



pro tem

40ième année
At play with Cassius Clay since 1962

Glendon's bilingual newspaper

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le mardi

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Journal bilingue de Glendon

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Self-Expressing Billy Elliot

CATHERINE HANCOCK

The producers of "Four Weddings And A Funeral", "Elizabeth", and "Notting Hill" have done it again. Another movie to make audiences laugh and cry. Only this film, "Billy Elliot", is also very real and very touching.

Billy discovers an unexpected love for ballet but his father does not approve of his son's new form of self-expression. Billy turns to dancing to help him escape his washed out surroundings: his mother's recent death,

his father and brother are both on strike and are struggling to keep food on the table, and his grandmother has the beginning signs of Alzheimer's.

It's really your classic formula: young boy discovers a love for dancing, his family disapproves so he must keep his lessons hidden, his family discovers his secret and bans him from continuing, he does anyway and eventually proves to his family that he has a very raw talent. They accept him and support him and he achieves his dreams as a ballet dancer.

Yet, for some reason, it is still heart warming and enjoyable. The emotionally honest depictions are welcome as are the stellar cast. And the director, Stephen Daldry, manages to touch the deepest levels of popular movie making. There is plenty of warmth in this irresistibly entertaining story.

**Write to
Pro Tem**

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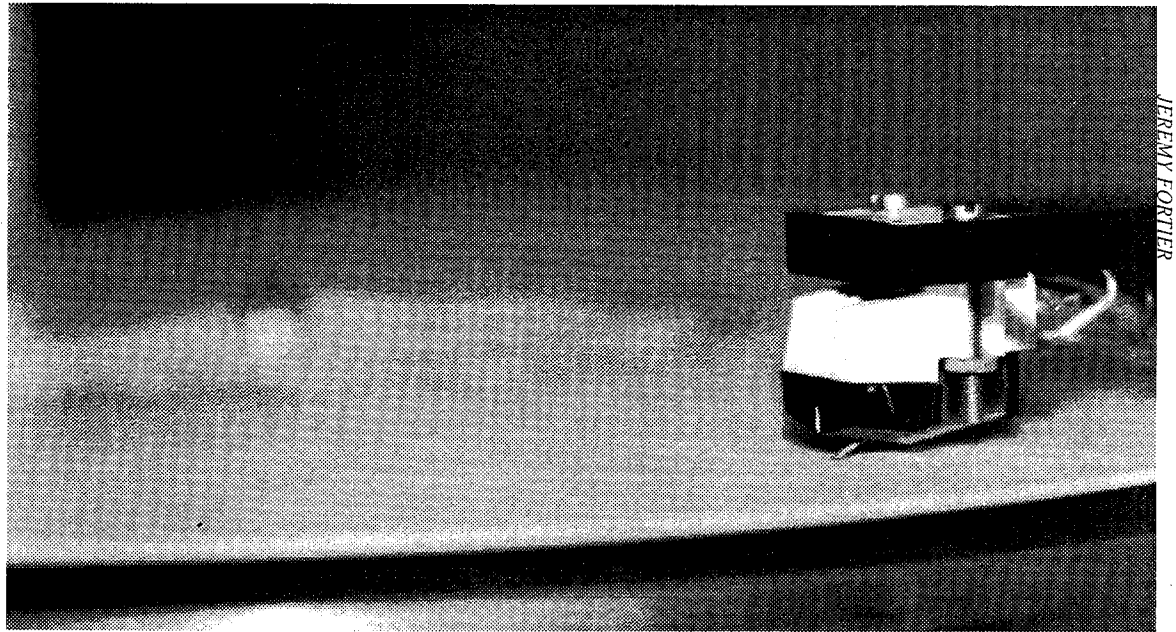
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To the Editor



To whom it may concern,
In reading your periodical, I at times become intrigued by the questions you raise. I find your efforts commendable in that you choose to write about inventive topics. The conclusions you (as a collective) reach are often confusing, but I think this should be expected. To the current staff of Pro Tem I would like to pose a question: Sopsism or Sophism?

In considering cognitive abilities as being primary in the inter-relationships between ourselves and the surrounding environment, we reduce the unit of analysis down to the individual. We control the rate determining step because WE are the rate determining step. But do

we possess our own cognitive abilities? If when I say "possess" I mean "in control of", the question then becomes, are we in control of our own cognitive abilities?

The rule of thumb is that our consciousness is made up of two halves: a conscious and a subconscious. On the one side, there exists a consciousness, which it is believed we are in control of. A conscious decision is one in which it is said we consider a series of symbols or signs and come to some sort of conclusion. A subconsciousness assumes that without recognizing any intent we go through the same process. According to this, cognitive abilities are divided into two categories: one category

in which we actively interpret and another side in which we only participate in the passive sense of the word. Yet, it is crucial to note that it is we (as individuals) who participate on both sides, whether or not we can estimate how significant each side plays in any particular interpretation. This recognition does not discount the role of the surrounding circumstances. In fact, it implies that we drown in them! As long as an individual is considering a circumstance, that circumstance becomes the focus of attention. Call it occupying thoughts!

-Bobby Deakos
1st year student

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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independant newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, Pro Tem est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signataires n'engagent qu'eux-mêmes, et non l'équipe éditoriale. Les articles sous-entendant des propos diffamatoires, racistes, antisémites, sexistes ou homophobes ne seront pas publiés. The deadline to submit ads and articles is every other Wednesday. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Manoir Glendon, local 117.

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Pro Tem apologizes to
Phil Rutland & Srimoyee Mitra
We'll see you next time

Everything That Rises

ROB SHAW

Up the street from the Bobby Orr Community Centre there's a restaurant. It's small, maybe ten tables, one waitress and a cook. They play, it seems, throughout the day, hits from the Fifties: a theme restaurant in Parry Sound. The menu is full of phrases relating to a song or saying from that time; a time that the space is trying to recreate.

It's an interesting idea - recreating time. Being able to step out of the present and into the past. It begins to say something about our existence, our lives and ourselves. It's funny to think that a person would choose to make a place from the past. A place where one can get away from the present or be able for an hour or two to relive their life in another moment.

It's hard, I think, for us to grasp the present: hard for a person to be able to converge the months and years into a thought. A way for us to watch our actions and presence moving up, or along, and then being able to stop and look at it as though it were a painting - a layer of images spreading across a lawn. It makes it kind of strange for one to look at themselves, their thoughts and actions, the way they would look at someone else.

There seems to be a universal

sentiment as to why we feel as though the present is unworthy of thinking about. It seems easier to live in the past, even if it's only for a few minutes or days or years. It's a way for one to understand the present. If we could change time or relive it another way, maybe some things would become easier, better; we could avoid regret and guilt and the things that make the present what it is.

When I look back at something like the Ship of Fools Fall Festival - an event that Pro Tem was organizing for this Friday the 20th - I think about how it could have worked, what we could have done to make it happen. The simple answer is to blame the structure of the administration, the failing student and administrative committees, and the people who inhabit them. It becomes too clear as to where the fault in the structure lies.

There was a time when the power and interest were in the hands of us. Somehow they were taken away or given away to people who decided to work for themselves, their promotions, their families, their lives. From a distance, it seems easy to figure out how to restructure, organize and make the system work for everybody. Unfortunately, I wonder whether it is our job or the powers that be. It seems that



ROB SHAW

with every moment the gap between the structure and us becomes wider and with that we further look into the past for an answer; our thoughts and ideas fade away from the present.

Sometimes it seems unfair, hopeless, to better our present situation.

An administration like York represents a microcosm of the outside. The people representing this university are the same as those lining the streets of Toronto and New York and Paris; established people with the same common interest and

ideas. It begins to show us that the mini malls and suburbs that continually build themselves further north of the city are their way of rebuilding the present, which will be seen as our past. As we sit aloofly in the present looking towards the sun and moon, laughing and making ourselves drunk, we are beginning to let it slip through our hands. We are beginning to rise and converge and lose sight of the surface. No longer questioning or reacting but passively sitting and staring blindly.

True, maybe nothing will change. Possibly, an adminis-

tration like York will always swallow us - as they have done before - and we will drown by thinking in the present, but maybe we won't.

Next to the Bobby Orr Community Centre there's a river that rises and falls. On different days it's because of human creation - locks, dams - on others it's just the movement of the earth. Eventually, beyond our lifetime, the river will rise and the ground will wash away, swept under the surface. It will be said that once something existed in that spot. 'In another time', is how it will be told.

The Trouble With Goldilocks

The forest is full
of Canadian bears
who live according
to a wandering blonde.

She appears in the forest, glued
on billboards and carved
into the trees
(some of the bears
have bleached their fur
blonde).

Her eyes seemed widened
and smiling as if to say
something of value;
her star-sprangled
undies exposed by
accident

(giggle).

In one corner there are polar bears,
who are in-
different. They
are more concerned with ice
and the next fish. A young
blonde is not the next fish.

At the forest's heart
roam territorial Grizzlies,
insulted by the intelligence
of fairy tales.

Humans are animals, but
they prefer the fur
(and have not forgotten
about the stolen porridge

and the damaged beds).

Then there are the silent,
the stuffed. Teddy bears
have slept with dirty
blondes and clean ones
too. It's more fun than bears
(plastic surgery calls
for laughter, and human
beds are better than caves).

No one has yet realized
that her last name
is Ninety-nine Cents.
Meanwhile, they agree to disagree.
Bears will be bears.

Notice

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Tuesday October 24 at 7:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall. La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mardi, 24 octobre à 19h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

If you have any comments or questions, feel free to contact us at 487-6736 or by e-mail at protem1@yahoo.ca. Letters to the editor should include your name and a phone number where you can be reached. Your letters should not exceed 400 words. Thank you!

Si vous avez des questions ou commentaires, n'hésitez pas à nous contacter au 487-6736 ou par courriel à protem1@yahoo.ca. Toutes les lettres au rédacteurs doivent être signées et inclure votre numéro de téléphone. Les lettres ne doivent en outre pas contenir plus de 400 mots. Merci!

Le blues de l'étudiant(e) (international(e))



ESTA NAOMI

Ce récit fictif nommé 'le blues de l'étudiant(e) (international(e))' raconte la vie d'un universitaire moyen, que je vais nommer "elle" afin de

faciliter votre lecture. Elle est une étudiante de deuxième année. Elle, étudie à Glendon, se spécialise en socio et habite en Suisse. Elle a 20 ans; aime la photo; les performances musicales.

'live': le jazz; le hip-hop (de préférence d'avant 1999); la poésie; Lenny Kravitz; George Michael et Vince Carter. Elle rêve d'une scolarité moins chère; de jacuzzis dans les salles de bains des résidences; d'un hiver canadien qui ne descend pas plus bas que -2 degrés Celsius et d'appels longue distance sans frais. Elle, apprécie la compagnie de ses amis, ici à Toronto mais la présence de ses amis de longue date, et de son bien-aimé, manque à Elle.

Elle a le blues de l'étudiante internationale.

Elle écrit des chansons, parfois des poèmes mais le blues est là. Devoir sur devoir; rédactions; présentations; lectures et discussions. Petit jobs à mi-temps mais le temps ne passe qu'à demi. La différence entre le blues de l'étudiant et le blues de l'adulte moyen c'est que l'adulte peut prendre une de ses cartes de crédit; filer à l'agence de voyage la plus proche; acheter un billet d'avion pour une destination

exotique (ou pas forcément exotique bien que l'exotisme sud américain semble être la tendance du millénium!!) et prendre un congé maladie prolongé, au bureau. Par contre, l'étudiant, lui, et son blues qui lui colle à la peau comme un maïabâr dans les cheveux, ne possède pas de cartes de crédit.. ou si par chance il en possède (une!!!) sa tolérance maximale de crédit est totalement épuisée!

Alors pour en revenir à notre amie "Elle", Elle vit sa vie de jeune fille de 20 ans au jour le jour, attendant impatiemment, non pas la sortie du nouvel album de NSYNC mais celle de la playstation2. Claquant son peu de tunes (et de temps!!) à téléphoner à son prince d'outre-atlantique afin de faire le plein de courage; de béléctrous et surtout afin de ne jamais, JAMAIS choper le blues de l'étudiant!

Souriez, vous êtes universitaire et pas (encore!!) fonctionnaire ou même chomeur! Vous êtes jeunes, sachez en profiter!

Sensitive Skins

The cage should surround,
block, prevent.
(Locks are altogether different.
They are tampered with, they
smell of culprits, of guts,
desire too.)

But these bars are arms. Fist-
less, bony, devoid of hands
or fingernails. They will never redden
with blood. Instead they are soaked
with sweat
and stained with awe, scratched.

Nightly these arms grow
awake. Showing signs of fingernails,
wrists,
they bend in all directions, melting
sweetly in pools of stretched
bubble gum,
newly formed in radioactive
plastic.

An elephant awakens.
(bothered by the noise,
bothered by the light)
and decides not to escape.

In the wild there was excessive blood,
each day a holocaust of tusks and
ears,
perpetual mutilations and injustices.
A circus.

(They devour their doses of death
and dig up their own graves,
ready to fall with a thump;
after the irrigation they will be
forgotten under nameless stones)
They work for peanuts
and secretly save,
needy for treats.

The elephants remember everything.
The cage is a skin that peels.

Our Future's Fucked

JENNIFER SHEEHY

I don't have fancy statistics to show off, but I can be sure that there are a good number of people breeding bacteria under optimum conditions right now. As a result, millions live at famine level. Even with the full exploitation of the most arable land and a fair distribution system, it will not be possible to feed the descendents who are not yet alive. Man-made wastes are poisoning rivers, lakes, air and soil. You're adding to it too. I bet you're just casually lighting a smoke...ya know, after you just dumped a can of paint down the sink and are laughing about how brilliant it is that we can send our city's garbage down a mine and get away with it. It's ok though; we're all to blame.

Over-crowding in cities is producing a collective madness in which irrational violence flour-

ishes. Man simply needs more breathing room than the modern city allows. See, now there's a good excuse for severing limbs off the next bastard who bugs you. I hope we can one day cope with living in crowds. We'll have no choice. We should always consider techniques for modifying mass and individual behavior, like with drugs, religion or college education. But getting rid of criminal and deviant behavior won't be easy. Unfortunately, because our society's economy depends more and more on consumers in need of goods and services, nothing will be done to curb population. Money and power drive us. Present political and economic institutions are at best still incapable of making changes. They are prime contributors to spoiling the planet and frustrating human life. Stop and smell the fuckin' flowers people, with almost the

best will in the world, we have created hell.

In the future, even though we won't be alive to care, it'll be necessary to reorganize society. Maybe there'll be "an Authority" (no, not a government) to look over us. To control human population, redistribute food, purify air, water and soil, as well as re-pattern cities. It'll take cons to fix our world up. We're almost absolutely fucked. Almost. There are things that must be done if this race is to continue. Needless to say, every political and economic interest will oppose setting up such an Authority. Worse. Those elements, which delight in destroying human institutions, will be morbidly drawn to a movement as radical as this one. But it cannot be helped. An Authority such as this one is indeed a political nightmare - an outrage. The world is already shrinking. Soon

there will be no escape. No border to cross. No place to hide.

The alternative to a planned society is no society. Then, if we do not act now we shall perish in large numbers like laboratory rats confined to a claustrophobic and smelly cage. Almost makes you wonder if the idea of a nuclear war is in fact an easier way to end it. The human race means nothing to eternity, but to us for some odd reason it is everything and ought not to die. What a bloody joke. Think about it, man. You're damned if you "do" you're damned if you "don't". I say you face the massive crowds of your city in mad embrace...we're all such beautiful contributors to our society's shit! Oh joy! Our future's screwed! It's not really our problem is it? No, it's our great, grandchildren's problem. Let them deal with it. Now let's go burn our recycling boxes...

Silent Song

SARAH BURROW

Am I pretty?

Are my breasts too small
Are my thighs too big

He is a man who thinks I'm pretty
He calls me a whore, he calls me a bitch
He tells me he loves me
So he must think I'm pretty

He screams because he cares
he hits because he knows what's best
He tells me he loves me
So he has to think I'm pretty

He teaches me lessons
I will never forget
He tells me he's sorry
So I pray he thinks I'm pretty

I look in the mirror
See my face black and blue

So tell me...
Am I pretty?

The little student that could...



MIHNEA DUMITRU



Few of you may know this, but there were times at Glendon when student outcry actually mattered, when our united voices struck fear into the bodily frames of the administration. There were times when we had student representation that simply did not comply with the crap that they were fed, out of basic principle and respect towards whom they spoke for. There were even happier times when the media at Glendon did its job of not only presenting the latest shitty movie review, but went further and analyzed the students' situation. Would you believe that 20 years ago there was not a soul in York Main or U of T that did not know of the Café de la Terrasse? And again, moments in time sparkle in the timeframe of the last forty years, boldly announcing the uncontested victory of the students for their own rights. They portray a constant and electrifying quest for making the university experience a lasting one. How many of us can actually say they that they are enjoying their university experience? Are we really receiving our money's worth? As York University students, shouldn't we be given the same opportunities in Glendon as on the main campus? For a change, I want to go and eat a full meal for less than 10 bucks. I don't really care where it comes from. I want fresh food, a clean service, and cheap prices. Put in a damn McDonald's in there instead of Chartwells and you've solved the problem of

over taxing the students. Also, I don't want to be kicked out of the cafeteria just because a wedding is going on. I am someone who is paying for that table and that chair, and I intend to sit down and eat no matter what. I would like to know if these regular social events at Glendon are making my student experience any better. Am I paying less money for food, or is the menu getting in any way more diverse? And how nasty is it to organize these events in that place? Anyone heard of hotels? Secondly, I would like to be represented by reactionaries rather than sycophants. It is not the job of the GCSU to reach consensus between students and university. Their job is to represent us, period. But it's kind of hard to think of independence and free speech when your next possible job rests in the hands of the same people you just sent to hell the previous day. Even if I understand the obvious bias there, I still think that, whereas they can't really do anything in their relation with the upper powers, they could do many more things towards the students. If you can't represent me, at least shut me up somehow. Examples? More support for struggling clubs, actually going and getting them the money you're too impotent to provide, more activities, MORE interaction with students, since we're the ones paying your butts to sit in those chairs all day, free beer...etc. Finally, I would like to read Pro Tem and actually be immersed in interesting articles, pieces of


writing that do more than simply present some student's bias against insignificant happenings in his or her life. I don't mind reading a poem by T.S. Elliot instead of some wannabe poet who needs crack just to remember what a stanza is. I want this newspaper to be more than just the campus rag. I would like it to be the link between students and the outside world. There are no excuses for bad writing or lack of professionalism. Spellcheckers have been invented. And while talent has not, you can still sample it. Glendon students, you have the right to know what's happening in front of your eyes. This is

where life sets its mark upon the young souls that were previously entrenched in social and class preconceptions. You're not here just to swallow a preset quantity of information and to leave through the gates just as ignorant as you came in. University is the place where one's mind is supposed to develop. You are supposed to progress as a human by being taught what has happened in the world around you for the past millennia of our existence. It is the ultimate altar of knowledge, as it brings you more than the cheap 6 o'clock news 'Canadian perspective' on your life. It's supposed to be instrumental in integrating you within


the world outside its gates. Why should petty people alter that? Why should you be caught in this tangled web of deceit? When was the last time you felt that you were a part of Glendon, or someone whose words actually mattered in the greater scope of things? When was the last time you decided to protect your rights as a student, as someone who pays for his or her education through years of sweat and hard work? These are not questions that should boggle your minds; these are inquiries in the present state of affairs, worries that you should have as students. There's no excuse.

HALLOWE'EN

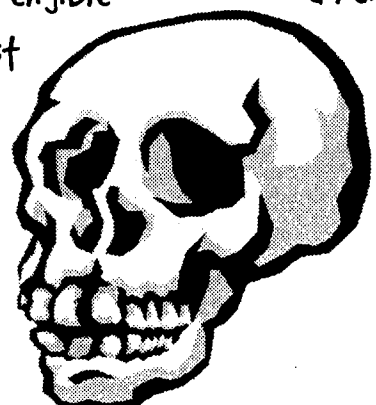


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Thursday October 26, 2000
Café de la Terrasse

The cafe's financial statements for 99/00 are available upon request.

POTUSA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

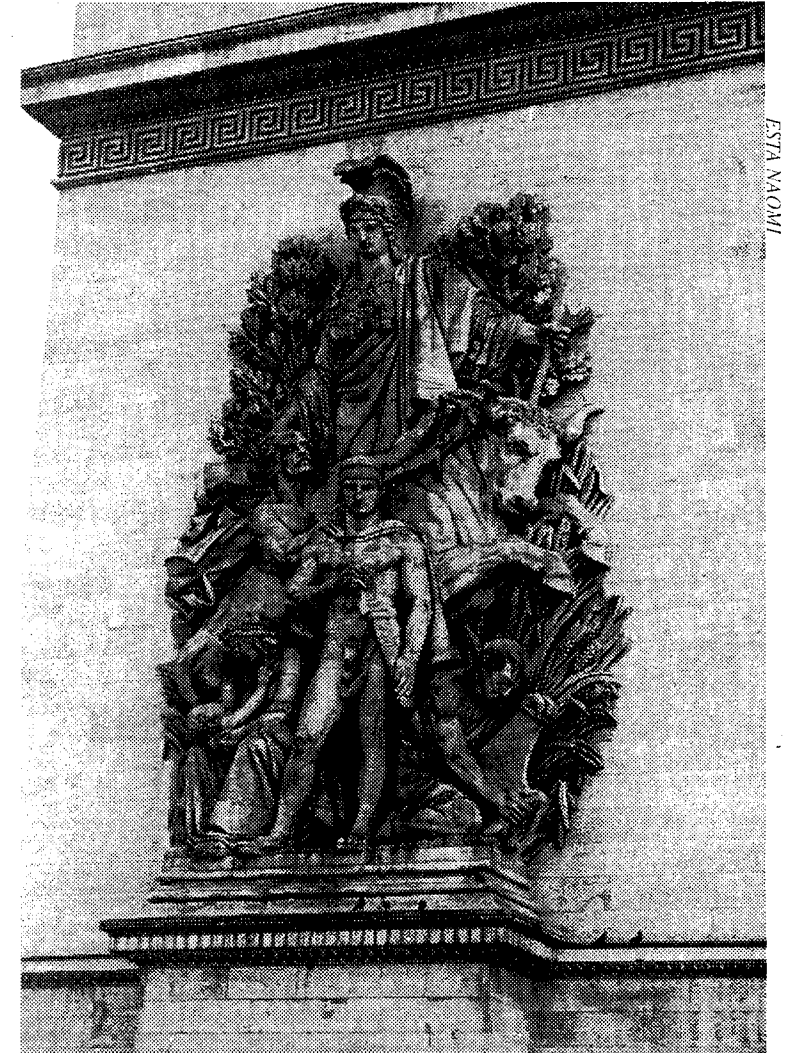
Moving right along, I asked his thoughts on bands like Korn, Limp Bizkit, and the Deftones, who are all known for their seven string usage, while PUSA's claim to fame has always been the infamous half-string approach (respectively two and three strings for bass and guitar). "Actually," he responded, "this album was just regular bass and guitar. No open tunings." He pointed out that their band has more similarities with these other bands than we've realized. "We down-tune half a step, and then tune to drop-D" which puts a heavier slant on the sound.

Heavier, but not exactly heavy. Still, it's a pleasing tone. Referring to their older habits, he states that "it gets too restrictive," and therefore requires standard tuning.

From here the conversation just gets silly. We discuss the going theory that "Peaches" is a song with communist leanings. "No." Just a song, man. They'd like to remain apolitical. Speaking of politics, given the choice what president of the United States of America do you think Dave would choose to be? None of the above. According to him, you "couldn't pay [him] enough." I ended the conversation on a clearly Canadian note. Always curious what the icons of our southern neighbours think of us, he stated quite humourously, "Canada

has penis-envy towards the U.S." Gulp. Biting my tongue, I asked him to elaborate. Sensing my hostility, he laughed, then explained: He loves Canada, has many relatives here, and could see himself living in Vancouver. However, he'd be much too mellow to be in PUSA if he'd grown up here. Well, it doesn't really compensate for the penis-envy comment, but hey, what do you expect from a President of the United States of America. Oh, and just for the record books, if they were from Canada, no they would NOT call themselves the Prime Ministers of the Dominion of Canada. "It just doesn't have that same ring."

Avis à la population



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While we thank all candidates, only those selected for an interview will be contacted

Chers compatriotes, amis francophones, et les autres, Nombreux sont ceux d'entre vous qui m'ont dit avoir apprécié les articles en français paru dernièrement dans notre chère feuille de chou. Etant loin d'être un ingrat, je vous remercie pour votre soutien. Soit dit en passant, pour les rares coincés qui n'auraient pas été touchés par la beauté lyrique des dits textes, et ben dommage ; ça ne vous a pas plu, m'en fou j'continu. Vos remarques acerbes sont inutiles ; en ce qui me concerne, ça m'en touche une sans faire bouger l'autre. Qui plus est, si le contenu n'est pas à votre convenance mes petits chéris, sachez qu'il ne tient qu'à vous de l'améliorer. Quant aux bien pensants et autres objecteurs de conscience qui osent m'approcher pour me dire que c'est bien mais qu'il faudrait plus d'articles en Français, je ne répondrai qu'une

chose : bla bla bla. Mes doux Jésus, sur ce point vous ne pouvez vous en prendre qu'à vous même. Mais non j'ai pas les boules, je suis juste un peu las de tous ces cancrelats et autres grandes gueules de service qui me mettent au supplice. Vous voulez plus d'articles en français, j'avoue que c'est un bon début. Seulement, faudrait peut-être se décider à enclencher la seconde et réaliser qu'il n'y a pas trente six façons d'y remédier. Lorsque j'en parle, on me répond, <<mais écrire sur quoi?>>. Et bien merde, sur n'importe quoi du moment que ça vous interesse, vous pourriez parler du lancer d'enclume comme des vendeurs de dentifrice à la sauvette ; c'est à vous de voir. Sur ce, à vos plumes et bonne semaine.

-La Résistance

We want land



GEORGE COSBUC

I'm hungry, naked, homeless, through,
Because of loads I had to carry;
You've spat on me, and hit me - marry.
A dog I've been to you!
Vile lord, whom winds brought to this land,
If hell itself gives you free hand
To tread us down and make us bleed,
We will endure both load and need,
The plough and harness yet take heed,
We ask for land!

Whenever you see a crust of bread,
Though brown and stale, we see's no more;
You drag our sons to ruthless war,
Our daughters to your bed.
You curse what we hold dear and grand,
Faith and compassion you have banned;
Our children starve with want and chill
And we go mad with pity, still
We'd bear the grinding of your mill,
Had we but land!

You've turned into a field of corn
The village graveyard, and we plough

And dig out bones and weep and mourn
Oh, had we ne'er been born!
For those are bones of our own bone,
But you don't care, o hearts of stone!
Out of our house you drive us now,
And dig our dead out of their grave;
A silent corner of their own
The land we crave!

Besides, we want to know for sure
That we, too, shall together lie,
That on the day on which we die,
You will not mock the poor.
The orphans, those to us so dear,
Who o'er a grave would shed a tear,
Won't know the ditches where we rot;
We've been denied a burial plot
Though we are Christians, are we not?
We ask for land, d'you hear?

Nor have we time to say a prayer,
For time is in your power too;
A soul is all we have, and you
Much you do care!
You've sworn to rob us of the right
To tell our grievances outright;

You give us torture when we shout,
Unheard-of torture, chain and clout
And lead when, dead tired, we cry out:
For land we'll fight!

What is it you've here buried? say!
Corn? maize? We have forbears and mothers,
We, fathers, sisters dear and brothers!
Unwished - for guests, away!
Our land is holy, rich and brave,
It is our cradle and our grave;
We have defended it with sweat
And blood, and bitter tears have wet
Each palm of it - so, don't forget:
'Tis land we crave!

We can no more endure the goads,
No more the hunger, the disasters
That follow on the heels of masters
Picked from the roads!
God grant that we shall not demand
Your hated blood instead of land!
When hunger will untie our ties
And poverty will make us rise.
Even in your grave we will chastise
You and your band!

Vous croyez en l'avenir du bilinguisme?

CHRISTINE LANDRY

Un nouveau comité faisant la promotion du bilinguisme verra le jour à Glendon. Avec la coopération des différents services, des clubs, du personnel enseignant et de l'administration, le comité organisera et supportera des activités sur le campus et avec la communauté.

Le mandat du Comité du bilinguisme est de redonner un sens et une fierté aux étudiants et étudiantes qui poursuivent leurs études universitaires dans les deux langues officielles du pays. Les étudiants et les étudiantes doivent reconnaître non seulement les avantages économiques sur le marché du travail par l'obtention d'un diplôme bilingue mais aussi reconnaître la richesse culturelle qui se rattache à une langue.

Déjà trente ans après l'adoption de la Loi sur les langues officielles, le comité ne peut pas prendre ses droits comme acquis. Le Comité du bilinguisme se doit de continuer à promouvoir les idéaux de cette loi en valorisant les étudiants et les étudiantes qui s'expriment en français et en anglais par

le biais d'activités : participation au BILINGUALISM HEALTHY AT GLENDON?

Il est vrai que les activités promeuvent davantage l'utilisation du français mais il faut rétablir un équilibre à Glendon pour retrouver toute sa saveur bilingue.

Donc à ne pas oublier...

-le Pub francophone French Kiss par l'AEEI en soirée le samedi 14 octobre au Café de la Terrasse.

-la Foire de l'emploi bilingue par le Centre de carrière et de consultation à la cafétéria le mardi 17 octobre.

Impliquez-vous dans une cause qui vous tiens à cœur!

*Première réunion du Comité du bilinguisme le mercredi 18 octobre à 19 heures au Sénat.

Wednesday October 18 will see the arrival of a new committee for the promotion of bilingualism.

The mandate of the Committee for Bilingualism is to give a sense of pride to students who have decided to continue their undergraduate studies in both official languages.

Students must recognize not only the economic advantages to a bilingual education but also its cultural wealth. Contacts between people speaking different languages give rise to a need of understanding: not only on the language level but also culturally.

It is believed that between half and two third of the world's population is bilingual. Luxembourg, Malaysia, Kuwait, and United States are all countries where bilingual education is available.

In Canada thirty years after the adoption of the Law on official languages during the Trudeau era, nothing should be taken for granted. The Committee for bilingualism wants to continue the promotion of the bilingual ideology. Carnaval de Québec, aux Jeux de la Francophonie à Ottawa...

The committee wishes to build upon the wealth found at Glendon with activities that will re-establish an equilibrium between French and English cultural activities with a trip to the Carnaval de Québec, by participating to the Jeux de la Francophonie in Ottawa. We want to give an

opportunity to Anglophone and Francophone to celebrate together. Until then remember...

-French Kiss Pub at the Café de la Terrasse in the evening of October 14th.

-Bilingual Employment Fair by the Career and Counselling Centre

at the cafeteria October 17th. Get involve in a cause that you believe in!

*First meeting of the Committee for Bilingualism at 7pm in the Senate chamber on October 18th.

Snow, "Mind on the Moon"

AGGIE GASIOR

I'm sure that most of you remember Snow's short-lived hit "Informer" where the only decipherable word was the title itself. And of course the sexual innuendo of "I lick ye bum bum now". Other than that, the song consisted of mumbling. And that was the only chart topper he ever produced before suddenly disappearing into the abyss for years.

But he's back, the more mature and stylin' Snow, but this time with a whole CD of 'hits'. (If you didn't catch the sarcasm, it's there.) Essentially there are the good white rappers, i.e. Eminem. Need I say more? [Old skool Everlast, from before House of Pain days.

smoove-ed.] Then there are the talentless, pathetic excuses that still try to live off a hit from years back. Snow just happens to fall into the latter.

If you're looking for bad music with absolutely no depth, this is definitely the place to get it. Not only do all songs sound the same, but also I couldn't understand anything that was being slurred together and placed with the two chords played on a guitar. Maybe it was because I wasn't really listening. Actually, I tried my best to zone out and not hear anything, and somehow I don't think that I missed anything of great value. This album is a definite waste of money. Not only that, but it's make-out potential and romantic quality is zero to none.

PASEO DE Cocktails on Gorky

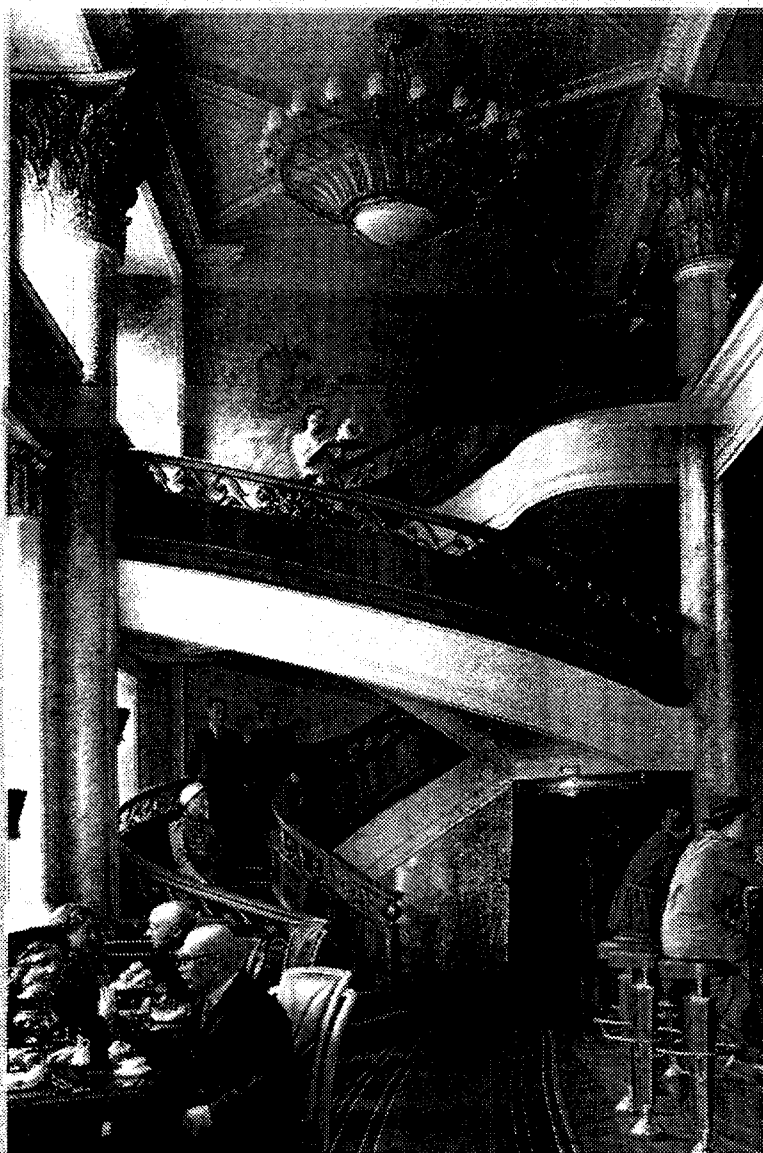
NOEL BARNETT

VIOLET APPEARED IN THE entrance of the café soon after having checked out of the storied hotel on Donskaya street. She wore a purple shawl that covered a crumpled lace gown and carried an overstuffed carpetbag that forced her to lean to one side. She was as beautiful as could ever be remembered. Clay beckoned her over to our table and embraced her ample frame as soon as she approached. I took her bag and offered to remove her shawl, but at this gesture she protested, complaining of damp, cold, Russian nights that had left her bones aching. Clay quickly ordered that the samovar be refreshed and Violet brought a plate of quail eggs and a bowl of puffed rice. Again, she declined saying that Balkan meals had wreaked havoc with her bowels and she was more inclined to the far more simple repast of her mid-west upbringing. Clay laughed and asked her if a bowl of dust would suffice, but she was already bent at the waist and rummaging through her bag on the floor. Amused at the spectacle of her short piano legs dangling from the chair as she huffed and wheezed, placing tin after tin of corned beef onto the table. I remarked on how much more amicable a demeanor she displayed since our last encounter. To this she had no reply and simply removed a stained envelope from somewhere within the many folds of her skirt and placed it on the table before me. Inside was a scrap of bright pink wrapping paper that had been torn in several places and painstakingly recellophanned together with a brief inscription penned on its reverse side in dull crayon which read as follows:

made visits to the hospital in Moscow and sought information concerning the whereabouts of

the patient Pharidas. I thought it pertinent that we should speak on the matter. Ask for a permit to see the child in the cancer ward and it will be granted to you. Yours gratefully, Grover Jones."

I PASSED THE NOTE TO Clay who read it with unveiled suspicion and said nothing. I opined that it sounded danger-



ous and Violet immediately responded. "Avoiding danger is no safer in the long run than outright exposure. Life is either a daring adventure or nothing," she paused before adding, "Helen Keller said that."

Our attention was suddenly shifted to a commotion at the entrance of the café. The Maitre'D hurried forward from where he had been standing near

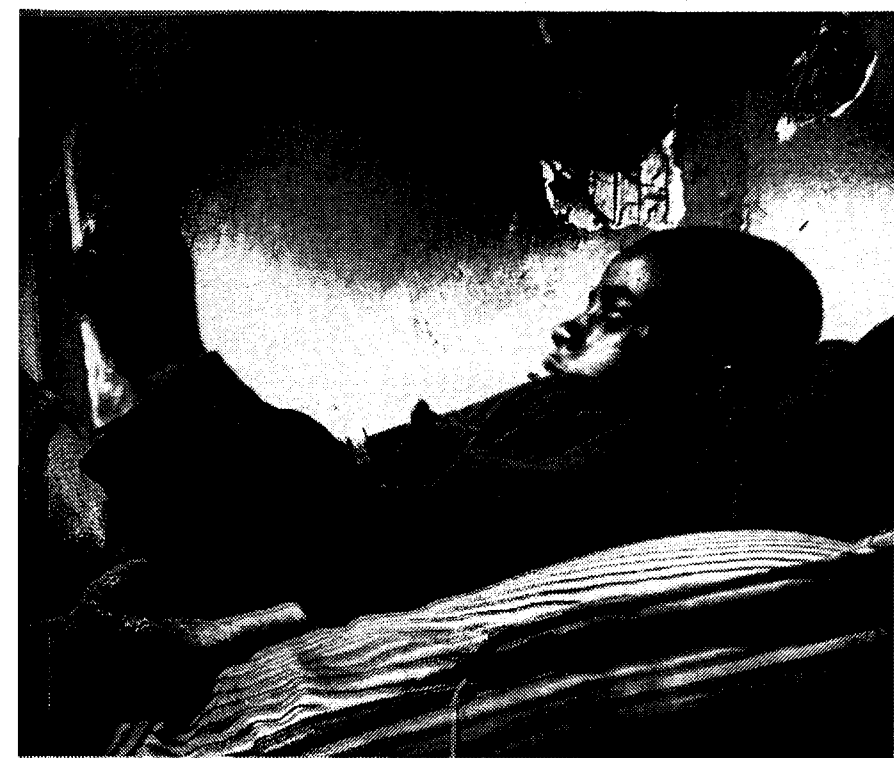
the stairwell, deferentially slipping past the ladies at the soda fountain towards the congested doorway. Clay reached across the table and grabbed my arm already rising from his seat. It was a sizeable crew from the Russian Tea Caravan decked out in their usual filthy black longcoats. Teamen to connoisseurs for over 275 years, they followed the route of Marco

Violet's carpetbag and hauled her up from a mouthful of corned beef despite protestations. Clay was already moving towards the back door. I pushed Violet on ahead of me, she moved surprisingly fast for a woman of her girth. By this time we had been spotted. Cries of "foul!" and "murders!" followed our departure from the dining hall. I turned around to see their leader, who for a lack of originality had given himself the moniker "Rasputin", angrily shake his fist in the air and draw a revolver. Suddenly engulfed by the darkness of the exit hallway, I called out for Clay. He shouted a reply from the far end where he was struggling with Violet to open the huge mahogany doors that appeared to be rusted shut at the hinges. With one immense heave, Violet managed to burst through and ushered in a flood of daylight from the street. I stumbled through the opening, momentarily blinded by the rays when I felt myself being seized from behind. Clay was already involved in a scuffle with three blackcoated cutthroats, two of them brandishing knives. Violet had one man pinned to the ground and was beating him around the head with one of the tins she had managed to scavenge from the table. The thug who had a grip on me made the mistake of twisting my right arm behind my back. I was already in possession of my pistol and quickly fired a shot in his direction to which he immediately crumpled to the ground. Another shot fired and one of Clay's attackers was also felled. Loud cries from the hallway precipitated a smoking blast that leveled our entire company. Clay lay apparently lifeless on the ground beside Violet who, blood streaming from the corners of her mouth, motioned towards the envelope in Clay's pocket and beckoned me to make haste. As I rose to reach for it I realized that three of the

fingers on my right hand were broken. Crying out in pain, I retrieved it and scrambled over the iron balustrade and away into the street, shots ringing out behind me.

THERE IS A CERTAIN composition of Duke Ellington's which never fails to move an agent in peril. Passion Flower. It has a clarinet that drones on with the dreamlike quality of a state of shock fueled by loss of blood. It caught me completely by surprise when I heard it emanating from the open doors of a dancehall on Smolerskaya Street, near the Belgrade hotel. I turned up the collar on my jacket and stuffed my bandaged hand deep into one of the pockets. It was a crisp, cold, evening. Several hours had passed since the earlier incident. I had heard neither from Violet, nor from Clay in that time, but decided to remain optimistic for the sake of my own mental health, imagining that I might somehow bump into them further down the line. There was a bright pearl of a full moon set in a sea of black sky, peppered with fat lazy clouds rolling lazily across the

L TUERTO: Street, Moscow, 1941



heavens. I thought of better times, and the echo of that familiar song made their absence that much more painful. I glanced inside to see the beautiful young women move gracefully in the arms of their partners awash in the warm orange glow of flickering candlelight. The steam rising from hot plates of food on the tables that littered the periphery of the dance floor, mixed with the smoke from many a lighted cigar, gave the impression of a light fog descended upon the spectacle. Transfixed by the gathering as I was, I hardly noticed the young woman who had spilled the contents of her purse onto the sidewalk behind me. I turned and saw her attempting to remove some of her effects from the filthy gutter without damaging her delicate white satin gloves.

Ma'am." I crouched to retrieve an ivory handled hairbrush and a powder case. She laughed merrily, "What a fool I am, Sir! I should have removed my gloves and then you would have been spared the chivalry, but the thought never occurred to me."

I wiped the items clean using the cuff of my jacket and handed them back to her. "Even then it would have been an affront to those most ladylike and delicate hands of yours."

SHE PAUSED TO TAKE A good look at me, noticed the bandage and became concerned. "Oh heavens, you're hurt! You shouldn't have used that hand!" I quickly returned it to my pocket. "Oh, Don't worry. It's nothing."

She paused and then, as if by way of invitation said, "Are you going inside?"

"No," I replied. She extended her hand. "Natasha."

I took it in my own. "Good evening, Natasha."

"Don't you have a name?" she inquired.

"Not one worth mentioning."

She was unfazed and fixed me with an intent gaze, "Is there anything that I can do for you, Sir? Are you in distress?"

"I need to find the hospital."

"Which one? There are several in Moscow."

"I don't know."

"Is it someone that you're looking for?"

"Yes."

She paused as if embarrassed to ask her next question.

"Do you know their name?"

"Yes."

Her eyes lit up with excitement and a beautiful smile spread across her face as she took my arm. "Then we must visit all of the hospitals in Moscow until we find your friend."

I tried to protest, explaining that I was without currency, but she would have none of it. "First we must get out of this cold. Taxi!" she bellowed loudly.

A cab quickly pulled up alongside where we stood.

"I know it's hardly ladylike, but necessity dictates that I assist you in your quest, Stranger," and with that last line she laughed as she said it. "Stranger", and suddenly we were off.

IT WAS MAYBE THE fourth or fifth hospital before we found the cancer ward which held the child, Grover Jones, in its immutable grasp. He was awake and lying in bed with a book perched atop his knees in a quiet but dilapidated corner of the room.

"Welcome," came his calm greeting, as though he had somehow been expecting us that very moment. "You've come in hope of locating Pharidas."

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, you've found him."

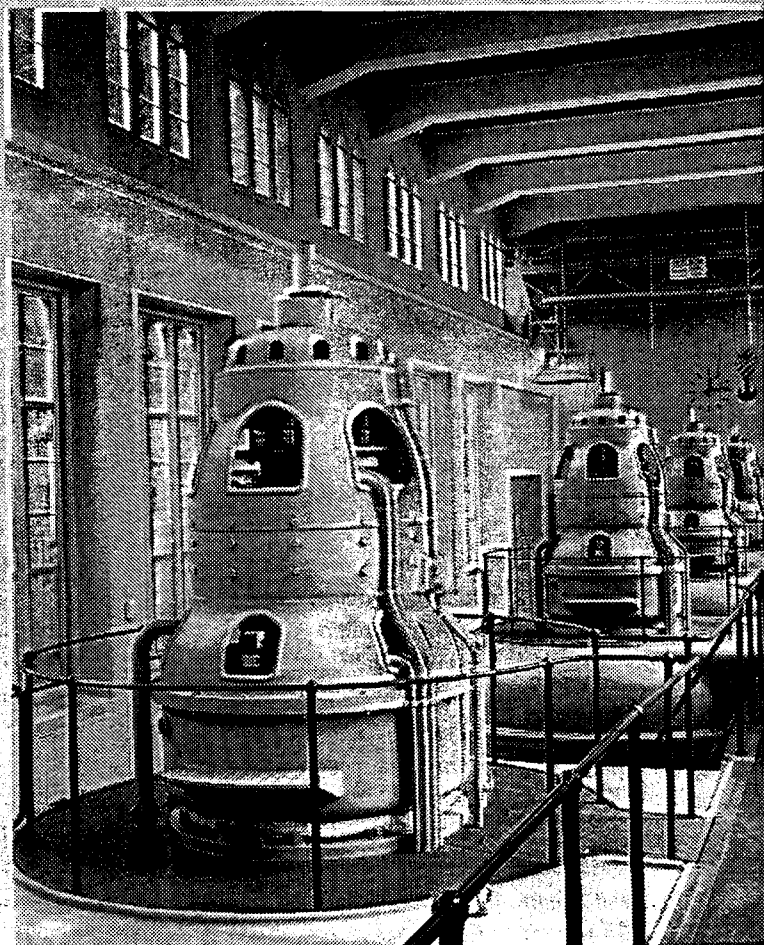
A look of shock must have crossed my features, for Natasha reached forward as if to catch me. Pharidas, for the little information that we had on him, was a renowned man of science. Under the secret patronage of the robber-baron Carnegie-Melon, he was supposedly constructing several devices which employed unheard of propulsion systems that were said to be the culmination of all Newton's science and the fulfillment of all of Galileo's dreams. He was the man who could take you to the moon and any further you wished to go. Carnegie had discovered that Pharidas had

moved the entire project to a clandestine location in Harlem, N.Y., that was unknown to him. When pressed for an explanation, Pharidas confessed that his patron's desire to use the devices to create an exclusive utopia on an anonymous heavenly body of Carnegie's choosing did not sit well with him. Pharidas had already put the wheels in motion to use the spacecraft to remove the entire Negro population of the United States of America to a safe haven in the universe far from the menacing White establishment whose oppression of Pharidas' race was infamous for its cruelty. Carnegie immediately sought his death and the return of those strange vehicles which were crucial to the engendering of his vision, hence the retaining of the Russian Tea Caravan. It was rumored that Pharidas had been poisoned (now I understood the significance of the cancer ward) by one of Carnegie's agents and had fled

the country. Myself, Clay, and Violet who was a double agent, were under orders from the struggling underground organization known in familiar circles as the NAACP to re-establish contact with Pharidas, return him to Harlem, or at the very least ascertain the location of the devices, that the plan could move towards the final phase of its execution.

YET TO IMAGINE THAT this child before me was the great Pharidas on whose account so much blood had been spilled, and on whose life depended the future of untold millions, was too much fantasy to believe. I lost my strength and needed to be placed into a chair by Natasha.

Grover reached over placing a steady hand on my shoulder. "Rest awhile, friend," he said, and I saw in his eyes the experience and wisdom of ten thousand venerable old sages.



POTUSA Interview

MIKE HARRISON

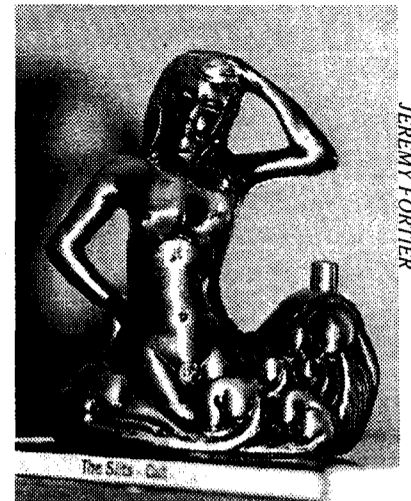
***I want to start off by apologizing to both the Pro Tem readers, and especially to Dave Dererer, with whom I conducted this interview. Due to speakerphone problems, and the difficulties of recording a one-sided conversation, the notes regard-

ing this interview are largely paraphrased. I have done my best to keep intact the essence of what was said, and seeing as our topics were kept on the lighter side, hot water may be avoided. Also, thanks go out to Gavin Williams for his help. The afternoon started out with me sipping my Aquafina, await-

ing a phone call from Dave Dederer, bassist, backup guitarist and backup vocalist for the multi-platinum selling group, The Presidents of the United States of America. We spoke of love, liberty, and just about anything else that went into the making of Freaked Out and Small, their latest opus on the

Musicblitz label.

My first question centred on the liner-notes, which contained five hundred names. Asking if P.U.S.A. actually had this many friends, or if it was a gimmick, he explained that the names are those of the die-hard P.U.S.A. fans who pre-purchased the album, obtaining t-shirts, a



video, and of course, the thank you in the liner notes.

Inquiring where Freaked Out and Small obtained its name, I was told that it came up in a conversation in which all three members were looking through the book *Screaming Life* (Peterson), which was captured by an artist largely accredited for producing the images surrounding the whole "grunge era". They were looking to produce similar images on their album cover. While looking over the photos, Jason [Finn] (drums, vocals), was struck by a photo which appeared "freaked out and small," and although Peterson's photography didn't make the cover, the reaction to his art made the name.

More simple questions followed, regarding the appearance of Duff McKagan (of Guns and Roses fame) on the song, "I'm Mad". "We live in the same neighborhood," was his response. Of course, they are both elite members in a musical community of rock stars, as well, but both being from Seattle helped, and he added his bass talents to the album. When asked who he'd like to make a cameo appearance with, he paused, finally responding, "Willie Nelson."

It was at this point that the conversation delved into the esoteric and exciting world of lyrical analysis. Yeah for English Majors. We started at the beginning: "Tiny Explosions" which appropriately enough explodes onto the stereo as their first song on the album, makes reference to Eric Clapton and Van Halen, respectively in the line, "fire up the woman tone, and drown the brown sound." Obviously pleased that I picked up the obscure reference, he elaborated saying simply, "the song is about playing guitar."

continued on page 14

THE REAL KEY TO FINDING THE RIGHT JOB...



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"SPHERION.... We Are Changing The Way CANADA HIRES"

A Mainstream of Consciousness

CATHERINE HANCOCK

I am currently enrolled in a critical thinking course here at Glendon that deals mainly with art and popular culture, which is something that has come in handy for me as Arts and Entertainment Editor of Pro Tem.

For the past two years, I have been dealing with many struggles as Editor for this section. Yet, they have all boiled down to one main thing: what kind of events I should be covering. On one side, I get people telling me to cover more independent events, things that do not necessarily get published in other papers. On the other side, people are telling me to cover more mainstream events because although they can read The Toronto Star or Now Magazine, they enjoy reading what a fellow student has to say about an event instead of a 50 year old reporter who has seen the same tireless formulas recycled over and over again.

Why can't I do both? Provide an equal balance. Give everyone a little bit of what they are

looking for.

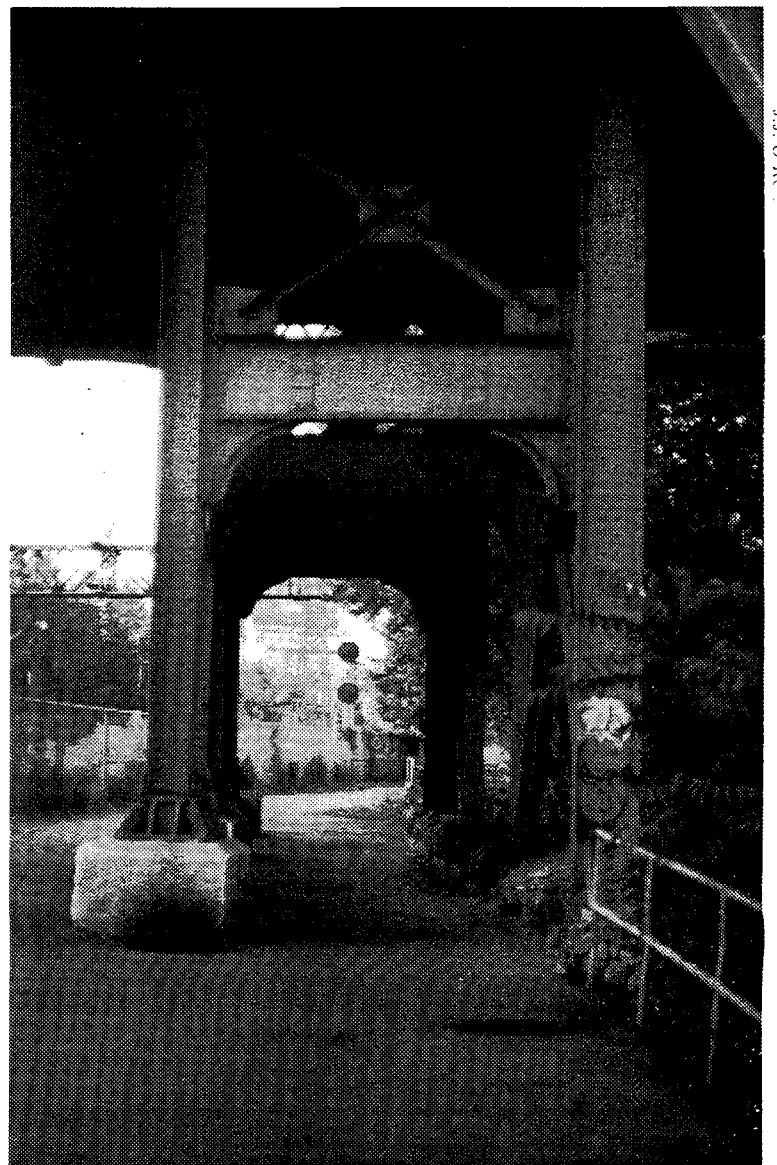
If you only let certain art works into your life, how will that influence you? How will that help you change? How will you expand your horizons? It is personal taste to say that this is good art and that is bad art.

Yet many seem to have this notion that a popular movie can't be good, that it can't reach people. To them, it may not seem good because they prefer independent films, something of a "higher culture". It is a type of bourgeois mindset that if art is made in mass production, it is no longer art.

The same theory can be applied to music as well. A band like Blink182, for example, has had to deal with countless people calling them sellouts since they have become famous and are receiving an incredible amount of air time on radio and television stations. According to Tom DeLonge (vocals/guitar), they never once thought of the radio while recording their latest album, Enema of the State. They just wanted to work hard to put out an album that was well produced. Mark Hoppus

(vocals/bass) points out, "Why wouldn't you want to be successful at what you do?"

Popular film and popular music are still forms of art and have not lost their ritual function. It is simply available to a larger mass. A popular art form is not necessarily "low". You have to remember that masses are filled with audiences that are diversified and have different tastes. They will be critical in their own way. Even though it is pure entertainment, we can still (and should) be critical about it. The same goes for people who are only interested in popular films and music. Check out some independent films, or a couple of foreign ones. You might just be surprised at how much you enjoy them and maybe even find yourself craving more. Enter into this new world with an open mind. Don't go in expecting the film to be too off the wall and difficult to grasp. It is just not true. Then, come to Pro Tem and write about the art you feel passionate about. Art is art. Every aspect of it deserves to be reviewed and critiqued.



The Fall

DR. WOLF

It was company. She sat on the coloured couch. Everything quiet and low light dimly lit, fire moving. Sipping, laughing. Then she begins: pouring, mixing, talking about other older men, God.

She's drinking more now and everything brightens for a bit then she lies down for a while. Still moving. So I watch: small body, twitching, jerking moaning.

Then she gets up falling over the table, crashing glasses to the floor. I don't move, not yet. Still, uncomfortable. Eyes following her sliding shadow

The Men Who Toil for Gold

SCOTT BRADLEY

I took a class in University once called History 2221 A: "Rough Justice." It was basically a bird course on Wednesday that fit my schedule perfectly, because it didn't start before noon. I never thought much about Canadian history before that because as far as my eyes could see I was living it. I was saturated in Canadian thought and Canadian life since the day I was born.

The problem then was that I couldn't list every Canadian Prime Minister since Confederation and I still can't. It's not that I don't care, I was never taught it - even in that

history class a few years ago. But somehow a lot of this country's past remains sailing around my brain. And some of the greatest history I studied over my few years in University is about this land of the "true north strong and free."

I began thinking about it again - how I don't know anything about my country's past - the day that Trudeau's death was becoming a piece of our history - the end of an era so to speak. The big papers were recounting everything public about this man's life and other parts that seemed more private. Pictures and stories were depicting him as a fool, a lover and a statesman.

In "Rough Justice" I never stud-

ied the man and I don't remember studying him in High School either. The history that I recollect most from that class is the moralist pioneers who paraded through the muddied roads with wagons carted full of booze, protesting outside the houses of people who had had sex with their neighbour or something similar. I recollect the women's temperance movement that made most of the class, who were probably hunched over or thinking about drinking, laugh, and the puritan views on sexuality that were apparent in Upper Canada during the 1800's.

The history of Pierre Trudeau is somehow more vivid than any history in that class. It is within

reach of a young generation that has forgotten the pioneers and puritan views. It represents change in our time. How our generation has been passed some sort of torch that brightly burns and often enough leaves us burnt. For more than anything else he left us something to live up to.

In that class topics such as Natives Cultures, Language and Authority, Violence and Social Control were discussed - never once did the professor touch upon 'great leaders'. And like that class I would like to think that Pierre Elliot Trudeau will be remembered as a person. A man that was a 'pioneer' living in a country who values "Rough Justice" more than politics.

Love In The Afternoon

KATE ZANKOWICZ

Order Elena #1124 Now. Elena is 21 years old, 160 cm, 54 kg, Russian, Christian, Scorpio, and is looking for "a prince of the white horse". Her full profile photograph shows her, in soft focus, squeezed into a pink power suit, clutching a fake rose across her chest with a tight smile. She looks at least 40.

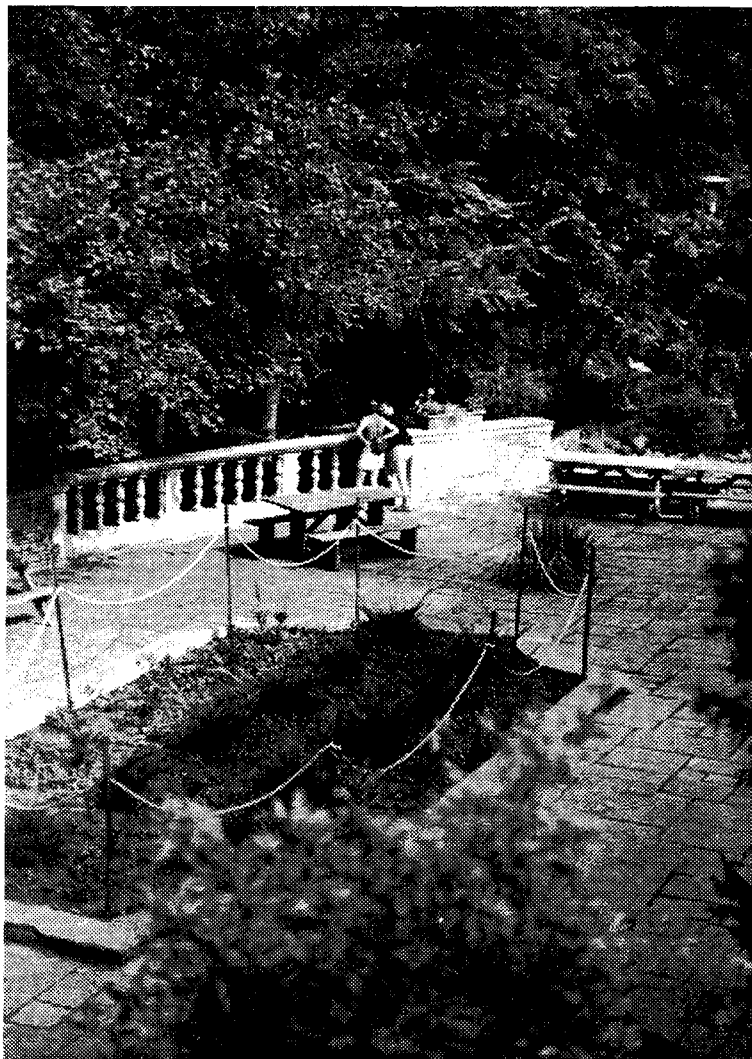
In her ad, she says she's "even-tempered" and likes "the home cosiness", especially "the baking of different pastry and the growing of home flowers". She says she wants to meet a "supplied" man to be her "second half" for "making family" and a "future of cross love". She also says that her prince can be anywhere from 25 to 45 years old. It is perhaps fitting that beneath the bottom that reads "add Elena #1124 to my order" there's also an Order Niagara Online promotional offer.

Frank*, a 45 year old professional dater who gets his hair permed regularly, skims over her in the online catalogue. "Never go in for the girls in soft focus" he confides, "they've definitely have something to hide". He peruses over the endless list of Svetlanas and Olgas, clicking instead on Marina #97. She's a tarty looking girl with tits bursting out of her shirt. Her

ad has four different body profile shots, all from relatively pleasing angles. He is instantly in love. He orders her a gift, and gets his email translated into Russian all within minutes. Frank used to answer personals in the Star but now has gone online. In his words, "it's fast, convenient, and free...and you're not picking up the tab for pointless awkward dinners".

He started using the online dating agencies when he realized that trying to pick a girl up in church was generally frowned upon. "You know Polish Catholic girls...", he says, "it would've taken me a year of Sundays".

According to the myfuturelove.com site, Western men like Russian women because they are "traditional, feminine, devoted to older men and not yet subverted by the media". Also, according to them, one doesn't have to be rich to keep a Russian wife, because she is used to economic instability and "she knows that an American man can provide more security and be a better husband than a Russian man". Frank says he is partial to Russian women because they "remind him of the old country". He immigrated to Canada with his family when he was two years old...from Poland. His advice to anyone



who is looking for love on the internet is to stay away from any sketchy package deals. "The agencies who offer travel arrangements, and \$20/ night hotel accommodation and intro-

ductory meetings with women of your choice are probably scams. They charge you per meeting or per cocktail party...these women are basically escorts.

He admits that most of the women who advertise themselves on the sites are, in his words, "not in financial good shape" but stresses that the "country girl looking for a sugar daddy in America thing" is a stereotype. "There are a lot of educated girls who put ads up who aren't necessarily looking to get married" he protests, "and if they are...they always knock at least 5 years/5 pounds off of their descriptions". Marina #97, for her part, sends updated pictures of herself, leaning against a billiard table in some Russian basement. She is wearing cut-off jean shorts and stilettos. She asks if Frank is "pleasant on appearance" and if he is "merry and blithe". "This translator should be shot" Frank mutters as he scrolls down the page. She writes that she doesn't like "boring, greedy man" and quips: "you won't feel boring with me!". She writes that she likes "wine but without excess". She says she is looking for "soul nearness". She mentions that she has a small son at the end of the email. Frank has decided not to write her back and has hooked up with his massage therapist instead.

*Pseudonym has been used

The Review

ROMINA
DER-MARDIROSIAN

Two weeks ago, the Glendon Theatre launched its first movie seance, at 11am, playing the very hilarious French movie called *Le Diner des Cons - The Dinner Game*. Unfortunately, not a lot of people attended the event as the time of the show conflicted with class schedules. The first time I saw this movie, I was in France. The moment that I entered the theatre, I laughed until it ended. The entire room was in uproar. I experienced this same enthusiasm in the showing

at the Glendon Theatre. It didn't matter at all that there were only two people - myself, and another student who had, incidentally, seen the movie in France. Nevertheless, we couldn't restrain ourselves from bursting into laughter.

Of course there is a reason for the frenzy over this particular movie. It is hysterically funny. The movie is about a French publisher, Pierre Brochant, who is a participant in a weekly dinner game. The aim of the game is that guest must bring with them the most foolish, innocent, and naïve idiot to the dinner

party. In a nutshell, whoever brings the world-class idiot will be declared a winner. Pierre is ecstatic because he has found the perfect nut, Francois Pignon, and is determined to claim the prize. After he invites Pignon, Pierre's plans go awry as he sprains his back playing golf right before the dinner. He calls off the dinner plan, and lets Pignon know by leaving a message on his answering machine. But as luck would have it, Pignon never receives the message, and shows up at Pierre's door. The climax of the story reaches its great hilarity as

Pignon tries to nurse and help Brochant. At a certain point, the audience has to wonder which one of these gentlemen is the bigger idiot.

The portrayals also should be praised for their remarkable performances of such a funny story. Indeed, the actors add more taste to the humour of the story than what is found simply in the script. Jacques Villert's performance of Francois Pignon is priceless. His gestures, his body language and facial expressions can reel the audience into a frenzy. There is no script needed here to make the viewer laugh.

Likewise, Thierry Lhermitte's acting excels as he reels in the audience with his portrayal of the handsome, egocentric, inconsiderate womanizer. His facial expressions and movements are just as priceless as he acts out the disastrous moments in Pierre's life.

It is said that the American version of the movie is set to be released in theatres next year. One can only hope that the choice of actors and the interpretation of the story could bring such brilliant performances and humour, as in the original version.

Future Tense

THE ENRAGED NUDIST

It must have been a very lonely Sunday afternoon... I remember visiting one of the ceramic palaces of Hilliard, and as I cursed every single scientist that had not found a cure for the common cold, I suddenly had a revelation much stronger than my sudden discovery of no toilet paper. All the current events of these few weeks, painstakingly gathered from select geek magazines, all my SciFi creativity and general dementia worked together in bringing before me a most uncanny image of the future.

We all live with uneasy hearts regarding what's to come. It is of no wonder that many works of fiction tell of an upcoming war in which much of humanity will simply be erased from the face of the Earth. That prospect, however, was unrealistic even during the Cold War.

However, people still seem to think that we are condemned to sure death sometime in the near future. But after the severely uneventful passing of the year 2000, a lot of the scenarios that involved the total destruction of the planet fell somewhere under the coming out of Tinky Winky in terms of importance. Whether it's religion, SciFi culture, or the pessimism residing in all of us as a result of identifying with many TV sitcom personalities, some still think it's coming.

Truth is we haven't seen an old-fashioned attempt to take over the world in over 40 years. A lot of us are getting a little impatient at this. Don't get us wrong, we're not into loss of life or the cloning of Jesus Christ, but we'd prefer this world to be baptized by the dialectic. I'm actually getting a little misty-eyed when I think of the many times people had the chance to take over certain aspects of world affairs. Like for instance computer software...wait a minute... OK, bad example.

Are we living in a world of monopolies and world domination? Is Capitalism building consumerism addiction? Have I had too much Pepsi by any chance? These aren't questions that should keep us up at night, but that should at least make us think for a second -and maybe send some angry letters to Pro Tem for the Pepsi crack.

What will our future society look like? First, let's leave aside all the communist propaganda of a perfect life, with all the world's diseases cured, super fast ships and no need for money -ok, a Star Trek put down, but they deserve the critique. We have to think that with the development of super-corporations, inventions that severely alter the status quo simply won't appear until the Earth's resources would be closing on depletion. And no, we will not have super heroes either, unless you consider Mariah Carey playing Wonder Woman a miracle independent of natural causes, bed sheets, etc.

So let's take a more down to Earth approach, and finally allow me to present to you the reason why I did a poor acting emulation -considering my whereabouts- of Archimede's 'Eureka,' and forever entered into the Doodie.com hall of fame.

It might be safe to say that most people who will read this article have had at least one experience on the Internet. Whether it was watching the latest nude Shannon Elizabeth vid or simply checking your over-spammed email account, we all have seen the virtually unlimited possibilities of the World Wide Web. And it is in this domain, that of many yet-untapped resources, that we can see a large part of our future fiction become future fact.

Two events here seemed to me to be of the utmost importance. First, mapping of the human genome will open many new avenues into discovering our bodies and our selves, as research will ultimately find its way towards the human brain and the basic human cell. The second event involves the marriage between our cells' DNA and technology. The point I am trying to build up to is as geeky as everything else until now. What if in the very near future we will actually LIVE on the web? All we'd need is for some sort of proxy between our brain and the net, and what better way than through a ultra patented machine, available for only \$39,99 + shipping and handling, delivered right to your door... Once you put it on your head, the hardware that would exist in select regions of your brain -the one developed from gene manipulation- would sync with the

software found in the gadget and presto, you're addicted!

All appliances nowadays are moving towards the internet, starting from fridges to your cars. Why not the human brain? It would mean speeding up life, a much faster way of doing everything: going to work without the traffic jams, meeting friends from across the world and actually being able to see their faces, travelling to Paris in a blink of an eye. People already fashion doing everything on the net. All that has been missing is a truly virtual audiovisual experience, safe from underpixelation and two-dimensional rendering. We basically want an encounter with something extremely real, and since our five senses are extremely hard to fool, we might as well go to the very source, or more exactly, the

final destination of stimuli. Once technology that grows together with the human cell is developed, and we better understand its inner workings, it will be extremely easy for any piece of software to send electronic impulses to the brain, which will then be transformed into sensations. This is, by analogy, the very same theory behind the telephone, or the computer. Now please excuse me while I go sell my idea and become a trillionaire overnight, buy Colombia and live on crack for the next 50 years or so as El Presidente...

The issues at stake here are very much serious, and they deserve at least a split second of our attention. I am not the Archangel Michael trumpeting the coming of the end. Obviously, I'm not too good with the happenings in the Bible either.

But I hope I am making you aware of the dangers of pollution, wale killing and deforestation. Also the thinning of the ozone layer around Antartica, entirely caused by humans and in style with today's slimming fashion. Also the Second Coming of 2002, the next Star Wars, the inherent war in the Middle East... If you managed to read this far into this blatant attack at your intelligence, you probably also spend a lot of time listening to other things, all modeling you into a false preconception of your own person and the world around you. Think before you believe anything. Don't accept the preconceptions you've created in your mind steer you away from building a different view of the world. And what better place to start than Canada, this paragon of liberalism!!



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To The Editor

Dear Editor,

I want people to think about racism and about the effects of radicalism.

Recently, I viewed a video in which a woman was speaking with fearful levels of passion about the treatment, or, for a better word, the perception of what has been labeled "black people" in Hollywood which provoked these thoughts. Now, I agree that there exists unfairness in the treatment or perception of any culture group in any given circumstance. I firmly believe that equality among cultures and the sexes must be met, and I agree that this equality has not yet been realized. We all know that the middle-aged white male has the upper hand in society.

However, equality cannot be met without the perception that equality has no parameters. "Equal is equal" in every sense of the word.

A radical sees only what is perceived to be unjust; a radical focuses on what his or her particular culture group is lacking and, in doing so, attacks foreign groups. This is not equality.

While radicalism "cries" for equality, it results in just the opposite; it provokes false senses of belief, which lead to intolerance of that which is perceived as differences. I believe that while history plays a vital part in everyone's lives, dwelling on that history will not necessarily benefit mankind. Dwelling nurtures rage. What is

more important is to focus on today - and what we have to offer each other. Radicals and racists both need to focus on "the now," instead of focussing on what is "bad" and then try to rectify it by lashing out on the "enemy". Equality is not revenge.

If we were to completely ignore race and gender, then, and only then, will equality be enjoyed by all. If radicalism continues, then this "blind eye" will never be turned because radicalism focuses on a particular race and its social opposite. What is called a racist movement today, like white supremacy, homophobia, and male superiority, was once thought as a radical movement in its day. Racists

and radicals are the exact same thing, yet radicals try to fight racism. In actuality, radicalism is a form of racism. By fighting for one culture or ideal, one is diminishing and excluding another, therefore creating the past with opposite sides.

It is easy to get caught up in righteousness and radicalism. It is harder to do what is needed - to be "blind" and look past the "what" of a person and to ignore what our ancestors did. It is harder to see the person for who it is. Ironically, this is what all radical groups plead: "Don't judge people by the colour of their skin." Well, do that; be blind to that on which radicals dwell.

Thank you,
MB

We sympathize with your view, MB. People should strive to discover their selves, even in the face of worldwide marketing initiatives that keep cashing in with discriminative practices. The marketing notion of the target group sounds an awful lot like an eye that perhaps needs blinding. Thanks for your letter.

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Being a guitar player myself, I had a total appreciation for the song, which describes the experience as, appropriately enough, "tiny explosions."

Using the guitar topic as a lead in, I asked for his comments on the subject of musical virtuosity, and his reflections on its importance, or lack thereof. The song "Jazz Guy," seemed to me to be an ironic look at the snobby musicians who spend all their time at Berkley learning scales. I was surprised to hear that Dederer himself is an accomplished Jazz musician. Hardly what one would expect from an original member of the group that once chose to use half the typical amount of strings on their instruments. To my shock, Dederer told me that he likes to escape to his basement and bang out a few lines of Jazz music.

On that note, he explained that "Jazz Guy" started out as being a Jazz song, then evolved into a

song about Jazz songs. In his view, virtuosity is great but feeling, conviction, and sincerity are all more important. Very few people in his view have both. Consequently, Eddie Van Halen was named as one who did possess both magical musical abilities, as well as conviction.

As for a world tour, there's little chance of that. Dederer said, however, that he'd love to play a few dates (possibly Toronto, which he loves for our bookstores and Hotdog stands). They will certainly be playing a live web-cast with Duff McKagan on bass. For info on that, check out the Musicblitz website at www.musicblitz.com

From here, phone bills went up, the Aquafina was flowing, and so was the conversation. Dederer couldn't speak more highly of PUSA's decision to record the album in one short week. When asked of the benefits of doing it this way, he sited examples from jazz greats like Miles Davis, who recorded some of the more prominent albums of his time in a day or so. He mentioned a great many other examples of people who had done that very thing. "That way you don't get bored." And

now a group not known for its virtuosity stepped up and did the same thing. Says Dederer, "...life is its own pre-production. I've had twenty-five years to prepare for this record." What's another week, then, really?

Of course, the whole MP3 issue simply had to be brought up. Fighting my urge to not mention it, I had to point out the song "Blank Baby" which draws attention to the issue itself, with lines like, "cause even when the copyright's affixed/ a genuine thief has got a bottomless bag of tricks." It would be difficult to be more blatant than that. So what's the story, Dave? In his words, it's all part of "the growing process". He finds it interesting to marvel at the process, but clearly he does not take the same stand as fellow musicians Metallica do. As an artist, he sees the MP3 format as a convenient and cheap way for a band to market themselves.

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Des femmes de terrain

YVES MARTINEAU,
QUARTIER LIBRE

Soixante années, parmi les plus turbulentes de l'histoire de l'humanité, les séparent. Pourtant, Madeleine Parent et Julie Larose partagent valeurs et idéaux. Portrait de deux femmes pour qui vivre, c'est se battre pour le respect et l'évolution.

Quartier Libre: Comment le goût du militantisme vous est-il venu?

Madeleine Parent: Quand j'ai commencé à fréquenter l'Université McGill, j'ai pris conscience de beaucoup de choses qui m'indignaient, me choquaient. J'ai commencé à militer avec des collègues, à ma seconde année à l'université, pour que le gouvernement fédéral implante un programme de bourses pour les étudiants venant de familles peu fortunées. Puis, un peu après mes études, j'ai rencontré Lea Roback, une militante décédée récemment, qui s'efforçait de syndicaliser les employées d'usines. À ce moment j'ai décidé que c'était ce que je voulais faire, que j'allais consacrer ma vie à me battre.

Julie Larose: Mon cheminement diffère un peu de celui de Madeleine. J'ai vraiment commencé à militer à 17 ans, en participant à la marche Du pain et des roses. Au début je me disais «Cool! je vais marcher avec mes amies, on va s'amuser...» Bien sûr, j'avais mes revendications comme le salaire minimum ou l'accessibilité aux études. Mais je me suis rendu compte que je marchais aussi pour les autres femmes, que leurs désirs étaient aussi les miens, que j'étais plus proche que je pensais de ces personnes... C'est là que j'ai vraiment découvert le sens du mot «solidarité».

QL: Êtes-vous d'accord pour dire que les femmes ont accompli un pas en avant considérable au cours du XXe siècle?

MP: Oh! Il y a eu énormément de changements. Les injustices étaient criantes au début du siècle. Il y en a bien sûr encore aujourd'hui, mais beaucoup de forces vives ont été libérées au fil des luttes, ce qui aide aux

combats pour les progrès sociaux.

D'abord il y a eu le droit de vote accordé aux femmes. Ce fut un peu comme la reconnaissance que les femmes étaient des citoyennes à part entière. Elles acquéraient petit à petit le droit de mener leurs propres affaires. Il faut aussi rappeler que longtemps les femmes ont été confinées dans des ghettos de travail: couturières, infirmières, ménagères, etc.

Progressivement, elles ont pu s'ouvrir à de nouvelles avenues professionnelles.

QL: À quoi ressemblent les revendications des femmes à l'aube du XXIe siècle?

JL: D'abord, en écoutant Mme Parent, je me rends compte qu'à l'époque il n'y avait à peu près rien, aucun acquis au plan social. Je dois dire que j'aurais eu pas mal de difficulté à vivre au début du siècle!

Beaucoup de droits ont été concédés aux femmes. Maintenant, il reste à se battre pour la qualité de vie et le respect. Faire appliquer le principe d'équité salariale, le respect des compétences, le barème plancher pour les assistés sociaux, la protection des femmes victimes de violence... Sur le plan des mentalités aussi, il reste du chemin à faire. C'est une bataille idéologique qu'on doit maintenant mener, tant au niveau de la société que des gouvernements.

QL: On dirait que, bien souvent, les femmes agissent comme

chien de garde de la justice sociale, qu'elles amorcent nombre de combats. Qu'en pensez-vous?

MP: Très souvent, ce sont ceux qui sont le plus exploités qui se réveillent et se rassemblent pour lutter contre les injustices et l'exploitation. C'est ainsi qu'ils trouvent leurs forces et leur seule chance d'améliorer leur sort. Ce fut le cas à une certaine époque pour les femmes. Par contre, on nous vend aujourd'hui, dans la publicité, les magazines et à la télévision, l'image d'une femme forte et sans pitié. Des femmes qui se comportent comme les hommes... C'est bien là le propre du système capitaliste que d'être élogieux envers ceux qui dominent sans égards pour leurs victimes.

QL: Mme Parent, vous avez déjà dit, à propos d'ouvrières que vous avez aidées: «Cette confiance que les femmes acquéraient en elles-mêmes, le sens de leur autonomie et de leurs possibilités, les initiatives qu'elles prenaient pour s'organiser... C'était beau à voir!» S'impliquer c'est donc un peu transformer les gens...

MP: En fait, ils vont se transformer eux-mêmes... à condition qu'on les écoute, qu'on les encadre et qu'on les encourage à articuler leur condition, leur pensée. Lea Roback avait un don pour amener les femmes, par le dialogue, à exprimer et définir leurs revendications. Les travailleuses prenaient ainsi conscience qu'elles n'avaient

pas à souffrir des injustices qu'on leur infligeait. Elles découvraient en elles-mêmes et en leurs compagnes des forces insoupçonnées.

QL: Devrait-on davantage chercher à encourager le changement des mentalités?

JL: Oui! De plus en plus, chez les jeunes, le modèle capitaliste s'incruste, avec ses valeurs et ses exigences. Ça devient difficile de leur faire prendre conscience que les choses ne tournent pas rond. Mais ils ne sont pas irrécupérables. Il doit bien exister une façon de créer, tant au primaire qu'au secondaire et au collégial, des cours ou des ateliers qui

permettraient aux adolescents de développer leur sens critique et leur conscience sociale. Des cours d'analyse de l'actualité et de politique internationale, par exemple, dès le secondaire, pourraient remplir ce rôle. Car il ne faut pas se le cacher: c'est à l'école, bien plus qu'à la maison, qu'on peut développer le sens moral des jeunes, surtout depuis que la plupart des parents travaillent.

MP: Oui, mais il faudrait d'abord sortir les grandes compagnies et les multinationales des écoles. Le pouvoir qu'elles y exercent, par le biais de la pub ou des grosses commandites, nuit dangereusement à la qualité et à l'objectivité de la formation scolaire.

Biographies

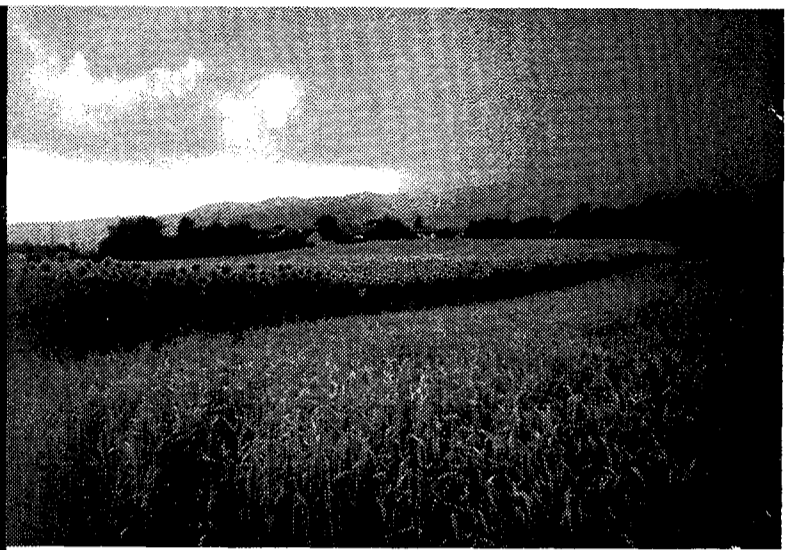
Madeleine Parent est née en 1918 dans la paroisse Saint-



Louis-de France, à Montréal. Fait inusité pour l'époque, elle fréquente une école anglaise avant de se diriger vers l'Université McGill, château-fort de la riche communauté anglo-québécoise. C'est là qu'elle découvre sa vocation de militante. Promise à un brillant avenir, du point de vue de la réussite sociale, elle décide de se consacrer à l'organisation syndicale, et jamais elle ne dévient de sa route. Son engagement l'amènera à organiser certaines des plus importantes grèves de l'histoire du Québec (dont celles contre la puissante Dominion Textile), à être injustement emprisonnée à plusieurs reprises, à se battre pour contrer l'influence des puissants syndicats américains au Canada, etc. En 1967, elles'expatrie en Ontario pour poursuivre son oeuvre de syndicalisation. Ses combats se poursuivront jusqu'au début des années 1980, mais elle continuera à appuyer diverses causes.

Le parcours de Julie Larose, âgée de 22 ans, est bien rempli. À 17 ans, elle participe à la marche québécoise Du pain et des roses, organisée pour médiatiser les revendications des femmes et sensibiliser la population à la question de la pauvreté. À son entrée au Cégep du Vieux-Montréal, en 1995, elle entre dans l'équipe du journal étudiant de l'époque, la République. L'année suivante, elle occupe le poste de déléguée à l'externe au sein de l'Association générale des étudiants du CVM. C'est l'époque trouble de la grève des cégeps de 1996. Elle occupe ensuite divers postes à la Fédération étudiante collégiale du Québec (FECQ), d'abord comme coordonnatrice à l'organisation, puis comme secrétaire générale de la fédération. C'est alors qu'elle met ses études en veilleuse. «J'ai appris dans l'action», explique-t-elle. D'abord engagée à la Fédération des femmes du Québec pour l'été 2000, elle y est toujours aujourd'hui, s'occupant de la logistique de la Marche mondiale des Femmes.

Media Responsibility



JEREMY FORTIER

TONY SPEARS

A terror has unleashed itself against the world. A veritable demon runs among us at York Main, feeding on the pain and suffering of his victims, delighting in their terror, feeling his power grow. He is described as a white male aged 17-22, clean shaven, with short blonde hair and an earring, riding a mountain bike wearing a red baseball hat and a jacket marked with the word KAPPA. He is better known as the current York Rapist, responsible for the violation of several women as well as an armed robbery. So protect yourselves, for no one is safe from his evil clutches. Arme thyself with thy most fearful weapons. Men, protect thine womenfolk, go out with torch and sword and do war upon the fiend whome doth terrorise our wives, lovers and children. Scour the woods and leave no stone unturned, as this alleged rapist must be brought to answer for his crimes. Let me pause in my reporting of just the facts to say that it has just been brought to my attention that this story is being sensationalised by yours truly. I personally don't see how. It was unbiased reporting, plain and simple. It is all based on facts accumulated from articles in the York University newspaper Excalibur and the Toronto Star. I also demonstrated unbiased report-

ing by throwing in the word 'alleged' once or twice. And yet clearly this article thus far is condemning this person who is almost laughably referred to as an 'alleged' rapist. How could he expect a fair trial with this sort of press?

Another problem resplendent here and everywhere else is the incorrect terminology of the crime. If someone is to be tried for what is referred to as rape, it is legally termed to be sexual assault. However, sexual assault doesn't have quite the same ring that the word rape does. For one thing, it doesn't fit on a headline as nicely as the shorter word does. For another, a rapist inspires an all-consuming fear in the hearts of all who hear it. Precautions must be taken and women must wonder if they could be next. Paranoia sets in and people begin to barricade themselves into their houses and never stir unless it's to get a paper to find out whether or not it's safe to come out. But as rape is a hopelessly outmoded and archaic term, much like certain racial slurs that will not be printed, it is irresponsible of the media to use it. It is also irresponsible of them not to give details of the nature of the assaults. The Excalibur described only one in any detail at all, however the bulk of that description was on the robbery at knifepoint that

occurred. The only mention of the sexual assault that occurred was that it had occurred. Nothing about what had actually happened in that vein. The security alerts pervading both the Glendon and York Main Campuses are even more vague, stating that the suspect "forced the woman into nearby bushes where she was sexually assaulted".

While rape carries with it the implications that the victim was forcibly engaged in sexual intercourse, a sexual assault can be anything from the aforementioned 'rape' to brushing against a woman in a manner which she considers to be inappropriate. So the York Rapist, as he has been named (without even an 'alleged' tossed in to provide some pretense of unbiased reporting) could in fact be a guy with really bad depth perception and balance who prowls the campus grounds accidentally hitting women.

In a paragraph from the Excalibur it mentions the witnesses who saw a man of the alleged sexual assaulter's description get into a white car. Somehow, this doesn't surprise me. Oddly enough, there are many white males aged 17-23 who are clean-shaven with short blonde hair. In fact that description even matches my own quite exactly. Except that I don't have a white car or the clothes, or stalk the York Main campus robbing and sexually assaulting women. My point being,

then, that there are many, many men who fit that description to a tee who probably do not go around having their way with undeserving young women. And if these people persist in wearing red caps, jackets adorned with KAPPA while driving mountain bikes and white cars then well-meaning people like the witnesses who allegedly saw the suspect will phone the police with hot tips that would increase the paranoia that headlines such as 'Police Hunt Campus Rapist' generate. Rapists will be coming out of the woodworks causing women to feel trapped and threatened and non-rapists otherwise matching his description to feel quite indignant when pulled over and interrogated by some cop for the heinous crime of looking like an alleged sexual offender.

The media's purpose of existence is, ostensibly, to report the news fairly and without bias. Sensationalist headlines crying rape and screaming that sexual predators are on the loose lead us to the more cynical conclusion that the media's sole purpose of existence is to sell papers or, in the case of the television news, to get ratings. Therefore they bandy around words like rape in large font sizes in headlines,

inspiring people to first and foremost pick up a paper and to subsequently lock themselves up in their homes with shotguns bearding the be-earringed one. All to sell papers. All to generate ratings. I'm not saying that these things aren't happening. And I'm definitely not saying that the media shouldn't report sexual assaults or not alert the public to potential threats. But they must do it responsibly, using correct terminology and not judging whether the 'rapist' is guilty or innocent. That's not their job. So 'ware the sensationalist headline and look for the facts behind the highlighted statements. Try to think about what they could really mean.

[Anthony Spears is a Toronto high-school student on co-op placement here at the ProTem. He is exploring the concept of media analysis. Tony was at first reluctant to offer this copy for print. He thought that people might think it insensitive that he choose this topic, and seemingly ignore the seriousness of the crimes committed in the vicinity of the York Main Campus. This article was news about news, not news about the incidents. The decision to print was left to the Chief Co-Editors.]

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