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Little Hope for Democracy Through GCSU

ROB SHAW

GLENDON

Following a decision held in late January, in which the Glendon College Student Union voted in favour of a motion to extract money from the second installment of Pro Tem newspaper's levy, some students seem to feel that the union has been working in an unfair and undemocratic manner.

"They seem to be passing motions with little thought or research," said first year psychology student, Bobby Deakos.

During a January council meeting, the GCSU executive unanimously passed Motion B, which was designed to garnish the second installment of the student levy directed towards the Pro Tem newspaper. The allegation, as stated in Motion B, was that former Pro Tem editor-in-chief, Melanie Cadieux, believed there was still money outstanding to her from the year before.

The GCSU executive approved that a sum of \$1149.77 - the amount Cadieux believed owed to her - be extracted from the second installment of student money paid to the newspaper, which has been estimated to be \$2500.

"It seems silly to base a monetary decision such as this on little facts and proof. It just seems suspicious and spurious," said former Pro Tem Managing Editor, Patrick Tomlinson, from

his home in Newfoundland.

The decision to pass Motion B, during the January 21st council meeting, was based solely on a letter written by Cadieux as to how much money she believed she was owed to her from the year before. Vice President of Student Affairs, Louise Lewin, and Director of Student Affairs, Tobi Strohan, had also reviewed the same letter back in early September.

"At that time no decision could be agreed upon between Student Affairs and Pro Tem," said Pro Tem Co-editor-in-chief, Jason O'Rourke. "There just wasn't enough proof to substantiate her claim. Her letter was not proof, it was just a letter."

The lack of proof, which O'Rourke claims, was the very little substantial evidence with regards to receipts for any equipment costs, pay sheets and contracts, an approved mandatory budget for the year 1999-2000, and a financial statement for the end of the fiscal year, which needed to be audited by an accounting firm.

"These kinds of things are what would've helped her (Cadieux) in her cause. This probably wouldn't have gone as far as it has," added Tomlinson.

During the council meeting, at which Pro Tem editors were given no formal invitation to defend their case, Director of External Affairs, Tom Muth, as it was recorded in the minutes, stated, "It is a



democratic decision. Cadieux deserves the money and this decision was made on empirical facts." Following this statement council unanimously voted (11-0) for the money to be allocated to Cadieux.

In an open letter written by O'Rourke to the GCSU President, Mike Drummond, he asked for the motion to be reversed seeing as how the decision exercised illegitimate control of Pro Tem funds. He also stated that there were no legal binding documents to carry the motion and that the union seemed as though they weren't acting fairly towards the newspaper, which has been trying extensively to resolve the situation with the former editor.

Subsequently, President Drummond, who was absent during the passing of the motion, has recently ordered Vice President/Business Manager, Joe Nicolas, to stop any of the payments to Cadieux. As well, he has begun his own investigation of the matter.

However, despite the promise of a fair resolution between the paper and the union, the council failed to show up for their next meeting on February 15th, where members of Pro Tem as well as other students had waited up to an hour and a half to question the January decision.

"They seem to work towards their own vested interest. They haven't seemed to do much this year at all, except to usurp around ten thousand dollars in wages of the students' money," said Deakos. "Hopefully, the truth will come out during the elections."

With elections to be held in a few weeks, the effectiveness of this year's council seems to have come into question with a majority of students.

"It is imperative that we achieve a level of professional trust so that future inevitable misunderstandings do not get construed as backstabbing," concluded O'Rourke's letter.


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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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Special thanks to all the contributors who got their work in early, it made things easier. Srimoyee we missed you

Cover photo
Dennis Brack

Save Me John Coltrane

Dear John,

I have a problem. My life seems to be syncopated to the reality around me. See, there was once this great love in my life, and now it's gone. This leaves me out of step, with no upbeat, downbeat, swingstep or anything to tell me where the music is at.

When I mention the syncopation, I ain't jivin' on no Thelonius kick either. That man's logic was far more brilliant than any ancient Greek's, it always ended in resolution for him, improv and arrangement. Even with his foolish hats. What I mean is the discordant melody and rhythm of my life have gone from epistrophy to debauchery. I feel like one of those white fool beats who think that the music is spontaneous and easy. My calculation is beyond 3/4 years.

I got a girl in my life, I call her pre-, 'cause she felt like a new beginning. But she ain't around no more, her life ended. She died 'cause she had a broken heart. Now, I just can't get it together.

I been drinkin'...I been smokin' and when that happens, I know that the horse is just around the corner. How come fools like me always try to substitute the good stuff with garbage. When

will we learn that only love supreme will offer deliverance. I'm weak John, I can't just take the bus for myles into the middle of the nowhere and get clean chops, I just don't have the strength. I know you rode the horse before, you got to show me the way out the stable. Diz won't, 'cause he don't know.

I have to stick around to make up for past mistakes. No more bebop for me, only the opportunity for one more chance for change. Help me John, help me to resolve this counter melodic-line before I slip away, and end up with no music at my funeral. Bird @ the baroness'

Dear Bird,

Sounds like you got the heebie-jeebies. If Kerouac was a fool white beat, then 'fool-white-beat' is good. But the music is colour blind, child. Love is a woman and not a soul languishing in despair. Leave passion on the cross, pick up a refrain from Piaf and regret nothing. You talk like a son of Adam rather than an orphan of the earth. You swear by guilt at a time when liberty beckons you to join her. Self-imposed burden is a symphony for the damned. Chase the sun to smoke, drink, sleep and dream in her

presence.

The was once a man sitting on a park bench who called to an errant donkey smelling itself. 'Ahoy' he cried, 'Where is your master?' At first the donkey ignored the man and was content to relax in the shade of a large tree, but then the mule thought to himself, 'Surely if I do not answer this brute, he will try to take me for himself.' So the donkey turned and began to walk away. When the man saw the donkey walk away without answering him, he knew that it had run away from its owner and he decided right there at that very moment that he would kill it and roast it black over a fire and not eat it. No sooner had the man thought of this than he dropped his Sunday afternoon paper, got on his ruby red bicycle and gave chase to the mule. Even then, the mule found, 'When I want to move quickly, it is not fast enough'...and it was not.

Bird, you best take flight from that part of yourself which is indulgent and idle enough to concoct such a complicated diatribe of self-loathing.

Love John

Send your letters to John c/o Protem1@yahoo.com

February 13, 2001, 12:25:30

Patrick Bois

Can a day be like any other if someone has foreseen its outcome?

I shall put my shillings, my deutch marks, my existence on such a thing.

Many great visionaries of lighted skies have been made fools by their spoken word, yet they have prospered through their foreboding visions, full of reels lying on heavy spools.

I shall put my guilders, my kronen, my destiny on such a thing.

Can an hour be like any other if someone has observed its hand?

I shall put my liras, my escudos, my breath on such a thing. Lying near a Great Depression dame and a Coke bottle full of pain

It embodies what we will become of, our answers being questioned as the past, the present and the future become whole.

I shall put my rupees, my bahts, my smile on such a thing? Can a minute be like any other if someone has seen its striking appearance?

I shall put my yens, my pesos, my thoughts on such a thing. As it immobilizes itself until The Grand Departure, it will soon begin its unforgettable journey, fleeing through distant orbs of freedom.

I shall put my pesetas, my francs, my wonderkins on such a thing.

And as the seconds fly by, as the minutes crawl by and as the hours erode their hide, one thing will remain certain. And that is for you to see.



Nota Bene

ProTem's elections are coming soon. The nomination period for positions on next year's editorial board will commence on February 27th, 2001, the same date as our next meeting.

Vous aurez la chance pendant les deux semaines qui suivent de vous présenter comme candidat(e). Le vote aura lieu durant la première réunion après le 13 mars, 2001. Si vous avez des questions, contact us on our web site protem.groovy.net, or call the office at 416-487-6736

Mergers and Acquisitions? An Exercise in Duplicity

MICHAEL A. DE VILLIERS

A few weeks ago, after Air Canada was sold to foreign interests, the buyer announced the elimination of 3500 jobs, the reduction of services, and the increase in fares. It was the end of a scenario I fully expected. There were three players in this shameful scenario: the buyer, the seller (the Government of Canada), and the financial institution - let's call it the bank - which lent the money to the buyer for the take-over.

While some of you may know something about the intricacies of high finance concerning huge mergers and acquisitions, my guess is that most are unaware of the monumental public deception

involved. Bear with me for a minute. This is how it works.

First, the buyer approaches the seller and agrees to pay the \$1.8 billion. Payment will consist of \$200 million in cash, with the balance, \$1.6 billion, to be paid in 10 equal portions of \$160 million over a period of 10 years. The buyer, and this is crucial, also guarantees that there will be no reduction in personnel, no reduction in services and no price hikes. The buyer is of course lying through its teeth. Why? Because the second player, i.e. the bank, has secured from the buyer, via an agreement, the exact opposite which was promised to the seller. Let's see how.

The bank agrees to lend the \$1.6 billion principal only at 5% interest, thus bring-

ing the total buyer's debt to \$2.4 billion: \$1.6 billion principal + \$800 million interest. That means that the buyer is faced with paying the bank \$240 million every year for 10 years. Now, the only way the buyer can make a profit and pay back his debt is to guarantee to the bank that he will save hundreds of millions of dollars in salary by firing thousands of employees, that services will be cut, and that fares will increase.

It is all spelled out in the projected financial report submitted to the bank, at the time the loan is requested. At that point, two players have entered into a conspiracy. The buyer will lie to the seller and the bank will keep its mouth shut. Player Number Three, the seller, now joins the conspiracy

by pretending to believe what the buyer has promised him in terms of job guarantee, no reduction in services and no increase in fares: "Look, this is political... Just make a statement, before we sell, that there will be no layoffs and no fare increases... Afterwards, do what you want..." - to which the buyer agrees wholeheartedly and promptly issues the statement. Now all three players are in cahoots and the deed is done. Thus the duplicity and monumental fraud have been played out by the three players, at our expense. The losers are, as always, the consumers.

As we all know, immediately after acquiring Air Canada, the buyer raised the fares, reduced services and fired 3,500 employees and saved \$140,000,000 in salary

(3,500 X \$40,000 - average salary = \$140,000,000), in keeping with the secret agreement made with the bank. My only purpose in exposing the continuous machinations, lies and deceit is to heighten the awareness of all of us, the voters and the consumers, in order to force the government to institute and adopt a policy of total transparency.

And while we are on this subject, it may interest the readers to know that many industrialized countries, such as Finland, Sweden and France, to name just three, have made all fine prints and disclaimers illegal on any contract entered into. That is total transparency and that is precisely what's lacking here in Canada.

Attention communauté de Glendon! Attention Glendon Community!

Feeling left out of the loop? Voulez-vous savoir ce qui se passe autour'ici? Want greater attendance at your events? Want direct access to actual Glendon students? The Glendon College Students' Union has now established its own LISTSERV that allows you to have all that, free of charge. Dernièrement, l'A.É.C.G. a établi son propre LISTSERV qui vous permet de faire tout cela gratuitement!

The GCSU LISTSERV allows student organizations to advertise their events direct to Glendon students. Messages are sent directly, and confidentially to subscriber's mailboxes. Le LISTSERV de l'A.É.C.G. permet aux organisations étudiantes d'annoncer leurs événements aux étudiants de Glendon. Les messages sont envoyés directement et confidentiellement aux boîtes aux lettres des abonnés.

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To have your event publicized: / Comment faire publier votre événement?

E-mail: The GCSU gcsu@glendon.yorku.ca or Sean Bawden, Director of Communications sean_bawden@hotmail.com and leave the EXACT message you want posted. Or come-by the office and fill out a LISTSERV request form. Écrivez un courrier électronique à l'A.É.C.G. et assurez-vous d'écrire le message EXACT que vous aimeriez faire paraître. Ou bien venez nous voir au bureau pour remplir le formulaire de demande du LISTSERV.

A message from the GCSU.

Desertion Blues lover-ing

J.J. O'ROURKE

poppa said I was a bad boy
said I didn't feel no shame
he said mammy she done left
him
and that I would do the same
I says
nooooo, maaaaan
don't get those desertion blues
you gotta get rid a-that sorrow
cause I'll still be around tomorrow

baby says that she is leavin' me
she's in love with another man
just wait a minute suga'
let me hold ya while I can
she says
nooooooo, maaaaan
go sing yer desertion blues
here's a bag that you can borrow
I don' wanna see ya here tomorrow

CRYSTAL MACE

I love you softly today
because I have hurt you.
I can see tears have tagged your
face
you ignore it, and I cry because
I know you have to.
you seem happy today.
how do I say i'm sorry?
it wasn't just a dream
I must live in the swamp of the
tainted
dust covers the things I know
and love.
I am automated and cast
feeding on insignificance
while you my love, must eat my
trouble

Write to Pro Tem

email: protem1@yahoo.com
phone: 487-6736
prottem.groovy.net

Thinking à la GCSU: The Case of the Kidnapped Dell



MIHNEA DUMITRU

GLENDON - The cold night of February 10th brought campus security and Toronto police rushing to the GCSU office, where President Mike Drummond reported a break-in and the theft of a Dell desktop computer. After a thorough investigation of the crime scene, police officials concluded a preliminary scenario of the robbery, estimated to have happened sometime around 11:35 PM. A new piece of hardware, and a relatively recent addition to the GCSU's office, the computer was bought for a reported \$2,700 and contained financial records dating back to August of the previous year. Bought through leasing, the PC was not insured. Toronto police only actively pursue cases in which

the value of the stolen property exceeds \$5,000.

It is alleged that at least two robbers entered the central office room by unhinging a window found next to the main entrance. From there, they entered the smaller adjacent office, a recent add-on to the GCSU workspace. They were able to remove the tiles and slide through the dropped ceiling to the locked adjoining back office which held the computer in question. After taking the CPU and monitor, as well as a laser printer - property of a student senator - they escaped through the back door that leads to parking lot B via a stairwell.

The burglars also reportedly opened a filing cabinet found in the vicinity of the computer. One specific drawer containing archived financial documents

from '96-'97 was taken out and apparently searched through. According to Drummond, there were no missing files, and there was no sensitive or private material on the computer. He also stated that Business Manager and Vice President Joe Nicolas keeps backups of all financial records on diskettes and hard copies. All recent financial documents are kept in an undisclosed location.

Student Senator Karim Elzeki mentioned in passing that some Pro Tem files were apparently pulled out of the filing cabinet and laid around the scene of the crime. As well, External Affairs Director/residence don Tom Muth spoke during his radio show of 'rumours' concerning Pro Tem members being involved in the theft.

Sources within

Glendon security provided information regarding two sightings of possibly suspicious activity. A blue security officer observed a dark-coloured sedan parked in the Principal's parking lot next to Glendon Manor some time before the incident. The car had four individuals in it. Another report was made by student security around the possible time frame of the incident, when two people were seen in the general area of the vending machines. 'Whoever did it had an intimate knowledge of the area,' mentioned the source.

While the point of access seems to be clear, it is difficult to imagine how an average bodied person could fit through a hole in the ceiling that was approximately 50 centimetres in diameter, thrust their legs around on the other side - in a space that could barely fit a human torso - and land an approximate 2.5 metres without either leaving some visible signs on the blank wall of the inner office or breaking their legs in the darkness.

Another difficulty would be how someone could attempt and succeed such a feat of madness with 2 iron beams coming out from an adjacent ventilation duct covering the opening, separated by some 25-30cm of space in between, and spanning a good two-thirds of the ceiling tile.

Furthermore, if the thieves did have a very well laid out plan of the premises, wouldn't they have wanted to leave as few tracks as possible to their crime? The tiles of the dropped ceiling were broken instead of just being shoved inside that very false plafond. It seems as though the thieves went out of their way to show that they had been there, and what they had been into.

There were no signs of forced entry on the window. Indeed, Drummond himself

acknowledged that he was not aware of any key that would lock that specific window in its frame. Moreover, the GCSU President mentioned the fact that the locks for the office had not been changed in years. When questioned why he would not do it, Drummond cited the financial toll such a change of locks would take on his Student Union. Appropriately enough, this had not been the first break-in at the office, as Glendon Security confirmed to us. The same officer also mentioned that for as low as \$20 a month, a fairly rudimentary yet effective security system could have been put in place by York.

One further point regarding safety measures looks upon the actual PC. Why was it not secured like so many of the other computers around campus? After all, despite the fact that most, if not all GCSU documents become public after a certain time, they still might contain delicate information, such as students' phone numbers, emails, Student Union bank accounts, etc.

Much of the responsibility for this crime falls back on the victim. It is the duty of the GCSU to provide a safe and secure working environment for the student union and its assets - our assets. This disregard for the potential violation of students' privacy is one that they must be held accountable for, so that assurances are made before it happens again. Their lack of common sense towards the most basic notions of security and privacy, a most throbbing passion to place blame on anyone but themselves, and ultimately a most voracious appetite for conspiracy theories and personal interests will undoubtedly make this story a memorable moment in their minds. As for the rest of us students? We pick up the tab.

Monster Mash

SCOTT BRADLEY

TORONTO - Without a doubt the greatest way to spend a Sunday afternoon, while you're still stupid from the night of drinking before, is to attend a 'Monster Jam' big wheel truck event at your local sporting entertainment complex. Most people I talked to about attending such an event were passive, not interested and at best, mildly excited. I, on the other hand, had come to the conclusion that it would be the ultimate in immersing myself in 'low-browness.' This one event would reduce my heightened sensibilities into wrench-turning, hair-raising, hyphenated wordiness.

Approaching the Sky Dome I'm practically in hysterics from the people surrounding us. Children are carrying racing flags and banners; a lady stands frozen holding a sign that says "Ear Plugs For Sale and Tickets Wanted," while her obviously veteran scalper husband yells "Tickets here! Who needs tickets!"

The long line to buy tickets in front of us was moving like a river in spring, as fathers bought six, eight or nine \$14 tickets for themselves and the ankle biters around them. In a matter of minutes we were ready to put the Sky Dome into fifth gear.

When you enter the Sky Dome for an event like this you can smell the excitement and dirt and motor oil. You feel as if you have entered the shrine of a subculture who have found their



SCOTT BRADLEY

mecca - mechanics are priests; drivers are gods. And as we reach our seats, the announcer, Ken Stout, yells out in an American accent "The last event is the freestyle. There is only one rule for this part of the Monster Jam... there are no rules!" I see tears in my friend's eyes.... He can't stop laughing. "For a finale we have a 25 car demolition derby. So let's get started!"

At the first sound of the revving engines I couldn't believe that I was here. And by the time the first jump was taken, over four half flattened cars, I became overwhelmed by a feeling of giddiness, which I hadn't felt since the first time that I had seen a demolition derby one year before in Clinton, Ontario. It is the kind of thing that has made me second-

guess all other accomplishments of humanity.

The winner of the Monster race turned out to be the all-time favourite, The Grave Digger. Why? I don't know. The drivers are somehow timed and, apparently, it has nothing to do with the style, height of the jump or anything else that you would think would be important in choosing a winner. My friend also couldn't figure this whole thing out and chalked it up to a couple simple words "Who cares?" I couldn't agree more. When trucks with tires that have a ten-foot radius are jumping over and crushing cars that have been painted yellow, rules seem to get lost or left up to people who understand what they're talking about. In this case Ken Stout was

at the reins and the crowd didn't seem to care who won as long as it was The Grave Digger.

The next part of this carefully concocted lunacy was the freestyle event. This is the driver's chance to show his great talents outside of the rules. First up was a truck named Ragin' Steel, who, as it turned out, had won this part of the rally the night before. With the signal he bursts from the starting block like a bull at a rodeo and goes straight off the jump and over the yellow cars without stopping.

All others pale in comparison to this driver's excellent maneuvering skills right up until Tim Stout says "Who do you want to see!" to which child like voices reply with glee "Grave Digger!" Tim continues by egging the crowd on "I can't hear you." "Grave Digger!" the children in the crowd yell louder. "Here's the one you've come to see! Grave Digger!" Engines revving, he's off like a bat out of hell trashing everything his truck can smash, crush or drive over. He's driving through wooden signs holding sponsors advertisements, over buses and in circles. It's Grave Digger's fin de siecle and of course, he wins.

After a ten-minute intermission, where the crowd piles out into the corridor to replenish their diminishing supplies of hot dogs, beer and candy floss, everyone returns to their seats for the grand finale - the Demolition Derby. For this piece of eye candy the crowd seems the least excited. "No more monster trucks" the kid

next to me disappointingly blurts out. He is almost crying as if Santa Claus had just died or as if Barney gave up show business. But, Demolition Derbies are always a blast and this kid beside me would probably leave happier than a monkey who has moved to a banana plantation.

Twenty-five of the junkiest cars start driving onto the field and are ready to crush one another all in the name of fun. Amazingly enough, through the clouds of smoke and spilling motor oil, no one gets hurt. The one I had seen in Clinton was much more gritty and rowdy and the crowd was all cheering madly for their hometown favourites. I guess that feeling of excitement becomes lost when there's five times as many cars and 500 times the people. After a half-hour of mayhem there is only one car moving - some guy from Woodbridge - who is as proud as he'll ever be.

After two and a half hours of steel-crushing over stimulation, my friend and I are ready to join the hoards of people trekking back through the cold to Union Station, only to leave them behind as they travel to the city's 'great beyond'. After an event like this the population inside the city loses a percent or two and hot dog sales plummet. Somehow, I left feeling strangely proud to, and I quote the announcer "live in one of the greatest nations on earth." After all, this is a place where Monster Trucks can rule a Sunday afternoon.

Rejecting the Top 40 and Everything After

ROSALIE TAYLOR

TORONTO - In an industry swollen with formulaic cock-pop bands like N Sync and Britney Spears, Toronto based band Zygote has managed to achieve local popularity largely through word-of-mouth. Whereas most groups these days are fabricated and manipulated by marketing machines, Zygote's unconventional method of selling itself is by letting other people do it for them. Fans who attend their shows are instantly drawn in by the head-bopping, toe-tapping rhythms and melodies.

"We're definitely pro-intelligent," says Aaron, Zygote's

guitarist, emphasizing that the band members all pride themselves on their intellect and their originality.

"Our music isn't three-chord garbage rock," asserts Amir, band co-founder and bassist. And to avoid being classed in the 'alternative' sector of present-day music, he and Aaron throw out possible genres like 'funky', 'sassy', 'stylish' and 'slick'.

Despite the praise they receive as being a favourite Toronto Indie band, there are a few things impeding them from signing with a record label. Primarily, the Canadian music industry seems to be reluctant to take huge risks with newly-emerging bands. Their unwillingness to

take a few steps away from the well-worn US path of musical dos and don'ts inhibits the progress of the whole country's music scene.

However, Conrad St. Clair, a PR spokesperson for Sony Music Canada TM, denies that the major Canadian labels are looking only for specific styles. "We're not looking for the music of the moment, but more for the future because it takes so long to get [the bands] signed."

Zygote worries that putting their signatures on a contract will eventually lead to the deterioration of their pro-knowledge, pro-music beliefs. As it stands, they're presently looking into signing with Nashville-based Mercury Records INC, primarily

because American labels keep their doors open to newer and more inventive styles.

"But we're not moving," Amir avers. "We're not leaving. Toronto's a great city." Which is really good news for their incredibly devoted fans, who follow them around, selling out their shows.

"Selling out the Opera House - that's cool," says Aaron, referring to a show they played in January, where they filled the Opera House with over 800 people.

"It's the energy that drives us," says Amir, who explains why they gained so much popularity simply from word-of-mouth.

Every show they play

has an intense, energy-filled atmosphere, where the fans can't seem to get enough. [prIme-ed.]



J. FORTIER

Détenir Son Savoir:

La politique scientifique reconnaît la propriété intellectuelle aux chercheurs

GENEVIÈVE GÉLINAS

MONTREAL (PUIQ)—Les chercheurs universitaires viennent de remporter une victoire : un des aspects de la politique scientifique du ministre Jean Rochon vise à protéger leur propriété intellectuelle. C'est le premier document qui respecte de façon concrète le droit des jeunes chercheurs à défendre le fruit de leurs recherches.

Dans la version finale de la politique scientifique du ministre Rochon, dévoilée il y a trois semaines, on reconnaît que "les étudiants et étudiantes des cycles supérieurs apportent une contribution essentielle à la création de la propriété intellectuelle". Ces étudiants constituent plus des deux tiers des ressources humaines actives en recherche et "il est tout à fait légitime de leur part d'être concernés par leurs droits de propriété intellectuelle et la reconnaissance de leur apport aux activités de recherche et de valorisation".

Il s'agit d'une belle victoire pour les mouvements étudiants. Andrée Mayer-Périard, présidente du Conseil national des cycles supérieurs (CNCS) à la Fédération étudiante universitaire du Québec (FEUQ), affirme que "c'est une vieille revendication de la FEUQ, qui est maintenant écrite noir sur blanc". Dans certaines universités, les règles en matière de propriété intellectuelle étaient jusqu'à présent inscrites dans les conventions collectives des professeurs, ce qui excluait les chercheurs-étudiants. "Il y a maintenant du travail à faire auprès des organismes subventionnaires pour que les droits des étudiants soient respectés."

En effet, le rapport du ministre Rochon demande aux organismes gouvernementaux qui distribuent les subventions "d'harmoniser les politiques de propriété intellectuelle des universités et des établissements

affiliés". Il existe au Canada une loi fédérale sur la propriété intellectuelle mais elle n'a pas été conçue pour s'appliquer au contexte universitaire. Les universités et leurs établissements affiliés (comme les centres de recherche dans les hôpitaux), ont donc développé leurs propres règles, plus ou moins homogènes, ce qui complique la collaboration entre universités ou entre entreprises et universités.

Clarifier les règles Pour Joël Monzée, conseiller de Force Jeunesse, "clarifier les règles de propriété intellectuelle est d'autant plus urgent que les sociétés de valorisation commencent à fonctionner". Ces sociétés ont pour mandat de favoriser la valorisation et la commercialisation des résultats des recherches universitaires. Une mauvaise définition des droits et responsabilités des chercheurs (étudiants ou professeurs), de l'université et de l'entreprise risquerait d'entraîner de la confusion et la lésion des droits de certaines parties.

Le rapport Rochon propose que la propriété intellectuelle soit d'abord conjointe entre l'université et les chercheurs. Selon Andrée Mayer-Périard, "cette propriété partagée permet au chercheur d'avoir un droit de regard sur l'utilisation de ses résultats, et à l'université de garantir un retour à la société, puisque la découverte a été faite grâce à des deniers publics". La politique scientifique suggère que dès que l'université s'engage dans le processus de valorisation, le chercheur lui cède sa part de propriété à certaines conditions, comme celle de toucher des redevances. L'université, par le biais d'une société de valorisation, s'entend ensuite avec l'entreprise.

Et la formation là-dedans ?

Pour les chercheurs-étudiants, la collaboration avec le privé peut causer certains problèmes. La recherche financée par l'entreprise ou réalisée en son sein est parfois

soumise à des délais de publication pour protéger la découverte en attendant qu'un brevet soit accordé. Un délai d'un an, pour l'entreprise, est tout à fait normal, mais pour l'étudiant qui doit déposer sa thèse de doctorat, c'est catastrophique. Dans des domaines comme la recherche en santé, où l'obtention du diplôme est tributaire de la publication d'articles scientifiques, l'obligation de confidentialité peut être problématique.

Pour Mme Mayer-Périard, "les Bureaux de liaison entreprises-Université (interface entre les deux mondes présents dans toutes les universités) devraient

réviser les contrats entre entreprises et universités pour s'assurer que les droits des étudiants sont enchâssés dans le contrat et que le partenariat est bien défini". Des arrangements sont à prévoir, comme la publication d'articles sans mention du nom de l'entreprise ou encore une soutenance de thèse devant des évaluateurs qui s'engagent à garder la confidentialité de la découverte jusqu'à l'obtention du brevet.

À l'Université de Montréal

"Quand j'ai lu les recommandations du ministre Rochon sur la propriété intellectuelle, j'ai eu l'impression de lire notre propre politique", affirme André Caillé, vice-recteur à la recherche de l'Université de Montréal. "Il reste peut-être du travail à faire dans les règlements qui en découlent, pour que les droits des étudiants soient mieux identifiés et respectés" Dans la politique de l'Université de Montréal sur la propriété intellectuelle, le statut d'étudiant est clairement inclus dans la définition du chercheur. La liberté du chercheur de diffuser ou non les résultats de sa recherche est aussi protégée.

Au dire de M. Caillé, même la politique de propriété intellectuelle entre l'université et les centres hospitaliers qui y sont affiliés fait déjà l'objet

d'une convention. "On attendait la politique de M. Rochon pour l'écrire, de peur d'avoir à se rétracter si c'était entré en contradiction". Du côté des associations étudiantes, on reconnaît l'avant-gardisme du document.

Mais pour Caroline Meunier, de la Fédération des associations étudiantes du Campus de l'Université de Montréal (FAECUM), "la politique n'est pas assez diffusée sur le campus. Il y a des étudiants

qui n'ont aucune idée de leurs droits, qui n'en ont pas parlé avec leur directeur de recherche et qui acceptent n'importe quoi". Il y a donc un travail d'information à faire pour que les avancées du rapport Rochon profitent à tous.-30-avancer de détails concernant une date pour la signature deentente. On sait toutefois que la signature devrait intervenir avant la mi-mars, afin qu'on puisse l'inclure dans le budget.

Coyote Love

PHIL THEE

EDMONTON - So the day of love has come upon us once again. Are you lonely? Well Uncle Phil Thee is here to help you out. I have a fail-proof recipe for love to ensure you have a frolic-filled post-Valentine's Day. Here's what you'll need:

1 fresh coyote roadkill (The heart must be intact, so get it early)

A sharp knife

A biology text book

A double boiler (That's a pot inside a pot for those kitchen neophytes.)

A half pound of chocolate

Bottle of Viagra (Works best if it's fraudulently purchased over the Internet.)

So you've located the unfortunate animal after it made its ill-fated trip across the road. And you've checked to see if its internal organs are more-or-less all there. This is a good time of year because it should be pretty frozen-which will cut down on the mess. I still recommend changing into some gore-free clothes before presenting your future love with the finished product.

Now, with the help of the knife and the bio text, locate the heart. It's that thick ball of muscle lodged between the lungs, just like it's pictured on

the new smoke-pack warnings. But this one should still be nice and pink. Dig that puppy's pounder out. Put it into the pot and boil it down till it's good and tender. Melt the chocolate in the double boiler so you don't scorch it. Nothing's worse than burnt chocolate. Smother that heart with sickeningly sweet bliss and voila... coyote surprise.

No sane woman will be able to resist your charms after she's seen all the hard work and creative energy you've expended to win her love. Just make damn sure they don't eat the cursed thing before you've had a chance to burn through at least half that bottle of Viagra. Happy V.D.

P.S. I'm not a pharmacologist, so if you're stupid enough to try this and are not 100-per-cent satisfied, don't bother suing me. I got squat.



PHIL THEE

V'là l'bon temps...

SERGE LUJAC

J'étais là, j'attendais. Dans ma petite piaule, assis peinarde, les doigts de pied en bouquet de violettes. J'entendais vaguement mon

collègue qui sans doute me parlait, je ne sais plus ; m'en foutais. J'étais là, je fumais.

Depuis son coup de fil, c'est à elle que je songeais. Finalement, elle a surgi ; mon petit cœur de rêveur a bondi. N'étant pas dans l'intimité, je ne

me laissai pas encore aller à l'embrasser. Je n'en ai cure. Ne serait-ce que de la contempler, je me trouve aussitôt apaisé.

Notre petit trio devait être complété par un couple d'amis, Jeannette et Bobby. Néanmoins, n'étant pas du genre

pressés, ils tardaient à se montrer. Du coup, pour patienter, nous bûmes un verre à la santé des retardataires. On avait à peine éclusé deux godets qu'ils ont fini par se pointer. Tous le monde était là. Même si nous n'avions pas de hash de guerre,

on a fait tourner le calumet de la paix. Paisible tranquille, sans soucis, ça beignait dans l'huile. Nos yeux pétillaient, rouges de félicité.

Sur son genoux, la main j'ai posé. Cela l'a fait frémir ; comme je la désire ! J'étais là, je planais. Tout en discutant, je perd le fil. La musique m'appelle, je n'entend plus qu'elle. Puis, peu à peu, je quitte les hautes sphères pour redescendre sur terre. Elle est toujours là. Les autres ne le sont plus. C'est drôle, je ne me souviens pas de les avoir vu partir. Bah, qu'importe, c'est comme si j'avais rêvé et qu'en me réveillant, je la trouvais là, à mon chevet. Je m'sens bien putain. On est là nous deux, se regardant dans le blanc des yeux. Je ne peux réprimer un sourire. Maintenant j'me marre franchement, je suis juste content.

Elles a sauté dans l'pucier, seule sa p'tite tête dépasse des couvertes. Je suis assis au bord du lit, fumant distraitement. A mon tour, je me glisse entre les draps. Elle se retourne doucement, me fixe du regard, l'air de dire : «Eh, what took you so long?». Mais elle ne fait aucun commentaire, un baiser vaut mille mots, alors pourquoi s'en faire. Je lui caresse le dos, mes doigts glissent sur sa peau. Chacun de nos gestes est pour l'autre source de plaisir ardent. On se bécotte, nos corps se frottent. Soudain, on ne fait plus qu'un. J'étais là, je savourais l'instant.

Déchainés, nous nous envolons vers des sommets que l'on ne peut atteindre qu'à deux. Mon Dieu, c'est merveilleux. Je vais éclater, nous sommes en transe, c'est vraiment intense. J'étais là, je ne le suis plus, je suis ailleurs, nous sommes ailleurs. La tempête calmée, la musique que j'avais oublié se fait de nouveau entendre. Nous nous laissons bercer, emportés par le courant de l'épanouissement. Je repense à un air populaire que me chantait jadis ma chère mère : «Après de ma blonde il fait bon fait bon, après de ma blonde il fait bon dormir».

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

The perils of globalization

MICHAEL A. DE VILLIERS

The insanity of privatization in the name of "profit" and "globalization" is destroying 70 years of social progress and the government's *raison d'être* which is to maintain social harmony by reducing income inequity. That is the main reason for being of all governments. The few attempts and cases, since the thirties, to create a more (ever so slightly) fairer and just society are being wiped out in the name of the "bottom line".

But "profit" for whom? At best, it is a few 100,000's, who hold a meager portfolio consisting of shares with a total value of \$6,000-8,000, collecting dividends not exceeding \$400 p.a. This cannot be an argument for governments to abdicate their responsibility or to sell assets, which must remain in public ownership. It all started with the Mulroney era and its shocking policy declaration... "Everything is up for sale". The legacy of the most corrupt government in Canadian history is still with us.

A nation cannot sell everything, without relinquishing at the same time control of its citizens' destiny and economic well-being to foreign interests. That is why there are areas of jurisdictions which must be publicly owned, such as airports, water supply, sewers, schools, etc. Now the Harris Government - the true heir to Mulroney - who caused the Walkerton disaster by cutting down the number of Health Inspectors from 196 to 67, is using the Walkerton tragedy to privatize the distribution of the WATER SUPPLY!!! To escape the blame, the Harrissites are clouding, in the most cynical fashion, the issue of ministerial responsibility. An act which begs the question, why do we have a Ministry of Health, a Ministry of Community & Social Services, a Ministry of Environment, etc.? No country in the World, not even the U.S., allows a private company to reg-

ulate water. It MUST be the responsibility of local government and municipalities.

Indiscriminate privatization is the main reason for active globalization, as companies jockey for market monopoly. If globalization is not stopped, we will all wake up one morning to find that 100 boards of directors are in effective control of the planet. About 3,000 people will dictate and manipulate everything from prices and supply to interest rates and employment levels. Governments will be unable to do anything and will be blackmailed into legitimizing monopolies, in exchange for a few token cases of delays in price increases or in layoffs.

Globalization is now allowing CEO's to move, with the stroke of a pen, production from country A to country B, just to make an EXTRA \$2-3 million in profit (these moves involve companies who are profitable at home). As an example, let me mention the case in Minnesota of two successful dye & paint companies, which were moved to Mexico just to make \$1.5 mil-

lion more in profit (most of it was shared among 4 - 6 executives as bonuses!!). 2700 American employees were thrown on the street because of the greed of 2 or 3 executives, who used the free-wheeling, grab, grab, grab philosophy, without regards for the human, social, and skilled-labor damages involved. Moving production to Mexico instead of keeping it in Minnesota meant not only removing the livelihood of nearly 2,000 families, but constituted a real loss and future loss of skilled American labor.

The trend towards mega-companies is happening everyday, everywhere. Here in Canada, banks, which are reporting billions of dollars in profit, will again try to merge. If the government allows these mergers to take place, 7,000 employees, and that is a conservative estimate, will be terminated in less than a month, followed by more.

The thing to understand is that the number of players in the economy's industrial and service fields has been steadily declining since the fifties, until

there are now about half a dozen players left; and these players want to merge! Which will leave one or two megaplayers in total control. Competition in the 50's lead to oligopolies and cartels by the 80's, and now, if mergers are not stopped, to absolute monopolies, leaving only one or two players in the field. Starting with privatization of everything, globalization has pushed the corporation and corporate rights above the CITIZEN and CITIZEN'S RIGHTS. "A government of the people, by the people, for the people..." is becoming a government of the corporation, by the corporation, for the corporation. It is happening before our very eyes. Our children's children will curse us for allowing this tragic and obscene reversal. We are witnessing the supremacy of corporate rights over individual's rights with the tacit complicity of our politicians, the majority of whom are nothing but feeble and silent eunuchs.

The explicit imminent threat of globalization and the resulting subjugation of individual rights must become the

major issue of the next 20 years. If our politicians do not prevent needless mergers, which are inevitably followed by massive layoffs, price-fixing, and manipulation of supply & demand, then we, the people, should take matters in our own hands. We cannot afford to do nothing in the hope that it will go away. I am not exaggerating in saying that the concentration of absolute power in the hands of 100 boards of directors poses a mortal danger to all of us. The very future of the democratic system is at stake.

For now, a small group of academics, students, civil servants and concerned citizens are organizing rallies against this pernicious evil called "globalization". These rallies are a beginning, but we cannot afford to wait for something to go wrong or for some CEO, who may have a sudden attack of consciousness, to spill the beans to force the government to act. We must force the government to act NOW, before it becomes too late.



BURT GLINN

"Many water cannot quench love,
neither and the floods drown it..."
Song of Solomon 8:7

1954

Summer in New England is a beautiful thing, especially Indian summer: long evenings, burnt orange sunsets, and cool nights. This was the time of year Abraham Black loved. He would take long walks with his childhood friend Everlynn Brownstone in the afternoon on days like this. Abraham kept Everlynn company since her husband left for Korea. They both were eighteen years old but Everlynn married twenty-two-year-old William Smalls after she graduated from high school; William was drafted into the military early in the summer and had to report to Fort Jackson, S.C. immediately. Abraham never approved of the two of them; he knew Everlynn's father had arranged the marriage because William's family was wealthy. Everlynn had no option in the situation; if it were left to her she would have stayed single longer and enjoyed youth. Abraham wanted to go to college after high school but wasn't able to because his family couldn't afford it, and he could not join the military because he was an only child, so he spent the summer thinking about what to do with the rest of his life. By this particular day, however, he had made a decision.

Much of their walk had been in silence this day, which was quite unusual. Everlynn touched him with her left hand. He looked at her hand resting on his arm.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said.

"Come on, I know you. Is something's wrong," she asked.

There was a moment of silence between them. Abraham shuffled a bit and then he spoke.

"No, but I have made a decision. Let's sit over here for a second," he said pointing to a clearing on the side of the road under an old oak tree.

They sat on the warm grass and she turned towards him, while he sat staring forward, almost like he was looking through the earth.

"I've enlisted in the Navy. I decided to volunteer so I wouldn't have to deal with the rule about being the only born. I figured I might as well go over and help out, why not? I hoped I would get the chance to become a part of the paramedic team so that when I got out I could probably go to medical school and become a doctor. I mean damn, it sounds like a good plan to me. What have I got to lose, right?"

Everlynn sat still. Her eyes began to water both out of sadness and anger.

Love Under the

"What's wrong," Abraham asked.

She began to shake and didn't respond. Suddenly she slapped him across the face, stood up, and began to yell at him.

"What do you mean what do you have to lose? You talk like I don't matter to you. You are my best friend." She began to cry. "I love you so much. You are going to go over there and get yourself killed. I hate you right now. What have you got to lose? You are going to lose me."

Abraham, upset by her reaction, stood up, grabbed her left hand, pointed at the wedding band, and said, "You know

what I hate? I hate this. Don't you understand I can't lose you, because I don't have you? I wish I did but I don't. I love you so much Evy, but what good is it to tell you that when we'll never be together. Maybe over there I'll find something or some way to deal with the with the pain I feel when I'm around you."

"You are a fool Abraham Black, that is not the way to find what you want. And you know I couldn't do anything to stop my marriage. What could I have done?"

"You could have told your father, to hell with what he wanted, and came away with me."

"You are talking like a crazy man."

"Well maybe I am crazy. I'm crazy for going to war, I'm crazy for not saying something earlier, and I'm crazy for falling in love with my best friend, but how could I have stopped that?"

"Now you stop it," she said. "Stop talking like that, and go back down to that enlisting office and tell them you can't go over there. Tell them when you signed that paper you weren't yourself. Tell them."

"I can't, I leave for training tomorrow."

"You can't go, I won't let you, I've already lost the man I married to the war, I'm not going to lose the man I love also," she said and then stopped. She had not told anyone about William's death.

"What," Abraham began, "What





ak

WRITTEN BY CEDRIC MAYS

did you say Evy? Say it again."

"I said," she began, "William is dead, I got a letter almost two weeks ago saying that he was killed in an ambush upon his unit. I haven't told his parents or my dad, I was waiting for the dog tags and flag to come before I told anyone. I was going to tell you first, because I wanted to let you know that I love you.

As the sound of those words made a current through his body Abraham felt at peace. He knew he would come back from this war. He knew he had something to come back to.

All that night Abraham couldn't sleep. He was to be at the bus station at nine-thirty the next morning to leave for Fort Druid in Savannah, Ga. He laid awake in his bed and thought about what happened earlier that day. He thought about what Everlynn said to him. He had to see her again. He slipped on some clothes and quietly left the house. He began to walk down the road and looked at the full white moon asking God with every step to protect him and bring him back from the war safely. As he walked by the area where he and Evy had been earlier that day he stopped and pulled down two oak leaves and walked on. When he got to her house he walked around to her window and knocked gently. She came to the

window.

"Come outside," he said to her.

In a few minutes they were walking together on the road under moonlight holding hands. Soon they came to where they were earlier, under the oak tree.

"Listen Eve," Abraham began. "I love you and I am going to come back to you, I promise."

She laid her head in his chest. He held her close and stoked her hair.

"I love you too. I know you will come back," she said.

She looked into his eyes and kissed him. She took off her ring and dropped it to the ground. They then laid underneath the tree and made love to each other.

In the morning when they woke Abraham gave her one of the oak leaves.

"The day these leaves are together again will mean I'm back home; back to hold you, and be with you."

He walked her home and her father was on the porch watching them as they came up. Abraham put his hand on her cheek and kissed her in front of her father and she kissed him back.

"Be careful... I love you," she said.

"I love you too. I'll be back."

As he walked away she said, "I know..."

1957 Winter

Since Abraham left in the summer of '54, Everlynn watched the mailbox and listened to the radio. She hoped for some sort of letter from Abraham saying he was coming home or some news on the radio saying that the war was over, but nothing ever came, not until late February of 1957

during the beginning of the completion of winter.

It was a cold day, freshly fallen snow from the night before was on the ground, a chilling wind blew from the west which stirred the flurries that were still falling, and the brilliant sun, which seemed to give off no heat, was streaming rays through the cumulous northern clouds. It was a beautiful New England day, the kind of day only Robert Frost could describe with complete justice. The smell of pine was in the air; smoke streamed from the chimney of the house. Down the road, the '49 pickup the mail carrier drove could be seen slowly coming down the lane. He pulled in front of Everlynn's house and blew the horn twice. When the front door opened the carrier got out of the truck and walked to the house.

The carrier was a tall, slender, older white man by the name of George. He was a former soldier who served in World War II; he walked like he still was in the military. He always carried a grin on his face like he was telling himself a joke that no one else would understand.

"Good morning Ms. Everlynn how are you doing this morning," he asked as he stopped at the steps.

"I'm fine, thank-you Mr. George," she said.

"I've told you to stop calling me Mr. George. George is fine, let the Southerners deal with that madness," he said grinning.

"I know, but I was taught to respect my elders," she said grinning back.

"Are you calling me old?"

"You said it not me."

They laughed.

"Well I have a letter here for you

which I need you to sign for. It's from the military, so we've got to go through these procedures."

Everlynn's smile faded and a look of horror came upon her face. She had received a letter like this, which she had to sign when she found out that William had been killed.

"Are you alright Ms. Everlynn?" he asked. "Yes I'm fine."

She took the pen and signed her name at the bottom of the sheet. He handed her all of the mail of the day and said, "Thanks." As he walked to the truck he stopped in the middle of the yard and turned around. "It's okay you know, everything is okay. By the way have you heard from Abraham lately, boy he was a nice fellow; much respect to the dead, but why you and Abraham didn't get married is a mystery to me." He then turned and whistled a short melody and got into the truck and drove off.

Everlynn walked into the house and closed the door. She told her sister to watch the food on the stove; she said she would be back in a minute. She walked into her room, closed the door, sat down on the bed, and stared at the letter with the United States military stamp on it. Water came to her eyes as she said softly, "You are not dead. You're not. You promised me you would come back to me and you have never broken your promises with me." With those words she uncoiled the string that held the flap down on the dark manila envelope. She opened the envelope slowly and took the letter out which bore the United States Defence seal at the top. She began to read:

<continued on page 20>

Haitian Sugar Cane Cutters: a Portrait of a Modern Slave

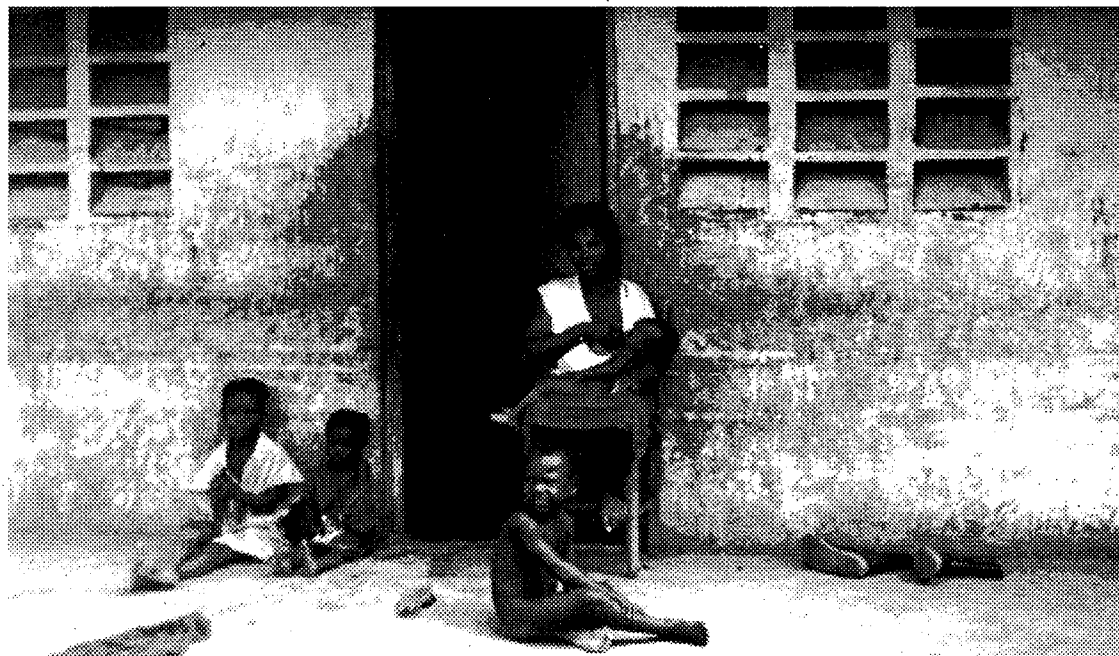
MARIE-PASCALE PROULX

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC - On Sunday, March 1st, 1998, I viewed in full colour the horrors of life on a sugar cane plantation in the Dominican Republic. Leaving behind the luxuries of an industrialized nation, I spent a day surrounded by people who lived in the most inhumane conditions. All those conditions I thought archaic are not only alive and flourishing, but are also legalized by the government of this tiny Caribbean country. Although I had seen poverty before, the added elements of slavery intensified the shock considerably.

Since the early 1920s, tens of thousands of Haitians have crossed the border to the Dominican Republic for the annual sugar cane harvest known as the zafta. The recruiters lure the poor Haitians in by promising them an improved quality of life and the

prospect of making "good money." The recruiters must recruit in a foreign country because cane cutting is, understandably, not a job Dominicans like to do. Indeed, relations between the two countries who share the same island of Hispaniola have always been bitter. Dominicans have always seen Haitians as second-class citizens, so for them, Haitians were the perfect match for a job that no one wanted to do.

With the hope of earning extra money for their families back in Haiti, the cane cutters are driven eagerly to the cane fields of the Dominican Republic. Unfortunately, upon their arrival, the cane cutters learn the horrible truth behind the glamour of a backbreaking job. Cane cutters work all day in the hot tropical sun and wherever they look, the cane fields loom high and the labour is never ending (they usually work between 10 and 12 hours each day). Without any training, these men are taken



MARIE PROULX

to the fields with nothing more than a pair of rubber boots and a machete. Although they are poorly rewarded for their hard work (\$3.00 US a week), they still manage to take home something - blindness, a mass of raw blisters, the loss of a finger, toe, or hand, or simply the ravaging effects of malnutrition.

Survival is hard, considering the fact that protective clothing and medical care is not provided. The food is scarce and unaffordable. It is not uncommon to see people living off of sugar cane until their next paycheck comes in. The housing is run down and electricity and running water are unheard of. The

unions are disorganized, defunct and corrupt. For example, a yield of six tons is often counted as three tons; the overseer and the main man in charge take the remaining three tons for themselves.

Ask yourself - if things are that bad, then why do Haitians stay? Having insufficient funds and having been stripped of their passports upon arrival, the trip back home is out of the question! Furthermore, rebellion is deadly and starvation is a reality. Led to believe that they will some day be rewarded for their hard work, they continue to live on the basis of hope. To ensure that this hope does not falter and that the workers remain compliant, armed Dominicans patrol on horseback with firearms in hand. The Dominican Republic is so much better off than Haiti. This is hard to believe since the two countries share the same island. It is a parasitic relationship; the Dominican Republic lives off cheap Haitian labour.

Unfortunately, many Dominicans never see the rotten core of their country's prosperity. Most bateyes (sugar cane plantations) are deep in the cane, much too far from the sightlines of the major highways and the beautiful five star resorts on the coast.

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I resolve daily that at dusk I shall repent For a night with a cup full of wine spent in the presence of flowers, my resolve simply went in such company, I only regret that I ever resolved to repent
(Omar Khayyam)

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Cup Rant

PHIL THEE

EDMONTON - YOU are my employer. That may sound scary, but it's true. It's your Student Association fees that pay my greatly appreciated, wisely spent, salary. You also gave me \$400 to go to the Canadian University Press (CUP) seminar in balmy Richmond, B.C. two weeks ago. I don't want you to think I just went up to the SA and mugged them. No. I went through the proper channels and nicely asked for the money. In their infinite wisdom, the SA agreed I was most deserving of some professional development funding. So off I went with three more intrepid Intercamp reporters and Matt, our, and therefore your, fearless publisher and leader.

But why was I sponsored to go? What the hell is a CUP conference anyway? What could I bring back from this experience to share with my fellow students? Who the hell cares? It's Vancouver (well almost), and it's the middle of winter. A chance to see something green and growing other than in my fridge. Seriously though, I feel I owe you a glimpse into the insights I received while in Lotus land. After all, it was on your buck. So here it is.

I am not the only one paranoid about mainstream media spoon feeding an apathetic populous their sterilized ver-

sion of the truth. Adbusters was there, advocating a 12-step program to ween people off of mainstream media. It was fantastic to see so many people who actually care enough to observe the world and write about it. Issues like globalization, free trade, and technological convergence all warranted serious discussion with young-blood journalists and their peers.

For all you non-smokers out there thinking B.C. is the Promised Land of clean air and smoke-free restaurants, think again. People happily puffed away in most of the places I went. Just as I'm sure they will here once all the smoke (pardon the pun) clears.

I am not the only functioning alcoholic trying to better myself through education. I arrived on a Thursday evening and decided it would be best if I stayed in to rest up for the weekend of learning. This plan quickly went out the window when I heard a party down the hall of our nice hotel. Of course my journalistic curiosity got the better of me and I was soon on my way to a three-night drinking binge. I was not alone. Once hotel security told us in no uncertain terms we were not to continue with our debauchery, we moved to the hospitality suite - kindly provided by the nice people of Cup for our drinking enjoyment.

This may sound dumb, but I learned not to buy dope from crack-heads in Gastown. I figured it's Vancouver and the



streets are supposedly awash with cheap, powerful weed. All I found was overpriced catnip or some such nonsense. At least I did my part to help the impoverished street people. Thankfully there were others at the conference that had much better luck than I. Cheers. Nothing makes students more attentive than free food. The only time I saw every one wide-eyed and on time was at the lineup for food - except for breakfast, and that's just because I wasn't there to witness any-

thing.

During the closing night, we had a nice formal dinner giving everyone a chance to show off their snazzy duds. After the fine meal a dessert table was set up and the well-dressed started lining up at the trough. I thought, 'Look at those fools. I'll just wait till the line goes down. I'm sure there will be enough for everyone.'

But it was me that was fooled as I watched people pile thick wedges of chocolate pie

and cheesecake on their plates, two-at-a-time. I waited only to find nothing but crumbs and fruit to reward my patience. A curse upon all you chocolate-smearing pigs. You know who you are. So what did I really learn?

Patience can be a vice, and vice is the only virtue I need. [Phil Thee has a regular column at his paper in Edmonton. He was about the most interesting person we met while attending the conference ourselves -eds.]

Unwilling to Manage the Mahones

CAROLYN HENRY

Canadian "rock-roots" band The Mahones have released their fourth album, *Here Comes Lucky*. Knowing that "rock-roots" music did not fit into my normal listening patterns, I was happy to give the CD a chance. Listening to the first track, *One Last Shot*, I was

pleasantly surprised. It's the kind of mellow rock ballad that just about everyone can enjoy. However, the mellowness of the first track was deceptive. The album managed to grow continuously louder and the lyrics progressively more repetitive as the CD continued to play. The only break from *Here Comes Lucky's* incremental increase in sound, but not from its aggravating rep-

etition, was the album's other ballad, *Miles Apart*.

When I listened to the CD, I was reminded of the movie *Clueless*. Those of you who have seen that movie as many times as I have will remember the when Cher and friends attend a frat party. The Mighty Mighty Bosstones are on stage in the background and are singing *Where Did You Go?*

This CD reminded me of that - the song, the scene, everything - only worse.

It isn't exactly that the sounds of the bands are similar, it is more that the energy behind the music is the same - especially the song *Is This Bar Open 'til Tomorrow*. On a happy note, if you liked that Bosstones song, and that scene in *Clueless*, then *Here Comes Lucky* would be a

valuable addition to your CD collection.

While supporting Canadian music is something that every Canadian should do, lining up to buy tickets for this band's February to April 2001 tour is one patriotic duty you can skip - guilt-free.

Confessions of a Magazine Junkie

ERIN GAULT

Confession: I'm a magazine addict. Especially women's magazines. I am methodical about reading them. No one can look at a new magazine I have purchased before I do; I peruse cover-to-cover before I actually read the articles; I keep back issues for later reference to particularly helpful makeup tips.

I am, however, also very aware of the often negative messages women's magazines can convey. I try not to feel bad about my body when I look at the fashion spreads, and I don't fret about my less-than-glowing skin. I tell myself (and those who scoff at my addiction) that I

consume it all with a critical eye and that it's just brain candy that I enjoy when vegging out. Nothing wrong with that.

But the last issue I picked up at the newsstand made me jump a little. The lead story (or, the one with the most prominent writing on the cover) was "60 Sins You and He Should Commit By Feb. 14." OK, so a little Valentine's Day inspiration. Underneath that was the headline "Date Me, Love Me, Marry Me...How to Make All Three Happen..."

Wow. Heavy stuff. Not only was this magazine going to tell me how to thrill my man with outrageous sexual exploits (that would likely require a good deal of flexibility), but it was

going to give me the goods on how to ensure he walks me down the aisle as well. With trepidation, I flipped to the second of the two articles.

A collage of quotes from the famous and the pedestrian, the three page spread was just a collection of other people's advice. There were no hard and fast rules being given here, no step-by-step guide. It mentioned trust, compromise, not having a TV in the bedroom. What a disappointment! I already knew all that stuff. Nothing about games, or sneaky plots to trap him into marriage. I was hoping the smut factor would be higher.

Welcome to the new age of the woman's how-to handbooks: a compendium of advice on get-



ting a man masquerading as politically correct self-improvement. The article I was reading was chock full of twenty-first century pseudo-feminism. Encouragement to "be yourself", to be honest, to communicate openly, next to the sidebar "What Make Men Pop The Question?" A bizarre juxtaposition of Naomi Wolf and The Rules. Who was I to believe?

The most striking contrast between content and message was in an article called "Body Hang-ups, Buh-bye," which pleaded with women to get over their fears of cellulite, jiggle bottoms or small breasts. What was interesting: the author claimed to be a male. Who knows for sure what gender the advice came from, but the message is that men want you to get over yourself. Men will find you more attractive if you think you are attractive. True? Probably. Healthy? Not so sure.

Aren't we supposed to "get over ourselves" for ourselves? So we just feel better, forgetting the corollary of someone else finding us better as well? And besides, if the magazine really felt I should feel good about my body, why were they still featuring bony girls in flimsy tank tops? My normally mindless perusal had turned into a mind-numbing number of questions regarding my feminism.

As someone born after it seemed necessary to be a feminist (we all are automatically, by virtue of being female, right?), I

haven't paid much attention to what I thought about the whole thing. It's a bit embarrassing to admit, I suppose, but I have never needed to assert my "girl power." I went to university, got jobs, wore whatever I felt like. My boyfriends didn't push me around.

I also love doing my nails. And reading trashy magazines. I felt really bad when I botched the Thanksgiving turkey this year (it was my first), a bit like I was a failure. Wasn't I supposed to know how to do these things? I should have been able to baste that bird to perfection, put on a festive slip dress for the occasion and serve up witty conversation over dinner. I ended up serving stuffing and potatoes at ten o'clock at night and remaining awake until the turkey was finally cooked at 2:30 a.m. It looks like I'd better start picking up Canadian Living instead of Flare.

I want to keep reading about the latest fashion and makeup trends. I want to keep reading about celebrity gossip. I don't necessarily want to keep reading about how to find and keep a man. I've done that, and before I had, the advice I read wasn't of much use.

I do want to start reading about interesting cultural views, local success stories, the latest literary masterpiece. It would be enlightening to find these stories in a "women's magazine." Next to a story on de-frizzing my hair.

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You've Already Won Me Over

CATHERINE HANCOCK

HOLLYWOOD - I was pretty hyped up to see the film *Head Over Heels* since Freddie Prinze Jr. is my boyfriend (sorry, Sarah Michelle) and I love seeing what he's up to; but I didn't expect to be as entertained as I was.

Monica Potter plays Amanda Pierce, an art restorer who is unlucky in love. Every boyfriend she has ever had has cheated on her. Suddenly single (yet again), and with no place to live, Amanda can't believe her luck when she comes across an amazing deal on a luxurious Eastside apartment. The catch? Her new roommates are all models.

They immediately turn Amanda into their new make-over experiment, teaching her not only about clothes, make-up and accessories but also about attitude and relationships - though strictly from their superficial level.

Nevertheless, things start to look up for Amanda when she meets her new neighbour, Jim Winston (Prinze Jr.). He is exactly what Amanda has been wishing for and she can't believe her luck. She's actually found Mr. Perfect, someone who makes her weak in the knees -

and he feels the same way about her.

He is so perfect that Amanda becomes obsessed with finding flaws in him. She and her four roommates take to spying on him. They discover what they thought all along: he really is Mr. Right... until one night when Amanda spies him committing what appears to be a cold-blooded crime. Nobody believes that such a great guy could really be so evil; so her roommates convince Amanda to continue dating him. She does and falls head over heels in love with him - the perfect gentleman... Or is he?

Head Over Heels is the funniest movie I've seen in a while. It's brisk and whole-hearted, and smarter than you'd expect. Monica Potter's screen presence has a vibrant, generous sensuality, similar to Julia Roberts.

In the past, Prinze Jr. has not been able to show his full potential because he has been playing opposite actresses who offer nothing more than eye candy. For example, Claire Forlani (*Boys and Girls*) and Rachel Leigh Cook (*She's All That*) both simply gave pretty gazes in return to Prinze's acting charms. However, in this movie he is given the opportunity to shine



and prove himself as a comedic actor in a mainstream light. (He gave an incredibly good performance in the indie film *The House of Yes* - ironically, director Mark Waters also directed *Head Over Heels*.) The two leads have a certain kind of chemistry and it makes all the difference.

The film was a complete hoot due to smart, snappy dialogue, exquisite timing and able actors who are willing to poke fun at themselves. Amanda says, "I've got the runs" instead of, "I've got to run"; Jim actually gets the runs; Candi (Sarah O'Hare), one of the roommates, has plastic

surgery on almost every part of her body; and all four roommates get drenched in crap - the list just never ends.

A wonderfully enjoyable film about love, trust and honesty, with an unexpected touch of suspense. But mostly, it will just make you laugh.

An Authority on the Authority

JENNIFER SHEEHY

Ten percent of human beings ever born are now alive and quietly breeding like wild rabbits right under your nose. As it stands, not much is being done to curb the growing population or restore the Earth's ecological balance in man's favour. Some extremists believe we will have no choice but to intervene with time by creating an Authority in order to preserve the human race.

The Authority's "To do" list must be lengthy. First priority will be to limit birth by law. All the usual means of exhortation will be used to convince the citizenry it is not a good thing to

randomly create replicas of themselves, with sincere regards to the present supply of humans being already too great a burden on the Earth's resources. Put bluntly: to bring an unwanted human into the world will be as antisocial as the act of murder - a crime. The endlessly delicate problem of who should be allowed to have children might be entirely eliminated by the anonymous matching of a 'healthy' sperm and ova in laboratories. If this were done, the raising of children would then be entrusted to those who show some talent for it. As far-fetched as that seems, let's dare to dream.

The Authority must have the power to exploit the

food resources of North America to feed not only the 10,000,000 plus humans currently living at famine level, but also to use surplus food to assist the feeding of other countries on the condition that they too must reduce their population.

The Authority will begin the systematic breaking up of cities into smaller, more manageable units. To avoid a re-creation of the present ghettos, living areas will be limited not only in size, but each family entrusted with raising children will be given a minimum spending allowance to avoid the deterioration due to poverty.

Since planned (and perhaps anonymous) breeding will eliminate the family as we know

it, those not engaged in bringing up the young would then be free to form whatever alliances they wanted, of long or short duration. There will still be the principle that each person has the right to do as he or she likes with his or her own body, including poison it with alcohol, cigarettes, drugs, or even a bullet.

It is not possible to totally alter the economic and biological life of a country and yet not interfere with the private lives of citizens. An Authoritarian system draws a line between what is private (individual's concern), and what is public (concern to all). This will essentially be taking away the freedom of citizens even though generations have worked

up towards reversing the trends of the past centuries. Without the rights like freedom of speech, the private self will not be able to speak out against the system. People will defend their breathing space - their identities wishing to remain in control. If the future chooses an Authoritarian society, after their goals are achieved, human types will be preserved and strengthened and the new system can wither away. However, if this laissez-faire society is to continue, denying problems such as pollution or population, the potential to be controlled will only create a heap of chaos. Time is bound to catch up with us sooner or later.

On the Outside Looking In

Carolyn Henry

TORONTO - The 606, a pub and art gallery at 606 King Street (near Bathurst), is featuring the work of artist Olivier Girard. Using a style of art known as Topoism, Girard's work has a very unique feel to it. From a distance, all of the works in the show seem to be very similar. They are all ink impressions with a simple image on an intricate underlying design. The use of a simple image over a more intricate one, gives the viewer the sensation of

being an outsider looking in.

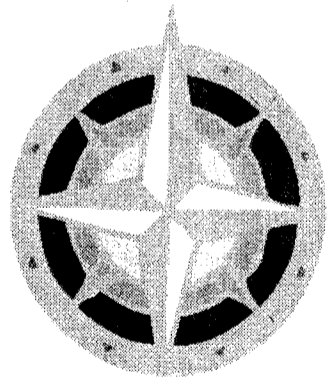
To me, the underlying designs resembled cities or civilizations, into which the simple images were glimpses. It seems as though the artist is giving the viewer a peek into more personal aspect of these worlds. The subjects of the ink impressions range from racial harmony to biodiversity. My favourite of the works is titled "Beyond Biodiversity III".

Like the other impressions it was a simplistic image overlying a more intricate design. However, the

feel of the simplistic design was different than the others. It seemed more gentle than the others, presenting the viewer with frail looking trees and hummingbirds. If anyone is looking for an evening of culture, or a different place than Pub to go for a drink, they should try to make it to 606. Olivier Girard's work will be displayed until March 11th from 6pm - 11pm daily. For further information, you can call 606 at (416) 504-8740.

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Sweet Story

CATHERINE HANCOCK

HOLLYWOOD - Keanu Reeves and Charlize Theron team up once again after starring together in *The Devil's Advocate*. This time, however, their romance is actually romantic.

Nelson Moss (Reeves) and Sara Deever (Theron) are complete strangers with nothing in common. He is a workaholic and she lives life to the fullest. One day they meet at a driver's test and his ambition causes her to fail.

Sara then sets her sights on Nelson. She believes that she has a gift, that her free spirit brings out the best in men. She has decided that Nelson Moss will be her next project.

Her requirement is that they live together for one month. Afterwards, they will both go their separate ways - no strings attached. Nelson, down on his luck, accepts her offer with a few minor conditions. He is intrigued by her, but unwilling to commit.

Soon, they both fall madly in love - something neither of them counted on. The hardest part of this relationship will be saying goodbye at the end of the month.

Sweet November is unbelievable, yet enjoyable to watch. It is an unsteady but ultimately seductive romance. The best (or at least most enjoyable) part of the film is seeing Keanu sing jazz in a white tuxedo.

Diffusing into the Top 40

INES PIRSLIN

The first time I put on Diffuser's new CD, *Injury Loves Melody*, my cat ran out of the room. To the kitty, the songs were loud compared to what I usually listen to. But then, she walked slowly back into the room, sat down on my bed and fell asleep.

Diffuser has been around since 1994, and is described as an Indy rock band; yet not rock, not pop, and not punk. Their sound resembles *Limblifter*, *Age of Electric*, and the *Foofighters*. At first this seems annoying because they sound a little too much like *Limblifter*, but then it seemingly shifts into softer songs such as

Tell Her This, which features the amazing and sexy vocals of Tomas Constanza.

Diffuser plays their instruments well and knows how to write quality songs. Their lyrics are based on love, weather it be lost or stolen, and other socio-political issues such as revolutions and T.V. At least one could say that they are 'normal' since they concern themselves with the same stuff that other 'normal' people do.

Soon enough Diffuser will diffuse themselves into your everyday lives, and you will like it - unless you are an Aguilera fanatic. They have a good and fun sound. In fact, your mother will let you listen to it, if not encourage it.

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Sleeping with the Enemy

KATERINA BAKALIS

Here's the situation: you're living with your best friend who you've known for years. The two of you are like siblings and you can trust this person with your life. Then one day they turn on you and start sleeping with your ex behind your back. Not only this, but your ex happens to be someone who fucked you over really brutally and your friend doesn't give a shit. Your friend starts bringing your ex over all the time, and tells you it's their house too, and they can do as they please, so get over it. This is the tragic true story of someone I know, and I think it's time this sort of situation gets talked about a little, just to clear up some confusion on the "Do's" and "Don'ts" of the friendship game.

Rule number one: if you're going to do something you know they won't like, warn them in advance. Talk to them about it and see what their reaction is and how it is going to make them feel. If you are living with this person, have some consideration and take their feelings into account. Having sex with their ex in your room while they're sleeping next door is just wrong. Under no circumstances is this considered okay.

Rule number two: if you are adamant about seeing someone that seriously harmed your friend emotionally and psychologically, maybe you should reconsider being friends with this person. Obviously you don't care for their well-being if you are willing to destroy your friendship with them by dating someone who has damaged their mental health in the past. Sever the friendship - without being a total jackass, by offering to find a new place to live. Note: DON'T EVEN DARE TO ASK THEM TO MOVE OUT. (I know it seems almost surreal that anyone would do such a thing to their best friend of ten years, but I've seen it happen.) This is one of the biggest faux pas. If any act

could show just how little you give a fuck and just how big of an asshole you can be, this would be it. Unless this person has done something so horrible to you that is absolutely unforgivable, forcing them to leave is not an option. You are the one being the unbelievable jerk; have some decency and exit their lives without further destroying what little self-esteem they have left. And for god's sake, don't tell them to get over it.

Rule number three: ixnay on inviting your new found love over to the apartment. Think about how this would make you feel if the situation were reversed. Your friend doesn't want to see their ex in their face all the time, especially not if the two of you are sucking face together. It's almost like taking a dagger and sticking it into their chest, twisting the blade as it enters. It's excruciatingly painful, and unless you have a heart of stone, you shouldn't inflict this on anyone. This isn't "Temptation Island" or some bullshit TV soap opera. This is a person's life you are turning upside down, whether or not you have the ability to see it

or understand why.

Rule number four: don't skirt issues, pretend like everything is just fine, or keep treating them like your best friend. You have made it clear in your decision and in your actions that you are nowhere near being any sort of friend to this person, and going on as if all's well is just another blow to their sense of self-worth. Doing so only indicates just how trivial you find their feelings to be, which also indicates just how high a level on the asshole scale you are able to achieve.

This is a terrible thing to happen to someone, but if you happen to be the one getting fucked over, don't let it completely demolish your life. These things happen to the best of us, and no matter what you think of yourself, no one deserves to get treated this way. Stand up for yourself and don't let anyone walk all over you, whether they are your confidante or your mortal enemy. Know the limits of what anyone can do to you before you feel they're doing you wrong, and

make
s u r e
they know these limits. If someone decides to disregard those limits, open your eyes a little wider my friend, because apparently they're not really your friend after all. And you don't need people like that in your life anyway.



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The Constructed Image at

All forms of mass media are geared around the premise that relevant information is presented also conforms to a strict guideline. In the realm of the a matter must be manipulated so that

The Constructed Image and The Mass Media

Bobby Deakos - 1st Year Psychology Student at Glendon College

Perhaps the greatest misconception of the various forms of mass media is that the intention of their managers is to inform the general public of the "news of the day". We all, to some degree, seek out the newspaper, the radio, the television and the internet for the "stories that make up our world". And even the most cynical among us, feed off the media, in such a way that our passions are stirred seemingly by the spoon of conceptual truth. Unfortunately, the state of our affairs is not so enlightened. As an audience we have become restless. As individuals we have lost the ability to experience. As a community we are learning to relate to each other like puppets on a stage. In the realm of the mass media we are all entertainers: we perform. The managers of the mass media, the journalists, editors and owners use our performances and re-construct them so as to produce a "new experience".

To properly critique any form of media one must begin by understanding the characteristics of the particular medium that is presenting the information. Each type of media is unique in that they all hold specific characteristics that limit and enable information, and ultimately meaning, to be presented. All forms of mass media are geared around the premise that relevant information should be presented. However, the manner in which all information is presented also conforms to a strict guideline. In the realm of the mass media it is not suffice simply to present the "facts". The "facts" of

a matter must be manipulated so that the interest of the audience is maintained. The mass media is nothing short of a form of entertainment. The context, which the mass media creates for all information is that of entertainment.

The Image

The television had a huge impact on the perception of entertainment. It established a firm link between the visual and the interesting. The ability to present series of visual images, to millions of people, and associate them together is no doubt an important characteristic of television. When before could an individual watch two different wars taking place seemingly at once? When before could you see tropical palm trees in Northern Labrador? The television created the legitimacy of the visual image as a dominant form because it is able to present the same image to millions of people at one time. The effects of television are very much present in all aspects of daily existence.

tence.

In today's world, we are bombarded with visual images. In big cities like Toronto images can be seen high in the sky on the visages of sky-scrapers. They have also found a home underneath the earth's floor in the system of tunnels and cars that form the subway. In between, we are presented constructed images everywhere: on cars, on walls and even on people.

The radio, which is another form of mass media, also re-enforces the concept of "imagery". However, with no apparatus to produce a visual image the radio must resort to sound to "paint a picture" in the heads of the audience. The radio also is often used to present "the news of the day". What then are the techniques used by the professional painters of images who work with sound and silence?

The Reflection

Radio news is geared around the concept of sound. Radio journalists use various

types of sound to produce a "piece of tape" that essentially gives information to those who are listening about a certain topic. Today, a journalist is fortunate to have access to a level of technology and a vast amount of sound effects so that they can manipulate sound in a number of different ways. With these resources a radio journalist is able to exert a great amount of authority on the constructed piece of tape. All information presented on the radio is constructed with the primary intention of keeping the audience interested as much as possible. This is the job the radio journalist. What should come as no surprise is that to achieve this goal the radio journalist must compromise the integrity of the experience he/she is covering. The more a journalist utilizes the various characteristics of the medium he/she is using the more intricate the produced construction becomes.

In radio a technique that is commonly used by journalists is the inclusion of as much "striking" sound as possi-

ble. A wide variety of sound produces a "more interesting" piece of news.

It is not just the number of sound effects that matter to a radio journalist, but also the ways in which the various sounds relate to one another and combined to form the piece. The combination of various sound effects is the crucial task for a radio journalist. When done well, the radio is equally effective as the television in producing an image in the minds of the audience and with the level of technology that exists today, the radio journalist can distort sound in a multitude of ways and thus have a greater hand in the construction of his/her piece.

Of course, in the realm of sound one of the most important characteristics to its effectiveness as an influence on its audience is volume. The level of volume of a sound is crucial especially in combination with other sounds. Sounds relate to one another in that they become meaningful in relation to one another. Take for example, a man who is building a boat. This man is building with the intention of sailing around the world. If you as a radio journalist are asked to produce a story for the evening news on this man, what would you do? An experienced journalist will begin by doing three things. Firstly, he/she will interview the man on tape so that he/she will have a recording of the man's voice talking about his boat and the journey he hopes to have. Secondly, a journalist will get various sound effects, which are most commonly associated with the idea of a man sailing around in his boat. This could include anything from sounds of the ocean to the sound of the boat's horn and even to sounds of the man working on his boat. When all this sound is accumulated by



J. J. O'Rourke

and The Mass Media

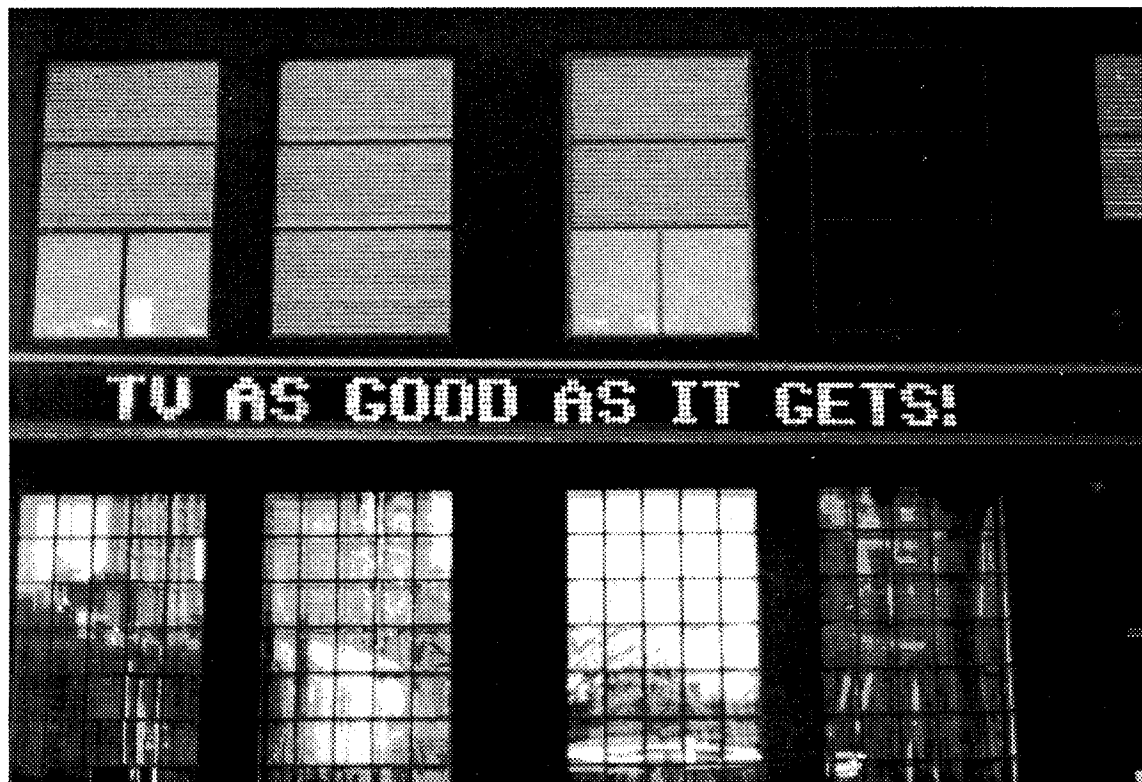
information should be presented. However, the manner in which all information is presented in mass media does not suffice to simply present the "facts". The "facts" of interest to the audience are maintained.

the journalist he/she will then begin producing a final version of the piece. The journalist will then combine all the different sounds so as to make an "interesting" image of the story at hand. Just imagine the effectiveness of a piece that begins with the sound of a man hammering nails into his boat. Then as this sound is gradually lowered the journalist voice is heard: "Johnny Jameson is hammering the final nails into the boat that he hopes [orchestrated pause] will take him AROUND the world. Jameson will launch his journey from the wharf at Queen's Quay later this month and if all goes well he will not see his home or his family for nearly three years [cut- followed by Jameson's voice increasing in volume subtly with a low background noise of water running ashore] "I can't wait to get back onto the water [orchestrated pause] the sea is my home, it is where I belong."

Once the journalist gets the quotes that he/she needs the task then becomes putting together all the sound. Even the pauses between sounds can be created and manipulated in any way the journalist sees fit. When done "properly" the production of a piece of tape may appear to capture an experience perfectly. In reality, it is just a recreation of an experience, it is something else, it is a constructed experience. The experience becomes an image.

The Soul

The radio and the television both operate by presenting information, in the form of images, to an audience. They work in the same way as movies and plays, books and songs. These are all orchestrated performances. Orchestrated performances involve a con-



ductors, people who exhibit a control over how the production is presented. And in the realm of entertainment, the conductor, whether they be known as a director, editor or news journalist, has a great amount of control on the production of the image.

When we as members of an audience sit down and watch a movie we do so with the understanding that what we are about to experience is a construction. When we sit down and read books we understand that they are constructions. Language itself is a construction. The value of all these constructions is established with the meaning that we attach to them. It is we who decide for ourselves what is meaningful and what is not. It is we, as individuals, who act and re-act to what is presented to us and it is we who, more often than not, have the ability to effect what images make up the construction of our own lives. When we watch movies and read books we choose to let specific constructed images become the focus of our attention. We do so

with the understanding that the images are not life itself, but controlled reflections of life that are constructed by someone else (if not by many other people). They are recognized as entertainment, because we acknowledge the fact that people are producing the images with the highest regard for maintaining the audience's attention. The mass media should be perceived with the same intention.

When we read a newspaper, listen to the radio or watch the television and the internet the information we are being presented is constructed and therefore represents a reflection of a real experience and not the real experience itself. When we watch sports we understand the intention of those who present them to us, what then is the intention of those who control the mass media that dominate the attention of millions (if not billions) of people under the guise of presenting the facts of a matter? The answer I believe is exactly the same. It is to entertain us.

We must recognize that

just like in books, songs and movies the news is a constructed experience. Then we may begin to question why certain images dominate over others. More importantly, we may then begin to view the mass media as something we control, simply by choosing when we include ourselves as members of the audience.

Never forget that every form of entertainment is geared towards its audience.

Understand that the mass media constructs images.

Recognize that each image is only one possible construction and that many others are possible.

Question why, time and time again, certain images dominate over all others in the realm of the mass media.

These are the fundamental premises of any individual, who I believe, is critiquing the mass media properly.

Epilogue

The next time you find yourself mocking the "news"

that is monopolizing your senses do not overlook the possibility that it is not the absence of "truth" that is bothersome, but the bitterness of the entertainment you are swallowing whole, digesting and consuming.

WORKS INDIRECTLY CITED IN THIS ARTICLE

The Phaedrus by Plato
Infancy and History by Giorgio Agamben
Dante.....Bruno.Vico.....Joyce by Samuel Beckett
Social Action, Purposive Activity, and Communication by Jurgen Habermas
The Radio Journalist's Style Guide by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

To the editors of the Pro Tem,

I would like to thank you for including the letter "Racing Towards an Emotional Ethic" in the last issue of the Pro Tem. I found the line "ethics, by definition, is [sic] the principles governing the conduct of a group" most interesting. I also found the line "ethics and beliefs spring from emotions" to be most interesting. Reminds me of this Nietzsche book I once read. Keep up the good work boys!

BOBBY DEAKOS
 1st year Psychology Student

Love Under the Oak

<continued from page 9>

February 2, 1956

Dear Mrs.
Everlynn
Brownstone
Black,

It is
with
sym-
pathy
that I inform
you that your
husband,
Sergeant
Abraham

Black, has been wounded during the course of battle. Sergeant Black exhibited strong character and selflessness when he risked his life to save two children from harm. In the course of his action he sustained a gunshot through the shoulder and another through the side. He is now at a military hospital in Korea where his health is improving daily. Sergeant Black has been honourably discharged from his United States military duty and will return home as soon as he shows signs of full recovery. The unit is very proud of Sergeant Black for his services and actions, we hope you are too.

Sincerely,

Captain Walter Stewart

As Everlynn finished reading the letter her tears wet the paper, which was shaking uncontrollably in her hands. When she regained control she read the first line out loud, "Mrs. Everlynn Brownstone Black."

1957 Spring

Spring in New England: fields of soft grass sway in the mel-

As Everlynn finished reading the letter her tears wet the paper, which was shaking uncontrollably in her hands. When she regained control she read the first line out loud, "Mrs. Everlynn Brownstone Black."

lowest breeze, aromas from the forest travel in the wind, songs are sung by baby birds; a rebirth of life. With spring also comes rainy days; the clouds are full of water and the rain falls from the sky without there being a storm. The roads are usually dusty until the rain comes.

On a road this particular day walked a tall, brown-skinned man. His shoulders were back, his chest was pushed forward, and his back was fully erect. He wore khaki pants, a pressed red shirt, dark brown boots, and a tan field coat; he was a ghost from the past. He stopped in front of an oak tree and knelt down, and placed his hand upon the spot where he once made love to the woman he loved. Silently he stood up and walked on. Around the curve was the home he had been dreaming to walk up to since the summer of 1954. As

he got closer he saw there was a woman hanging clothes in the yard. He began to walk quicker and as he approached the woman, he whispered over her shoulder, "I still love you." The woman turned around and said, "Walker, I'm still mad at..." She looked in his face, "I'm sorry I thought you were someone...else. It can't be. It is..." She threw her arms around him and held him tightly. "I'll be right back, stay right where you are."

She ran through the back door into the house. The man in the tan jacket stood looking at the back door. He fidgeted a little, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He became aware of this and simply decided to stand at ease. Suddenly from behind came the voice he had heard echoing through his head for so many years and tears began to fill his eyes.

"May I help you," the voice

asked.

The ghost reached into his coat pocket and produced two dog tags. Without turning around he held them out toward her. As she took them he said, "I'm sorry."

The woman began to shake her head and cry.

"No, it can't be. It can't be."

The ghost walked to her, and held her. He whispered into her ear, "I'm sorry I ever left you Evy."

She pulled away from him slightly and through her tears she looked into his teary brown eyes and without thinking she kissed him, because her best friend, her lover, and her husband, Abraham Black, was home. As they kissed each other heaven began to weep tears of joy, and they stood there and let the heavens shower them.



Helping save lives

Captain Bruno Castonguay coordinates air rescue for the Canadian Forces. He and his colleagues and partners help Canadians in danger. They respond around the clock to emergencies on land or at sea and help save lives. This is just one of the hundreds of services provided by the Government of Canada.

For more information on government services:

- Visit the Service Canada Access Centre nearest you
- Visit www.canada.gc.ca
- Call 1 800 O-Canada (1 800 622-6232)
- TTY/TDD: 1 800 465-7735

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