



# pro tem

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Too much too early

Warm something-ness squirts and sinks deep between the  
cracks of Gordon Lightfoot's toes

Reading beauty into its arrangements, he crouches down  
and burns the sour image into the back of his mind

"I was so careful, but now it's gone," he says, head  
shaking, penis swinging

Then turning away, ignoring nothing  
I pull back on my flowered panties,  
play my lime green kazoo and gobble some PEZ off the  
washroom floor

Just let it go dude, just let it go...

**Feature** > *Discussion Forum on Trade* > 7-11



# Taking the Route Less Traveled



J. FORTIER

JEREMY FORTIER

If you ask me, Forrest Gump was wrong when he said life is like a box of chocolates. It's more like a giant tree with an infinite span of branches. We all start at the trunk, but each of us travel along a different route of branches. On the evening of March 11, I found myself at a fork on my branch. See, I had planned to go see a hardcore show at the El Mocambo with my friend Ken. But when he fell ill, I was left to decide if I wanted to go alone or stay at home and miss seeing the likes of No Time Left, Legion, and Nine Shocks Terror. I finally chose to venture out on my own, so I grabbed my camera and went looking for an adventure.

I don't really mind

going to shows by myself, it's just that I get kinda bored between sets. Thankfully there was a nice array of interesting punks to look at, records to browse through, and an interesting Miss Robinson-esque bartender that served me beer while she filled me in on the different types of punk crowds that pass through the Elmo.

Anyhow, No Time Left from Buffalo was first on the bill. When they appeared on stage, I muttered an "Oh God" to myself upon noticing that two of the members were also part of the band They Live, who I had the 'pleasure' of seeing a couple months ago when they lit the stage on fire at another show. Fortunately, No Time Left played a fast and noisy set without incident. In fact, I spent most of their set watching a few

goofs in the audience who were thrashing about, giving each other headlocks. Oh God.

After another pint and some more people-watching, I got my camera ready and took a place near the stage to experience the wretched metal sound of Toronto's own Legion. But to my dismay and despite the evil appearance of the group, their evil sounds, and the evil black ice that made everything all smoky, the set was kinda dull. The crowd just stood motionless and watched as Legion's 'singer', Asafoetida, spewed out sounds of death, and was occasionally blinded by the odd flash from my Pentax. It was after that set that I began to wonder if I should just go home because so far I wasn't too impressed by what I'd seen. Thankfully those thoughts were erased from my head when Asafoetida warned that anyone leaving before seeing the last band was a loser. Not wanting to be a loser, I decided to stay for Nine Shocks Terror and proceeded to the bar for another round of people watching and beer.

As the band finally got ready to play, I placed myself near the front and to the side of the stage, in good position for picture-taking as well as to avoid any flying objects or bodies that might pass through the center-stage area.

Sometimes you just

know that a band is gonna put on a really good show even before they start playing. I'd never seen these guys before, but for some reason, I had that feeling. Virtually moments into the first song, I was really glad I had placed myself where I was because literally everything and everybody went fucking crazy! It's interesting to see when a band and their audience feed from each other's energy, which that night made for a volatile combination. People were thrashing around and running in circles, while Nine Shocks were going berzerk. The singer was jumping around screaming (often holding the mic in his mouth, with his mouth), doing handstands, jumping of the stage and climbing up to the ceiling, and basically just going nuts, as I was snapping shots like mad. Meanwhile, people were throwing pitchers of beer and a recycling box around, and taking part in what almost seemed like an all-out riot... it

was great! By the time it was over, I was exhausted from overstimulation of my senses, but thoroughly elated.

Thus what I thought was going to be 'just another show' ended up climaxing into an orgy of chaos and blistering noise. I couldn't have been happier. What made it even more interesting was that I almost missed it all. My journey along the branches of life brought me that night to a fork of decision where I decided to take the route less traveled and go it alone. I guess my point is that sometimes going out by yourself is just as fulfilling as going with someone because you don't have to associate your experience with anyone else. It becomes your own; an adventure you can smile and dwell upon as you take the streetcar home, while thinking about how glad you are you hung a left at that fork.

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

**Cover photo**  
Pierre Gaudard  
**Cover poem**  
Rita McNeil



# Analysis in Urbia

J.J. O'ROURKE

The mayor and city councilors, in conjunction with the Toronto Transit Commission, have been discussing plans that would deal with the TTC's budget and Toronto traffic problems. It has been reported that the city could expect that some of its downtown streets would be restricted to private traffic. Also included in these talks is the TTC's plan to hike its fares significantly.

In light of the recent closure to the Gardiner extension and plans to redevelop the waterfront, it is about time that citizens use this discussion window to have a say as to how movement within the GTA could be improved.

Experts have used the phrase 'urban sprawl' to describe the traffic problem in Toronto's downtown core. What this phrase overlooks is the quality of space that it tries to describe. Urban sprawl is generally a term for urban zoning practices being carried out at a distance from the original center of activity. An increase in population commands an increase in demand for housing and jobs, and mobility becomes a necessity for one's livelihood. But is the quality of space and services the same in the GTA's Scarborough community, as it is downtown? Perhaps a closer look at the amount of services, diversions, employment opportunities and other demographic statistics could help to correct the misnomer 'urban sprawl'. A better term to describe what is happening would be 'sub-urban sprawl'.

Toronto City planners seem to be keeping the goodies that so many of us could use like a truly efficient public transit system, confined to the downtown area. It has been suggested that Toronto's commuter shed is about an hour. This means that people travel, on average, for an hour before getting to Toronto, everyday,

for their jobs or other needs. Others have suggested that the number is higher. But if urban sprawl were the reality, then that for which they come here should be available in their own communities. Why are they still coming here? This is because what we are witnessing is the mismanagement of space in favor of business and development interests.

Granted, if one were to take a drive eastbound on the 401, they would see new office style buildings, and other amenities of urban spaces, but it falls way short of Toronto's downtown construct. Most of what is located east of Morningside Avenue is very inaccessible by public transit. Only a handful of busses service the hundreds of streets, and tens of thousands of people living there. In the same sized space downtown, one could find service from the TTC on a bus, a streetcar, or a couple of subway lines. That is, only if one wants to stay downtown. To leave the city is taxing on both time, money, and at the end of a hard day at work, the nerves!

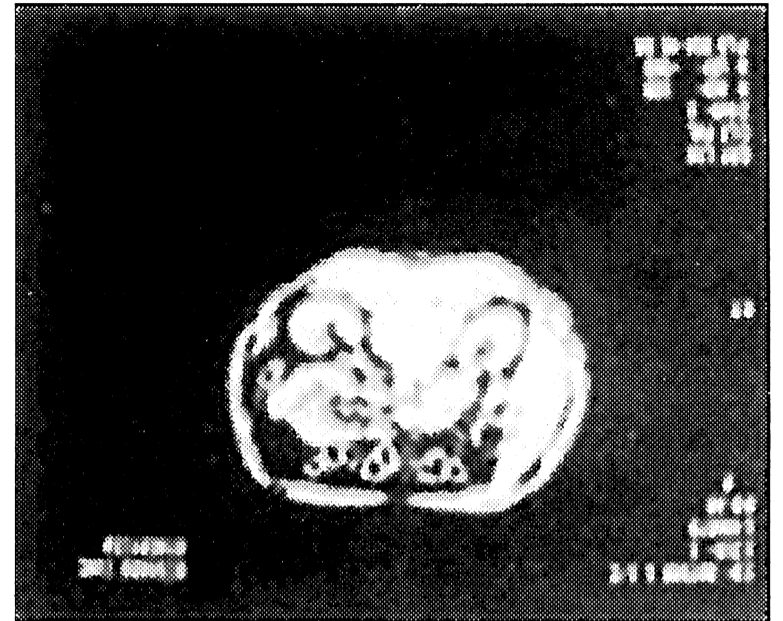
It is time that Toronto revises either the highway system that feeds and drains downtown, or the transit system that services it, or both. It was said, when construction on the Allen Expressway was halted at Eglinton West station, that it was designed by the city to discourage drivers from entering the downtown area. They were, in a way, encouraging the use of public transit. But if one were to travel to that terminus, one would be hard pressed to find parking available. What highway, not city, planners intended was for the Allen to extend down to the Spadina Expressway, thus offering another connection between the 401 and the Gardiner for the ridiculous amount of cars that travel in and around the city everyday. Another such connection was intended for the highway 400, but that route also includes many turns that

take away from its accessibility.

The same strategy is planned for the Sheppard subway line, whose terminus is just north of the hwy401 at hwy404. Construction of the line has been plagued by the city's organisational inefficiencies, and was actually halted at one point. The idea is for people coming from north of the city to leave their cars at the parking garage and take the tube downtown, instead of increasing volume on the Don Valley Parkway. Think of the extra parking and fare costs to the daily grinder, over and above the cost of gas, insurance and time. Who is benefiting, profiting? Is this viable to the average income earner? A larger public transit system could be the beginning of a new vision of urban and sub-urban existence, but a larger shift in public values must accompany it.

Arguably, it was the tearing down of the east portion of the Gardiner Expressway that brought Toronto's highways into the public's focus, enough to have discussion about it. To me, it seems that there are two ways Toronto could better itself, and move closer to becoming a leading world community. More highway access would simply seem like correcting old mistakes, and would contribute to an already out of hand smog and air quality problem. A larger public transit system, on the other hand, could be the beginning of a new vision of urban and sub-urban existence.

If the city wants to discourage cars from the downtown area, it will act on its plans by restricting private access to the downtown core to certain times or days, like the permit program that exists in Athens, Greece. Or it could restrict all cars all the time, and create a public transit zone for all of downtown, which would alleviate many problems like: air pollution, ground and water table pollution from



road maintenance in the wintertime, road rage, auto theft, drunk driving. This, essentially, would also help keep the cost of urban living down; with no parking to pay and no streetlights to power, parking lots can be developed for some other means and energy consumption will decrease.

All in all, the public transit situation in Toronto could be much improved, to a degree, in fact, that would make it a truly attractive option for everyone, urban and sub-urban dwellers. However,

the city's commitment to keeping downtown space the only true urban area, at a great cost to the qualities of life and space that exists in sub-urban areas, does not bode well for the Megacity's welfare moving into the new millennium. It is time to get the conversation started, keeping in mind all the plusses that a revamped public transit system could offer. If this truly 'better way' were taken, we may yet see Hogtown as the truly innovative city that it could be.

## Nota Bene

ProTem's elections are tonight (March 27th) at 7:00pm. All those who are voting members should attend to elect next year's editor.

Si vous avez des questions, contact us on our web site [protem.groovy.net](http://protem.groovy.net), or call the office at 416-487-6736

# Spontaneously Balling Jordan

JENNIFER SHEEHY

After sitting through infinite hours of classes day in and day out, there's this overwhelming need for 'non-serious' anti-routine relief. The concept of following through with crazy thoughts and ideas (sober) is an interesting technique in favour of changing pace. Bullshit? Never. 'It's diamond... all diamond', like my hero Leonard Cohen would say. Acting spontaneous is

merely responding to the urge to feel alive.

While waiting for the Lawrence bus the other day with my friend Jordan, the snow was so fresh I couldn't refuse the opportunity to make a snowball. When the bus finally came, the snowball fit conveniently into my coat pocket, and we got on. Five minutes later, arriving at my stop, I said good-bye to Jordan and swiftly left the snowball as well. It sat clear as day in the middle of one of the many wonderful fuzzy, red seats.

I wondered whether anything would happen to my stupid, youthful enthusiasm the next day. "There was laughter mixed in with a smidgen of confusion and concern," Jordan explained, when people eventually became aware of the snowball so skillfully put out of place. Later that day, when we had to take the bus again to get to work, Jordan noticed that one of the back seats was completely soaked - it was the same bus as

earlier that day. Fellow passengers glared at the perplexing puddle - the snowball aftermath. "They were bitter. It robbed them of a seat, and I couldn't stop giggling like a little schoolgirl," Jordan confessed. In reality, we are both just giggling schoolgirls, and quite exasperated by attempting to deny it.

The entire 'spur-of-the-moment' scheme demonstrates to be strangely satisfying, even if it was just for a single brief moment. Sometimes that's all it takes. It feels good to get away with pointless stuff and to break routine, as immature as that sounds. We'll only sink ourselves if we continually strive to be completely deep and serious, especially when we're not. So by all means, go ahead and take few swigs of 'non-sense indulgence' to balance life out. Treat yourself to that "quickie" with whomever you please in the nearest bathroom, for we are only young so long...

# The Saint, The Hero, and The Clown

CAROLYN COOK

This month, the Glendon Gallery is presenting the works of Toronto-based artist John Iacobelli. The exhibit, "The Saint, The Hero, and The Clown", differs from most as it is the product of a collaboration between the artist and Glendon sociology professor Marc Lesage for a book based on the same theme. The exhibit begins with a wall of hand-written excerpts from Marc Lesage's text that sets a tone of duality between hope and despair in which one can situate the artist's works. The exhibit is composed of both large scale paintings and then smaller ink ones, which are to appear in Lesage's book.

The works and texts explore the themes of three important figures in our neo-modernist society - the saint, the hero, and the clown, while emphasizing self-exploration following a century of worldwide turmoil and human disaster. Iacobelli presents images of chaos and confusion that are juxtaposed with careful yet precarious balance. Basic archetypal profiles that appear throughout the works lend a certain sense of tension as they are not able to turn to the viewer. The recurring motifs of circles and spheres, representative of the saint's halo, transform at times to targets and spiraling vortexes.

Extracts of Lesage's chapters on the three figures act as a type of subtext throughout the exhibit which also adds an interesting visual dimension to the presentation. The collaboration culminated with an interactive forum on March 20th, where the concepts of both the written and visual works were discussed and debated.

The exhibit runs until March 31st and a trip to the gallery is worthwhile for this interesting exploration of human consciousness. [this is the best show I've seen at the gallery-ed.]

# Campus WorkLink To the Rescue

SHADI YAZDAN

As a full-time student at York University, I understand how hard it can be to find a job given our hectic schedules. It is not always easy finding work. I was confused during my first year at York. I had no idea how I could go about searching for a part-time job. I was on the Internet every break I had, searching various sites. The jobs I found did not suit my needs as a student. I then heard of Career Services at York, so I decided to give them a visit. Career Services at York introduced me to a web-site called Campus WorkLink. I soon discovered that Campus WorkLink was the means by which employers could post their positions and make them available to York students and grads. As a York student, you have access to job postings for internships, part-time work, full-time work, summer jobs, on-campus positions, and you can post your resume online and view employer profiles.

In fact, I have found three jobs through Campus WorkLink. The best thing is that my current job relates to my major, sociology, so I am getting actual experience within my own field of study! A job search can be very frustrating, but with the support of your post-secondary institution's Career Services, the aid of peers, professional contacts, mentors, along with tools such as Campus WorkLink, the journey can be much less stressful. When my fellow peers tell me how hard it is to find work these days, I always respond with "Campus WorkLink to the rescue!"

To access Campus WorkLink, go to their web-site at [www.campusworklink.com](http://www.campusworklink.com), click on New Job Seeker, then on Register Now! When asked for an institutional password, call Career Services at (416)736-5351, and soon you will be on your way.

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# Vive Le Quebecois Death Metal!

PHIL RUTLAND

Extreme Metal shows are rare in North America and especially in Canada, since most of the leading bands come from Europe, and the trek across the ocean is usually too costly for most groups. But here in Canada we are fortunate. For those who think that Canadian talent recognized abroad means simply Celine Dion, Neil Young and those guys whose hit song was covered by Lenny Kravitz awhile ago, well you are very much in the wrong. Canada lately has been receiving praises from international sources for its cutting-edge extreme metal acts. Most of them come from Quebec.

On St. Patrick's day, while everyone was out drinking green beer, a friend and I made our way to the Reverb at Queen and Bathurst for a taste of what Canada has to offer in Extreme Metal. The occasion was a CD release for a compilation entitled: Into the Blizzard - Canadian Assault, featuring a plethora of Canadian Metal bands, many new to the scene, but also featuring a few older acts.

Playing on this night were Quo Vadis and Kataklysm from Montreal, Blood of Christ from London, and Solus from Toronto. All four of these groups are featured on the 17-track CD. Having just purchased Quo Vadis' latest release "Day Into Night", and Blood of Christ's "A Dream to Remember", I was really geared up for their sets; I was pretty pumped for Kataklysm too (more on them later).

While waiting for the music to begin, my friend and I were approached by Adrian Bromely who is a writer for the e-zine "Chronicles of Chaos", as well as Unrestrained!, a metal-zine based in Mississauga. He gave us a free copy of their latest issue and we talked for a bit. That's souvenir #1.

Trio Blood of Christ

were the first band to grace the stage, after the usual hour-plus delays which seem to plague all metal shows. Blood of Christ's set was very strong but they showed signs of being a young band. The music was strong and flawless, technical black/death metal with acoustic parts. It became quite obvious these guys weren't afraid to experiment. The songs shifted from serene beauty to infernal brutality effortlessly. My only complaint about their set was that the vocals were nearly inaudible and the band members seemed content to stand still for the most part.

After their set my friend and I talked to some guys who are going to the three day Mega Fest-Evil coming to Toronto in April. We talked metal while Montreal's Quo Vadis were setting up behind us. After what seemed like a short break, Quo Vadis graced the stage with their undeniable presence, pacing around the stage like the crazy Quebecois they are. Their searing set opened with the song Absolution, minus the quiet part at the end. The band tore through such personal favorites from Day Into Night such as "I Believe" and "Hunter/Killer", as well as songs from their debut Forever. "Vive le Quebecois Death Metal!", I shouted at one point, which made bassist Remy Beauchand give me a high five. One of Quo Vadis' most entertaining songs of the night featured their rhythm guitarist playing the violin. While it wasn't a slow dirge of the "My Dying Bride" vein, or even some Celtic thing, it was easily the catchiest song of their set. Unfortunately, they were cut short, and it ended memorably with the epic "On The Shores of Ithaca".

Afterwards I wanted to give my head a break after all that head-banging and bought a drink (5\$ for a beer - Ouch!), and watched Solus' set from afar. Solus' set was



J. FORTIER

solid Death/Thrash. Entertaining, but nothing to write home about.

In the interim, my friend and I spotted Quo Vadis bassist Remy Beauchand hanging out with the fans. We talked a bit. He seemed surprised to find a francophone in this neck of the woods. He said to me (approximately): "Quo Vadis owe me 3 000 \$. And you know what? I don't care. I'm in this for the music, not for the money. We had to pay our own gas to come here. We're not rock stars. I'm not a rock star. I'm just a regular guy." That is why Extreme Metal is the strongest music scene alive and why it will never die. No one goes into Extreme Metal for the money. They do it for the music. Metal will always be infinitely more creative and pure than any other music genre in the world. And when was the last time you saw Bono or Britney Spears hanging out with one of their fans who didn't have a backstage pass?

After Solus, there was only one band left to play. The fathers of the Northern Hyperblast, an insanely fast style of drumming, the almighty Kataklysm! In the realm of Quebec Death Metal, Kataklysm are second only to Cryptopsy in terms of musical depth, daring and brutality.

Even on the worldwide scene Kataklysm are well known and respected. Kataklysm however are on a bit of a downward slip. Ever since the departure of original vocalist and all-around lunatic Sylvain Houle three years ago, the band's style has changed somewhat: the previously frequent abrupt time changes and musical change-ups are now less frequent, replaced by a more groovy element which has led to their slipping in critical eyes with their latest opus-1999's The Prophecy. Still, the element of brutality and intelligent sci-fi concept albums is still very much intact.

Having experienced Kataklysm's excruciatingly brutal 71-minute live album, which frankly is just too much, I was interested to see how they would do. Kataklysm's set began with a calm, Dead Can Dance-ish ambient part before the band exploded into "Astral Empire". From then on, Kataklysm never let up; the brutality and intensity was constant and flooring. You could not stand still, you could not just sit down and drink your beer while they played. They grabbed your attention and energy and held it forever. Everyone was head-banging, it didn't matter if

your hair was three feet long or three inches. The band played such old classics as "Sorcery" and "The Awakener" (the only Kataklysm song that actually has melody in it). The band previewed two new songs from the upcoming album tentatively titled "Epic In September, Manipulator of Souls, and Fathers From the Suns", which definitely pointed towards the band's older sound. The only break in their onslaught of brutality was the one-minute pause between the last song of the original set and the first song of the encore, "1999-6661: 2000", which opens with a sample from the movie Dark City. After Kataklysm finished their encore set with "The Awakener", I ripped off their set list from one of the monitors to acquire souvenir #2. I bought the "Into the Blizzard" comp for 5\$ and a Quo Vadis shirt - souvenirs #3 & 4.

Now, writing this article three days later, I can say that this show left me with a very lasting impression. I'm playing the "Into the Blizzard" CD, I just finished reading the Unrestrained! magazine, I'm wearing my Quo Vadis shirt, and my neck still hurts!



# My Ego, My Ego, Mine, Mine, Mine

DARREN AZEEZ

More often than not you'll find me sitting in class, looking up at the clock, checking if the lecture is over yet. I'll tap my pen on my notebook, bounce my knee up and down, look all over the room to see who is just as tired of class as I am. Everyone has their own reasons for not wanting to be there, the pub night that didn't end till half an hour before class, the rumble in the belly that hasn't been satisfied because you thought that you would skip breakfast just to get that extra ten minutes of snooze time, but my reason is a little different.

Within the past 6 months I've found myself looking at the clock every five min-

utes because I can feel the urge in my muscles. The weightroom beckons. It's as though I spent around six thousand dollars on a gym pass, where class is just a formality before going to the gym. I've felt this way for a while, and like any obsession, whether it be food, drugs or alcohol; it has to be fed. I rise out of my chair, quickly throw my things into my bag and head for the weights, which confidently, have been waiting for me since yesterday's workout. My motives are different than most people think. I'm not overweight. I'm 5'10 and weigh in at 140 pounds which is pretty light, but when I'm in the gym I feel like a human juggernaut. I lift as much weight as I can as many times as I can just to see the blood pumping into my veins.

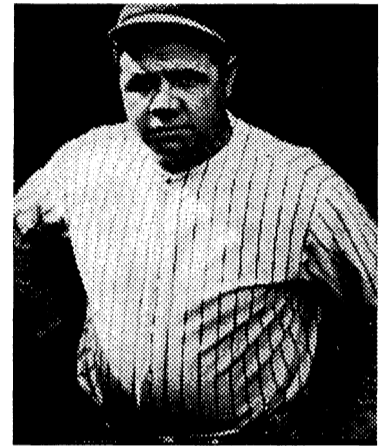
The muscles in my chest are tight and hard, my skin is glistening due to the sweat that has accumulated on the surface. I find myself working out to the point of exhaustion, till I can't feel my forearms, a tingling burn in my legs and I feel the need to vomit. To most

people it seems sickening, but to me, it's something I aim for each and every time I enter the weight room. My obsession is shared by many who workout religiously, some my age, others who are in their sixties. Men and women both seem to spend their free time taking their bodies to the extreme. I've seen girls on the steppers for up to an hour, drenched in sweat, their eyes glazed over due to shear pain and exhaustion yet they continue on. These women aren't over-

weight either, some of them look as though they're going to crumble as soon as they step off the machines. I share in their drive to take the human body to its limit. To some it may seem like hysteria surrounding the gym, people working out in droves to achieve something that is impossible, a body chiseled in stone like Adonis. The myth does not exist.

I have no desire to become a bodybuilder. I often look at magazines just to see what human monsters look like and laugh. I don't work out to be stared at by women. I don't want to be the envy of all men. What I do is for myself. The self-satisfaction of being strong and having confidence in myself. No doubt that from what I've written, people will think that my

fascination is something that is not healthy, but everyday I feel healthier for having my obsession, I can breathe deeper, run further and feel better about myself than with any other obsession in the world.



## What's Up With Those Stairs, Anyway?

ANGELA WALCOTT

I never imagined that climbing stairs would be such an issue. Actually, the mere thought of it sends shivers down my spine. I am not referring to the set of stairs that students take enroute to class. I am talking about those killer winding steps behind the Glendon Manor.

In my first year at Glendon, it was difficult enough to climb down the steep crooked slabs of uneven concrete without gripping the thin slippery black railing for dear life. Being afraid of heights somehow didn't fit into the equation. I managed to ease my way down pausing every now and then, like an unsteady child taking their first steps (no pun intended). While fighting off waves of nausea I miraculously survived the treacherous

descent. "Fait accompli," I say to myself. No problem. I can do this. Right? Wrong? While expending all of my energy by working out at the gym for about an hour, it did not occur to me that those same steps would still be a threat to me.

The first few steps are okay, but it isn't until about halfway up that reality starts to bite. And I mean literally bite. My legs cramp and what is a fear of heights takes on a new meaning. Looking up is scarier than looking down. I no longer have to glance down to feel my heart pounding, but I look up and see my worst nightmare looming before me. I have no way out. No alternative is available for me but to tackle those dreaded stairs like it is some sort of Himalayan trek.

Now in my second year, as

people pass me on their way down, I receive the all too familiar empathetic smile as I lift my legs of lead. I ponder and ask myself "What is up with these stairs anyway?" (No pun intended of course). Instead of busting my chops on the treadmill or lifting weights, I could have climbed these stairs and had it all over and done with in less than 5 minutes. Target heart rate, soaking brow and cramped muscles all courtesy of those "steps." Now all I have to do is calculate the total number of calories that I have burned and I am in business.

For me, those steps are a true test of what the human body and mind are capable of accomplishing both physically and mentally, and no workout at the gym will convince me otherwise.

## Sex: Not A Movie

PATTI AND SELMA

Rather than write your average review, we decided to sit down and record our conversation this way. We thought it would be more interesting.

P: DUDE! I SAW SEX AGAIN THIS WEEKEND!

S: REALLY?! ME TOO!! SWEET!!

P: DID YOU KNOW THAT SEX IS A WHOLE LOT OF FUN?

S: YEAH, SOMETIMES I FORGET AND HAVE TO SEE IT AGAIN TO REMIND MYSELF.

P: OVER AND OVER AND OVER... SEX IS A MOVIE THAT EVERYONE HAS TO SEE. BUT SEE IT RIGHT NOW. OTHERWISE IT MIGHT NOT BE PLAYING AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

S: OR YOU MAY ONLY BE ABLE TO GET IT IN RENTAL.

P: LIKE FROM THE BLOCKBUSTER AT JANE AND FINCH?

S: YEAH, THAT'S THE ONE I WAS THINKING OF.

P: DUDE, I'D RECOMMEND SEX TO EVERYONE. SEE IT WITH BOYS, SEE IT WITH GIRLS... IT'S GOOD FUN FOR ALL.

S: ANYONE CAN ENJOY A GOOD POOL SCENE.

P: PERSONALLY, I LIKED THE MOOD, THE SILLY PLAYFULNESS.

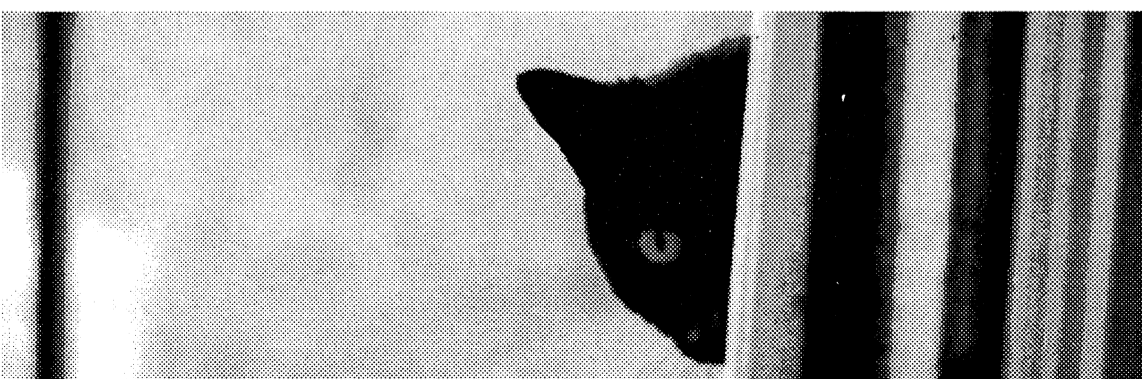
S: IT WAS REALLY INTERESTING TO SEE THE PEOPLE COMING OUT OF THE THEATRE AFTER IT WAS OVER.

P: YEAH, THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT, FRANKLY, I WASN'T TOO PLEASED.

S: NO, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. THE FIRST TIME I SAW IT, I THOUGHT IT WAS SO BAD THAT I LIKEN IT TO FALLING ON THE CROSSBAR OF MY BICYCLE. IT'S A MOVIE YOU HAVE TO SEE A FEW TIME BEFORE IT REALLY DOES ANYTHING FOR YOU.

P: YUP. IT TOOK AWHILE, BUT NOW IT'S MY ALL-TIME FAVOURITE.

S: SOMETIMES I'D RATHER NOT SEE ANY OTHER MOVIE AGAIN.



J. FORTNER



## SPECIAL: discussion forum on trade, pgs. 7-11



# Sudan



PHIL THEE

The Canadian government easily casts down its aegis of political correctness and compassion to hide behind hypocrisy. In Canada, we spend millions of dollars to combat teen smoking, then send people to China to sell them our smokes. Keep in mind that millions of dollars are also made from the tax of those same cigarettes. Africa's geographically largest country, Sudan, is currently embroiled in a bloody civil war that has claimed two million lives over the last 18 years. This is the longest ongoing civil war in the world and is funded by oil; blood oil.

The Sudanese government, a government under UN sanctions for terrorism and human rights violations, derives between \$300 million and \$500 million a year from oil produced by foreign corporations in southern Sudan. This is roughly what the government spends on its war efforts. Talisman Energy Inc., Canada's largest independent oil producer, owns a 25 percent stake in Sudan's oil fields. China and Malaysia control the remainder. China is also Sudan's primary arms supplier. For a time it was

involved in a three-way transaction in which Chinese equipment was sent to Sudan's Islamic regime and was paid for by oil from Iran. The USA has forbidden American companies from doing business in Sudan.

This must have been a hard nut to swallow considering it was Chevron, an American company, that originally discovered oil in Sudan and invested a billion dollars in the 80's before pulling out after the onset of civil war in 1983. Chevron sold its holdings for a reported \$25 million. After changing hands several times, the rights ended up with Talisman. In 1999, the Canadian government sent an envoy to check out wide spread reports of gross human rights abuses around the oil fields. They include:

- Engineered famine as a weapon of war and indiscriminate aerial bombing of civilian sites including hospitals
  - Abduction and enslavement of people for war booty
  - Scorched earth policies of destroying crops to prevent people returning to their land.
- Its findings were published in the Harker Report, which directly linked these abuses to the activities of the oil industry.

Instead of putting direct pressure on the Sudanese government or banning Canadian companies from Sudan, Canada opted for a "constructive engagement" approach. It politely asked Talisman to use its influence to get Sudan to clean up its act. According to reports by the US Committee of Refugees, bombing of civilian targets have doubled in the year since the Harker Report was published. A UN report on human rights in Sudan calls the situation "a systematic policy of bombing civilians".

But Canada says nothing. Perhaps because Talisman must rely on the same army that kills those people to protect its operations. The main rebel group fighting the government, the Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA), says they don't recognize agreements with foreign firms. No surprise these firms unquestionably support the stance of the government. Corporations now have all the rights of people without any accountability. What kind of message are we, as a nation, sending to the world if we continue to let corporations make blood money wherever they please? The same message we sent to China with Chretien and his trade envoy.



# Free Falling Democracy: Quebec City and Everything After

ROB SHAW

Jenna is sitting at the round kitchen table in a small Toronto apartment listing a nightly agenda. Her and the six others, who patiently wait, have gathered like this once before and will continue to do so for the next few weeks. It's spring and less than a month until the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) negotiators are to meet for three days in Quebec City (April 20-22, 2001) to discuss the future of trade in the Western Hemisphere.

She begins by handing out photocopied articles about the FTAA and pamphlets that portray the long-term consequences. Meetings such as this have become an almost ritualized subculture throughout the world; where, on a daily basis, the agendas of trade groups like the FTAA and the WTO are being discussed openly. It's this kind of organization that will make an impact, Jenna tells me.

The group will spend the rest of the two hours discussing the finer details of the trip like how they'll get there, who will bring medical supplies, where they'll



sleep, and who will get them out of jail - if that should be the case. For Jenna it's her fourth protest and for the others, much like the 10-20,000 people expected to flood into Quebec City, it's their first.

The FTAA, as being negotiated right now, is believed to be the most far-reaching trade agreement in history. Following the same ideology as NAFTA, the FTAA will incorporate 34 countries that will manifest a free trade route stretching from Anchorage, Alaska to Tierra del Fuego, Argentina;

and, by implementing this, will, essentially, further remove all corporate liabilities with regards to protecting workers, human rights issues as well as any health and environmental standards that may interfere with the trade agreement.

Free trade deals, like the proposed FTAA, allow corporations to only pay duty on value added, that is, the difference in the cost of an assembled product from that of its individual parts when transferring the finished goods to another country's market. For example, the countries included in the FTAA agreement will only be required to pay tariffs on the whole product - an automobile - rather than the parts that they may have to import to make the automobile. Incidentally, this means that because there is a removal of tariffs on importing goods then a corporation is more inclined to set up partial industries in less economically stable countries. By manufacturing in these countries the company is able, primarily, to avoid all labour and environmental laws, which they may otherwise have to adhere to, and, seemingly, increase profit margins for themselves. An agreement like the FTAA will allow countries such as Canada to legally exploit nations and, at the same time, remove all accountability towards the conditions that they impose on people and their environment.

Jenna continues moving the discussion around the table. At times, they begin to focus on why they're going to Quebec City and why they'd risk arrest and violence from the \$35 million police presence that will be guarding the summit. Charles, a tall thin male, questions as to how he can denounce a system like Canada's; a system, as he says, that has allowed him to do what he wants, buy what he wants and work. It's a simple paradox and one that is

# I'll Take Italian Steel over Canadian Steel Anyday

DENNIS YANCHUS

(A response to Michael de Villiers's 'Perils of Globalization')

I am so glad that you are taking an interest in the diverse, often contradictory bundle of issues people like to call "Globalization". You are right to be nervous about what is going on in Canada and it's relationship to other countries of the world. Change is scary and most people if they were honest would say that uncertainty is not a feeling they enjoy. However, I would like to draw attention to some of the points that you have raised for I'm not sure that the way you are looking at the opening up of trade - what you would call "Globalization" - is the right way to think about it.

First, in terms of inequity, I fail to see how trade leads to rising income inequity. The opening up of a country's borders allows resources that were previously occupied in the production of those goods and services which can now be produced abroad at a relatively lower cost to be moved to other industries for which the original country has a relative advantage in production. This allows total world production and thus consumption to increase. Translating back to a country like Canada, this should mean rising levels of income in the aggregate.

What you are discussing is the situation within a country in which a relatively small portion of the population is able to procure an inordinate fraction of the gains from trade. Notice, that this has nothing to do with

international trade per se but instead has to do with issues like the quality of political institutions, the neutrality of the judiciary etc. These internal problems would be there with or without trade. Furthermore, it is possible that the only reason a country's citizenry ever comes to recognize the level of internal inequity is because the door to trade is opened in the first place; cross country comparisons are made, cultural links established etc.

If we carry this story further, one thing economists have been discovering in the past few years is that the pattern of change in most countries is not political or institutional reform then international trade then growth but rather international trade then political or institutional reform then growth. This would suggest that international trade might eventually lead to a reduction in income inequity, assuming of course that we could find a definite relationship at all. Certainly, in the case of Canada, the opening to trade through NAFTA has had some part in the prosperity Canadians have enjoyed since the recession of the early 1990's. For that at least, if not for other reasons, Mulroney should be given credit not criticism. Moving on to your point about mergers between Canadian banks, the MacKay report on the financial services sector in Canada which was published by the department of Finance in 1998, states that Canadians, despite having little affection for the large banks, felt generally satisfied with the level of service they received. Furthermore, Canadian banks were able to offer more services at lower costs than their American counterparts. You are right when you say that

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# Literary Trade Agreements

CATHERINE HANCOCK

BURBANK- My two major addictions have now combined. On February 20, 2001, the Coca-Cola Company and Warner Bros. Pictures, announced that they are joining forces to celebrate and, most importantly, promote the release of the highly anticipated film, "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone". (The film title may vary by country.)

Coca-Cola will be the sole global marketing partner for both the motion picture, coming out mid-November, and the video release to follow. It is believed that Coca Cola's worldwide resources and geographic reach will bring the importance of Harry Potter to people and communities all around the globe.

As part of this agreement, over the next several years, Coca-Cola will develop a broad-based reading initiatives program in communities where it does business. Their main focus is to help both adults and children discover the magical capabilities of their imaginations through reading. This strategic alliance is sure to gain both companies a few million dollars in the process.

The film itself is currently underway in England. It is directed by Chris Columbus ("Mrs. Doubtfire") and starring Daniel Radcliffe (BBC's "David Copperfield") as the young Harry Potter, and Richard Harris as Professor Albus Dumbledore.

Just days before their announcement with

Coca-Cola, Warner Bros. launched the official Harry Potter website ([www.harrypotter.com](http://www.harrypotter.com)). The site will continue to grow and evolve as exclusive features and elements are added throughout the film's production. To reach all of the fans who have made "Harry Potter" a global phenomenon, Warner Bros. plans to release "local-language-customized" versions of the Harry Potter website in French, Spanish, German, Italian and Japanese. Other language-customized sites are scheduled to follow.

It sounds that all the bases have been covered and Harry Potter will soon sweep the nation once again. Now all we need is some Buffy in the mix and I'm golden.



er becoming more emphasized within the mainstream media as the FTAA summit approaches.

This is not a hypocrisy, Jenna explains, it is not about the reaping of the benefits or who is getting them, but about how the benefits are being sought. She continues by saying that the FTAA's intentions and actions will, eventually, forcibly give corporations more control and power over governments and that the civil society - democracy - will have nothing to say to defend themselves. Unlike NAFTA, the FTAA will follow a tougher set of trade rules, often compared to the WTO. This means that the FTAA will be legally entitled to override certain government standards with regards to trade and if the country is not compliant, then they will face stiff penalties.

After the failed attempts of other trade agreements like APEC and the WTO in Seattle, a strong pressure is being put on the FTAA to try and push back the date of completion from 2005 to 2003. It is believed, by some, that if the FTAA is a failure in Quebec then these massive trade agreements may be put on hold for a few years. This is, ideally, what Jenna and the others would like to see. By forcing the summit to be delayed, or even cancelled, it would result in a victory, adds Jenna. At the same time, the precautions that are being taken by the Canadian government which have included a fence around the summit area, as well as an overpriced police force, leave most to believe that they are very serious about pulling this off without any problems.

However, Jenna and the others, much like most making the trip to Quebec, are not planning to physically destroy the summit, but to rather make their voices heard, to sit and stand in protest, and hope that an agreement like this will not be implemented at least for now.

a merger between two of the big banks would mean job losses, however, given the quality of our banking sector it need not mean reduced service. As to the question of whether the big banks need to merge in the first place, I would say that given the forthcoming financial services legislation which will allow foreign interests to acquire up to 20% instead of the present 10% stake in Canadian banking institutions, it would be prudent to prevent takeover. Remember that holding 20% of the stock of a very widely held institution such as the Royal Bank effectively gives foreign interests control (which to me is not necessarily such a bad thing). The undervalued Canadian dollar also doesn't help. If Canadian banks want to expand into more markets outside Canada than they already have they will need the deeper pockets which a merger will bring.

Finally, to your point about the dye and paint companies in Minnesota that relocated to Mexico I can only ask why aren't you smiling? Whenever I hear that a company has moved their production to Thailand or India I smile. Why? Because I know that I have been made better off. Before the move, highly productive factors such as Canadian skilled workers were being wasted. With such high levels of education and skill sets in Canada, labour should be used in the production of those goods and services, which can command high enough rates of return to justify their use. If you really want to produce paint and dye, and thus only utilize low skill sets then I would suggest passing a law which requires students to leave school and enter the work-

force after grade 8. Allowing education to continue after this point would be wasteful and inefficient. One may want to argue that it is possible that the jobs, which were lost at the paint factory to foreign countries, were high skill jobs and that assuming that the production of paint and dye is a form low - tech. production is presumptuous. However, this caveat can be answered by saying that first, if the company has decided to produce in a country with low skilled labour, that this is evidence in of itself that the production must have been low skilled.

Secondly, even if it was high skilled production that was leaving, this would only signal that there was some kind of institutional or political factor, such as taxes which were too high or laws which were inefficient, that was preventing the proper trade patterns from occurring.

Let me finish by saying this, I started this article saying that it is good to be interested and to take part in the opening up of trade with the rest of the world. There are losers from trade. The most obvious example is the underskilled of us in society, the production line worker, the blue-collar type. Despite rising aggregate income, these individuals are left behind as low tech. Labour intensive manufacturing goes abroad. Once again, the problem is not trade but rather the lack of retraining or re-skilling opportunities for these people within Canada. For everyone to benefit unambiguously from trade, governments and industries will have to come up with a solution to this retraining problem. There

have been some isolated examples where individual companies have addressed this problem. However, if we want all Canadians to share in the benefits from trade of which we are only just beginning to see then we will have to make more progress in this area.

However, remember, in the aggregate, there is no link between trade and jobs. As we remove resources from one area of production because of the change in relative prices resulting from opening up of trade, we also add resources to another area of production. As to whether this leaves labour better or worse off, we cannot say. Clearly, if in moving to another industry, some labour is unable to move because of low or inappropriate skill sets (labour is highly skilled but not in the area in question) then this labour would be worse off. However, labour which does possess the right skills for the area in which production is moving may see their wages rising and possibly substantially so. However, this would be only in the short run. Once again, increasing the opportunities for labour to re-skill itself will reduce the time it takes for the Canadian economy to deal with the structural unemployment problem. Despite all the controversy international trade works and is going to continue. What academics, the labour movement and concerned citizens should be doing instead of smashing windows and fighting police is pushing government and industry to make sure that displaced labour is given a chance to re-skill and re-enter the economy.



# Carnivore



PHIL THEE

"They that give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety."

Benjamin Franklin 1759.

EDMONTON - So I sent a few e-mails out. Big deal. Everyone is doing it these days. So my message was about the Embassy, a bar, and I wrote about getting 'bombed' and 'shotgunning' beer. How was I supposed to know someone called in a bomb threat to the American Embassy that week. Needless to say I was surprised to see a SWAT team on my front lawn the next day. What were they doing here? What did I do? How the hell did they know where I lived?

So after the body cavity search, the FBI realized they had the wrong man. They offered to pay for my front door and get me a new dog from the SPCA. That still didn't answer my question, though: how the hell did they know where I lived? The answer, Carnivore. Carnivore is the FBI's e-mail surveillance system acting like a drift-net scooping up 'meaty' words like embassy and bomb. The system was launched quietly three years ago and has been used at least 25 times in the last year. The FBI says they won't use the system to filter law-abiding citizen's e-mail.

Why are they on my front lawn? There has been much discussion about the legality of the system and there is proposed legislation to make e-mail surveillance similar to wire-tapping for phones. This would require a case-by-case court order. As it stands, the FBI needs a court order to tap into a service provider's data traffic. No judge has refused up to now.

The FBI is thinking of changing the name of the program to something more politically correct. Maybe Bloodhound, or something kinder and gentler, but that doesn't help my dog or my body-cavities. So the government can read your e-mail? Who cares?

There's always the phone, right? Not really. Echelon, the mother of all surveillance systems, monitors the English speaking world's electronic communication. This system is a throw-back from the Cold War years when everyone was paranoid about the Russians. America's National Security Agency (NSA) is the lead player, but Canada, New Zealand, Australia and Great Britain are all key players. Five countries all sharing and collecting information on their own citizens and the rest of the world. Echelon used to have many stations world-wide capable of listening in to short-wave transmission. Short-wave is going out of style these days so Echelon spends most of its time monitoring the Intelsat network of geostationary communications satellites. Echelon also has its own spy satellites capable of monitoring the microwave transmissions from mobile phones and their mother stations, as well as the microwave networks that many countries still maintain as part of their communications infrastructure.

So who cares, right? The French, normally a whiny bunch with a centuries-old bone to pick with Britain, for one. The French have launched the equivalent of a class-action suit to sue Britain and the US. They claim "theft of information" by Echelon led to loss of contracts by French individuals and corporations. Italy and Germany have also cried foul and started investigations. You might think this is all just paranoia but I am not alone. Last year on October 21st, a concerned group of computer-geeks calling themselves The Monitored, called for a global "jam Echelon" day. They asked as many people as possible to send mass e-mails containing subversive words like; "revolution" and "manifesto" in hopes of monkey-wrenching the whole system. I wish it had worked. Instead, I've got a dog to bury and a tube of Preparation-H to apply. Don't believe me though; do a computer search on your neighbours computer for the word Echelon, and you'll see there really is no such thing as paranoia. They are out to get you.

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## Quebec City Summit of the Americas



On April 4th, an information meeting will be held at Glendon (time/place TBA) regarding the Summit of the Americas in Quebec City - April 20, 21, 22. All who are interested should look for postings around Glendon or inquire at Pro Tem and the GCSU. Busing to and from the event may be provided.

(continued from page 11) Making assumptions is something that I try to refrain from doing. In this instance, I find comfort and hope in the assumption that those generations were at one time as incapable of communi-

cating as is ours. It is because of this assumption that I can believe that one day social interaction will not be a feared unknown, but a common practice.



# Alienation Generation 2: Riding the Rocket the Better Way

CAROLYN HENRY

The Thursday of the big snow storm I had to wait forty-five minutes for a bus. In spite of my feelings towards discmen, I was listening to mine. As I stood waiting for hypothermia to kick in, a woman who looked to be in her mid-fifties joined me at the bus stop. Undeterred by my headphones, she asked me how long I had been waiting for the bus. From there our conversation escalated. After fifteen minutes of waiting and talking, she offered to share a taxi with me. She even offered to pay for it - seeing as I am a poor university student. Only a few minutes after her offer, a bus arrived and I was saved from uncomfortably accepting. We sat together on the bus and talked about everything from the strike to the weather to Boston Public.

Later that week, I was reminded of my conversation with the woman on the bus. It surprised me that every time I brought it up, I was greeted with astonishment. People were unable to believe that I had engaged in conversation with an unknown person on public transportation. I, however, was delighted by the conversation, which I took to be a sign that I indeed was not using my discman to alienate myself. I was capable of conversing with people, even ones with whom I was unfamiliar. Not once during the conversation was I tempted to put my headphones on and block out the conversation.

My brother has confessed that he too is capable of holding conversations with strangers on subways. After all the horrified glances I had been subjected to, I was glad to hear that I wasn't alone in the practice. My brother and I both revealed that we felt no qualms about speaking to people who were either younger or older than ourselves. We also agreed that conversation with unknown people of relatively our own age was prohibited, especially on public transportation. The idea that conversation with unknown members of our generation is forbidden has been bothering and nagging me in a manner similar to the headphone dilemma. I also worry that the headphone perplexity is in fact tied in to this new quandary.

What if people are using headphones as a method of alien-

ation in order to adhere to some unspoken social rule dictating the uncouthness of speaking with an unknown member of ones own generation? Does this rule apply to all generations, or only ours? I find it hard to believe that when I am in my thirties or forties I will find speaking with unknown members of my own generation to be difficult. I hope that by then our generation will have overcome this awkward

inability to communicate. Perhaps it will be because we will have realized that while our differences seem major to us now, they are in reality insignificant. What I have seen on the subway is encouraging. After all, I usually join in on the conversations of people in their thirties or forties. (continued on page 10)

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# I like

PATRICK BOIS

I like.

I like music because it soothes, it engulfs my soul with its tender bristles.

I like television because it encourages me to portray this planet as a sack of shit.

I like the company of others because their smiles can alter my day.

I like the ignorance of others because it encourages me to ignore them.

I like a morning's dawn because it elevates everything within it.

I like my neighbours' aptitude for conformity because it urges me to philosophize.

I like positive things.

I like negative things.

I like Pillsbury Doughboy cookies because they fend off my cravings for sexual tangos.

I like the suffering in life because it makes me appreciate it more.

I like to observe the mannerisms of a bird because it pushes me towards Eastern philosophy.

I like to play video games because it takes my mind off the injustices that my government takes part in.

I like to donate my belongings because I know how it feels to receive a gift.

I like the childish, malicious gossip of the Nelley Blacks of the world because it makes it easier for me to sympathize, not empathize, with their jolly insecurities.

I like positive things.

I like negative things.

I like the poetry and the non-poetry of life, the stanzas and the

non-stanzas, the Sandbergs and Twains and the non-Sandbergs and non-Twains because it gives you options to which you can tickle your senses.

I like the stubborn, prideful front of a woman because it entices me to move past her.

I like an old man's company because he can teach me lessons I have never learned.

I like the unintelligible, unbeknown fragments of a woman because it allows me to see through her wave patterns.

I like the cafeteria ladies' charm because it displays the notion that monetary funds do not bring about happiness.

I like the Pope and his Popemobile because I hope that someday I'll see him crash in a Lutheran church.

I like positive things.

I like negative things.

I like to call my grandma on Sundays because maybe, just maybe, she will remember my name this time.

I like the breasts on a woman's chest because sometimes, just sometimes, it makes up for their lack of words.

I like to wander in a stream of consciousness because that is where I feel comfortable.

I like to see my school run by "laundered" money because it proves to me that education is afoul.

I like to masturbate to Dr. No's Ursula Andress because no woman has ever captured that mystifying beauty.

I like to live among a boisterous populace because it urges me to admire the serene mountains behind a village.

I like positive things.

I like negative things.

Yet, these positive things can be negative things while these negative things can be positive things.

Bluntly spoken, you say.

Well...

Pillsbury Doughboy cookies can put me in the Guinness Book of Records next to the fattest circus midget from Nepal while, on the other hand, gossiping to one's full content can inform me on the "to-dos" and "to-don'ts" of a fearful tribe.

As well, playing video games can leave me with thumbs the size of quarter-pound hemorrhoids while, on the other hand, conforming to "chique" cliques can increase my standing in the world.

And Finally...

Constantly listening to a given love ballad can send you straight to the Cuckoo's Nest while, on the other hand, being stubborn and unbeknown to vital yearnings of an individual can indeed save you much grief.

An apple can be a delightful bite or it can be a Dead Man's poison and a yoke of oxen can be total and utter salvation or it can be a country's greatest taboo.

It all depends on how you look at things.

This can be egotistical ranting, or, it can be "whatever you want to be" i.e., a Hopi dancing song, a dart board, one ply toilet paper, etc.

It all depends on how you look at it.

Once again, I like...

# Bravo to Glendon Performers

KELLEY GREEN

GLENDON- This year's student-run and student-performed talent show, Bravo, took place March 1st and 2nd at Theatre Glendon. The show was oozing with talent from singers to dancers to a five-person band named Noisegate.

As I sat in my seat I was upset that I didn't enter as a performer or even a techie. (That's techie, not trekkie.) These people made me want to jump outta my seat and bust-a-move. I didn't. However I did cheer for groups, friends and people I didn't realize had such talent.

Only a few drawbacks spring to mind when looking back on the Bravo opening night. I found the show to be tech-heavy. We are at Theatre Glendon, not The Air Canada Centre. It's an intimate audience in a close proximity. You do not need to have a microphone for the singers or for the instrument they are playing. I think that because of the tech aspect, it made for a long show: 2 1/2 hours. Thus I and other members of the audience lost interest. Cutting it down to 1 1/2 to 2

hours would have been much better.

One of the highlights of the evening was when the female co-host, Catherine Lambert, sang about hosting solo. Sung to the tune of "I Will Survive" this was a truly funny act to cut the down time while performers were changing.

Other acts that stood out were Cynthia Wood singing "Memories" from the popular musical, Cats; the immensely talented voice of Geoff McGuire, the dance performed to the tune of "The Way You Make Me Feel," by Tara Beaver; as well as the trio "Salt 'n' Pepa", consisting of Gillian Muir, Jane Currie and Sara Chalmers dancing to "Shoop". The highlight of that act was the pimp daddy mackin' it named Ryan Shantz.

A few things could have been better, but you can't always please everyone. All the performers should get props just for having the willingness to perform. Great job to all those who performed, organized and watched this annual event. Hope to see you all next year.

## CKRG

is happy to announce that it has set a target date of April 1, 2001 to have the radio station broadcasting online. We are all working very hard to try to ensure we can adhere to this deadline, and iron out all the bugs beforehand. Watch for the official launch (party) about two weeks later...

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# The Caveman's Valentine

ROSALIND SMITH

At first glance, Romulus is a homeless person living in a park in New York City. But, as he states a couple times during the movie, he is not homeless, he lives in a cave. Played by actor Samuel L. Jackson, Romulus is delusional, schizophrenic, never taken seriously, and at the same time, harmless. Before his current lifestyle, he was a concert pianist. Many people even considered him a genius when it came to music. One Valentine morning, he wakes up to find a body in a tree just outside his cave. As the police conclude that it is just another homeless person that has frozen to death in the February winter, a friend of Romulus' confides in him that he believes it was a murder. The plot then develops into Romulus's search for the truth.

Romulus tries to gain respect and help from his daughter, who was one of the police

officers at the crime scene. Romulus' investigation leads him to the home and studio of a famous French photographer and his sister. Along the way, Romulus gets help from Anthony Michael Hall's character (remember him in Breakfast Club and Sixteen Candles? All grown up but still CUTE!). Because Romulus was once a part of high-society, he can enter back into that lifestyle easily, even just for a short while, to learn and use the people for his investigation.

As crazy as Romulus may seem, he is not a stupid person. If it wasn't for his delusions and crazy ideas, he wouldn't be able to re-enter the society that he once knew. In his delusions, Romulus's ex-wife often appears to be the skeptic, not necessarily to discourage him, but to watch out for his safety. You find yourself rooting for Romulus because you really want him to succeed. He is determined and in the end he gains the respect of many

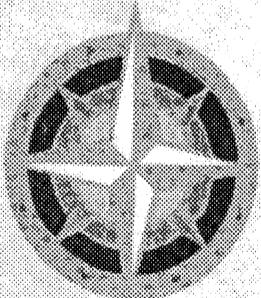
people.

Filmed in New York City, as well as our lovely Toronto, The Caveman's Valentine is a solid but twisted mystery. If you are ready to travel into Romulus's mind and encounter his warped delusions and crazy ideas, as well as get to see a nude shot of Samuel L. Jackson's backside, go check it out. The Caveman's Valentine is aesthetically pleasing as the visuals compliments the story.



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# Revelations

KATERINA BAKALIS

Last Friday morning, I was woken up by a phone call. My friend Suzanne was weeping, and I immediately sat up in bed, realizing something was terribly wrong. Turns out her father had suddenly died the night before of a major heart attack. He was in perfect health - he didn't smoke, didn't drink, and was well within the normal range for his cholesterol and blood pressure. He was 59 years old.

For some reason, her dad's death has affected me a lot, even though I never actually met him. Suzanne was really close to him, she talked about him often, and I knew that he helped her with her school projects all the time, sometimes driving downtown from Pickering early in the morning to bring her materials she would need. He was a really loving dad from what I could tell; he had a happy marriage, he felt fulfilled in his life's work, and he had a very deep and caring relationship with both his children and his wife. Maybe this is what threw me off balance. Was it fate? Was there a higher power at work here, choosing her healthy, caring father to leave the realm of the living, instead of some abusive, alcoholic asshole, who will probably live to be 100?

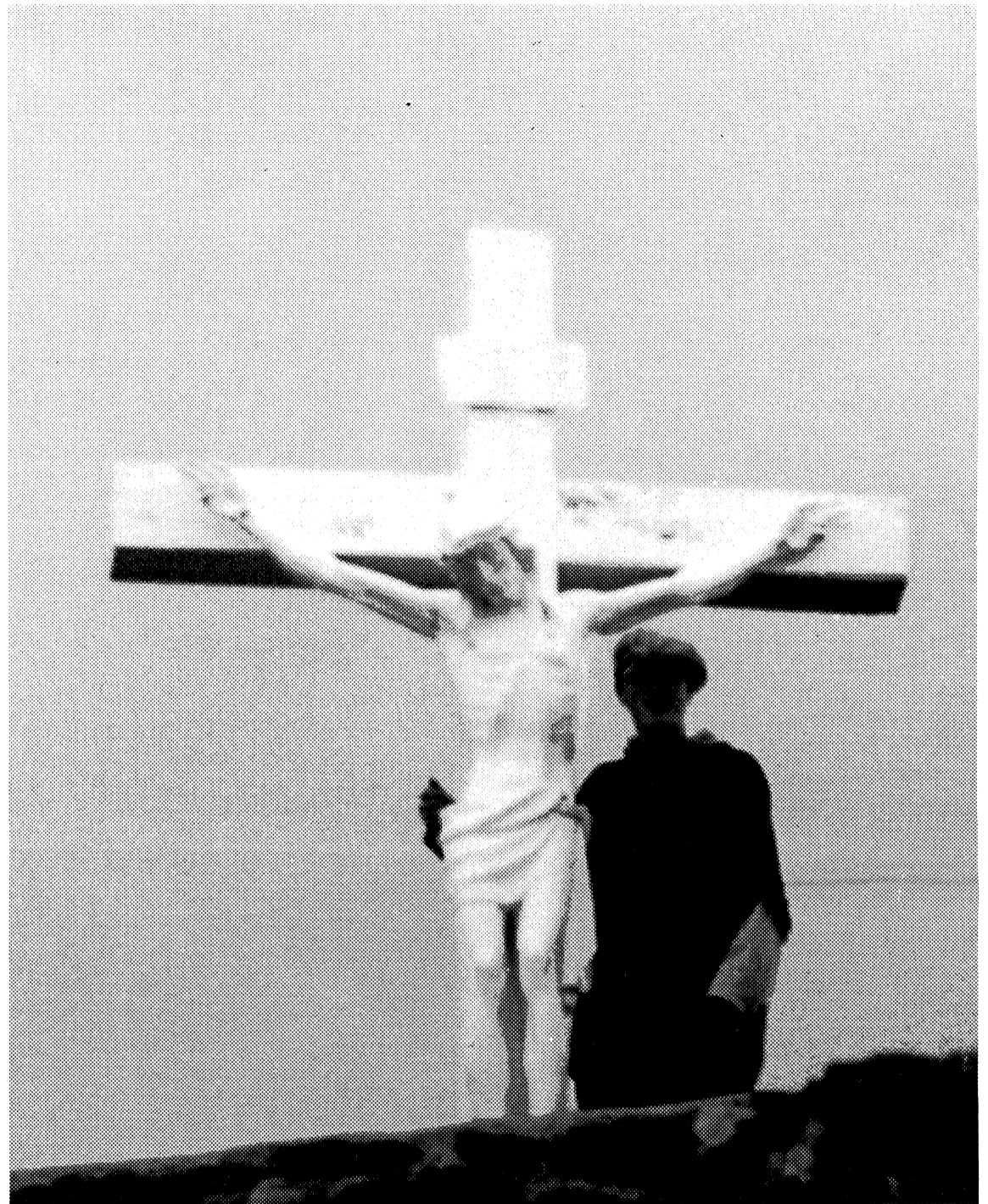
That old question plagues me, y'know? Why do the good ones have to go so soon? It seems that way, doesn't it? It seems like God is being selfish and wants all the good people in the world to himself, leaving the evil-doers to haunt us down here on earth. Maybe it's His way of punishing us for the sinful ways in which we live, instead of another flood, which he promised Noah he would never do again. I know I'm starting to sound very fanatical, but that's another problem I think society is suffering of - a lack of spirituality, a malaise of faith.

The night before

Suzanne's dad died, I was at her apartment reading an essay she had written on the young generation of today and how much we have separated ourselves from spirituality. Her essay focused on the fact that many of us see religion as taboo, and associating ourselves with any organized religion seems crazy or irrational nowadays. But this veering away from religion has also meant a break from being spiritual and getting in touch with our inner selves. We discussed the topic for a while. I realized I was definitely one of these young people, totally uncertain of myself and what I want, a none-spiritual person having lost touch with myself. Perhaps religion isn't the answer, but spirituality can be many things, can take different shapes and meanings for everyone.

Is all this tied together? Was it mere coincidence that Suzanne and I were discussing religion and spirituality the night before her dad died? His death made me think of my own mortality, as these events tend to do, and why we're on this earth, and what it all means. Maybe it's a sign. Maybe it's just part of life, and coincidence aside, there has to be a time where you have to connect with a part of yourself that today's society, it seems, discourages very much - the spiritual self. My restlessness and uncertainty are not uncommon among people my age, and it's on the rise.

Whatever your beliefs may be, there is a side to everyone that goes deeper than the psyche, a side that finds peace with the world in its own way, without needing answers to questions about God or heaven or the afterlife. If the death of my friend's father enlightened me in any way, it is in realizing that it is this side of ourselves a lot of us need to find, need to connect with, so that we may find the kind of happiness in our lives that I know her father felt in his.



## Magic Is Afoot

FAITH

Hope. By definition, it is a feeling of desire for some good with the expectation of obtaining it or a desire for certain events to happen. Hope can also be the feather that tips the scale between life and death for the ones who are ill or the ray of light in knowing positive outcomes will emerge in the future. Such a small word with such significance.

Everyone has hopes and dreams for the future. Whether

they are as big as discovering the cure for cancer, getting that high paying prestige job or as small as simply surviving the day. But the question should be what do you hope for, or rather, what do you live for? And what or who do you put your trust in?

As a Christian, my hope is placed in the knowledge that one-day I will be in heaven. This is not to say that my life is without its ups and downs. But without this hope, life would be pretty meaningless, and cyclic for that matter. An endless cycle of getting up, eating, working, and

going to bed. King Solomon, a man blessed with wisdom and riches by God in the early years of his reign in Israel, wrote in his book, Ecclesiastes, about how everything is meaningless "a chasing after the wind."

Is it really worth it to live for something that may not be here tomorrow or in someone that might turn about and hurt us? My hope for you is that you will put your hope in something that will last, something that is eternal.



# Tim Didn't Want To Fly with the Team

EMMA GALLOWAY

I was recently speaking to a friend of mine who asked me what I was doing this coming weekend. With only a moment's pause I turned to her with a child-like grin and said, "I have to work." She looked at me for a moment, wondering why the prospect of a weekend behind the counter of Tim Horton's, serving hot coffee to the masses, would plant such glee on my normally sullen face. The truth is, I love my job. I love walking into work at 7:00 in the morning to find that the toaster oven is on fire, the person on the night shift fell asleep, and today's order of fresh donuts aren't coming until noon. The customers, still foggy with sleep, rudely demanding their 'usual' and to please hurry because they're double parked outside or the panic in the eyes of co-workers when the cash register is jammed, all add to the nuance of the fast food industry of which I am a proud employee.

Now don't get me wrong. It is perhaps one of the worst jobs one could possibly imagine. The stress of a constant smile even in the face of those who treat you like the gum they just stepped in outside and the irritating demands of a 'Tim-Horton's-is-my-life-and-it-should-be-yours-too' manager, can overwhelm even the most dedicated of Tim's lackeys. But underneath it all, I'm just happy to be employed.

I am a university student and throughout my academic career, I had decided that I would focus all of my time and energy at acquiring scholarly prestige by way of marks, ignoring the prospect of part time employment of any kind. While my friends would trudge off into tedious evenings of serving burgers at greasy spoons or ripping tickets at local theatres, I would retire to my residence room with my books or turn to the trusty TV for company, pretending to be content with my 'studious' life. But there was an itching within me that even Dylan Thomas or

good ol' Billy Shakespeare, despite their lengthy commentary on human existence, just couldn't satisfy.

It's the feeling of sitting down on the bus after eight excruciating hours on your feet. It's contorting your face into anything but the hi-how-can-I-help-you-today smile you've been wearing since you rolled out of bed before dawn this morning. It's the nauseating scent of sugar fondante, still thick in your nostrils after careful preparation of over 150 Canadian Maple donuts before 9:00 AM. It's the glorious hat head you sport proudly to skeptical bystanders on the street.

And let us not forget Tim's famous employee attire. The oversized, cotton shirts, vertically striped in dusty blue and soft maroon; the friendly plastic name tag, pinned on the left side (above the breast), celebrating your name in bold black print for every customer to ignore; the polyester pants, waste beginning at the bra-line, riding ever so pleasantly at every moment up one's accentuated rear end. And the 'silk' kerchief, tied lovingly around the neck, subtly covering the fact that you haven't been able to breath for the past hour. And last but certainly not least ... the beautiful visor, adorning net covered heads to prevent deviant hairs from plummeting into one's morning coffee.

Yes, my jeans and favorite tank have never felt so good after a day in the company of polyester paradise. But the true moment of reward when all is said and done, is the euphoria you feel when you are handed your pay cheque. The pathetic \$7.00 an hour you gratefully receive in return for your sweaty, coffee stained soul.

But oh the satisfaction of trudging home, blurry with exhaustion, reveling in the satisfaction of a long day's work.

And that's really what it's all about. If you can leave a job and feel from aching head to broken toe, that you've spent a day in the working world and you are taking care of yourself, then it really doesn't matter

what you do.

I don't feel I'll be working at Tim Horton's for the rest of my natural life. In fact I hope I won't be. I have high expectations for the future of my career and I work hard in order to make those goals a reality. But that doesn't mean I'm too good to get my hands dirty and break a good old-fashioned

sweat over donuts and coffee. There's something so humbling about serving the general public in all their happiness and gloom, at 7:00 in the morning or at 1:00 at night, when they're having a good day, when I'm having a bad. I could never get this experience sitting in my dorm reading a book and I wouldn't trade it for all

the wisdom an academic institution has to offer.

So the next time you find yourself fed up with the world ... just get off your duff and realize that things could always be worse. Take pleasure in what you can and come see me for a cuppa hot Joe at Timmy's.

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# YFS and King Arthur's Dirty Frolic

MIHNEA DUMITRU

A recent article was written by Editor-in-Chief Shawn Jeffords in York's weekly newspaper, Excalibur, in which he attempted to criticize the upcoming changes in the York Federation of Students as yet another dirty move on behalf of the Administration, the resident evil behind all our problems. According to Mr. Jeffords, not only had the YFS not properly notified the students of the university on the upcoming changes, but they rendered themselves inaccessible throughout the process. Mr. Jeffords further notes:

"At last we've seen the YFS' true colours. They've hopped down of their high horse with a resounding thud and have landed firmly in a mess of their own making."

While this metaphor may bloom in deepness of thought on behalf of its writer, it vaguely and poorly explains the entire issue. Mr. Jeffords portrays the problem as an error in communication between the student body and their elected representatives. He attempts to connect this inconsistency with the rather recent string of events that led to the President's resignation, by alluding to an unbalance of power within the YFS. Ultimately, he tags the student representatives as

hypocrites and lapdogs of the administration, and calls upon the students of York to "shut them out without hearing their side of the story."

We do need to give Mr. Jeffords credit for bringing up this most troubling issue, as well as raising a most valid point, the fact that such a monumental change in the YFS requires the verdict of the students. However, the Editor-in-Chief decides to close the chapter by leaving aside an even more significant question. Excalibur deals with the problem with its usual expediency - as true followers of the Big Blue Star, and thus fails to reach its purpose of informing us on the true importance of the YFS act. By concentrating on a relatively important piece of information that requires immediate attention, it diverts the interest of its readers from the main problem, which is the absence of a centralized executive.

The new bylaws not only eliminate the President and four Vice President positions, but they also rule out the Chair/Speaker position in the Executive Council. Communistic and vile, this move shows the current executive's lack of logic by underlining the existing rifts within the YFS administration, their hatred towards any sort of dominant authority, and their future inability to reach consensus. Furthermore, these

changes affect the very framework of a democratic political system, and show us the distances reached away from an open-minded way of thinking. Personal vendettas against the last President and his staff cloud foresight. They take away valuable lessons of government from student experience and turn them into a truncated and halfway comical rendition of Papa Stalin's lunch table. The misbalance is even more accentuated in this situation, and the lack of supervising authority such as that of the Chairman completes the imperfect and corrupted ensemble.

Returning to Excalibur's lack of quality reporting, I can only ask and our readers who the

real hypocrites and Administration lackeys are, since this obvious loop in Mr. Jeffords' thinking not only leads to strengthen our scepticism in the publication's interests, but also begs us to question whether we have any representatives at all... When our elected delegates decide to Lorny us behind our backs and the only York-wide student media organization innocently pulls the blinds on the whole affair, we are left very little to say... Viva Fidel!

The Changes in the YFS By-laws can be found at: <http://www.yorku.ca/yfs>

The article written by Mr. Jeffords can be found in the March 14th Edition of Excalibur.



## Dear Editors:

We would like to inform the Pro Tem readers of excalibur's upcoming levy referendum. We are asking for an increase of 2.66 cents per credit.

The referendum question will be as follows: To compensate for the effects of inflation since the last referendum in 1988 to increase will result in the following:

Keele Campus:  
undergrads: from 13.33 cents per credit to 16 cents.  
grads: from \$1.33 per semester to \$1.60

Glendon Campus:  
undergrads: from 3.33 cents per credit to 4.  
grads: from \$0.33 per semester to \$0.40.

This will compensate for the rising cost of newsprint and colour. The increase will also help us to continue to improve the quality of the student newspaper and to secure the future of excalibur. Any questions, comments, or concerns can be directed to [funatic@thespark.com](mailto:funatic@thespark.com), 420 student Centre, or (416) 736-5239.

Thank you,

Meredith e. and Arif,  
Co-Campaign Directors



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