

pro tem

40^{ième} année
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Glendon's bilingual newspaper

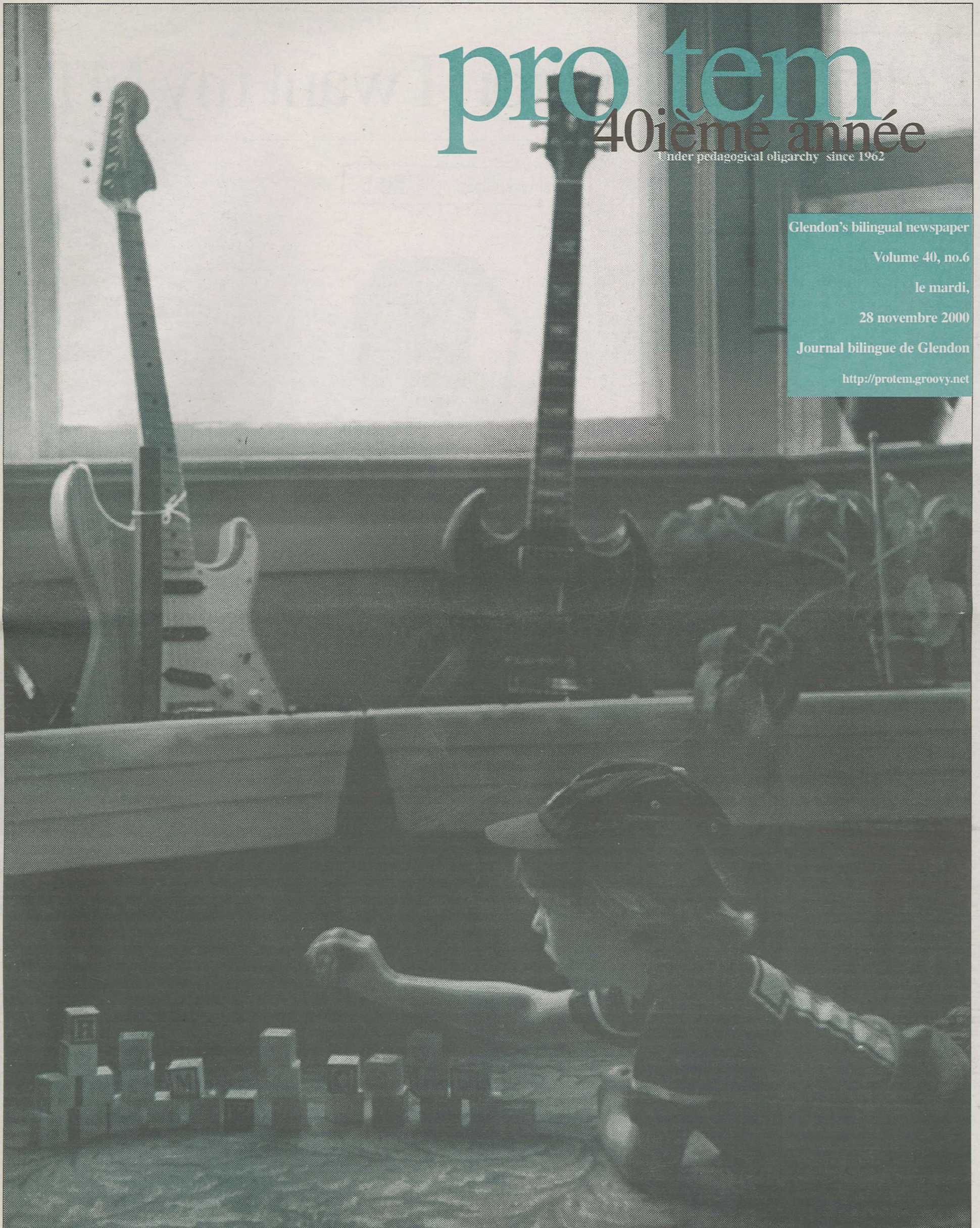
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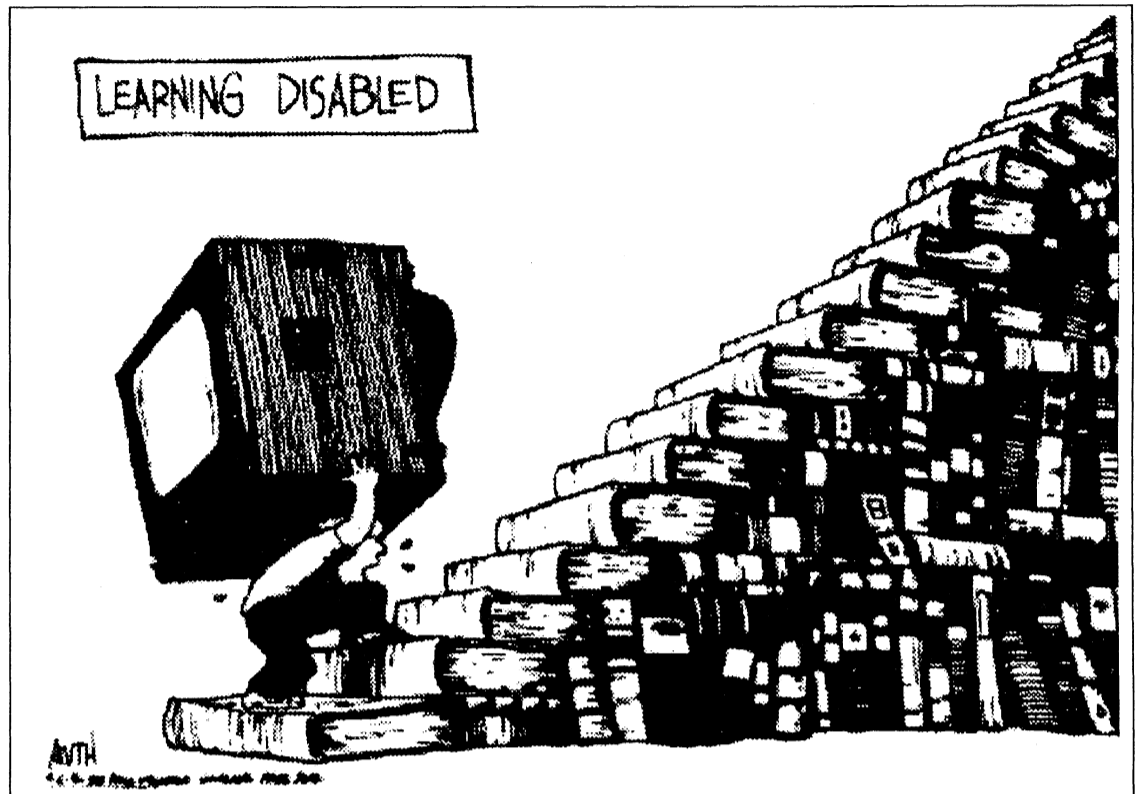


Letter to the editor: I want my MTV

This letter is a response to last issue's article by Alexander Nievsky. I think his views on Pub's new big screen TV are much too harsh and that his arguments aren't very well thought out. Mr. Nievsky starts out by claiming that because of the new TV, meeting people, listening to music and playing games in the Pub is now very difficult, if not impossible. First of all, just because the TV might be on in the Pub, that certainly doesn't mean that you can't talk to people or play games there. Are Mr. Nievsky's concentration abilities so unstable that he can't do anything else when a TV is on? Personally, I frequently see people doing things other than watching TV when I venture into the Pub. Second, it does seem to be true that because of the TV the Pub doesn't play music as much as

it used to, but I have been told that the choice between the TV and the radio is a democratic one. In other words, if there are more patrons who wish to listen to the radio than those who want to watch TV, then the Pub will play the radio. So everything is fair and everyone is happy!


Mr. Nievsky also claims that the Pub essentially has nothing going for it except for the TV, which he illustrates with an example of a bunch of people who apparently left the Pub because the TV got turned off. Well unless he talked to them, Mr. Nievsky doesn't really know exactly why they left, does he? And if he's ever been to the Pub on Thursday nights, or any other time to play pool or fooze-ball, then he would realize that the Pub does have other things going for it and that it's a good place



to hang out, for the most part. Mr. Nievsky then goes on to question the money spent on the TV. "Think of all the other ways they could have spent the couple of thousand that was devoted to the purchase of the big-screen" he says. Well he obviously didn't do any reporting on the issue because as far as I know, the Pub applied for the money from the Pepsi fund specifically for the purchase of the TV and nothing else. It's too

bad that he didn't take the time to find out the facts before writing his little rant. So I would like to suggest that Alexander Nievsky think about all of this and maybe it'll change his mind because I think the Café de la Terrasse is a great place and that the new big screen TV only makes it that much better.

-Eli Ross



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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independant newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York Universtiy. 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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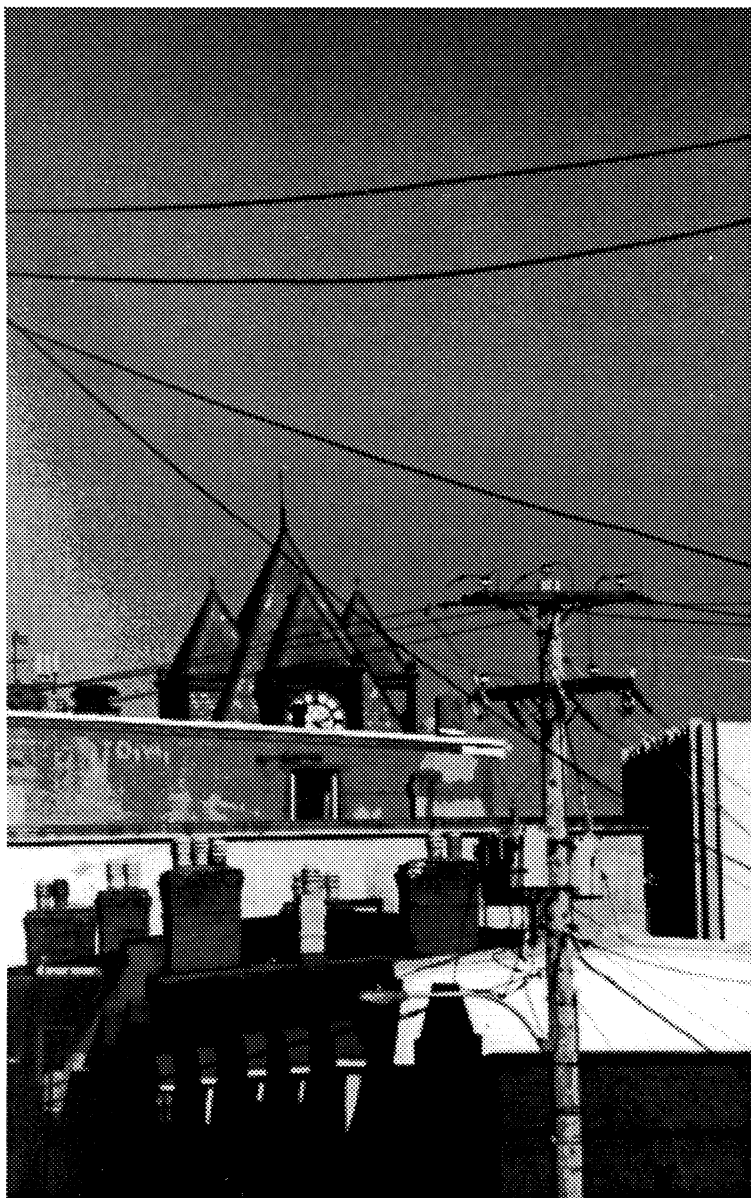
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Hole in my head!



SRIMOYEE MITRA

I feel an emptiness within my head, nothing but an emptiness which makes my head heavy, numbing me from any feelings or desires, leaving me not knowing, not knowing what to do. Today is a beautiful day. Little freckles of snow cover the grass and trees. There is a wind, not a piercing wind, rather a refreshing wind, almost mellow. Today is a day like any other day, but all this emptiness and nothingness makes room for unfinished thoughts, past conversations, clippings from the Toronto star that I have read float into my head. All these unfinished, unprocessed flashes that enter, get absorbed into that empty hole in my head, and amalgamate into a lump of nothing.

SO I PICKED UP A NEWSPAPER and, started reading. The first thing that I encountered was the US presidency crisis, which has been continuing from November 7th. Now we've all probably heard more than enough on this continuing debate, which seems to be the most important piece of news which has flooded CNN and Ctv for the past couple of weeks. It is the World's largest (self-proclaimed) democracy after all! And then there is Stockwell Day, and his Alliance. This in my opinion is a strange party, where although everyone beginning from Mr. Day himself makes racist and discriminatory comments, which has enraged a large percentage of the Canadian population, the person who gets to resign is poor, Betty Granger for her famous (last words) 'Asian

invasion.' I wonder how much of her speech was really written by her, or to what extent it articulated her beliefs? You never know...I'd never know....we never know the truth. Perhaps it is all a conspiracy, all these elections are being monitored by a bunch of white, blond hair, blue eyed male up on some satellite...(think Simpsons)...but then again we'd never know.

I was walking into the women's washroom in the University of Guelph, and as I entered I encountered a picture of an exotic woman, in a revealing silverish gown, amidst a sensuous swirl of water. I stopped there for a second, trying to figure out what they were trying to advertise. Then finally I realized it was a washing powder commercial. I stepped into one of the toilet stalls, all of a sudden alert to all advertisements that were put up in the washroom. So I finally went into the bathroom, locked the door, and found information on help lines, where women could call if they were victims of any sort of abuse. As I walked out of the washroom I wondered what type of advertisements filled the walls of the male washroom. Although this was probably the most time I have ever spent in a public washroom, which is not a usual place for my epiphany's to occur, I could not restrain myself from entering the men's washroom. As I walked the first advertisement that caught my attention was that of a trendy red convertible. Behind the doors of the toilet stalls were advertisements of lifestyle condoms. I left the washroom trying to grasp the extent to which stereotypes are fed to us, and how the average person bases their opinions on these ads, how victims of abuse are automatically expected to be women, how cars equal boys. What is more threatening, in my opinion, is the universality of stereotypes. In India, for example, an advertisement for washing powder would entail an innocent wife in a sparkling white sari as a result of her

washing powder, instead of the exotic woman in her slinky gown. It is astounding to think that a stereotype could encompass a group of people all over the world. What is even more astounding is how advertising agencies play on these stereotypical generalizations, and are somehow successful.

TODAY IS A COLD DAY, today there is a piercing wind, although there is sunshine, and it is bright. I went into a lovely bookstore today, called 'Theatre Books'. It has been a while since I had been in a bookstore. It was wonderful. They had most of the playwrights I had been looking for, and I decided to buy myself a book as a Christmas present later in the month. I hung around there for a while, reading bits and pieces of different books. Then I came across 'Become a scriptwriter in 21 days', and similar books, which dealt with what were the requisites to be in Hollywood, what a successful audition would entail for an actor, so on and so forth. What surprised me was not the fact that they were trying to formulate creativity, instead that why would such a 'rich' bookstore invest in such books. What is more ironic is that 'Theatre books' probably sells a greater percentage of such formulated books, than plays by Samuel L. Beckett for example.

I HOPE THIS DOESN'T SOUND like a sermon, as we all know preaching is only for Americans! The emptiness in my head is now filled with processed thoughts. I think my head is now whole. I wonder, do most people feel like they have holes in their heads, once in a while, at least. They must. How would we explain otherwise, watching those stereotypical ads over and over again, and yet being drawn into buying their product. Where do these holes come from? I think they are like long narrow peepholes which lead back into our brains forcing us to questions our thoughts and assumptions.

TODAY IS A DAY LIKE ANY other day. A moderately cold day, with little cubicles of snow and a refreshing wind. The difference is that my head is not heavy with emptiness. That lump of nothingness that amalgamated within the hole in my head, is now a lump of finished and processed thoughts...I think it is whole now.

From today I am going to be careful. I am not going to allow the holes to strike back, I didn't tell you but they can be fatal...and there are no medicines to cure it...

REMEMBER : WHOLE is greater than HOLE
ohh... and I'm not preaching...!

Notice

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Tuesday November 28 at 7:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall. La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mardi, 7 novembre 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 rédacteur doivent être signées et inclure votre numéro de téléphone. Les lettres ne doivent en outre pas contenir plus de 400 mots. Merci!

Letter to the editor: Hypocrisy!

I am writing in response to 'Bow Down to Hypocrisy' [Pro Tem, November 28 2000, p.4] by Katerina Bakalis. Honey, anti-Semitism is anti-

Semitism and you cannot excuse it by calling it a natural phenomenon. Perhaps it is natural to Nazis. What is hilarious to me is that you

wrote an article about being skinny in which you bitched how you were sick of being laughed at for having digestive problems. Well, Jews are sick

of being laughed at for their religious beliefs. I don't understand how you cannot empathize with them since both of you are treated in the

same way. Don't you think you are contradicting yourself?

-I.P.

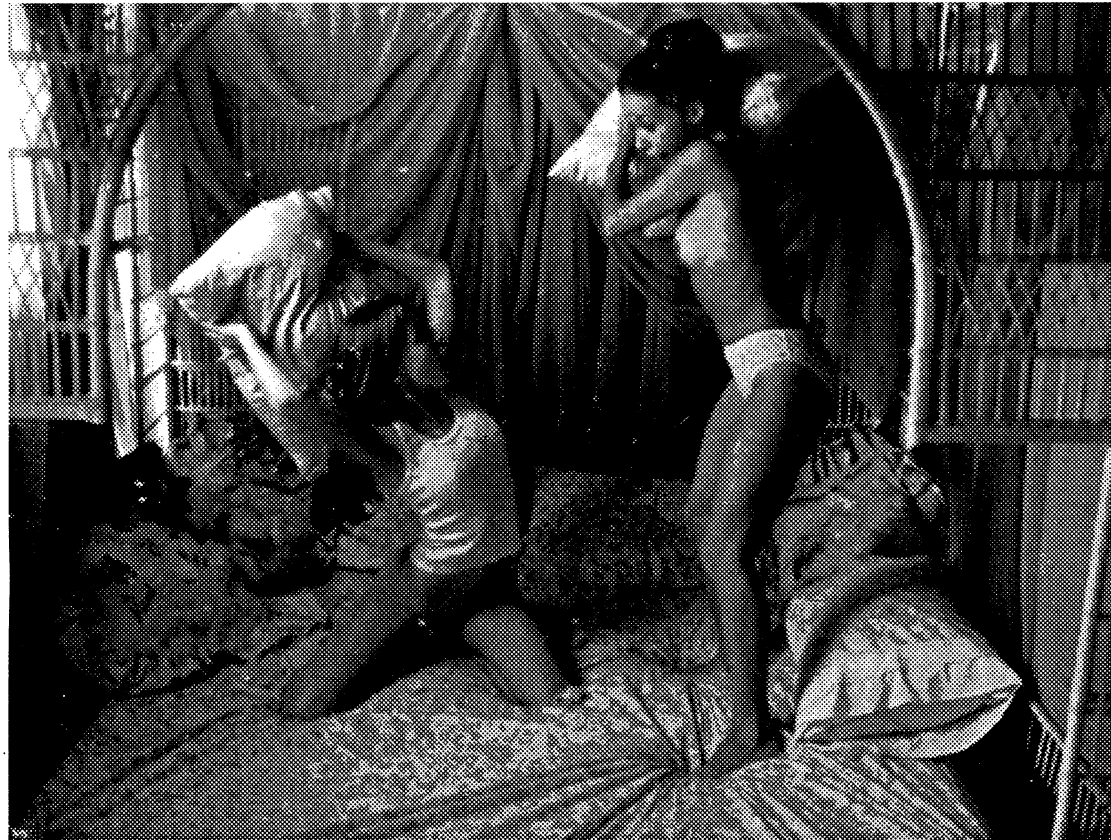
Bow Down to Hypocrisy!

KATERINA BAKALIS

That's it. The next time somebody complains that I am insensitive or rude or politically incorrect, I'm going to blow up the Nike building. I'm going to set fire to city hall. I'm going to launch some missiles at the Santa Claus Parade. It's not enough that we live in a society of hypocritical bigots, but we indirectly support the politically incorrect and socially discriminatory behaviour and beliefs they advocate without even realizing it!

One time, I was sitting on the couch with two friends of mine watching television. There was a man who was apparently Jewish on the program, wearing a yamulke (the small cap that Jewish men wear for religious occasions, etc.) Friend #1 started laughing at the man, finding his appearance quite funny in his yamulke. Well, friend #2 didn't take too kindly to friend #1's reaction, and called him racist.

Is it my imagination, or has political correctness gone way too far? Regardless of what is morally right or wrong, or how people should think of each other's religious beliefs, or sex-



ual orientation, or style of clothing, or weight - or **WHAT-EVER** - sometimes something is funny, or peculiar, or disgusting, or ridiculous. That is how things are. You can't force everyone to be reverent of everything. There is no way that anyone can tell me they have never made fun of or laughed at or commented nega-

tively on an issue or person or place. It may be morally wrong, or disrespectful, or rude, but news flash folks, it's normal.

Look at Nike, if you don't agree. To maximize profits to their fullest extent, they've eliminated all their factories in North America and have set up shops in dozens of third world

countries, employing little children 12-15 hours a day to make their products for them at less than a third of the cost here in North America. Morally incorrect, wouldn't you say? Well, I still see hundreds of thousands of you buying their shoes! I still see millions of dollars being spent on Nike products every year. No one seems to be

complaining about Nike's immoral principles.

What about the Santa Claus Parade? Founded on the Christian faith, the story of St. Nicholas bringing gifts to the children of the world in his sleigh and 8 reindeer becomes manifest in costume-clad people and beautiful floats every year in downtown Toronto, costing the city a pretty penny I'm sure, and generating some revenue too. What's this? Exploiting the Christian faith for capital gain? How awful! But it's a societal custom now, isn't it. Everyone seems to find it perfectly normal and good and 'moral', don't they.

Political and moral incorrectness exists everywhere, it is a part of humanity and existence, it is a natural phenomenon. There is no reason for people to get uptight and over-sensitive about things, because chances are, they'll probably turn around and say something politically incorrect in their next sentence without even realizing it. So instead of being a hypocrite, think twice before accusing anyone's reactions of being too harsh. They might just forgive you the next time you say 'mankind' or 'handicapped'.

Reversing graphic and getting roles

BEAUTIFUL LOSER

After two years of a fairly conventional affair with a woman. I had become severely depressed owing to professional setbacks when went to bed one evening, she whispered in my ear not to worry because she would take care of me.

With that, she got up and straddled me while I lay on my back and began to kiss me-but it was an entirely new kind of kiss. Her tongue began to circle my lips as mine had so often circled her vulva. The stimulation was so intense as she began to stimulate penile motions, and she urged me to do a blow job on

her tongue.

Then she knelt between my legs and began to lick the soft, velvet-like skin beneath my scrotum. The sensation was stellar, I was glad she wasn't finished because I wanted more. Then, she sat on my thighs and took my rock hard penis as if it were her own and beat me off while

saying that now she owned it. I tried to get up in my curious amazement, only to be roughly shoved back. What other choice did I have but to comply.

What followed next was a mock scene with my woman friend as aggressive as I've ever seen a woman. She forced

me onto my stomach and found a way of parting the cheeks of my buttocks and exposing her clitoris is such a way that there was no mistaking who was penetrating whom. It all ended with the most dramatic ejaculation I can remember-or was it hers-or does it matter. It was all good.

AGGIE GASIOR

Thoughts of you
Swallow me
Whole.
I'm so wrapped up in
You
And your fucked up life,
Even though you bring out
The worst in me.
You're everything I've ever
Wanted
To be.
Your existence consumes me
As I struggle to catch a breath
Of air.
I try to stay afloat
On all the lies and bullshit you
Feed me.
But it's useless
As it all comes
Crashing down,
Leaving me trapped
Under your pathetic
Excuse for
Affection.

Cover Blown

DR. WOLF

gently learning towards
unknown thoughts, for now
early lightness through window
she moves across the room
slowly reaching for cover
without knowing things like
him who lies on the couch
or whether it's going to be dif-
ferent
just taking things at pace
just moving to the sounds

U of T graduate sues collection agency

NOEL BARNETT

Toronto- University of Toronto graduate, Mark Tran, was awarded \$25,000 last week when the Ontario Superior Court of Justice decided that a collection agency went beyond what is legally acceptable in the pursuit of a debt. The agency, Financial Debt Recovery Ltd., sought to collect Tran's defaulted Ontario student loans which were totaled at the exact same amount as the penalty figure awarded to Tran in the judge-

ment.

"There is no justification for the behavior (of the loan collector)," Madam Justice Anne Marie Malloy said in her 16-page ruling. "Their conduct was not only reprehensible, it was illegal under their licensing statute."

After receiving his degree in commerce in 1996, Tran began scheduled re-payments of his loan. But after a contract employment position expired, Tran could no longer make his payments. Within several months the account was handed

over to the collection agency. A campaign of harassment for the money ensued, and when he found a new job, it followed him to his workplace. The agents lied about their identity, fabricated defamatory stories, threatened physical harm, and continued offensive name calling. In some instances Tran and his colleagues would receive as many as 10 calls an hour from the agency which was a clear violation of the Collection Agency Act which states, "(Agencies) cannot call of a

nature or frequency that constitutes harassment."

Tran filed a statement of claim on April 17th asking for \$15,000 in damages on the grounds of defamation, income loss, emotional harm and invasion of privacy.

Says Tran, "It was so stressful and it just took over your life. One thing I learned from this experience: It's better not to take out any loans. It'll haunt you," or from the more absurd point of view, it might eventually pay the full balance of the debt.

A qui de droit

CSL

Depuis plusieurs années, je planifie recevoir mon Education universitaire à Glendon. J'ai choisi mes cours, je suis en résidence, je dine sur le Campus, ma vie est au Campus Glendon! Malheureusement la réalité de Glendon ne répond pas à mes besoins (et aux besoins des étudiantes, des étudiants). Cette grève me décourage complètement (et frustre mes parents énormément!) Comment puis-je recevoir l'éducation pour laquelle JE PAIE si les professeurs ne se rendent pas en session de

cours? On me dit qu'une grève A York (Glendon)... ce n'est pas du nouveau... ça se fait régulièrement presque à chaque année. Pourquoi ne le ne mentionnez-vous pas lors de vos visites aux écoles secondaires. Avez-vous peur de perdre des étudiants sérieux, qui veulent recevoir une bonne éducation? Je dois avouer que je songe sérieusement à abandonner le Campus Glendon, l'Université York.

I'm even considering quitting a certain course... gee whiz! Exams are scheduled and I've hardly had any lessons... How

can I possibly pass a course that I don't understand, a course where the professor is not available because of a strike!?!

J'ai un emprunt que je dois payer, un emprunt fait pour MON EDUCATION. Pas pour me rouler les pouces sur le Campus lors de la grève! And to top it all off, I even get hassled when I enter the Campus! My guests are hassled if they happen to arrive during 'strike hours'... This just doesn't make sense! Where is the justice? Where is the democracy? How much money will you refund me since the courses I paid for are not

being offered? And, of course, you will refund me for those courses right? Suis-je découragée? Suis-je dégué de votre système (ou manque de système)? Suis-je prête à abandonner mon éducation universitaire, une éducation à laquelle j'ai le droit de recevoir? NON mais va-t-il falloir que j'aille ailleurs afin de recevoir cette éducation?

Une étudiante concernée, une étudiante qui se présente à ses cours, une étudiante qui s'inquiète de son futur... Grâce à une grève!

Cafétéria, j'en ai jusque là...

LA RÉSISTANCE

A Glendon, quand il s'agit de becter, je ne vous apprendrai rien si je vous dit que le choix est plutôt limité. Maintenant, pardonnez moi l'expression, mais ça chie complètement. En effet, depuis le début de la grève, certains services ont été supprimés ; je pense notamment au Bistrot et à l'Arcade. C'est une honte, c'est un scandale! Je m'insurge contre de telles mesures au demeurant sans fondements. Les officiels expliquent qu'il n'y a plus

assez d'étudiants etc etc. Foutaises, balivernes, non mais de qui se moque t'on, on nous prend vraiment pour des cons. J'invite cette bande de sophistes sans scrupules à venir faire un tour en résidence afin qu'il puisse voir que des p'tits étudiants, y en a en masse. Pourquoi ne nous disent-ils pas simplement qu'ils ne veulent pas payer leur putains d'employés quand il y aurait une chance que ceux-ci ne travaillent pas au régime optimum. Top rentabilité ou on fait fermer.

Qu'il s'agisse de l'Arcade ou du Bistrot, ils avaient tout deux un rôle, une fonction. Autrefois, alors que nous coulions des jours heureux, si d'aventure on se cassait les dents sur les portes fermées de cette cafette de fonctionnaire qui ferme à 19h, nous pouvions toujours chercher refuge et mandier notre pittance au fameux Bistrot. Maintenant, nib que dalle, peau d'zob et couille imberbe. J'en ai marre de m'faire fourrer ostis, c'tu clair ça ma gang d'épais? Si jamais ça vous dit de faire un

remake du petit chapperon rouge, ça donnerai un truc du genre : « Oh comme tu es bien mambré... C'est pour mieux t'enculer mon petit étudiant ». Par ailleurs, quand j'entend dire : les prix n'ont pas augmenté, je voudrais répondre bla bla bla boulchitmaster ; car si les prix n'augmentent pas mais que les portions (déjà congrues) diminuent, eh ben c'est encore nous qu'on la dans l'cul. Qui plus est, les prix ont tout de toute façon augmenté de manière générale D'autre part, les téméraires

qui se risquent dans la cafétéria durant la fin de semaine auront remarqué que la personne du grill s'occupe également de la caisse, du café et j'en passe et des pires. Longue vie à l'exploitation des masses laborieuses! Vive la cupidité et comme aurait pu le dire Mac Iavel, « quand il s'agit de pognon, tous les moyens sont bons ». ¡Viva la exploitation!

Sur ce, bon appétit et bien le bonjour à madame votre mère.

TANYA SOKOLOWSKI

Broad shouldered

Burly

shadowed eyes piercing with slurring wisdom,
that penetrated.

Past the rambling streets where the slightly tinted leaves seem to chase you,
as you ascend the walkways of precision

past all the lulling movements of the mind, refracting into your own tempo
blowing fiercely
messing up your hair
cowering your stance
until you approach the last sequence.

Remember

JEN SHEEHY &
KERRI KREMSER

Today I force myself
To watch, and listen
Brave life escape your lips
With each raspy uneven breath
It's only a bony face that resembles
Someone whom I once knew
It hurts to remember it's still you

Cold eyes that cut into mine
Searching for peace,
That I'm powerless to bring
Holding my hand
Occasionally squeezing,
With all strength
Too scared to let go

"He's not in any pain" the nurses say
I don't see comfort now
Only pain
Stuck in a state of embarrassment and shame
"Here Ray, drink this"
As they shove orange juice down his throat
My eyes start to blur
But he smiles and looks relaxed now
In minutes he's asleep

On the outside looking in
He realizes,
Some people need more help than others
And how much it hurts,
To finally remember me

Letter to the Editor: Love in the afternoon

Let me begin by defending myself from what seems to be a personal attack. My article was in no way a reflection of my personal opinions regarding the habits of Russian women, what those habits are, what it means to be Russian or what I personally feel are the quintessential characteristics of the Russian female. The phrases you quote with such disdain are, in actuality, direct citations taken from volka.com, myfirstlove.com, and loveme.com. My apologies if some women believe in astrology, wear pink power suits and boast of their baking abilities on the internet.

I was, of course, in no way implying that all Russian women share these characteristics or that the women that I found on these websites were

exemplary of women in Russia. Instead, I was attempting to expose the exploitative nature of these web sites as well as underline how they perpetuate essentialist views (ie. "Russian women are not yet subverted by the media") about the Russian women they "advertize". This, for me, is a very significant issue (though in your opinion, evidently, it isn't).

I was aiming for a subtle tongue-in-cheek commentary on my friend's experience looking for a woman online. My specific focus on Russian women websites was not my particular choice, but Frank's, the man on whom I did the story. Why he has a penchant for Russian women, I do not know, but I alluded to the absurdity of this

in my article (perhaps you should read it again). I was in no way trying to set up a Russian vs. Polish opposition in the article, as you suggest. (Yes, my last name happens to be Polish, but I am not a Polish Catholic girl bad-mouthing Russian Marinas, whatever that means).

I am aware, of course, that there are many other ways to find a mate, and as I sketched out briefly in the article, my friend had tried personal ads before turning to websites. I was in no way suggesting that the women looking for men online are only Russian in nationality (there are, as you know, many sites devoted to women of other nationalities, see www.roskar.hypermart.net/dating.html— a Polish dating

club site).

Furthermore, it is also stated very clearly in the article that my friend Frank jettisons the North American sugar daddy stereotype (perhaps you missed it in your perusal).

I have nothing but the utmost sympathy for women (or men) who look for love on the Internet. Instead of consoling for pity for Marina, which would have been counter-productive, I chose to write my article in a pared down somewhat clinical tone, in the hopes that the piece's lack of emotion would trigger an emotional reaction when read. Your bitter invective was the desired response, and I thank you for it.

Sincerely,

-Kate Zankowicz

Primal Urges and Fingernail Clippings

ROSALIE TAYLOR

"Are you sure?" "Yeah, yeah, but I don't want anyone to hear." "All right. Maybe we can flush the toilet or something." "Okay." (Flush) (Grunt, unzip) "I can't get it out." (Grunt) "Maybe I should go run the taps or something?" "No, let's just flush the toilet again." (Flush)

This article is intended to ask readers what they consider to be an admissible act in a public area. The two acts that I intend to discuss are a couple having sex in a public washroom and an unknown person who left their body parts on a bus seat.

The first example is from the above dialogue, which took place in the washroom of an Ottawa bar this past weekend. The incident occurred when I went into the washroom and was distracted by the sound of

two people thumping away in a stall. At the same time, they attempted to conceal their actions by flushing the toilet in the hopes that outsiders would not guess as to what they were doing. Obviously, they didn't succeed.

Were these people really so desperate that they simply couldn't wait until they got home or to a motel? Maybe they didn't have money for a motel or they each lived with their conservative parents and had no other place to do it. Possibly they were doing it for the impulsiveness, or on a dare. Whatever their reason, I wonder as to whether it is okay to have sex in a public place? Personally, I think it's disgusting because I think that public washrooms are generally filthy places. Even if you can get past that, I think that there is a certain pathetic desperation to it. Firstly, you're in

a washroom stall, in a bar and probably with someone whose intelligence was likely left at home. Secondly, porcelain is cold, wet and has, for the most part, unknown body parts stuck to its sides.

This leads me to my second encounter when I was on a bus to school. As I sat and contemplated whether or not people have sex in the Glendon pub bathroom, I found that the seat next to me was filled with fingernail clippings. I think this is more revolting than listening to two people having sex in a washroom. When a person cuts their nails in public, they're committing a very visible act. In this case, the person is also leaving behind a part of their body. I figure that if you can't find the time to cut your fingernails and, in turn, have to do it on the bus then maybe you, like the people in the

bathroom, should reevaluate whether you should go out in public at all.

So what's worse? Everybody has sex (well, mostly everybody, as far as I know), but everybody also clips their fingernails. Both are considered to be inappropriate to do in public. But perhaps sex isn't as distasteful when it's done in a washroom stall, away from prying eyes, if nothing is left behind for other people to gag at. However, when you clip your fingernails in public, on a bus of all places, you are leaving something behind. Maybe you should clip them into a little bag or something and not just leave them lying on a seat for the next passenger. I think that sex in public isn't as bad because I can sympathize with the people having sex - it's a primal urge. Clipping your fingernails is not.

Stop beating around the Bush

TONY SPEARS

November 2000: "Has anybody won the election yet?" "No, but MSNBC is predicting that Ralph Nader will not, repeat, will not win the election."

December 2000: "Has anybody won the election yet?" "No, but MSNBC is predicting that voters would prefer a llama as president rather than listening to Tom Brokaw rehash election strategies for the nth time."

December 2054: "Has anybody won the election yet?" "No, but Bill Clinton is enjoying his unprecedented sixty-second year in office." "I really wish that someone would win the bloody election."

The world, as much as she hates to admit it, needs a leader for the next four years. Instead of being able to resign herself to her fate with Mr. Bush or Mr. Gore as her lord and master, a little piece of America referred to by Homer J. Simpson as "America's Wang" is feverishly recounting ballots left, right and center. Well, maybe right, more right and extreme right. At any rate, as recount numbers and allegations pour in with the latter outnumbering the former by a considerable amount, it seems abundantly clear that the election contest is far from over. So long as Al Gore continues to draw breath, he will fight the accursed Republicans on the Land, in the Water and on the West Palm Beaches until they are driven back. Since George W. seems to have problems with the prospect of Al Gore in the White House, a deadlock ensues. A deadlock that can only be resolved through the American Judiciary System.

This is bad news for anyone expecting a speedy resolution to the feud as a court system that can find a man both guilty and innocent at the same time (see OJ Simpson) is not a system that can resolve as complicated a case as this in under 20 years. Especially, since both sides lawyers will inevitably drag out the dispute for as long as possible, ostensibly for the benefit of their clients, in actual fact because they receive an hourly

wage.

No matter the eventual outcome, it seems clear that the American electoral process has been truly and severely bugged by the evils of the Republican Party. Proof? Well, that's unfortunately not in great abundance at this time. Nor will it ever be. Still, when we consider the fact that the Governor of Florida is none other than Jeb Bush who, aside from being Dubya's younger sibling is both a politician and a Republican, (an unsavory combination to say the least), we cannot help but have some suspicions as to the nature of this "coincidence". In fact, I will not accept that it was anything but intentional seeing as how, in the most hotly contested state, ballots boxes have mysteriously ended up in churches and Pat Buchanan has mysteriously become a popular Jewish vote. Especially among senior citizens. There is no such thing as a coincidence of that magnitude.



According to American newscasts, one Jewish neighbourhood voted overwhelmingly (90%) for Buchanan. This struck most people as odd, the heading 'most people' including not only the media analysts, who have yet to tell their asses from their elbows without a teleprompter or input from a panel of token dignitaries, but also Pat Buchanan himself, who had not even bothered to campaign there. Of course, one cannot discount the surprise and shock of the resident-voters themselves as unsuspecting either, seeing as how they were presumably aware of how they intended to vote. Conspiracy? Yes, or at least, probably.

Many people, mainly the more elderly residents of Florida reported confusion resulting from the so-called 'butterfly' ballot that placed candidates' names on either side of the punch holes. Mr. Bush was placed on top of Mr. Gore on the

left side, with Mr. Buchanan at the top right. When voters looked at the ballot, they saw Mr. Gore's name under Mr. Bush and some subsequently punched the second hole, Mr. Buchanan's. Ironically, this confusion stemmed from a ballot designed to help the more elderly voters. The design was engineered so that a larger print could be used. At least, that's the official line. Further down the official line is the claim that the order of the names on the ballot making it easy to accidentally vote for Mr. Buchanan instead of Mr. Gore was entirely coincidental. They continued saying that if they had actually intended to screw Mr. Gore over like that than they would have made it so that Ralph Nader or some other less polar-opposite-of-Gore third party candidate would have benefited from confused seniors so as not to arouse as much suspicion.

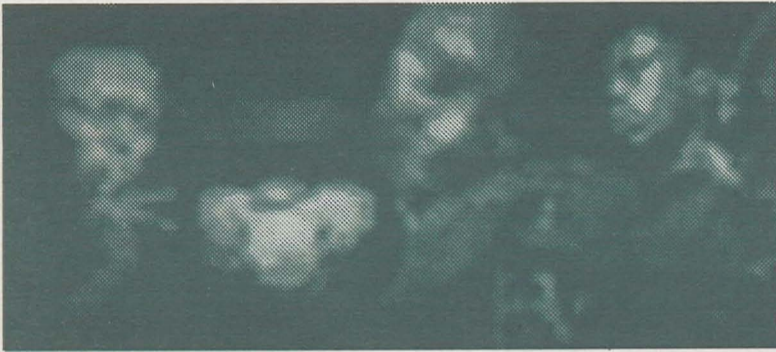
The way it stands now, if Mr.

Bush wins by his few hundred votes, a stain will forever mar his presidency and, more importantly, his legacy because of the spurious means of his ascent to power. Al Gore will devote his entire life to talking about how, had a few people paid attention to whom they were voting, he would have become president. Conversely, if Mr. Bush ends up losing the recount he will, aside from whining to Daddy about his misfortune, bitch and complain ceaselessly about Mr. Gore using lawyers to win the election on a technicality. Either way, whoever wins is screwed although you'd think that Al Gore wouldn't be, given that the technicality of beating Mr. Bush in Florida would be because he got more votes. Still, taking a page from the book of Joey Smallwood, the Republican spin-doctors would more than likely start referring to the Floridian Gore supporters as the two million nine hundred thousand dictators and leave the rest of America stewing about the injustice of it all.

Unfortunately, a revote does not seem likely, no doubt caused by terms like undemocratic and unconstitutional being surreptitiously slid into the media by the Republican Wehrmacht. Instead, the Lawyers are at the gate, slathering with anticipation at the thought of the biggest court case in years.

Ultimately, the American electoral system needs help. Being such strong, smug and self-righteous advocates of democracy, they have spearheaded many a campaign in third world countries to help with their elections i.e. to guaranteeing their fairness, impartiality etc. Maybe help for the United States can arrive in the form of diplomats and intermediaries from places like South Africa and Indonesia. Station them in Florida and across the entire U.S. where they will protect the rights of the voters and the sacred rite of voting from the evil intent that lurks in the hearts of the political parties. Maybe then will United States finally become a democracy.

Inside the



GHOTI

AS I WASHED MY HANDS

and looked in the mirror in the washroom of "The Pastor" I could only think of the one the thing, the first time I attended the services there. "The Pastor" was a jazz club in Historic Downtown Charleston, S.C., and only minutes away from the coast. It was built in the early 1930's during the end of the Harlem Renaissance even still it was subject to the sermons of the greats: Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, and Louis Armstrong. During the turbulent 1960's it was partially burned away, but was reconstructed in 1983 and the legendary Miles Davis gave the grand re-opening message. Since then many less known artists received their big breaks there including the Nobel Prize winning Wynton Marsalis.

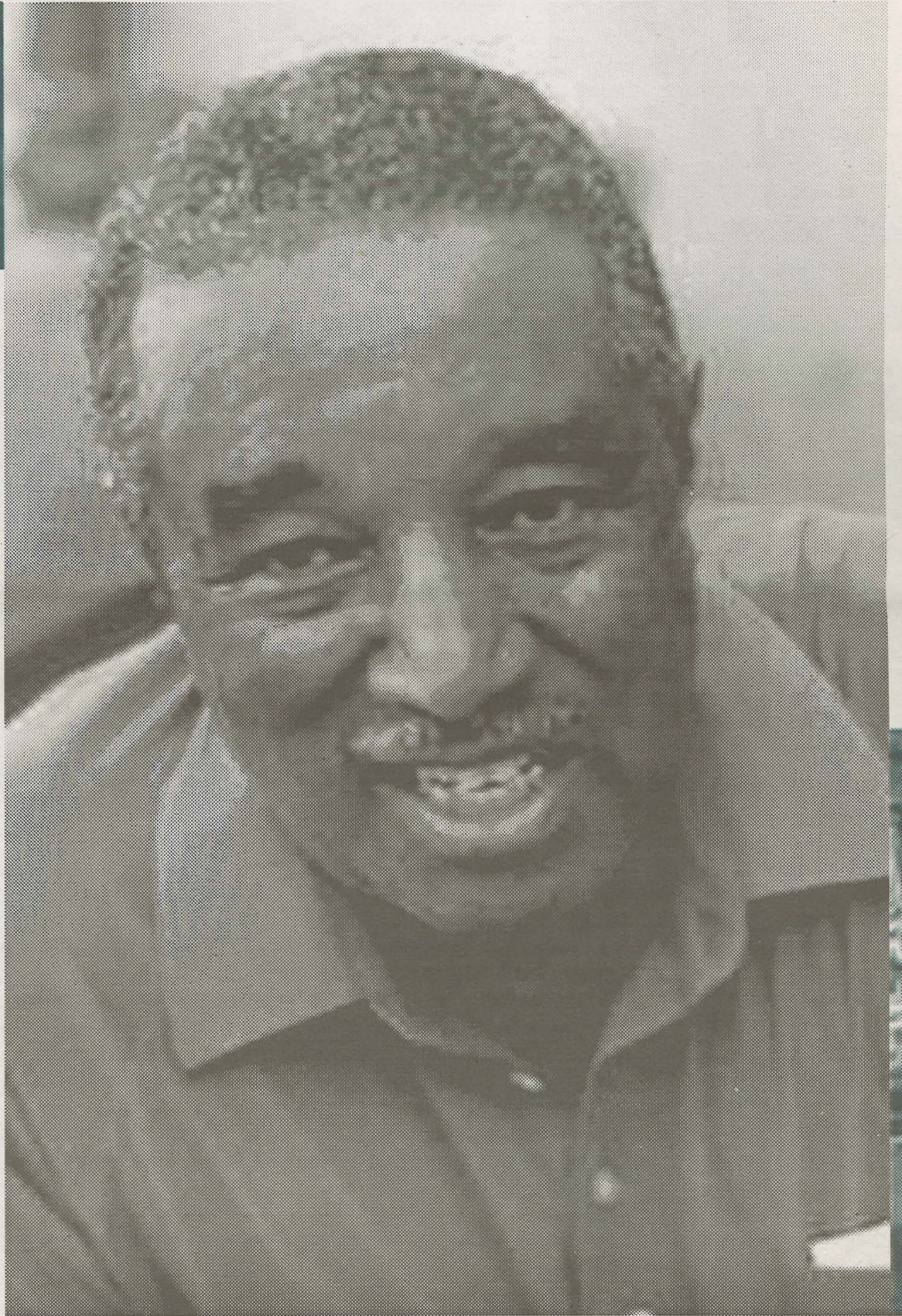
MY FIRST NIGHT THERE

was probably no different from anyone else whose first time there was that night. I had never had a keen interest in jazz, but one afternoon I wanted to sit and relax, so as I drove down King Street I spotted a brilliant neon sign reading:

*The Pastor
Playing tonight
Job Walters*

So I pulled my car in on the

gravel parking lot and walked in. Instantly through the doorway was a mural on the wall of a big black Southern pastor appearing to be floating through an array of clouds with his arms stretched out, and in the background were the Duke and his orchestra, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, John Coltrane, and others all dressed in angelic costumes with wings playing their instruments or singing. As I walked down the dimly lit hallway towards the long and narrow inner area deemed "The Sanctuary" I saw photographs of great musicians I did and did not recognize and it filled me with an air of profound humbleness. When I reached the inside of the club a light crisp scent of Cuban cigar smoke filled the air. I walked to the bar, sat down and ordered a Hennessy. The music softly mingled inside the building. I took a sip of my drink and began to eye the place a little. From the outside this place looked massive, but inside it was really narrow, but not cramped. A mixture of people were there of all races, sizes, and sexes; they were jazz lovers. The smokers were to the rear and the non-smokers were closer to the front, and the bar was separated from that area by a low partition. At the very front on the Sanctuary was the small stage. A piano, a drum set, and a bass were set



up on stage. The first sermon didn't take place until 9:30; it was 9:15 so I decided that after I finished my drink I would find someone who knew more

about jazz than I did so I could pick up on some of the terminology. As I took the final sip of my drink a deep, slow, strong

brassy voice seemed to creep across my right shoulder. "Let me have what this young man had," it said. "Sure thing," the bartender

Sanctuary

said.
 "So are you ready for the word to come forth," the voice asked me.

I turned around on my stool and the voice turned out to be a big brilliant glowing rich caramel brown skinned man. He wasn't big as in wide, but big in a heroic sense. Really he was about six feet even and two hundred pounds.

"WHAT DOES THAT MEAN,"

I asked.
 "Is this your first time at The Pastor?"

"Yes sir," I replied.
 "Yes sir? You're Southern though." He laughed, a soft strong chuckle.

"As you've noticed all of the themes surrounding this club have a religious sense to them: The Pastor, The Sanctuary, the

"You're not from the South," I asked.

"Noooo," he crooned. "I am from the infamous Harlem, New York."

"Really?"
 "Yeah. Born and raised in Harlem, went overseas, came back and been here and there ever since."

At that moment a middle-aged lady was on stage and began introducing the show.

"GOOD EVENING LADIES

and gentlemen. Are you ready for the word?"

This drew an emphatic applause and yelling. "Are you ready for the sermon?"

This drew an equal applause. "Well you came to the right place because tonight you will be moved the spirit of jazz. Tonight we have the Job

Mr. Motley Palmer." There was another applause. "Finally we have the only surviving link between the greats like Dizzy and The Duke and the present age of jazz, Mr. Job Walters." The pressure in the crowd burst. The brassy voiced man downed the rest of his drink and looked over at me, winked and said, "Enjoy the word." He then turned and slowly walked to the stage as the crowd continued cheering.

As he walked towards the stage I slipped from the bar to a seat at a table in the non-smoking section across from a young woman. I watched Job as he picked up the bass. It was an old instrument with age scratches on it from where it had been rubbed many times. It had been polished to make

strings like he was about to make love to it. He then counted off: one, two, one, two, three, four.

Almost miraculously the old bass came to life with its soothing notes filling the room. It was an upbeat number. The drummer held the tempo down completely with a crisp beating on the instrument. The pianist's fingers artistically moved across the keys.

EVEN THOUGH THIS WAS

my virgin experience to a jazz club I could see why jazz was set apart from all other types of music in the world. Jazz painted a portrait across the atmosphere in the entire space. As my mind looked up in the overhead area I could see the whimsical colours being cast across

tic applause. I, for one, was awestruck.

THE NEXT NUMBER WAS

a complete contrast of the first entitled.

Someday... As the old instrument crooned out the first chord the colours on the ceiling faded to a copper brown and began to swirl slowly. Slowly and mystically, as a thief, the drums and the piano crept in and the music entangled one another. The portrait on the ceiling began to take shape. I saw the jubilation of the Ivory Coast, the pain of the shackles, the suffering of slavery, the rejoicing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and the further trials and triumphs of the African-American. I saw all of these things and I was moved. Before my eyes flew scenes of the Black Experience. Jazz, poetry in motion.

AT THE ENDING OF THE

first set I went to the bar to order another

Hennessey. As I stood there I looked towards the stage. As a sort of premonition I saw myself on stage playing, but there was no instrument. I was fingering the air, yet beautiful sounds were coming forth. From the stage I looked out across the audience and there were colours strewn across the ceiling; they weren't as brilliant as Job's but there they were, colours.

When the break between the two sets was nearing its end Job came back over to the bar and ordered another Hennessey. He looked me directly in the eyes and said, "I look forward to playing with you soon."

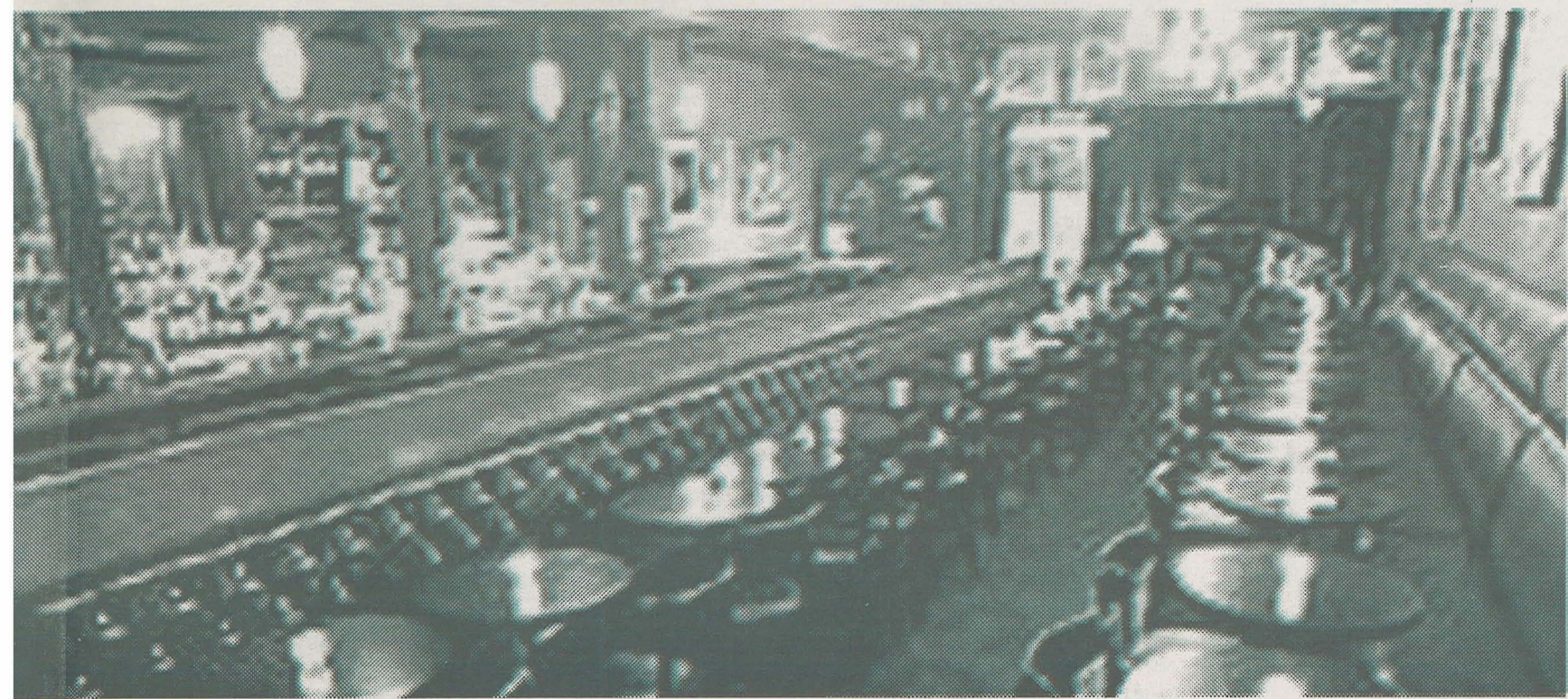
I was stunned but I mustered out, "You will..."

word. The word means the show. I love this place you know it gives a feeling of being home." He took a sip of his Hennessey.

Walters' Trio. First on piano we have Mr. Sully Ray." There was applause as he approached the Baby Grand. "Next on drums,

the age shine. His fingers masterfully stroked the instrument before played a note. He rubbed the wood and the

the sky. As the number came to a close the painting's colours slowed down as they were cast across the ceiling. The crowd gave an enthusias-



Cas Public's Incarnation- A Performance That Astounds



JANE CURRIE

Friday, November 10th, I took a friend along to watch a dance group called Cas Public, in their new production called Incarnation, choreographed by Hélène Blackburn. My friend and I were looking forward to watching a dance performance, as we are dancers ourselves. Let me just say, we were blown away. Incarnation consists of six phenomenal dancers: three women and three men. From the very opening, I was in awe of the flexibility, strength and control exhibited. The performance continued to captivate me with fast, intricate choreog-

raphy involving boundless energy. The choreographer played around with positioning, sometimes having one dancer occupy center stage, other times involving groups or duets. The duets were incredible. The dancers would weave in and out of one another, at times appearing as one body.

The style of the performance was contemporary, drawing on varying aspects of dance. Now and then some ballet or jazz influence could be picked out, but Blackburn has definitely created a style all her own. So vibrant and energetic, her production pushes the limits of the dancers and those of the human

body for a full sixty minutes. The only drawback I found was the music to which the performance was set. The choreographer used music from contemporary composers, which weren't too musical. Now and then the screeching of the violins and pounding of the drums would almost (not quite, but almost) overpower the dancing. Perhaps to balance out the noise, the dancers would sometimes perform in total silence. Nonetheless, I thoroughly enjoyed watching Incarnation. No dance experience is necessary to appreciate the physicality of this show. It is a performance that truly amazes

Fictional Interview 102

PATRICK BOIS

A few days ago, I had the audacity to walk up to Steven Seagal while he was shopping in a porn shop. As I approached him, I startled him because all his butt plugs fell on the floor. To my dismay, this multi-talented actor had reddened to the bone. I started thinking, how could he be embarrassed about anything? Anyway, I asked him if

I could interview him. Boy, was he ready for this one.
Patrick- Wassup Steven!
Steven- Wassup homey!
Patrick- What, you think that's cool. Don't be such a douchebag.
At this point, he tries to hit me with a dildo but I block it.
S- Not bad, not bad.
P- Yeah, I watch and study all your moves in your films.
S- Really?
P- No, not really.

S- ?
P- Ok, first question. Do you wear kimonos because you think you're Buddha or is it simply because you're a douchebag?
S- How can you...
P- Douchebag it is. Second question. Is it hard to make horrible movies?
S- ?
P- Let me expand on this. I think that you have a talent for
(continued on page 11)

LLIR Who?

BROOKE WILSON

The Living and Learning in Retirement (LLIR) Group, composed of a membership greater than 600, is now entering into its 27th year at Glendon College! This independent organization consists of seniors who have decided to further their studies during retirement.

If you've ever wandered into the cafe around lunch time on Fridays, you've probably seen this group taking their well-deserved lunch, seeing as how they have just finished their two morning seminars and are getting ready to head into their final two for the day!

So what exactly is involved? And who are their profs anyway? The professors that lecture on Fridays come from Glendon, as well as other institutions. Dr. Michiel Horn, a professor of Glendon's History department, acts as the course director for the LLIR. And what about homework? Well, it's not much

like the typical university student's! For each of their eight seminars (four per semester), the seniors are given a course syllabus listing the weekly topics they will be studying. Sometimes suggested readings are listed, but usually these senior students are only required to show up for class! :)

Besides furthering their own education, the LLIR also contributes to ours by donating big money to Glendon students in the form of bursaries. Last year alone, the LLIR contributed over \$ 16,000 to bursaries for students at Glendon under the name of Friends of Glendon! This year there are also 2 students participating in the LLIR 25th Anniversary Community Service Bursary Programme to the tune of \$1 250 each.

So there you go, not only have you learned a little bit about other activities on-campus, but you've also learned to appreciate those with whom we share it! Thank you LLIR!

Le monde en blanc et noir

MEGAN BURGESS

À travers un voile blanc et noir, Shahala Bahrami, LaGaan, Nathalie Lavoie et Paul Walty, nous montrent des vues différentes du monde dans l'exposition Quelques Variations, à la Galerie Glendon à Toronto, du 2 novembre au 30 novembre.

À première vue on voit des peintures blanches et noires avec des sculptures un peu partout. Les idées dans l'exposition tentent de prendre au piège l'esprit humain aux os qui ont l'air de pousser hors de la terre. Sana aucun lien entre l'une et l'autre, ces peintures, ces photographies faites à l'ordinateur et ces sculptures démontrent comment le monde peut être vu dans de façons très différentes.

Ces artistes réussissent à décrire comment ils et elles perçoivent le monde. Paul Walty nous donne des images remplies d'angoisse faites à l'ordinateur, utilisant plusieurs feuilles pour

une image. Une série de photos montrant une éclipse du monde par Nathalie Lavoie va captiver votre imagination. Les peintures de Shahala Bahrami, qui sont accompagnées de l'histoire d'une jeune femme forcée d'abandonner son amour pour marier le roi, sont sombres et la seule source de couleur dans la chambre. Mais même ces couleurs sont atténuées par le noir, le gris, le beige. Se tenir debout devant les peintures, est une sculpture d'une robe vide qui les regarde. Cela symbolise ce que la jeune femme est devenue par la fin de l'histoire ; une robe vide, sans émotion. L'exposition est intéressante et va vous émouvoir. C'est une bonne expérience pour voir comment des autres voient le monde et ceux qui habitent là dedans. Ces quatre artistes vont sûrement capturer votre attention.

Follow up

CATHERINE HANCOCK

Sky's second album, "Travelling Infinity" is expected to do extremely well on the pop charts. They were, after all, one of the biggest pop music debuts in Canadian music history. However, as many musicians' tales would tell, they broke up before the March 2000 Juno Awards. Sky won for best new group and only Antoine was there to accept the award. Their quick and sudden rise to fame had a "deleterious effect on the band". James was not comfortable as a figure who was constantly in the public eye. In the meantime, Antoine had thoroughly enjoyed the experience

and was not ready to stop. Still focusing on his music, he asked high school friend, Anastasia, to sign on. She did, and that's how "Travelling Infinity" came to be.

Even with the loss of a member and the gain of a new one, Sky has managed to keep their same unique sound. Anastasia's voice is similar to James' with that distinct, recognisable quality. The music is still an addictive breezy pop with quirky lyrics "You think I'm wrong when you know I'm right. The truth is that: it's not that different."; however, there does seem to be a stronger Latin influence on this CD.

Extrait de "Ma Stratégie"

ESTA-NAOMI

Un petit monde, salit par la faible idée que la pensée individuelle; rationnelle; prolongée; approfondie et intellectuelle mène à la solitude, à la tristesse et au désespoir. Mais qu'est la solitude (.de mal) si celle-ci nous éloigne des mauvaises âmes et des mauvais cœurs ? Qu'y a-t-il de mal à être étranger aux bienfaits de l'hypocrisie; de la jalousie; des ragots; de la méchanceté gratuite et de la haine? Pourquoi l'homme, aussi connu sous le nom "être humain" dépense-t-il autant d'énergie; de temps et d'effort à

entretenir un niveau convenable de socialité? Socialité définie par "divers sujets de conversation partagés entre plusieurs personnes, sujets bofs, mais communs; la plupart du temps moqueurs; dégradant ou mensongers qui, pour la plupart, ne font que rapprocher un groupe de personnes triste et désolant (à voir et à entendre) souffrant d'un énorme manque de confiance en soi". Vinaigre sur une plaie! Telle est la sensation que j'éprouve à leur égard. Etre! vraie; savoir aimer d'un cœur pur; vivre de sincérité; de pureté; d'amour et d'eau fraîche, tel est un extrait de ma stratégie.

(continued from page 10)making terrible, terrible movies. And the thing I like about your films is the consistency. Mr. Urban Turban, how do you do it?

S- My films are creations that are submerged into diverse cultural dimensions and are only meant for specific hordes who can appreciate and revere them.

P- Yeah, you're right. Actually, I read somewhere that you have a huge fan base

with catatonic schizophrenics.

S- There you go!

P- You're a douchebag!

For some odd reason, he suddenly decides to go to the checkout counter to purchase his items. Not even a good-bye or a thank you. Nice guy he is, Mr. Urban Turban. As I am leaving, I hear someone say over an intercom: "Can I get a price check for Fire Down Below: Butt Bangers Inferno?"

On the Verge

AGGIE GASIOR

Talk about unique and different, this production is as original as they come. Going in to see the play "On the Verge" at Theatre Glendon, I wasn't sure what to expect, but it sure wasn't what I spent the next three hours watching.

The play is based on a "terra incognita" where there are strange, unexplainable happenings taking place. Three veteran adventurers are sent out to explore this odd, new land: Mary, the prim and proper know-it-all; Fanny, the classy, stuck-up hopeless romantic; and Alex, the youngest, an eccentric lyricist. What they discover is that they possess the ability to not only travel on

land but through time as well.

The cast, although small, was phenomenal. The characters were well interpreted, each with their own unique, outstanding personality. The actors stayed in character masterfully throughout the play and worked their way around small technical blunders.

The play itself was well-written, with interesting twists and turns and lots of humour to keep the viewer waiting in anticipation for the next scene. However there were certain flaws that took away from the experience. For example, the occasional monologues throughout the play caused the plot to become somewhat choppy. As well, the first act seemed to drag on with no great plot advancement.

The sets were a good addition to the play. The actors used the props in innovative ways, which enhanced the credibility. One of the best features of the set was the large net used in the first act. It served many purposes in the play and allowed the scenes to be more realistic throughout.

"On the Verge" was a success, not only because of the talented actors but also in great part because of the dedicated students backstage. An interesting and eye-opening performance.

ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE SERVICE REPS.

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

On hierarchical structures and an iMac

TONY SPEARS

Pro Tem has structured itself as an unstructured co-operative, if you will, of talented people given a forum to voice their complaints, concerns, opinions, etc., to the general public. Or, as some of the more cynical and jaded members of Pro Tem's

readership whose oratory skills and vocabulary are somewhat lacking, Pro Tem is a forum for those who wish to 'bitch'. That, however, is beside the point. Due to the many different viewpoints expressed by Pro Tem's panel of writers, the 'bitching' is quite diversified and many different and conflicting view-

points are often expressed in the same issue of an edition. No restriction is placed on the type or focus of the complaints (save for particularly discriminative articles, which are not printed), even if the expressed opinion disagrees with those of the Pro Tem chief co-editors, Rob Shaw and J.J. O'Rourke. The section

editors also practice a certain non-involvement with relation to content. With this minimal involvement, the hierarchy of Glendon's Pro Tem is almost invisible. It is a rare occasion when authority is asserted by one of the editors, leaving the simple writer an incredible freedom to do as he or she pleases.

There is, however, one place in the office where rank is undeniably demonstrated. The catalyst for these clashes of will and vision is a [user] friendly looking piece of plastic referred to by some as the iMac, and by others with venomous vituperations that are quite unprintable. On this 'computer' is a program entitled Napster, used, as everybody knows, to procure MP3s. These MP3s vary from Philip Glass's "Metamorphoses" to medleys from the South Park movie and are the only visible display of the dispersion of authority at Pro Tem. The co-op students are perfectly entitled to download songs but they should not be surprised to find their selections vanished from the hard drive if they are unpopular with their superiors. They should also not be surprised to be kicked off the machine by their superiors (i.e. anybody), even if they are doing legitimate work. Despite general office sentiment, this does occasionally occur.

The editors too are not immune to the spontaneous exorcism of their songs. The current News Editor, the always controversial Mihnea Dumitru, recently downloaded some Green Day. Later that day, Chief Co-Editor Rob Shaw came across these songs while browsing through the MP3 directory and promptly deleted them after loudly denouncing Mr. Dumitru's musical taste (or lack thereof). So is the hierarchy of Pro Tem exposed. Co-op students, collaborators, groupies, etc., have some input on obtaining MP3s, but ultimately no actual power. Next come the editors who can delete songs downloaded by the mere urchins of Pro Tem, but not their colleagues or seniors, for fear of arousing their wrath. Of course at the very pinnacle are the 'kommandants' of the iMac, Mr. Shaw and Mr. O'Rourke who may veto anything that they do not deem to be good. Praise the gods of the iMac and let us give sacrifices and burnt offerings to them. Thus will they be appeased. And maybe - just maybe - they won't eliminate our selections.

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

Christmas Cards and Espresso Beans



BY
CYNTHIA WOOD

Carol singing, TV Christmas specials, Chris Kringles, missile toe, that elaborate microcosm of the city in the Eaton's Center where one can sit on Santa's lap, train ticket reservations, and the list goes on. The signs are there people, it's time to face the music - get it in gear - start our engines - bite the bullet! There's no way out of it, it's Christmas shopping time. Many people will enjoy these next few weeks of frantic shoppers, rude and pushy mall-runners and frustrated sales clerks; but as for the rest of us who are sane and wish not to be tackled to the ground at every mall... here are some clues to Christmas shopping.

First of all, one must begin early, as soon as possible... that means now! And/or soon after now.

Second, you could make a list, if that's the only way you can remember the people you need to buy for, but I have always thought that the best present is the one that by simply looking at it, reminds me of that specific person. If you can keep your eyes peeled for presents such as these for the more important people in your life, there's no way you can go wrong... they'll

love it.

Then, if that doesn't work and you're left walking around Queen St West with no parcels but with wider eyes than an anime cartoon, you'll know that this is when you quit and start to improvise. Let's begin with cards. Christmas cards are cheap, and believe it or not, they sometimes mean more to moms, dads and grandparents than expensive presents. (I know, what the hell, right?) Also, mail these cards to them - stamps are at the bookstore and the mailbox is right near Glendon's entrance where that taxi sign is - it's so easy, I'm sure everyone could handle it. Even putting a picture in the card will make an even greater difference. The little things, people. It's all about the little things!

Now, for gifts with substance, (and when I say substance, I mean pounds). I know that a lot of you want to get the whole basket-full-of-bathy-junk, but unless the person is really into that stuff, the basket screams "I don't know what else to get you so here's something you can re-wrap and give someone else." Instead, get a gift certificate at the Body Shop or something... anything else! Clothes, to change product topic completely, are usually the worse thing to shop for since it is like gambling with the right size, style and colour, but if you know your friend well, you could pull off getting him/her a nice shirt or sweater. (Stick to above-waist.) Clothes are very personal and if you know who likes what, they usually make the most appreciated gifts and the most used.

But if gambling ain't your thing, try chocolate covered espresso beans from Second Cup. You get 140g for \$5.95 and their good in coffees, mochas, hot chocolates, chinos, and even by themselves to satisfy a major caffeine fix. Another hot item from Second Cup would be their Sweet Apple Cider mix for around the same price or in individual packages.

These two items can be divided and given as complimentary side-gifts to the present you've already bought. "Merry Christmas, here's a best seller's book and some beans; an earring/necklace set and sweet apple cider mix; a large plastic coffee mug and beans; a warm, fuzzy blanket and some cider mix; condoms and ... well, you get it.

Lastly, I will mention a few gifts like no other gifts you've ever heard of. I call such gift giving "The unveiling of the eccentric" and it comes with a warning: These eccentric gifts may take time, effort and heaven help us, a little bit of imagination! Hear goes. A video recording of your friends, your school, your room with seasons greetings and maybe even a song and dance

just to make those people at home smile... or laugh uncontrollably. This gift is suggested and recommended for those who won't be seeing their families this Christmas. Moving right along, you could get a blank CD and record your friend's, parent's, sibling's favourite music, adding a few songs that remind you of them. Next, and you might think this one a tad odd, make a small certificate stating that you owe "so-and-so" twenty free 10 minute massages, no expiration date. Give this certificate to a friend in pain (along with some beans) and notice the reaction of ridicule and delight. This final gift is a little crafty, dealing with a bit of fabric paint and creativity. Go to IKEA or WAL-MART and buy some cheap, wooden picture frames

and some small paintbrushes. Paint the frames using fabric paint in any style you like or write words of messages for the person you're giving them to. If you want, put your own pictures in the frames or leave that up to the gift receiver, but make sure you give them the fabric paint and brushes along with one picture frame untouched so that the gift receiver can paint one too, if they want.

I hope some of these ideas will help you out on your Christmas shopping because you probably hate picking your face up off the floor during the last minute rush days before Christmas, as I do. That slushy, crap-infested, shoe discharge of snow is extremely slippery and doesn't altogether taste good. Have a wonderful Christmas!

Café de la Terrasse

**All Canadian
Weekend**

December 7th - 10th

Thursday - Canadian Pub
Friday - Trivial Pursuit
Saturday - 1972 Summit Series
Sunday - Back Bacon Brunch

An Eternity to know your Flesh



PHIL RUTLAND

Since this is supposed to be our Christmas issue, I decided to write about my personal, early Christmas gift to myself. I was going to the Burn It Down, Nevermore and In Flames show the night of Monday the 20th. Shadows Fall unfortunately couldn't make it because of car/van trouble and all the bands made a point of apologizing for Shadows Fall not being there, which was appreciated by everyone in attendance. Doors were supposed to open at 8; I stood in line for 45 minutes in the cold before the doors opened.

Burn it Down played a good set, with emotion and intensity, even though most people were rather uninspired by them. They play a more "metal" brand of hardcore, they were opening for Dillenger Escape Plan last time they were around.

I must admit that I am not totally familiar with the music of In Flames or of Nevermore - I know, shame on me, but I'm dishing out tuition payments and I can't spare much money on CDs right now. When I bought my tickets, I was anticipating DT to come but unfortunately couldn't make it and Nevermore was tagged as a replacement.

I didn't even think about DT as Nevermore was playing. I decided to venture in the mosh-pit and within a couple of songs I lost my glasses (found 'em later, completely crushed beyond recognition) and almost lost my watch. The pit was pretty crazy at times (although this was the first time I decided to go into a pit) especially during the Paul Simon cover, Sound of Silence. At one point, band-member Warrel said "What is it with you guys? They put something in the water over here?" "E-COLI!", I shouted back, although I don't think they heard me. They also played The Fault Of Flesh, one of two songs I knew by Nevermore previous to that show. The other song I knew was This Sacrament, which wasn't

played. After their last song, vocalist Warrel Dane vowed to return for an encore but they never did.

I sorta crawled my way to near the front of the stage in anticipation of In Flames; again, I only knew a couple of their songs (Ordinary Story and Dead Eternity, in case you're wondering). Met a guy I had seen at the Tchort show a month or so ago, talked with a few other guys and finally Jesper showed up on stage to check his guitar. Various other band members appeared and disappeared for the next 10 minutes along with a roadie.

Finally the time came and Jesper, Anders & Co graced the stage and launched into a song which I didn't know. The Swedish melodic death metal gods were an amazing act live. I loved being that close to In Flames; I touched Anders on more than a few occasions (high fives and the like) and even the A string on his guitar. I must say I paid the price for being in the front, being crushed, elbowed and kicked in the head almost constantly, but it was all worth it. Songs they did play (which I knew or they announced) were Ordinary Story, Clay Man and Bullet Ride. I wasn't expecting In Flames to be that heavy, so I was a bit unprepared (but still impressed) by their set and stage performance.

After their set I caught up with my friends, bought some swag and decided we'd try to go backstage to meet the bands. Well, we walked in the backstage door and navigated along some flights of stairs before some staff guy found us and told us we weren't allowed to be here; we decided to ditch the backstage idea. We waited for the bands to emerge from backstage. But even as Anders walked past us to the bar, we grew tired of waiting and left. It was a great show, I've never had that much fun sober in my life!

MAÎTRISE EN SERVICE SOCIAL

L'École de service social offre une formation, en français, axée sur les connaissances théoriques, la recherche et les stages en milieu de travail, plus spécifiquement dans les domaines de la santé et de famille-enfance.

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Gotta Kick These Winter Blues



KATERINA BAKALIS

Grey skies all day that turn pitch black by 5 p.m., winds to chill you to the bone, and no escape in sight for months. This is the time of year that SAD, or Seasonal Affective Disorder, hits most of us. SAD affects roughly 10% of people every year, the majority being women. Symptoms include lethargy, finding normal things to do frustratingly difficult, eating more, feelings of sadness and hopelessness, as well as sleeping excessively and still not feeling refreshed.

It has been clinically proven that the major cause of SAD is the lack of bright light during the dark months of winter. This usually lasts between September and April, or the entirety of the school year for most of us (go figure), with the worst of it hitting us in December and January, the darkest of the winter months.

What happens when we go to bed at night is that our bodies start to produce a chemical called melatonin, which makes us feel drowsy and lethargic. In the morning, bright light hits our eyes and triggers the production of another chemical, serotonin, which livens us up and makes us feel good. But

during the winter months when every day is dark and gloomy, the production of melatonin does not decrease, nor does serotonin production increase all that much, making us feel lethargic and unable to get out of bed or extremely tired during the day.

What can you do to alleviate the symptoms? The number one cure is bright light, so exposing yourself to lots of light at least an hour a day will help the nerve centers in your brain start to produce more serotonin. Another major help is exercise. Stretching muscles and getting your blood pumping increases energy levels in your body, and also increases serotonin production.

However, SAD is not the only disorder that affects people during this time of year. Many others find that the coming of winter also triggers panic disorder and depression. Agoraphobia, a strong sense of panic and worry for no reason, clammy hands, pounding heart, dizziness, nausea and feeling out of your body, are some of the worse symptoms of panic disorder. Depression, if it's clinical, becomes worse in the winter because of the darkness. Eating habits, sleeping cycles and energy levels become irregular.

For women, these accompanied with the monthly hormonal changes of the menstrual cycle, (as well as those hormonal changes brought on by birth control pills and other oral contraceptives) make feelings of loneliness, sadness, hopelessness and fear even more overwhelming and impossible to deal with.

For those of us who suffer from these harsher problems, going to see your doctor and possibly going on medication can really help, especially if it is affecting your studying and school work. Prescription medications like Zoloft and Prozac help regulate the chemical imbalances in your brain to help calm and relax people with panic disorder. They can also help fight depression by allowing you to focus on accomplishing normal daily tasks without crazy emotional swings, and gives you the motivation to work and study with a focused mind instead of feeling disinterested and helpless.

More information on these medications and on panic disorder, SAD and depression can be found at www.depression.com, www.zoloft.com and www.outsidein.co.u

Shirley Bassey

BY PATRICK BOIS

To me, a woman is blessed
Thus, light my fire and never
cease for less

Where do I begin, with this diva
made of gold?

Where to Big Spender? Do
exactly what you're told.

With a mighty touch, her
goldfinger caresses you
Martini in hand, she unleashes
her sweetest taboo.

That is to sing for me, Shirley,
dance for me.

Unlock your jewels so that I
may see.

Diamonds are Forever, calm-
ness encrypted on that line
You glimmer on air, radiance
unto galaxies so fine.

If you go away, globes will shut
like blinds
Only to re-emerge into extrapo-
lated time.

The easy thing to do is love as
you say.

Can you please teach me an
anecdote or a play?

I would never, never, never
unfold our secret

Therefore, only you and I can
deem it intimate

This Spinning Wheel you sing,
it is your aura

It follows you through your
eyes and your flora

If you go away, memories will
be sealed

And that is all I need, a thought
that I could feel.

The Deepset Heart

CEDRIC MAYS

Here I am in puzzle
Trying to locate together the
pieces of my life
Pull me out of the pits of dark-
ness

And expect me not to fight the
light.

I can't relate a day of my being
When I didn't have to scrape

I've crawled for so long
It's hard to remember how to

walk to this date

Here at the unemployment
office

My knuckles are bloody from
the knock

I'm pleading to be let in
Because I'm not spending

another night on the ground as a
pillow, a rock

So the next time you see me
stop by

Give me a clue
People I'm dying out here, I'm

dying...
And I don't know what to do.

CLASSIFIEDS

When The Dethroned
Emperor looked into the
Carpathian
Forest, weeping for his
Anathema, his Dying Bride,
chilled by
the Celtic Frost, dreaming of
the Nile, of the Morbid Angel,
of his God Dethroned upon
the Iron Maiden, he stood and
said: Hell On Earth
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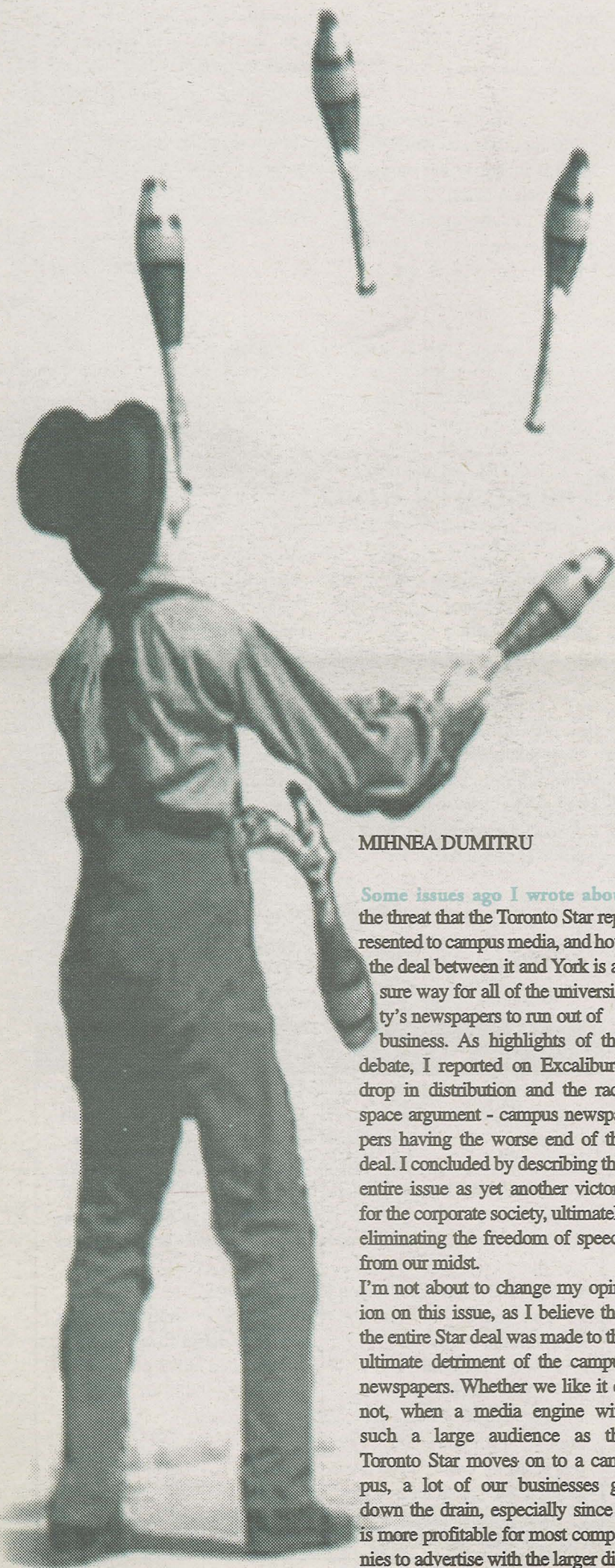
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Living In Denial:

King Arthur and the Space Cadets



MIHNEA DUMITRU

Some issues ago I wrote about the threat that the Toronto Star represented to campus media, and how the deal between it and York is a sure way for all of the university's newspapers to run out of business. As highlights of this debate, I reported on Excalibur's drop in distribution and the rack space argument - campus newspapers having the worse end of the deal. I concluded by describing this entire issue as yet another victory for the corporate society, ultimately eliminating the freedom of speech from our midst.

I'm not about to change my opinion on this issue, as I believe that the entire Star deal was made to the ultimate detriment of the campus newspapers. Whether we like it or not, when a media engine with such a large audience as the Toronto Star moves on to a campus, a lot of our businesses go down the drain, especially since it is more profitable for most companies to advertise with the larger dis-

tribution newspaper. Not only that, but by providing it free of charge, the propaganda machine of the Toronto Star assures a stable readership base during our years of strikes and procrastination, and possibly afterwards, as mature inhabitants of planet Earth, as we wake up every morning in search for the absolute.

And York is only the first foothold of the Toronto Star. Ryerson administration is reportedly holding meetings with the Evil of all Evils, as well as reviewing the university's internal legislation for the acceptance of the Star in it's midst. Fears mount throughout other campuses in Southern Ontario. The Canadian University Press and Now Magazine have printed articles that report on the bullying of student newspapers by the Star.

The issue is complicated, and no final answer can be given, no matter how much whining and rhetoric comes from either side of the debate. However, we can take the discussion even further, and analyze bits of information that will hopefully make our view of the conflict clearer.

One of these extra arguments might be the declining quality of Excalibur. The articles often lack any spark of originality, forever debating double standards and their authors' role on this planet, failing to mask their complete obliviousness to the real world around them. Clichés big and small saturate the rest of the content. And this is all after an army of minions goes through the entire issue, points out and surgically intervenes wherever words or sentences 'may' offend any and all groups, religions, sexes, and animals. Finally, the layout leaves a lot of room for improvement (All the amateur cartoons are not helping the overall feeling of kitsch.) And sweet mother of all ironies, what does this newspaper try to emulate but the cold professionalism, clear-cut lines and credible content of a publication such as the Star?

Taking the issue further, we then go to the heart of Excalibur's discontent, and one of its main arguments: a reduction in circulation. But what mechanisms does

Excalibur have in place to count its number of readers? Surely, if 15,000 students read it every week, a lot of them would be interested in writing for it, and the overall quality would rise. Pro Tem has actually grown in circulation and staff over the past year, despite the Star being on campus. However, York Lanes reportedly dumps hundreds of unread Excaliburs every week. The importance of this five digit number rests in its advertising potential. A decline in readers by 2000 according to Excalibur costs York University's largest newspaper a decrease in advertising rates. Making more money is replaced by improvement of content. In the end, we find that Excalibur is guilty of its own decline, as it attempts to recapture its place among the masses.

We're not the first to see this happening. Yet another important, and previously unseen factor to the incumbent's problems comes from other student newspapers, such as the Atkinsonian, the Calumetro, or the Walrus. In a most surprising move, these smaller contenders to the status of 'Star wannabe' are apparently thinking of merging content; therefore creating a separate, yet complementary publication that 'could' compete with the Excalibur in terms of circulation. Whether the architects of this bold new movement are aware of the logistics of such an attempt is not for us to discuss, seeing how we are too far away from the main campus to clearly report on the petty interests and personal agendas of each of the interested parties.

Out of some feeling of solidarity, we will not bash this attempt too much. The idea behind the movement is definitely worth it: a joint effort among all York colleges, with each of the publications benefiting from an equal space to put its flagship article(s). It would provide a balance in terms of content, and ultimately represent a worthy antithesis to the denseness of the Excalibur. It might also provide one more voice against the Star. However, most of these publications suffer from a lack of content themselves. We cannot help but ask ourselves how putting them

together would make much of a difference anyway in terms of contributors, considering these are individual college newspapers. Putting all the content together would not necessarily attract more writers, unless the issues presented would blanket the whole of York. The proponents of this new publication also strongly support an equal system of representation, with a decentralized executive. Even if we could applaud this proposal as their declaration of equality and good will, it is still a bit hypocritical since it upholds the will of the majority, failing to reach a unanimous stance. We can only sit back, popcorn in hand, as we watch the comedy unveiling in a very near future, half a dozen editors glaring at each other in an ominous conflict of interest. What a menace for Excalibur that will be!

The leading student newspaper suffers from an acute feeling of self-righteousness, unable to learn from the harsh lesson the Star has given it. Truly, there is no way it could compete, but the issues do not rest with rack space or the drop in advertising rates. The moral is within the identity of the newspaper, and the professionalism with which issues pertinent to students are put forth. Rotten articles, unnecessary clutter and neutral stances do not bring in the readers the Excalibur so avidly craves. It's in identifying with the York student, and the present state of affairs that success is earned. At that point, I would pick up a copy, even if it were in the dirt at my feet. I would know that it speaks out with my voice.

The contenders, on the other hand, are space cadets that suffer from lack of cohesion and good karma. Even if they have every right to succeed, they must first realize their own boundaries. Those are marked by their own previous inability to reach a stable readership base and the present state of conflict between personal interests and their dedication to a higher cause. For all they're worth, we can only hope they will improve the quality of writing and spark the interest of students in campus media once again.