

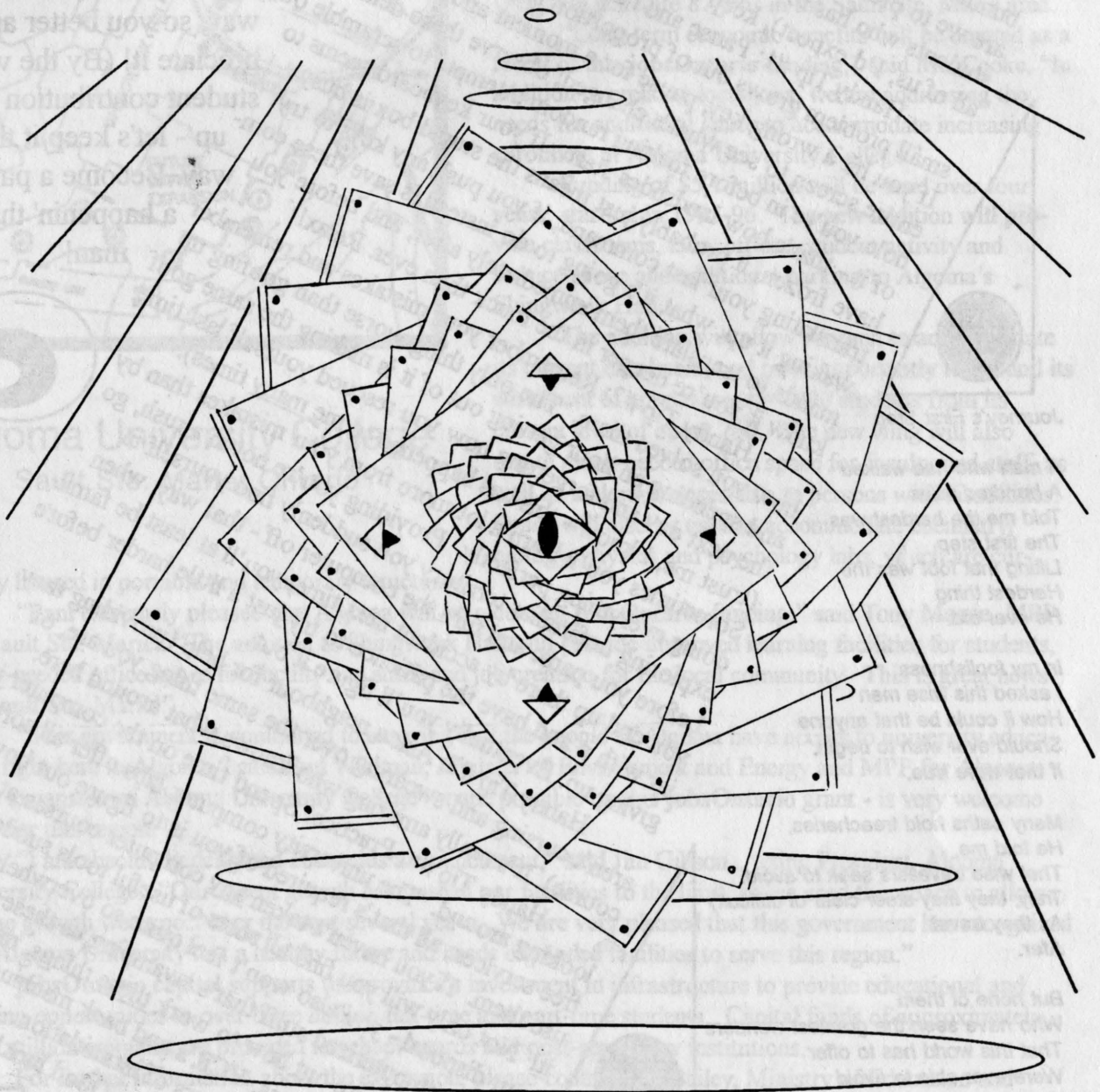


Algoma University's Student Newspaper

The Sentinel

"The publication that vowed to become famous"

March 1995 - Issue Six



Same Management - New Ideas

Computerphobia: Dungeons Of The 3rd Floor

Why is it that no matter how many times you're told a computer is just a stupid box, you feel like you've entered a staring contest you're bound to lose every time you sit down in front of one?

Even the most computer-phobic personality will admit that WordPerfect is a lot handier than a typewriter, but even the most keen computer science major will admit that these stupid bundles of circuits and whirligigs can be damn frustrating. How are we to preserve our sanity? If you're one of the many students who has to deal with these things (which is practically all of us, I'd expect), keep these following thoughts in mind:

Handy Tip #1: Pause and take a deep breath! Often one small problem grows out of proportion because the user panics. If you hit a wrong key, pause for a moment and observe the entire screen to see what's changed; observe these details of the hole you're in before making random attempts to scramble out of it - that's how landslides start. If your keyboard seems to have frozen, it probably just means the stupid box is busy translating your last command; if you push any keys to try waking it up, what it's going to do instead is save these commands to translate them immediately after, and before you know it you're deeper in the muck than ever. Relax!

Handy Tip #2: Remember your mistakes and remember how you solved them. The only thing worse than remembering and spending an hour getting out of it is making the same goof up the next day and forgetting how you rescued yourself last time (trust me, I know - this has happened to me many times). Sometimes you'll learn a lot more from your mistakes than by doing everything perfectly. Providing you're not in a rush, go exploring unfamiliar territory you suddenly find yourself in before you panic and turn the computer off - that way, when you end up there by accident next time, you'll at least be familiar with it and have the patience to try just a little harder before giving up. Eventually you'll figure it out.

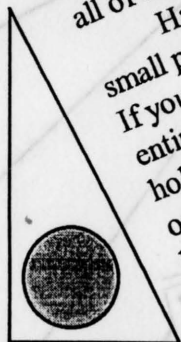
Handy Tip #3: Ask a neighbour for help (providing they aren't cursing and swearing over the same thing you are, of course). It's really amazing who knows what around here. Handy Tip #4: Practice! Spend time on the computer just looking around. The university computer labs offer all sorts of free services; all that's required of you is to figure out how to use them. If you haven't taken any computer courses at all, do it! Not only will you find all sorts of useful tools suddenly at your disposal - you also won't feel quite so overwhelmed by all the computerized stuff that's swamping us these days. Once you figure out how to work these things, micro-wave ovens, VCR's and bank machines lose all their powers of intimidation.

Good luck!

EDITOR'S PAGE: So what do you think? Will our new efforts to appease

your visual tastebuds actually work? After checking out other student newspapers, it occurred to me that ours is kinda 'blah' looking - until now! Obviously, designing a paper to

look like this takes a lot more time, effort and creativity than the old way, so you better appreciate it! (By the way; student contribution is up - let's keep it that way. Become a part of a happenin' thang, man!



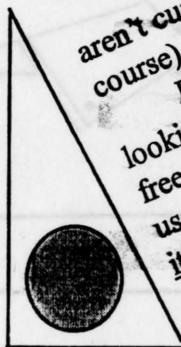
Journey's First Step

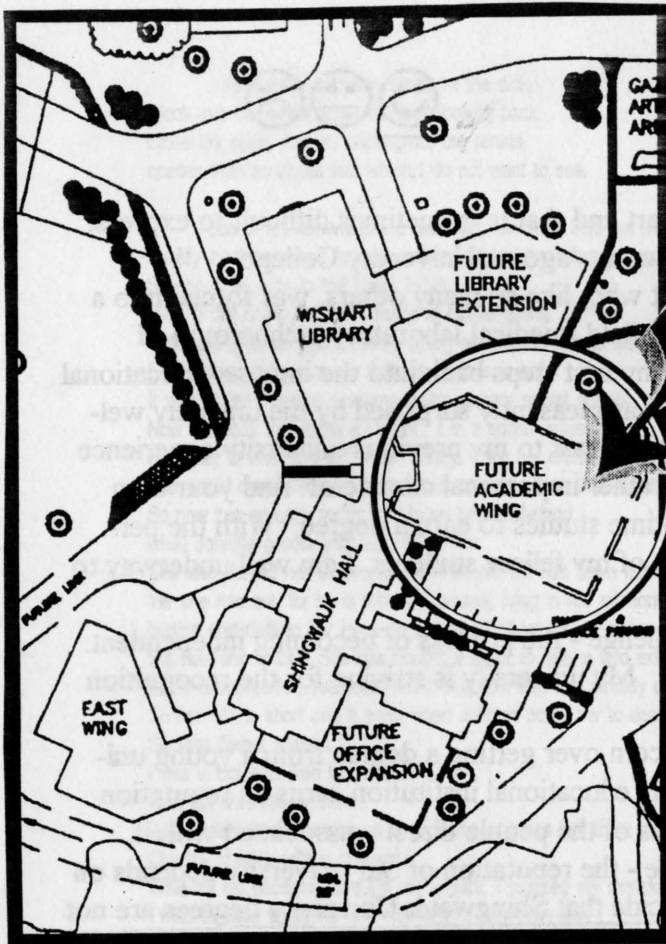
A man who had walked
A hundred miles
Told me the hardest was
The first step.
Lifting that foot was the
Hardest thing
He ever did.

In my foolishness
I asked this wise man
How it could be that anyone
Should ever wish to begin,
If that were true.

Many paths hold treacheries,
He told me,
That wise travellers seek to avoid.
Truly, they may steer clear of difficulty
As they travel
Afar.

But none of them
Who have seen the greatest wonders
That this world has to offer
Were ever able to avoid
That first step.





New Academic Wing

Here's the low-down, for those who were on vacation in Alaska when the story broke.

-jobsOntario News Release

The Ontario government will provide \$5.1 million in jobsOntario capital support toward the construction of a new four-level Academic North Wing to Algoma's Shingwauk Hall, Dave Cooke, Minister of Education and Training, announced today. Construction of the new wing will generate 87 jobs in the Sault Ste. Marie area.

"Long-term economic benefits will be created as a result of this jobsOntario funding," said Mr. Cooke. "In addition to creating local jobs, we are addressing the needs for additional space to accommodate increasing enrolment at Algoma University College."

Funding of \$5.1 million will be used over four years, starting in 1995-96. The new addition will provide classrooms, labs, offices, student activity and service space and additional parking to Algoma's Shingwauk Hall.

The addition will allow Algoma to accommodate its current enrolment, and more importantly to expand its enrolment to approximately 1000 students from its current level of about 760. The new wing will also create much-needed office space for faculty and staff, as well as making it accessible to persons with disabilities. Space will also be used to accommodate chemistry/biology, physics and psychology labs, which are cur-

Algoma University College Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

rently housed in portable and temporary structures.

"I am extremely pleased that Algoma will be receiving jobsOntario funding," said Tony Martin, MPP for Sault Ste. Marie. "The addition to Shingwauk Hall will provide improved learning facilities for students, much-needed office space for faculty and staff, and job creation for the local community. This is great news for Sault Ste. Marie!"

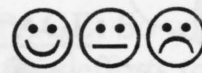
"This government is committed to ensuring that the people of Algoma have access to university education, right here in Algoma," said Bud Wildman, Minister of Environment and Energy and MPP for Algoma. "The expansion of Algoma University College - made possible by this jobsOntario grant - is very welcome news for this region."

"I am absolutely delighted about this announcement," said Jim Gibson, Acting President, Algoma University College. "Our recent growth has pushed our facilities to the limit, so we need this space to allow for the growth we expect over the next several years. We are very pleased that this government has recognized that Algoma University has a healthy future and needs expanded facilities to serve this region."

jobsOntario capital supports the province's investment in infrastructure to provide educational and training opportunities to over three million full-time and part-time students. Capital funds of approximately \$400 million annually are provided to school boards and post-secondary institutions.

For further information about the expansion, please contact Bill Bailey, Ministry of Education and Training, at 416-325-4015; Jack Dunning, Algoma University College, at 705-949-2301, ext. 316; or Bruno Barban, Director of Physical Plant and Planning, Algoma University College, at 705-949-2301, ext. 266.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:



PRIDE IN ALGOMA UNIVERSITY:

I wish to address a subject that is close to my heart and that is sometimes difficult to express. The subject is pride in and love for your school; in my case, Algoma University College.

I came to Algoma University as a mature student who, like so many others, was forced into a career change due to lack of jobs in my primary chosen field (medical laboratory technology). I entered A.U. as a part-time student, cautiously taking my first steps back into the intense, educational environment that is so characteristic of a university. I was pleasantly surprised by the uniquely welcome atmosphere which greeted me. This was a stark contrast to my previous university experience of huge classes, never knowing my professor, and the rather impersonal climate of 'find your own way'. Thus encouraged, I decided to plunge into full-time studies to earn a degree. With the personal encouragement of my professors and the support of my fellow students, I am well underway to achieving my goal.

Now my university is facing a major growth challenge - the process of becoming independent. I've never felt more pride in Algoma U. than I do now. My university is striving for the recognition that it justly deserves from its peers.

Some students that I have heard show great concern over getting a degree from a young university with 'no reputation'. I'd just like to say that any educational institution earns its reputation through the professional performance and personal lives of the people directly associated with it, namely its students, faculty and graduates. Bottom line - the reputation of our university depends on US, not some nameless group 'out there' who may decide that Shingwauk University degrees are not as good as a 'larger, more reputable university' degree. When I become one of the many graduates of my university, I know that I will have gained the knowledge required for today's job market. I know that one of my professors' primary goals is to enable me to compete successfully in our present economic climate, as well as to promote achievements in higher academic pursuits. How many students from a larger, 'more reputable' university can make the same statement? How many students from a larger, 'more reputable' university can even say they know their professor?

I have confidence in my ability to maintain and perhaps even enhance the reputation of my university. How about you?

-Ulrike Hanslik-Landry

The SENTINEL
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All sweaty, with my hands on the sink,
I look into the mirror at an old face looking back.
Close my eyes, and my mind gives me reruns,
scenes from an abyss into which I do not want to see.

Scene 1: I remember the teenager, run away from her home.
'Daddy' beat her when he was angry, and laid her when he was lonely
So she runs, runs to the bright lights.
But the city is like a shark - ready to eat its young.
She's got a talent: she's young, pretty and knows how to fuck.
She cannot make love, for there is no love in her.
It was stolen in silent screams inside sweaty secret sheets.
Now the body that fucks isn't 'her', it is a soiled vessel.
Her body is what she left when 'daddy' woke her drunk in the night.
She would close her eyes and dream of better days that never were.
So now it is so easy to trip and leave her dirt behind
while Johnnie grunts and ruts inside her.
She was denied her innocence by betrayal, but has flown from her tormentor.
Yet she has not, for he is with her always, living in her memories,
hurting and defiling her even as she climbs from the pit of her despair.
But now she is free! She has bought a ticket to ride, a wild exhilaration.
But it is counterfeit, the death rattle of a soul that has already died.
So her ride is short and it ends when Johnnie boots her to death.
So long Sweet sixteen.
I was a fool who tried to stop him
and got shot for my effort.
Bullets don't hurt as much as they burn - you can feel them inside.
Chunks of Hate with a mission.
With my life escaping through my fingers, I realized my mistake,
I tried to save someone who had died a long time ago.

Learned my lesson,
My life is all there is. There's no one worth dying for.

Scene 2: I remember a clubhouse, watched two men fight over nothing.
The one had a knife and sliced the other to ribbons.
"Amazing Ginsu knives, cuts bone, flesh and souls, only \$19.95!"
You could feel the blood in the air, and on your skin,
and taste it in your mouth - like sucking on a penny.
I looked into his eyes, watched them flicker as his life slipped away.
He cried for his mama and held his hand out to me.

Dying alone he held his hand out to me, but I didn't take it.
He was not human, he was grotesque and smelled of death, I was afraid
as if death was contagious and touching him would hurry mine to seek me.
Instead I watched as his eyes turned into marbles, and he turned
into a slab of meat.
Sirens closing, cops are coming, out the backdoor and gone.
His life amounted to a one-inch column on page 11,
and three hours of police investigation.

Loneliness

Loneliness is standing on the outside looking in,
Loneliness is listening to the moaning of the wind,
Loneliness is waiting for the things that might have been,
Waiting, waiting...

-D.M.Eddy

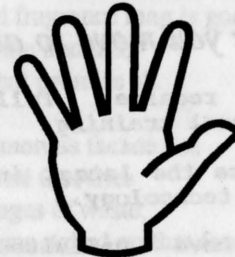
Work In Progress...

-Michael Moon-

Learned my lesson
Life isn't noble or purposeful. It is absurd.

Scene 3: I open my eyes and go into the bedroom
and He's lying there gurgling and bubbling,
like a cat purring underwater.
His eyes are open, they are blue like mine, but soft.
Mine are gun-metal, His are summer skies.
There are no memories to plague Him, only ignorance and trust.
He has not yet seized the worthlessness of his humanity
I put my finger towards Him, rough, scarred and twisted,
and He grabs it and holds on. It is His anchor to the world.
I want to touch Him, maybe pick Him up, should I?
My skin is rough like guilt, His skin is soft like innocence.
How, or why, could a God have sent this to me?
Don't you know who I am, what I've done? I have seen too much.
There have been too many rocks, too many hard places.
I can't be saved.
I look into His face and He looks back, He doesn't care.
I look into His eyes, so soft and so young and I can see my own essence
and somewhere inside, in the wellspring of my being, the current changes.
The cries that come are not yet human, but the sobs that wrack me are.
They are the dry-heaves of my soul about the life that I had lost.
I can feel tears come now, can't stop them, (but I never cry).
I can feel them on my face, hot and bitter, my spiritual bile.
They burn away the remembrances, the pain and desecrations.
They purge me and set me back to zero. Make me human again.
My tears are my redemption, evidence that I am human.
As an animal, as a predator in a world of prey,
survival had told me there was no one I couldn't live without.
But now as a protector, as a shield for innocence,
Fatherhood tells me I wouldn't be alive without Him.

Learned my lesson, the Child is my salvation,
He shows me living is not mere existence and life is but a choice.*



Employment Opportunities:

ALGOMA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE RESIDENCE ADVISOR

Duties: 1. The R.A.s will attempt to ensure that the Residence is kept quiet for study purposes. R.A.'s will be available in Residence during the day as much as their class schedules permit. R.A.'s will also maintain regularly scheduled evening hours.

2. R.A.s assist students with their concerns and provide information about the Residence and Algoma University College.

3. R.A.'s assist the Director of Student Services and other university staff/departments in assuring that students abide by the rules and regulations, policies and procedures of Algoma University College.

Requirements: 1. Be legally eligible for employment.

2. Be in good academic standing with current min. average of at least 70%.

3. Be enrolled as a full-time student while in the position.

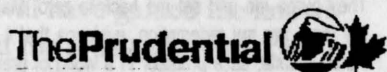
4. Have demonstrated experience/understanding of student life.

5. Live in unit to which he/she is assigned by the Director of Student Services.

6. Obtain permission from the Director of Student Services for any outside employment during the term of the appointment. Any such employment shall be limited to a maximum of ten hours per week. Such employment shall not restrict the Residence Advisors availability to student residents.

Terms: Eight and a half months, beginning last two weeks of August, and four hours after last scheduled exam of winter term. Expected to stay in residence until morning of last day of exams in fall term, and return night before start of winter term.

For more information and/or an application form for this position, please contact Marianne Perry, Director of the Department of Student Services.



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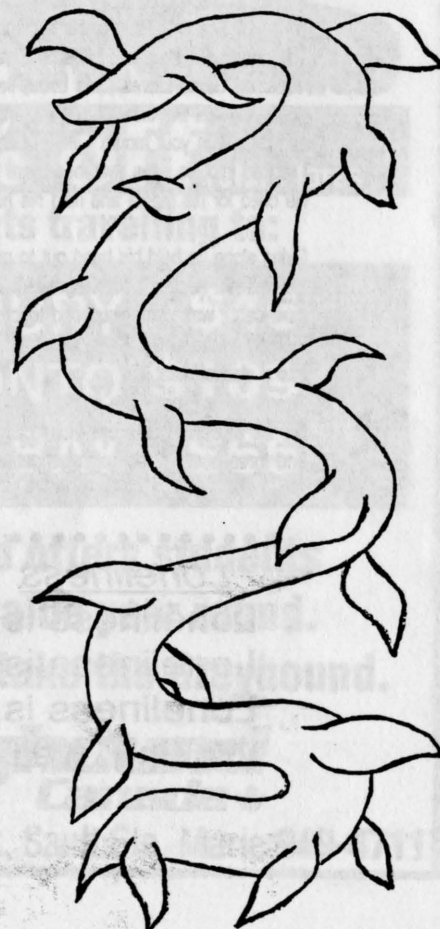
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A Look Into The Future

Goal-setting and the unpredictable; contradictory concepts, or a valuable integration?

1994 is gone and I'm looking at the year ahead with great anticipation. I am excited about the plans I have, and I'm even more excited about the events I can't imagine.

I was never one to set goals for myself, but 1994 taught me how this can be one of the most effective tools for personal growth. I began to set monthly, weekly and sometimes daily goals for myself. Whenever I had a major task to accomplish, I set specific goals. When I lead a self-esteem workshop, my goals allow me to focus my efforts toward the desired outcome. I was able to see that the results I achieved were the steady growth of the seeds I had planted and nurtured when I formulated my goals.

Setting goals has supported me in directing my energy toward a specific outcome, yet my approach has been flexible enough to allow me to capitalize on unexpected opportunities. I had the odd crisis that at first glance looked insurmountable, yet in spite of everything I chose to perceive them as opportunities. I had to focus on my intentions and goals, and to keep reaffirming my choice by finding ways to demonstrate that this was what I really wanted. I was able to see that if I had any doubt about what I wanted, I would experience great struggle, but if I really knew what I wanted nothing could stop me from achieving it.

I found out that I really can have what I want, although going for it has not always been easy. I have been plagued by feelings of unworthiness even though I know in my heart that I am worthy. I have begun to realize that there's no point in achieving something if it isn't what I really want. My fear of love and success can't stop me from going ahead any more because this is what I really want.

I have come through major life changes in employment, relocations to different cities and

(cont'd)

Niagara Falls Dries Up

Here's a timely bit of trivia.

The winter of 1847-1848 had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on March 29th, 1848, a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset, the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall.

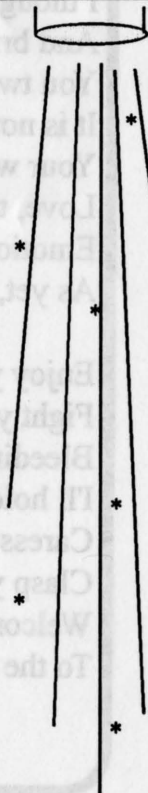
So closely was it packed and so great was its force, that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up, and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls, and the next morning the people living in the neighbourhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle. The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold, black rocks were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks on each side of the river being lined with people during the whole day. At last there was a break in the ice. It was released from its restraint, the pent-up wall of water rushed downward, and Niagara was itself again.

The Hustler

In the twilight world of neon lights
She wanders, aimless, through the night
Bedecked in shimmering satin gown,
Glistening tresses hanging down,
An aura of angelic grace
Surrounds her doll-like painted face,
Seductive gaze that lingers on
When perfumed fragrance long is gone,
Slender body, lithe and tall;
Sensuous lips that promise all.

Behind this glamorous facade lies
A dissipated mind that tries
To hide the ravages of waste;
A youth mis-spent etched on that face.
Worn and haggard, eyes dilated,
Appetite for heroin sated,
Flying high but not unworried,
Not much time now, footsteps hurried.
Night is passing, body's aching,
Have to score soon, dawn is breaking.
In the harsh cold morning light
She waits - alone - for another night.

-D.M. (Denny) Eddy



REVOLUTION- EVOLUTION

I am the eye of your storm, but
You would rather swirl in madness.
I offer you your own shelter
But you withdraw into hurricane.
I submit thunder's lyrics are
Much louder than my own.
But I could silence them
With your permission.

Weaving my words to
Your melody, your strength,
I bound you close and
Reeled you in, fighting.
Fighting? I released you,
Back to your chaos, then;
I'll bide my time here,
Center of your mind.

I thought I would reach you
And bring you willingly. But
You twist and fight.
It is not me you wound.
Your winds have names:
Love, tenderness - zephyrs of war.
Emotional leper, then.
As yet, not yet human.

Enjoy your war, ignore this peace
Fight yourself; you'll come home
Bleeding. Then
I'll hold you with a sigh,
Caress your self-inflicted pain.
Clasp you to my breast,
Welcoming you home, fool,
To the eye of your storm.

-V.

Hey, V.! Check this out ☞

('Future', cont'd)

divorce. I'm at the point where I know that I'll make it through whatever comes up. I have surrendered to a higher plan because if I had to rely on myself there is no way I could have come this far. I have come through all of this because I released it to my higher power. Some people will say that this is a load of crap, but my experience has shown me otherwise. When I have decided to stay in a situation out of sheer stubbornness, I have suffered. When I release the need to control my life, it works much more easily. My life was about being in control yet somewhere along the way I learned that I can't control anyone or anything outside of myself. I can only control myself through my thoughts, so I've decided I better do some 'right thinking' if I want results in my life.

Allowing myself to set reasonable and challenging goals has been very supportive. I know the direction I want to go, so my actions are stepping stones to my goals. I focus on keeping the highest thoughts for the good of all, so I don't get bogged down in the fear and worry. I am no longer willing to settle for less than my best.

Yes, I have goals and a plan for 1995, but why would I limit myself to that? I am willing to entertain new ideas and opportunities and to take a few chances. I am willing to be wrong about my limiting thoughts and to have a totally new experience. I am willing to be called arrogant for asking for what I want. I am willing to expose my true self at the risk of embarrassment. I am willing to love myself like I have never done before. I am willing to ask for support. I am willing to be happy and to claim more liveliness and excitement in all that I do. Yeah, that's right! And do you know what? I am willing to be an example for everyone out there who is scared of the future. The truth is, I am no different than you. I am scared of the future too, but I'm not scared of the present, so I think I'll live for the present rather than living for the future.

Julie Walker is a Personal Transformation Practitioner/Counselor.

The Sentinel seeks WOMEN
to act as ~~vietims~~ *oops*, female
reps. for our March-Madness
team. Are *you* crazy enough?