the most fascinating to watch, since the bull is still lucid and alive at this point in the fight. The Picador is another integral part of this spectacle and uses a speared stick to stab the bull's back. The horse he rides is blindfolded and padded and its treatment is largely considered to be one of the cruelest parts of the fight.

As the opening ceremonies came to a close the spectators began to talk excitedly. A Spanish song filled with valour and tribute and honour began to play and the crowd was beginning to settle down. Everyone seemingly became unsure and leaning over to my friend I said look, "the bull." The bull's entrance is brilliant. It is the only part of the fight that has real excitement. The bull is furious. Charging to the centre of the ring, which is called the medios, he stands there looking

for a procrastinator - a matador, a picador or a banderillero. But the ring is empty.

Five matadors then appear from behind the barrera and the bull looks around at each. His hoofs then start to dig at the sand and he charges with passion and anger towards the matador of his choice. Each matador will then try to catch the bull's attention. This is to confuse him and make him weary. It is at this point that the band begins to play as the picadors enter the ring.

The bull is now furious as the matadors direct his attention to the Picador. The bull charges the horse, as the Picador pics the bull in the top of the back, causing the bull to bleed and weaken. Once the Picador has piced the bull enough, the bull's focus is directed once again towards the matadors, who are preparing this tiring animal for the banderilleros.

As the Picadors exit, the bull begins to look more confused. He is once again back to the beginning, as he stands in the medios alone. A banderilleros then enters and the bull changes his attitude. He will charge any man inside the ring. The bull assumes his form, his feet digging at the soil, staring directly at the banderillero. The bull charges the banderillero whom starts running at the bull. Right before the bull reaches him and this is something which is

timed perfectly, the banderilleros springs upwards and twists and stabs two banderillas into the bulls back. He does this twice and both times, if for nothing other than what it is, it is amazing.

After this it is the poor, sad bull that I begin to pity. He is weakened and almost sure to be the one in the ring who is to die. The matador enters and taunts the bull with each charge and swing of his cape. But this part too has its poetry. For this is the part of the bullfight that is considered by most to be the art.

The matador is ready. You can see his decisions being made, as the bull becomes more and more tired. With one final swing of the cape and a formidable move of skill the sword is stuck into the back of the bull. Damaged beyond all repairs, his knees buckle - the bull crumples slowly to the ground. Often enough the bull will fight his fateful end and will again stand, often up to five more times. This is a sign of a Toro valiente, or brave bull.

Las Toro's of Barcelona, paint a picture of struggle and strength. Perhaps this is why the bullfight, although terribly cruel and stacked in the favour of the matador, is beautiful. The bull stands practically no chance, but his spirit can be seen with ease. Even with his final struggle El Toro, the bull, fights.