

**p r o t e m**  
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pro tem

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# Reality attack, attack reality

Joel Ramirez

Although the topic of Meri's article has been exhausted, I thought I'd ram it into the ground. When I first read the copy coming from the Women's Centre (which was late by the way, just kiddin'), I didn't see anything "controversial" in it. Well written, I thought. I've read the article several times now and I can't seem to isolate the reasoning behind the backlash.

It's highly probable that the "lobbyists" for the backlash began a large "rumour"-based, uninformed chain of what people might call "POP-ular" opinion. I would bet half the people involved with the backlash never read the article in its entirety and/or read the article after-the-fact, consequently validating a self-fulfilling prophecy. No analytical thought, no thought, and biased thought. I'm not trying to discredit the intelligence of the Glendon student population, I'm simply attempting to isolate any possible biases that may be related to the phenomenon of backlash given that this type of reaction is not uncommon when women's issues are brought to light.

Gender division was not created by the Women's Centre. Why can't people understand that? People react as if this "radical" idea of women only space is novel, and that this type of space disenfranchises men. Reality attack. Having a women only space on campus does not put men at any disadvantage. I highly doubt that men can't sleep at night because they can't get into the Women's Centre without being escorted.

The only basis for such an argument can stem from the Women's Centre being the physical location of GLABA, which limits accessibility of gay men (although Meri tells me that they're working on a resolution to that problem). Furthermore, even if you don't agree with the ideological basis of having a Women's Centre on the

theoretical notion that the Women's Centre's inherent focus is a reactive response to a patriarchal system of oppression, i.e. you might disagree with the methodology used to carry out the Women's Centre Mission, I doubt that you would lose sleep at night knowing that the Centre exists.

Create a safe space where all people, men and women are welcome. Wonderful sounding isn't it? No gender parameters, no gender division. After awhile, you could rename it (after people start complaining about the name, seeing that it isn't only for women); and low and behold -



At least they're doing something. Maybe their "way of doing" differs from your own personal view, but I doubt it would affect your life negatively.

Meri and Erin's article don't ever argue the existence of differences in methodology. So what are people arguing about? If you believe there's a better way to accomplish change, do it.

If you're so upset about the Women's Centre, why don't you start your own Women's Centre. Allow men free access into it.

Glendon's new common room. Come one, come all, safe space for women and men. If this was the case, there would be no need for Women's Centres. But it isn't (unless you believe gender equality is every woman's everyday life experience, in which case maybe you should go back to reading fairy tales for the facts).

Now let's talk graffiti.

Graffiti is generally a way in which one claims space. Why are our concrete jungles covered in graffiti?

## It's highly probable that the "lobbyists" for the backlash began a large "rumour"-based, uninformed chain of what people might call "POP-ular" opinion

"It's just those gangs trying to dirty our city streets" (said in a politician's voice).

Claim your space. What does a dog do to claim its space? It pisses on the ground it wants to claim. What do you do to save your spot in the library? You leave your jacket on the seat. What do you do if you move into a new office desk (how horrific, let's scratch that and replace it with...move into your residence room?), you put family pictures on your desk, personalize your space, maybe put up some posters. What do you do if you're living between two blocks of concrete? You graffiti the walls.

But graffiti goes even deeper than that... What if you have no means to express your opinions... Nobody will publish your thoughts (maybe because the publishing houses and newspapers are all owned and operated by rich people who don't think your thoughts will turn a profit)... Nobody will listen to you (maybe because your voice doesn't count in a white heterosexual male oriented society/college)????? What then? Well, graffiti. Contrary to early post-industrial belief, graffiti is an indicator of social repression, not crime.

As if chalk is permanent. I've seen chalk graffiti all over York main left untouched for months. "Winters rules." What's more intelligent: anti-rohypnol graffiti or pro-Winters college graffiti?

I bet if I covered the entire school with "Punk Fuckin' Rock", in permanent spray paint, you'd get the same guys going, "woah. did you see that cool shit, spray painted all over campus? fuckin' cool man." The point I'm trying to illustrate is that the reaction to the graffiti was not based on the mere "illegality" of it, it was due to the content, i.e., it forced people to see something that they're insecure about, something that they did not want to see.

Open your eyes and look around you.

**Vous avez des commentaires. Faites-les nous parvenir par courrier électronique (E-Mail). Notre adresse: protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca**

**Any comments? Send them to us by E-Mail. Our address: protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca**

commentary

commentary

J.J. O'Rourke

Early in the morning of December 3rd, urban artists decided to decorate our Glendon campus. Slogans appeared at various different locations including the manor stairs, Café de la Terrasse's windows, and walls in the York hall building. The incident came on the eve of the Women's Center's organized march for Women's Memorial Day at Glendon. Although having offered an initial denial of responsibility, continued suspicion of the center's members remains regarding the graffiti.

The slogans, all positive in nature, addressed discrimination issues including the plight of women, the disabled, homosexuals and other groups in the community that face the ugly visage of societal bias everyday. Written in colorful chalk and marker, the wall scrawls have created quite a stir on campus, both for their message and the medium in which they were presented. Many students are unhappy with, what they describe as, the defacement of school property. They feel uncomfortable walking around in the face of such shocking, thought provoking literature.

From what I understand, the problem lies with not seeing sparkly clean, white walls in the hallways. The problem lies with wanting to see the beautiful panorama of nature outside the windows at pub through biased eyes, and not wanting to deal with the lens of true nature of self so particularly stylized by the urban artists. Personally, I would rather see "WOMEN LOVE WOMEN" written on the walls, than a giant Pepsi logo telling me that I am Generation neXt. It is more human, more natural, more progressive.

In an institution of business, writing on the walls would not be conducive to the carrying out of business matters. We do not find ourselves in an institution of business here at Glendon. It is an institution of learning. And to take it further, being a liberal arts college makes us an institution of thought. The roots of bias venture very deep in the soil of our minds. The shocking nature of the medium used to convey the messages provided the extra strength needed to dig the spade of introspect that much deeper.

the very reason why we are assembled here in the first place

I have to applaud the night's participants in their use of a different medium to convey their message. Ask any GCSU member how effective 'poster campaigns' have been this year. Pretty dismal. The trails of chalking captured attention, I didn't see any in French though, I may have missed them. What happened here on our little campus was of a thought provoking nature, the very reason why we are assembled here in the first place.

People need to get over the sensationalism of the situation; they could start with examining their own initial reactions to the incident, and where in themselves the sentiment originated. Was it from a biased beginning?

To return to the issue of vandalism, most students did not mind the chalkwork, it washes away. The problem goes through its moment in the spotlight, and disappears once again into the shady corners of consciousness. The main problem was that the artists used permanent marker for some of their work. It's hard to remove, almost as if the message's insistence to remain mocks us, pushes us into an uncomfortable situation where we may actually have to talk about it, do something about it, or live it.

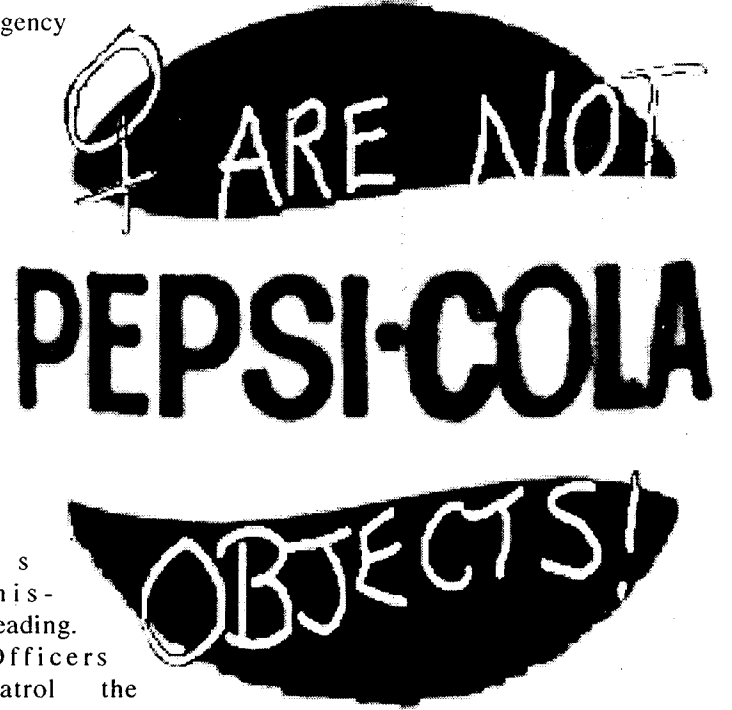
It is unfortunate that the situation has developed in the manner that it has. The Women's center, as an organization, is unhappy with the bad publicity that the vandalism has brought it. Eyewitnesses observed an artist in the early morning as she completed her work. The artist was identified as being a member of the Women's center, acting apart from the center's activities. I do not, however, understand how members of the center, working on issues discussed at the center, can say that they were not acting on behalf of the center.

All of this activity lays in the wake of Protem's last issue, where the 'features' section published articles about the then upcoming women's Memorial Day. In the article "is women only space unfair to men?" it was exposed that Café de la Terrasse would not provide the area required for said space. Student security was not able to provide a women only staff for the evenings proceedings.

Café de la Terrasse manager Glenn Rigby has described how the pub has often helped the center in the past with fundraising, through pub nights and concerts. The main concern in this instance, was that the pub is a place for students, and it must remain a place for ALL students, ALL the time. The Glendon pub is in the midst of a recovery after a dismal start this year, and I think it's fair that they do not want to

exclude any clientele, on any night.

As for the student escort service, of which I happen to be an employee, the notion that it is some sort of protection agency



is misleading.

Officers patrol the campus acting as eyes and ears for the Blue security officer on duty. We also escort members of the Glendon community around campus, during our shift, which is a free service. Our ability to protect is a direct result of communication and co-ordination of the entire force, where women and men work together. Our very position dictates that we work to make the Glendon campus comfortable and safe for all students, ALL SESSION LONG, not just one night a year.

As for the delightfully recurring theme of ending discrimination, I try to rage against discrimination every day, when I write, when I think, when I speak. But I am still biased, we all are. I am sometimes the privileged member of

a situation, other times a discriminated minority. I stand firm in the thinking that any intelligent attempt to eradicate discriminatory behavior should go, and remain, unpunished. At least they're doing something, because isn't apathy pathetic?

Personally, I would rather see "WOMEN LOVE WOMEN" written on the walls, than a giant Pepsi logo telling me that I am Generation neXt.



## Reaction to women only space: concern or backlash?

Suzanne McCullagh  
Tina Peers

The final issue of Pro Tem for the year of 1998 seemed to create quite a stir on campus. The excitement was over an article written by Meri Perra, coordinator of the Glendon Women's Centre. The features article located on page 9 of the November 30th issue, explained why she feels women only space is important, how she had attempted to obtain it to for Women's remembrance day and the obstacles she had encountered.

Within hours of distribution across the Glendon Campus, Perra's article emerged as the conversation piece of the week. The article was being critiqued in the Pub, all over York Hall (including the GCSU office) and it is rumoured not to have escaped even the bathrooms. By far, most of the reaction was negative. This however can be explained by the fact that those who were not concerned with Perra's ideas had little to say about them.

The main point of contention

seems to have surrounded the idea of women only space. A second year student said of the article that "Discrimination is not the key to solving this problem in our society." Interestingly enough this was one of the main issues Perra's article professed in its title to be exploring; "Is women only space unfair to men?"

Perra's attempt to explain her position on the issue was taken by many readers to be confrontational. A third year student stated: "I

thought it was a very narrow perspective on the issue it brought up. I don't even feel arguing against her would do anything because she was extremely opinionated."

Within the article Perra states: "As a feminist, and coordinator of the Women's Centre my bias is clear...I am sure it won't be hard for any reader to find a non-feminist perspective on this issue so that an 'objective' argument can be obtained."

Even with this partial disclaimer, many still felt that "...the approach was not right." (4th year student).

Although there was a widespread reaction to Perra's article, there was not one response submitted for this issue of Pro Tem. This can only signify that the concern was not as great as it first appeared.

## CKRG 89.9FM: a critical deconstruction

Joel Ramirez

Glendon's student owned and operated radio broadcast system has recently tainted the FM airwaves with the incision of its corrupted campus radio material. Unfortunately, the holiday slack and the station's deconstructive mandate has left the station in a state of anarchy.

In a recent telephone interview, Brad Crowe, CKRG station manager, describes his return to the station after his holiday in Cambodia, "I came back from vacation and there was chaos; lumber, drywall, and shit everywhere- a physical disaster."

The station is in the process of building new shelves for their compact disc collection. Their old compact disc drawers were unfortunately stolen from the station during the interim work period. Fortunately, the holiday thieves only stole the drawers, and left CKRG's compact disc collection in several large piles on the couch- in alphabetical order. Rumour has it that the shelves were stolen and resold to Cuban anarchists working out of Glendon Hall.

Despite the chaotic state of the space, CKRG hopes to get permission to mount its antennae onto the roof of the cafeteria by the end of this week.

"We've been doing some testing of the broadcast system while we're waiting for permission to get the antennae on the roof," states Crowe. Currently, the antennae has been mounted on the Terrasse of the Café de la Terrasse.

Maria Gentle, third year Glendon student claims, "the squirrels can receive the signal in the valley, if

they're tuned in," to which Crowe adds, "they've been hanging around the station, making requests."

When asked about any possible concerns with the recent excessive snowfall, Crowe answered, "I think the snow would actually help the transmitter because of its reflective properties, although that's my theory, it lacks scientific basis."

A broadcast party has been scheduled for this Friday, January 15, in the pub. According to rumour,

I wanna hear some Zeppelin, man...



Sianspheric and Mean Red Spiders: the kings of indie rock, with special guests Fuzz on Fuzz, are going to play live to air, depending on the resolution of the antennae situation.



Après une si longue attente, un espace non-fumeur de taille conséquente a finalement ouvert au Pub de Glendon. Des divans confortables, une table de jeu... tout y est pour attirer même les plus irréductibles. Vous n'aurez plus à être des fumeurs malgré vous !

## les nouvelles brèves

Lionel Tona

### Un étudiant de York en procès pour piratage

Par le biais du serveur de York, Wei-Tai Lee diffusait des logiciels piratés, des images obscènes et à contenus pédophiles. L'administrateur du réseau de York a prévenu la Police Montée quand il a vu qu'un pourcentage notable de la bande passante du serveur était utilisée par une seule connexion. Une enquête mena la Police Montée à Lee, et un mandat de perquisition leur a permis d'accéder à son disque dur. Il risque une peine maximale de 22 ans de prison et / ou une amende pouvant aller jusqu'à un million de dollars. Le procès préliminaire a eu lieu le 15 décembre 1998.

Chiffres sur le piratage :

D'après un sondage de 1997 mené par CAAST, 39 % des logiciels utilisés au Canada seraient piratés. Ce chiffre a tout de même légèrement baissé depuis 1995 où il y en aurait eu 44 %. Le manque à gagner causé par ce piratage est estimé à 426 Millions de dollars et ce, uniquement pour 1997. Le piratage dans les universités dépasse probablement la moyenne nationale de 39 %. Source : www.caast.org

### Sondage de la Caf'

En vue du Food Committee qui aura lieu le 14 janvier, Restauranics vous demande de participer à un sondage visant à évaluer la qualité du service et de la nourriture qu'ils proposent. Il est important que vous y participiez. Notez que cette année, le contrat de monopole avec Restauranics s'achève. Alors prenez votre plus belle plume et remplissez ce sondage. C'est important pour nous tous.

### Michael Ondaatje:

Creative Arts Seminar Series (2/3)

Le professeur émérite du département d'anglais de Glendon a animé le deuxième événement d'une série de trois, le mardi 5 janvier dernier. Cette fois-ci, c'est David Adams Richards et Wayne Grady qui ont lu des passages de leurs livres aux professeurs et aux nombreux étudiants présents dans le Salon Tucker. Ne manquez pas la prochaine édition ! (date à paraître ultérieurement.)

### La chorale de Glendon

Les répétitions pour un spectacle au mois de mars ont commencé le mardi 5 janvier. Le programme comprend des sélections de la comédie musicale RENT et des chansons du Québec. Les étudiants, les membres du corps enseignant et du personnel peuvent s'inscrire à l'AECG. Il n'est pas trop tard pour vous inscrire ! C'est une des activités officielles du bureau de la principale adjointe, affaires étudiantes et des ARTS@Glendon.

### THÉATRICAL TRANS/FORMATIONS

January 18, 1999:

Trans/Forming Community: From Perseverance to Power Across Canada, First Nations communities are achieving power and profile in works by a generation of writers and performers that collectively form a new wave of Aboriginal Theatre.

Contact: Roberts Centre for Canadian Studies. Phone: 736-5499

### New principal

A meeting was held on Friday January 8th to discuss the possible candidates for a new President. Faculty at Glendon were asked to give their suggestions as to who they think are suitable candidates. The actual details discussed at the meeting are not known to us as the administration feels that staff at Glendon will not be as willing to give their suggestions if they are not guaranteed confidentiality.

# New year, same old inquiry

Source: Ubysey Douglas Quan

**VANCOUVER (CUP) — The APEC inquiry can investigate alleged political interference in the actions of RCMP officers at last year's summit despite contradicting media reports, says the president of British Columbia's Civil Liberties Association.**

Andrew Irvine says statements made by inquiry chairwoman Shirley Heafey regarding the scope of the investigation have been misinterpreted.

Even though the RCMP Public Complaints Commission is mandated to examine the actions of officers, it is not barred from considering the roles of other bodies including the prime minister's office if the evidence leads there, he said.

"(The inquiry) does have the power to investigate policy directives and the sources of those directives on the RCMP," Irvine said.

At a press conference in Ottawa last month, Heafey said: "(The prime minister) is not my mandate. I'm not going to pretend anything else. My mandate is RCMP conduct."

But Irvine cautioned people not to draw the conclusion that the inquiry was somehow barred from investigating Prime Minister Jean Chretien.

He said Heafey confirmed this to him in a letter last year and added the commission still has the power to subpoena Chretien if it's proven that his testimony is relevant to the proceedings.

The B.C. Civil Liberties Association is listed as one of the complainants in the inquiry. Unlike most other complainants, who are alleging the RCMP used excessive force

by pepper-spraying student protesters, the association's concerns focus on whether students' right to free speech were violated.

Heafey's comments followed her announcement that retired judge Ted Hughes had been named as chairman of the inquiry, which is probing allegations of police wrongdoing at last year's Asia Pacific Economic Co-operation summit.

The original three panel members resigned late last year over allegations that its chairman, Gerald Morin, was biased against the RCMP.

...the association's concerns focus on whether students' right to free speech were violated.

# Thirty to one-hundred dollar retrieval fee for lost keys in Hilliard

Ishani Gunasekera

**Janice Leung is a first year student living at Glendon. She lives in Hilliard Residence. During the month of December, 1998, she lost four of her keys. She reported the loss to Student Housing who then gave her a set of replacement keys approximately 3 hours after she reported her keys as being lost.**

The complaint she has is that Student Housing Services never replaced the lock on her door. Somewhere, there is a set of keys to the Hilliard Entrance and a set of keys to her room with her room number written on it. Therefore anyone who finds the keys has access to her room.

Student Housing said that it was normal procedure to change the locks on students doors when their keys have been reported missing. Janice, however, says that it is impossible that her lock was replaced because she has been using the same replacement keys since December. When asked whether it was possible that the lock was replaced during the 3 hour lapse after reporting the lost keys and receiving the replacement keys, she said it was impossible because "I was in my room the whole time."

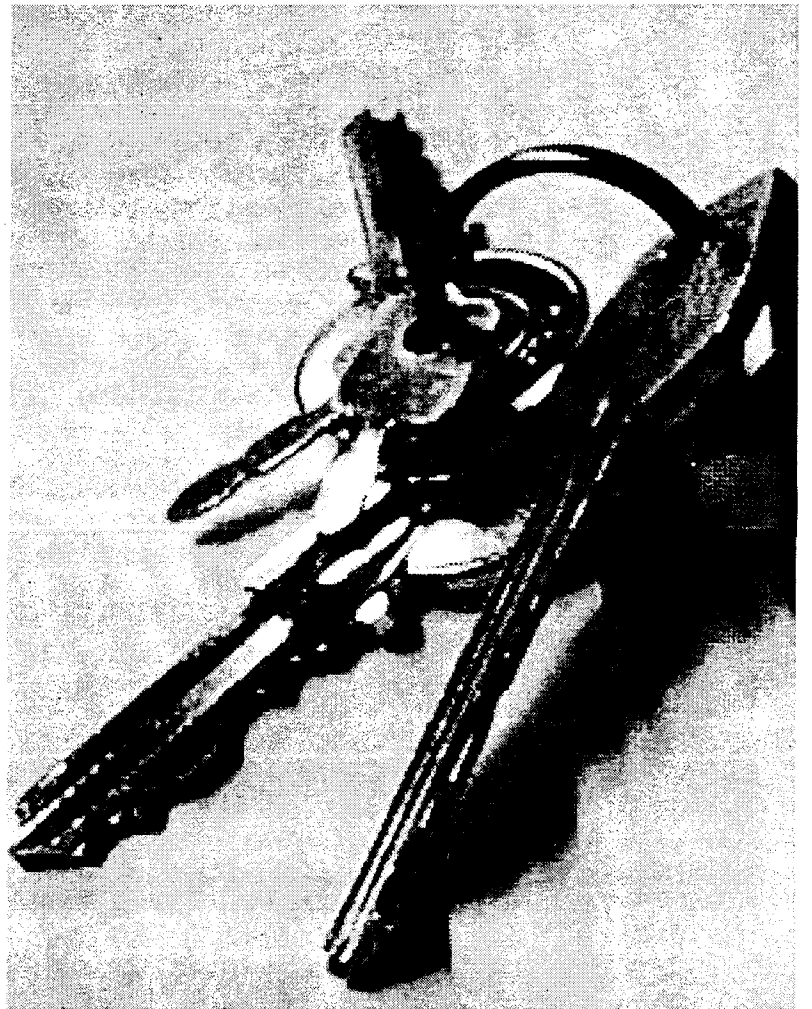
Another complaint Janice has concerns the fact that she was charged a \$30 "Damage Retrieval

Fee", which she assumes is either for the opening of her door or the changing of her lock. Either way she feels that the fee is unfair because

she says the lock on her door has not been replaced.

Another Glendon Student, Francine Maoussi, lost her keys last semester. She said she did not have to pay a \$30 retrieval fee "only a \$100 charge for her new keys."

Janice feels that her lock must be changed and she should not have to pay the \$30.



Don't lose your keys to Hilliard, or there'll be hell to pay!

# University suspends prof after marijuana conviction

Source: Martlet Darren Stewart

**VICTORIA (CUP) — Sociology students at the University of Victoria were met with a shock last week when they returned to classes to find out the school has suspended one of their teachers.**

Following a recommendation from university president Dr. David Strong, the school suspended Prof. Jean Veevers and relieved her of her duties.

Effective immediately, the interim suspension follows Veevers' recent conviction in British Columbia Supreme Court of cultivating marijuana for the purpose of trafficking.

Veevers has been on medical leave since April 1997, when police raided her home and found an elaborate marijuana-growing operation.

She pleaded guilty to the charge of growing the substance for the

purpose of trafficking last October. Her Dec. 4 sentence included a \$15,000 fine, a one-year conditional sentence that she can serve at home and 60 hours of community service.

In a prepared statement to the public about the decision, Strong said the suspension was based on evidence submitted to the court during Veevers' trial.

While Veevers declined to speak to the media herself, her legal counsel, Mel Hunt, said she was surprised by the suspension.

"She was quite astonished," he said. "She certainly didn't expect anything like that."

Hunt said Veevers plans to fight

for her career by invoking the university's arbitration process to challenge the suspension.

"If the arbitrators decide there is no just cause for dismissal then that will be the end of this," said Hunt. "But if they decide there was just cause the case goes to the board of governors to decide. One would expect them to follow the president's recommendation."

The university administration agrees the issue is far from resolved.

"The president has made a recommendation and the board makes a final decision," said Bruce Kilpatrick, director of communications with the University of Victoria. "There is no indication when this will happen as of yet."

# Les Mac-prisons

Source: Alternatives (Le monde étudiant)

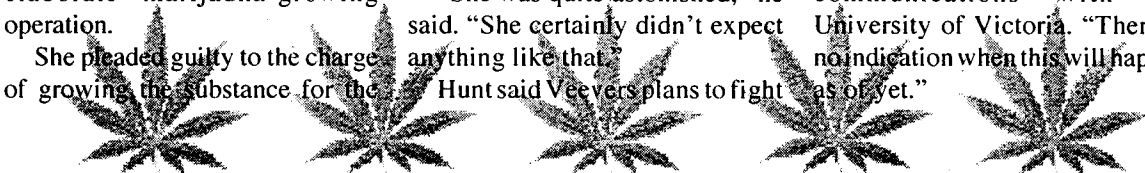
**Les États-Unis viennent d'être condamnés par Amnesty Internationale qui souligne la montée fulgurante de l'application de la peine de mort, de la violence politique et de l'exploitation et des mauvais traitements dans les prisons.**

Celles-ci sont de plus en plus privatisées. Une des Mac-Prisons américaines, The Corrections Corporation of America, vaut 3,5 milliards de dollars et son action figure parmi les cinq titres les plus performants du New-York Stock Exchange.

Elle roule sur l'or en s'appuyant sur un néo-esclavagisme, une gamme d'activités commerciales réalisées par des prisonniers payés de 30

cents à 95 cents de l'heure. Aux États-Unis, on a construit 213 prisons dans les cinq dernières années, sans compter les dix-sept firmes privées qui se partagent cent trente prisons et en font une des «business» privées les plus prospères.

God bless America! Source: Michel Bernard et Léo-Paul Lauzon, Le Taon, Chaire d'études socio-économiques par des prisonniers payés de 30 (UQAM)





# We wish you a commercialized Christmas and a franchised New Year

Paul Fabry

**HO-HO-HO, Merry Christmas!  
Yeah, whatever.**

This seems to be the general sentiment people feel nowadays towards what was once one of the most sacred and holiest of holidays, the birth of Christ. In fact, if I'm not mistaken, that's where the origin of the word 'holiday' comes from, 'holy day'. But in this modern day and age of skeptics and non-believing individuals, nobody really seems to give a rat's ass anymore. And I'll be the first to admit it, I'm one of those people.

Y'see, I've gotten too big and too old and too cynical to really care anymore. I wasn't always like that, however. Way, way back when I was younger, I used to really look forward to Christmas. Granted, it was mainly for the selfish reason of getting lots and lots of toys and whatnot, but it was also a chance for my entire family to get together, sit down at our kitchen table, and eat a lovely Christmas dinner. Oh, I remember those times when we sat down, prayed, and went through the rituals of the family tradition of eating Christmas dinner, relaxing for a bit while "Santa Claus" brought the presents and put them under the tree, then rushing to the tree afterwards to open them. Ah, mais ou sont les neiges d'antan maintenant?

As I said before, I've become disenchanted with the Christmas holidays. So much so that I no longer go out to choose a Christmas tree to put up, nor do I spend time putting decorations on it. Now Christmas is just another day for me when I get free presents (and when I have to shell out money to buy gifts for everyone, now that I'm older). But really, what was the original spirit of Christmas, what is its history? Well, according to information gleaned from a posting of the Central Valley Christian School in California, it seems that people have observed something akin to a mid-winter festival since prehistoric times, marking the commencement of longer daylight hours with different activities, such as celebratory fires and ritual offerings to their various gods. The Roman celebration of Saturnalia, for instance, lasted for weeks in December, with all sorts of gambling and feasting going on. The different Germanic tribes of Northern Europe also partook in mid-winter celebrations, with different feasts and religious rituals of their own. It was believed that the original Jesus of Nazareth was born in the springtime, and that December 25th was chosen arbitrarily for the celebration of his birth by Pope Julius I in the 4th century, to include a Christian component in

the various pre-established mid-winter festivals. Also in the 4th Century, a Turkish bishop, who was referred to as Saint Nicholas, was recognized for his good deeds towards children. He is pictured in medieval and renaissance paintings as a tall, dignified, though severe man. He had a feast day on December 6th, which was celebrated all over Europe until about December 16th. He was also well-known in Protestant Holland. Dutch children would put shoes by the fireplace for St. Nick, or "Sinter Klaas", as he was known, and leave food for his horse. Good ol' Sinter Klaas would gallop on his equine buddy between the rooftops (I sincerely hope they had reinforced shingles in those days) and drop candy down the chimneys into the kids' shoes (kind of gives credence to the Hallowe'en saying "Trick-or-treat, smell my feet, give me something good to eat", doesn't it). Anyway, his assistant, Black Peter (?), was the one who had to go down the chimneys to leave the gifts behind (I hope Sinter gave him hazard pay). Dutch settlers imported the legend of Sinter Klaas to North America, and it became anglicized the jolly fellow we all know as Santa Claus.

Although it was never really celebrated in Biblical times, Christmas is viewed here in the North American culture as a holy event. But is Christmas in fact a seasonal celebration of winter, or a religious celebration honouring the birth of Christ? Who knows, and to be frank, who really cares. As I said before, it's just one more holiday when only the big businesses and industries truly profit. Remember my first article about commercialization, dealing with the commercial events surrounding Hallowe'en, where I mentioned Santa's reindeer. It took me a good hour to wade through all the jokes and funny stories about Christmas on the Internet to find it. If anyone is truly interested, here is the full version, originally written by Clement Clarke Moore, first titled as "A Visit from St. Nicholas, better known now as "The Night Before Christmas":

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse [they were probably hibernating]  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care  
In hopes that St. Nicholas would soon be there [I guess they decided not to  
torture St. Nick with the smell of their feet]  
The children were all snug in their beds  
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads [what the heck is a sugar  
plum?]  
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap [does anyone sleep with a  
'kerchief or cap anymore?]  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash [could have been an Olympic sprinter]  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash [whoa, talk about property  
damage!]  
The moon on the breast of new-fallen snow [breast of new-fallen snow?]  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer, [is he kidding, all of those  
things are HUGE! Where the blazes are his glasses?]  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick [licence and registration, please]  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came [how would he know how fast  
an eagle is?]  
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name;  
'Now Dasher! now Dancer! Now Prancer and Vixen!  
On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen! [what the hell kind of names  
are those?!]  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all! [just what exactly were they  
supposed to dash away?]  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So to the house-top the coursers they flew  
With the sled full of toys, and St. Nicholas too. [no, they would just leave him  
behind. Of course with St. Nick as well! Duh!]  
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof [do reindeer really prance?]  
As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound [2 things: 1) wouldn't he  
come down with a thud? 2) I thought Black Peter was supposed to go down the  
chimney]  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot [quick! Someone report  
him to the Humane Society for animal cruelty!]  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; [gee, you think, after  
going down a chimney?]  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
His eyes - how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! [can dimples be  
merry?]  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, [shouldn't Santa not condone  
smoking?]  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
He had a broad face and a round little belly, [obviously he hasn't heard of  
Jenny Craig]  
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, [he really should think about  
losing weight. It isn't healthy, especially at his age]  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself; [who wouldn't?]  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread [no, he only entered the house  
through the chimney, looking like a complete fool. Of course there is nothing to  
worry about.]  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose; [how? is he telekinetic?]  
He sprang to his sleigh, [yeah, before the cops came and arrested him] to his  
team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle [now can someone tell me  
how to do that?]  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
'Happy Christmas to all [isn't that supposed to be "Merry Christmas"?], and to  
all a good night.'

As for the "Twelve Days of Christmas", the date of origin for that is supposed to be the actual twelve days between Christmas and Epiphany (January 6th), when the Three Wise Men are supposed to come (kind of late, aren't they?) It is NOT the twelve actual days BEFORE Christmas, as many people mistakenly believe. The tradition of giving gifts on each of those twelve days has pretty much disappeared, though in some cultures, it still exists (hey, sign me up!) The actual song "The Twelve Days of Christmas" was really written with a serious purpose. Written in England as a catechism song to help learn more about their religion, it is more than just a list of twelve nonsensical gifts. I won't actually go into the details, because it would sound too much like an essay on theology. There have been, however, many humorous versions written about this song, including my favourite, by Ren and Stimpy:

The "Twelve Days of Yaksmas"

My cousin Sven he gave to me:

- 1) A nose goblin stuck to a chair
- 2) Two jars of spit
- 3) Three used bandages
- 4) Four stay-put socks
- 5) Five golden hairballs
- 6) Six yaks-a-yakkin'
- 7) Seven logs-a-loggin'
- 8) Eight loaves-a-toastin'
- 9) Nine cobs-a-cornin'
- 10) Ten leeches leechin'
- 11) Eleven bags of litter'
- 12) Twelve reruns runnin'

Gross, I know, but I used to love Ren and Stimpy. (I still do, actually. It's a shame it's not on the air anymore. But I digress). As you can see, Christmas has now become a joke, something to make fun of. It's certainly not the holy event it used to be. For a few devoted people, Christmas is still a sacred time of the year, but for many people, myself included, Christmas is just another expensive holiday.

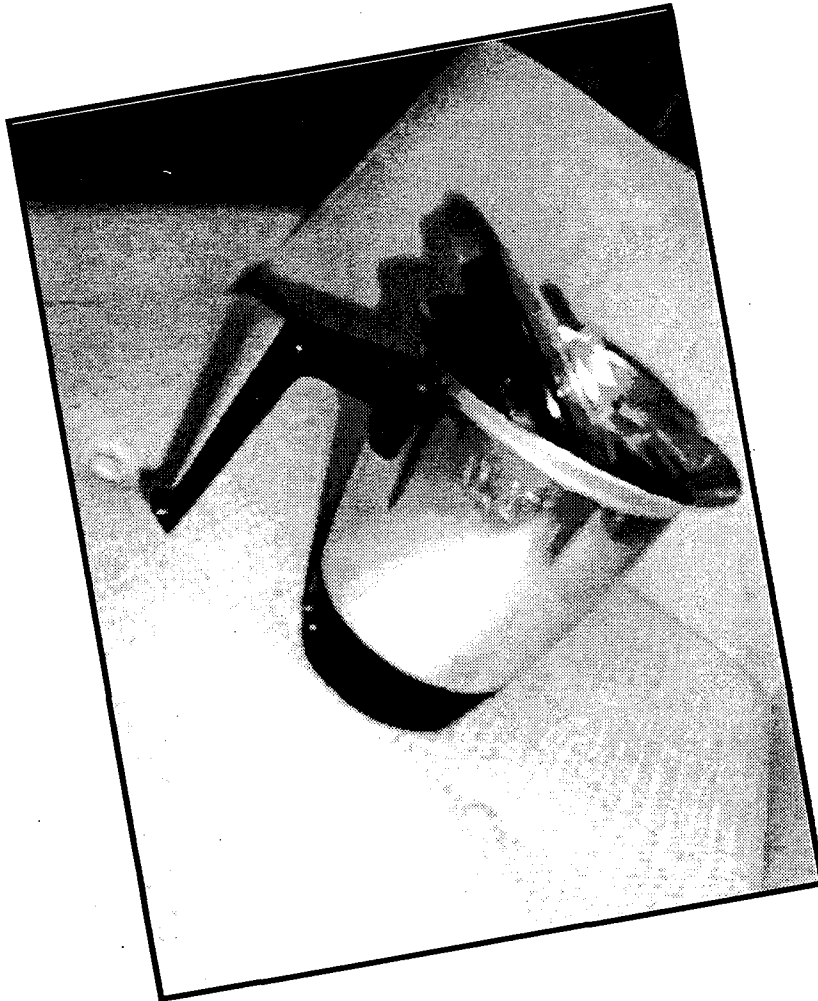
When asked if the Christmas holidays have become too commercialized, here's what a few people had to say:

"I think Christmas has been commercial for many, many years. It's become a non-holiday and the original sentiment has been lost." - Vanita, graduate student, Drama Studies

"Yeah, but who cares?" - Joel Ramirez, Editor-in-Chief, Pro Tem

# The electric kettle

Rob Shaw



**The most wonderful present I ever gave someone was when I gave Daniel an electric kettle. I met Daniel at the corner of College and Spadina in Toronto. He was a homeless man who had been living on the streets of this city for ten or twelve years. He told me that he first moved here from a reservation in Northern Ontario sometime in the eighties.**

I bought the electric kettle at a garage sale for a dollar, but it eventually spent most of the year collecting dust in my basement. I decided last month, being the holiday season, that I would give it to a homeless person. I did realize however, that a homeless person may not have much use for an electric kettle, but that fact didn't hinder my decision to do so.

My decision was based on how I felt about the homeless problem in this city. I think that one of the most horrifying things one could face would be the bitter cold of a Canadian winter without shelter. I, like you, could never imagine sleeping through it and I'm quite thankful that I have not yet been in a position to have to.

From what I can see in this city many people each year go out of their way to generously donate to the homeless with money, blankets and food. It is a wonderful thing to see that people do go out of their way to help the people in this city. This is definitely something all of us should practice and take a lesson from.

Now, as wonderful as this is, I do feel that we are also only contributing to the short-term survival of someone. We give the

things that we feel we would appreciate if we were in the same situation. My feeling is that the homeless are no different from you or me in their human needs. This being the case I decided that I needed to give something that could be used more long term. That is why I chose to give the electric kettle. You see the electric kettle was not a gift that I gave just to give. To me it was a way of saying you're human and I'm going to give you something that you can hold onto for a long time.

Being homeless by definition means you have very few if any possessions. Eventually when the winter ends the blankets are left behind, the money is spent and the food gone. I wanted to give a homeless person something they could have forever. Obviously a person is not going to use it everyday but it could however, be something they could use once or twice. It could be something they could call their own. I think that at the point when one is living on the streets they must develop a loss of faith in society. It is true that many people do come through for them in the short term but I look on the electric kettle as a step in them restoring their faith in society.

Surprisingly when I did meet Daniel and gave him the kettle he took it thankfully. He told me that he was trying to move back up north with his wife Shelly and their baby daughter for whom they wanted to build a home.

When I did start to learn more about Daniel he felt like more of a friend to me than a man who spent his winters draped in blankets on the corner. I think sometimes we forget that the homeless are human (I think this is a common error.) I'm happy that the media is making a more realistic attempt at understanding the homeless problem and I'm glad that people are going forward in their efforts to help the people. In a way the electric kettle, to me, was something that I felt a homeless person would keep, carry and hopefully use.

I don't think that material things are important to happiness. At the same time if I was in Daniel's position I wouldn't want to feel separated from the rest of society. He is still a person with thoughts, dreams, aspirations and feelings. I would love to be given the gifts of warmth and food but I think I would still want to feel as though I had purpose and that is what I think the electric kettle symbolized.

Well I don't know if or anything became of the electric kettle. I think he may have thought I was a little off but I felt pretty good about it and I think he did too.

## A proposition to gig on a collective magic carpet ride

Buddhamaria

**So everyone's all hyped about this millennium thing. Good for them. Lots of folks have been claiming their predictions of great global change, yadda yadda yadda. Some people are freaking out over the possible 'bug' that might crush the world with its electronic incisors at the strike of that determining chime. Who knows?**

But if anything does happens, either positively smashing for the human race or chaotically earth altering, the only way it's going to happen is through some type of collective-vibe-based-energies that we emit out through the galaxies.

### interconnected fibres

Whatever happens (if something even does happen at the turning of the digits, i.e. great bank meltdown, or the wilting of your house plant), anticipation plays an important role in the perception of this 'new era' we are about to trek into. If anything does occur and is attributed to the much emphasized ticking clock we abide by, it will only be a result of these universal thought vibes that we have produced from this idea, no matter how mundane or radical they may turn out to be. So, if you believe that something is going to occur as a result of this much talked about time change, it will be due to

the fact that a lot of other people are thinking similar things (hopefully all good). Imagine it for a second. Pretty exciting if you think about it on as many levels as you can. Collective consciousness; a very interesting topic. Change can definitely happen, whether it be good or bad, it's all how you perceive it for yourself. But think of all the wonderful things that can happen due to change brought on by you. Miniscule or magnificent, the degree of change is not the focus here, rather the essence of the change itself is the contemplation in the spotlight. Now if we could all get together on that brilliantly hued spatial carpet woven from the threads of our very own creative contributions, a lot of positively amazing things could occur. It's all about sending those woven thoughts into action, and if that happens reactionary turbulence could result in any various change

that affects us all.

### banquets of change

Whether it be a personal change or one experienced in our own little worlds, or in the grand scheme of things, it's still change. Feeding someone, smiling to a stranger, feeding the country, or smiling to the world. We can all be that and a plethora of other things. All it takes is a little effort, a little will. A reminder for you (and me) to look into the reservoirs of your capabilities. Doing a little bit more of this and being a little less of that, or, doing a little less of that and being a little more of that. It's up to you. Forget the notion of this new year thing for a moment, and spark a new notion of being from this instance on, everything you want to be regardless of millennia.

### re-evaluate

Who says we have to wait for another 'beginning' of a year to re-evaluate things in life and reminisce of the past? Don't forget that it's just another day, in another month, in another year, and all of that is just another human contrivance to measure something that is inherently

immeasure-able...time.

So, instead of jumping onto that filtered bus that drives you down a monotonous path of resolutions, promises, and assumptions, which don't always come to an actuality, stop and consider constructing, erecting, and flying on your own creative roller coaster, one that has

no pit-stop for regret or pining. There's no 'time' for that. Remember that every 'minute', every 'day', every 'year' is not but one thing.....now. All you can do is throw your arms up in the air and enjoy every bump, turn, swoop, and gut tickling motion that you experience on your ride.



# Christmas Holidays in Rez

Sabina Rieger

Whoever has not realized it yet: Christmas is the time when people in rez can live totally without food, die to wear three layers of clothes, ...[and] get a genital infection from the filthy washrooms over Christmas?!



Ever thought about spending your Christmas break in rez? Obviously this is something everybody wants to avoid, because Christmas is the time that we want to spend with family and friends, relaxing in a cosy atmosphere and enjoying good food. The latter, in particular, makes rez a bad choice, but that's a different story...

What about the students who, for some reason, cannot go home for Christmas, because their home is not Brampton, Ottawa or Montreal, but Barcelona, Beijing or Buenos Aires? Ever thought about what they do during the Christmas break? If not, don't worry, neither has Glendon.

Whoever has not realized it yet: Christmas is the time when people in rez can live totally without food, die to wear three layers of clothes, and hate nothing more than receiving letters or emails from home. Wait, wait! I almost forgot one thing: Don't you just love getting a genital infection from the filthy washrooms over Christmas?! And let's be honest, who would ever think about playing pool or renting a video over Christmas anyway? But why should we complain? At least the phone lines were still working and electricity was not switched off. And what's so bad about opening your Christmas parcels in mid January?

O.K., let's get serious now. Sometimes it is hard enough to believe that some of the people who make the decisions in Housing have actually lived in rez. It is, however, even harder to imagine that any one of them have ever spent their Christmas break in residence. Maybe some recent experiences might help to refresh their

memories. From December 18th to January 4th, there was no place on campus to get any food, the computer lab and the library were closed (there goes Glendon's opinion about our work ethic), mail was not distributed, the porter's offices in Wood and Hilliard were empty, it was freezing cold in rez, and the bathrooms kept getting dirtier and dirtier.

According to Housing, the heating was not turned off and the washrooms were still cleaned. Everybody who stayed here, however, will agree that heating was apparently working at a minimum level and whoever cleaned the washrooms managed to do it in such a subtle way that not even the washrooms noticed. Sure, Glendon was generous enough to offer staying students a kitchen key to make up for the closed cafeteria. Next time they might want to take into consideration that not every student has a full equipment of pots and pans and a car to go grocery shopping twice a week.

Still, when it comes to a conclusion, the saddest thing about all this is not things being the way they are, but the fact that we are paying a considerable amount of money for this lack of service. And as for anybody who is still not convinced: I'm pretty sure that residence fees are going to rise next year.

## THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ME



CHRISTIE ADAMS



# Harmoney and hardship: the juxtaposed reality of my millenium

“La vida es duda, y la fe  
sin la duda es  
solo muerte.”

-Miguel de Unamuno

Patrick Tomlinson

Now that all the technicalities have been taken care of it's now time to bring on the new millennium. Never has any event received so much attention. Soothsayers predict civil unrest, governments fear system breakdown, and those doomsday bible thumpers, well I will leave those guys alone. The fact is we, as a race, have less than a year to go before the momentous changing of the date. As these last days dwindle away should we fear this inevitability? In the words of the almighty Chuck D, I say "let's get it on".

When the date changes to January 1, 2000, the whole world will be in awe of its accomplishment. The fact that we have simply survived this long is reason enough to celebrate. We have survived two world wars, avoided a third and been able to suppress three quarters of our population so viciously that when the date changes they can't afford to care. If these are not reasons enough to raise a glass of Crystal I don't know what is.

If anything, the changing of the millennium acts as a catalyst for reflection. We have the opportunity to look back at the last thousand years and gloat over our countless accomplishments.

We can credit ourselves with the annihilation of whole populations for whatever reason we feel fit whether it be race, creed, sex, or even beliefs. Fortunately today we have grown out of that stage and pillage only for oil.

There once even existed a day when the world was governed by religious figures claiming to be our representatives to the gods. Today we have transgressed to a system where we actually have a say in how the organisation of our planet takes place. Unfortunately, if an overwhelming majority votes against becoming a megacity they won't be listened to.

Well one thing is for certain, never have we lived longer, more productive lives, well that is if you don't live in Sierra Leone! The benefits of science have been used to defeat the many plagues which have killed off millions, and been able to limit the effects of other diseases which have

so far eluded its grasp. The only catch is that you have to pay for the service. This price for medicine may seem reasonable to you and I but is firmly out of grasp for the majority of the planet's occupants.

So why is it that with all these accolades there is such widespread fear of the upcoming event? The United States has already issued orders to it's national guard to be on high alert at the end of the year. In Canada, the governing powers have ordered that no member of any level of it's police force (from the RCMP to local police) may take a holiday for a period of three weeks covering January 1. Evidently no chances are being taken.

There are two main theories which explain why such precautions are necessary. The first, believes that an event which has been built up so heavily with years upon years of growing anticipation is destined to boil over in the heat of the moment. Put another way, once the actual changing of the date occurs there will be such an unstable anticipation for a great event to occur that the smallest spark will set it off. Upon analysis this idea makes perfect sense.

Over the course of history there have been countless riots for many different reasons. Yet from the French revolution, to the Russian riots of 1917, to the L.A. riots of 1965 and 1992, one great similarity exists. Every riot acts as a reaction, whether it be as a reaction to a court decision or to years of deep oppression. It is also very common for masses to revolt after sporting events. It can be seen that riots may be caused for any

number of reasons. It is therefore reasonable to predict that the abundance of emotions will overflow as the clock strikes 12. These riots could occur for any number of reasons.

One specific matter which has become popular as of late concerns the state of computers at the turn of the century. This concern, which is commonly known as the Y2K bug, refers to the systems within certain computers to be unable to register the date as being January 1, 2000. The worry is that many key services such as hydro are run on computer programs which will cease to work properly. Certain groups have warned of a complete system breakdown. The longer the problem were to last the closer we would come to complete civil unrest. Perhaps the best analogy would be the situation in Russia in recent months.

Although one can think of countless reasons as to why a riot could occur, the closest we will come to seeing one will probably be at a movie theater. In fact, it is surprising that Hollywood has not yet jumped at the chance to cash in on this idea, which is already firmly ingrained in our minds.

It is very interesting to note that the majority of press which the upcoming new year's has received is all negative. It must be an instinctive reaction to regard the unknown with fear, yet this is the worst attitude to carry.

There should only be one premonition that each person should carry into the next millennium. We should each understand our good fortune and use this great opportunity the best we can. How many generations have passed since the last time the millennium has changed? How many authors have commented about "life on the other side"? Although most accounts seem to be passionately inaccurate these authors do understand the nostalgia



surrounding the event. This nostalgia should be understood by all. Whether you believe in the christian calendar or not, take advantage of the situation and enjoy it anyway you can. Do not celebrate the millennium for society, for as a unit we have nothing to cheer about.

We have come along way over the years resulting in a much better standard of living for many. However, the luxuries which many of us enjoy are unequally distributed. This problem doesn't exist simply on a global level but also on a domestic one. It should be no secret that the government of Canada recently announced that the homeless epidemic in Canada has become a national disaster. Never has this country's resources been controlled by so few people. Even more distressing is that there is no indication that anything is changing for the better. So if things look so gloomy why should we celebrate at all?

Simply because we have the opportunity. To some this may seem like a conceited attitude, and to a degree they have a point. Yet to view it any other way would result in chronic depression. Although we live in a world with countless inefficiencies, we can celebrate the fact that we live in one of the world's greatest countries. In recent years I have chosen to flee the urban centres and seek refuge amidst the picturesque countryside. Rather than celebrate with hundreds of unknowns, I choose to celebrate the new year with my many loving friends and family. These are the reasons why

I celebrate each and every new year. Even the setting has an important role to play. Wherever you are going to be, whatever you are doing, you will remember for the rest of your life the situation in which you bring in the next millennium.

Personally, I place the highest importance upon natural surroundings. This past year I was fortunate enough to be in Muskoka for the week of new year's 1999, and as always Mother Nature did not disappoint. For days leading up to the big night snow fell from the sky at an unbelievable rate. As the almighty sun fell for the last time in 1998 there had amassed a firm two feet of glorious powder. We retreated to the warmth of the cabin for the year's dying hours. I celebrated the closing of 1998 amidst the warmth of my friends and the shelter of a cottage overlooking the frozen Gull lake.

The new year's celebrations were spent outside. Less than five minutes into the new year two other faithful souls and I ventured out into the surrounding woods. The following two hours were spent navigating through the night's darkness in a winter wonderland. The moon's light cracked the cold ice producing a psychedelic oasis of shimmering light. We were celebrating the new year the best way we knew how. There were no great fireworks, no celebrities, not even music to dance to. Only our voices disturbed the overwhelming silence which surrounded us. Yet this silence proved to be the nirvana we had searched so long to find.

# The view

## from here...

Melanie Cadieux

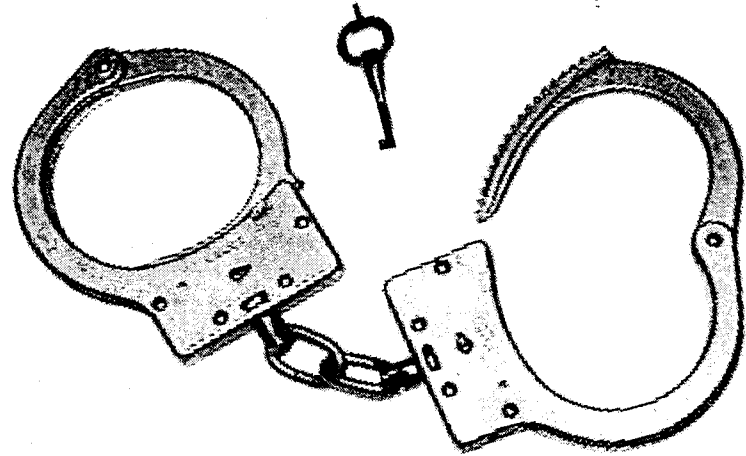
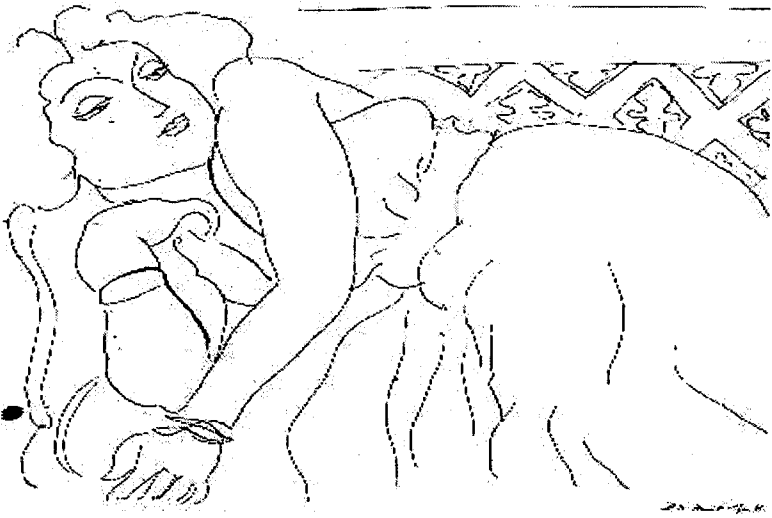
*The View From Here*, a series of Canadian documentaries, returns to TVO for a fifth term. Twice-nominated for a Gemini, *The View From Here* will launch its season with two Provocative documentaries, *High Risk Offender* on February 3 and *Erotica: A Journey into Female Sexuality* on February 10.

## High Risk Offender

Greenwald's *High Risk Offender* takes the viewer into the rehabilitation world of seven men who are on conditional release. The offenders are guilty, many were convicted repeatedly, of everything from murder to armed robbery and white-collar crimes.

Greenwald also takes us into the world of the parole officers and therapists, who struggle to keep the parolees out of prison and away from their criminal environment.

Greenwald's camera brings us face to face with the convicts in a very simplistic way. The documentary is very ordinary, with no fancy camera action and no vivid images but the contents and the piecing together of the documentary are very well done.



## Erotica: A Journey into Female Sexuality

Gallus' *Erotica: A Journey into Female Sexuality* talks of a subject that is much debated and that is a lot more Provocative than Greenwald's *High Risk Offender*. The Genie-nominated *Erotica* takes a look at the role of woman in Pornography and the sexuality of woman in the 90s.

The interviews with women who have made their careers through sexual expression helps to bring together the idea that women have a greater tendency to perceive sex as an art. captures the viewpoint of many women; from a French dominatrix, to porn-stars, film-makers, photographers and even an interview with Dominique Aury writer of *The Story Of O*, the first explicitly erotic novel written by a woman in 1954. The only angle missing is the one of a women whose work is not directly linked to the sex industry, which would represent the majority of women and would give a better idea of how sex is really viewed by women.

The documentary has beautiful images and pictures, but if you are offended by the nakedness of the female body, or not open-minded about Sex in general, this one is not for you!

## The View From Here

The View From Here will air at 10 p.m. on Wednesdays (with repeats at 10 p.m. on Sundays) starting on February 3 on TVO. In the next few months you can also expect to see Allan King's *The Dragon's Egg: Making Peace in the Twentieth Century*, Shelly Saywell's *Dance of Life, Dance of Death* and Brian and Terence McKenna's *War of 1812*.

## Un bon cru fait

## « maison »

Lionel Tona

**Tyler Ellis est revenu étudier à Glendon après une dizaine d'années d'absence de la scène universitaire. Entre temps, il est devenu un heureux papa et a poursuivi dans la musique.**

*Horseshoes & Handgrenades* est le nom du nouvel album du Tyler Ellis Band. Les douze chansons plus ou moins récentes appartiennent au répertoire de Tyler qu'il a largement étoffé depuis l'époque où il était « assistant manager » du Café de la Terrasse, en 1987.

« Avant la table de billard, près des fenêtres donnant sur l'extérieur, il y avait une scène qui permettait aux groupes de jouer ». C'est d'ailleurs là que tout a commencé pour lui : cette « scène ouverte » était le moyen pour beaucoup de venir s'exprimer dans un micro. Certains lisaient de la poésie, d'autres lançaient des débats... Tyler chantait avec sa guitare.

Les Pub nights étaient alors beaucoup plus fréquentées que dernièrement : « Après 22 heures, il fallait faire la queue à l'entrée. » Il y avait également de nombreux

groupes de musique qui jouaient « live », souvent au Pub, mais parfois aussi au Théâtre Glendon ou même sur la scène de la Caf'. Ces événements avaient quelques fois lieu en collaboration avec CKRG qui diffusait la musique sur ses ondes.

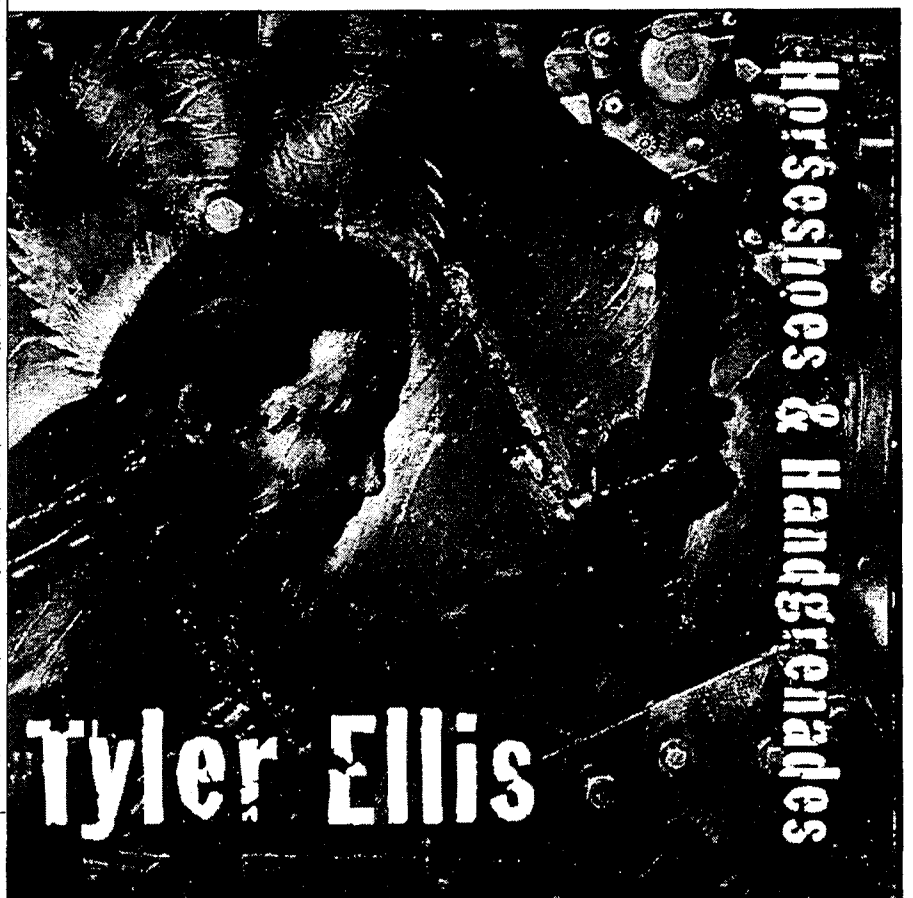
Depuis, Tyler Ellis n'a pas arrêté et il en est même à son deuxième album. Cette fois-ci, ce n'est plus simplement une session d'enregistrement d'une prestation publique ordinaire : le nouvel album a bénéficié d'une phase de post-production beaucoup plus fouillée avec des harmonies et des accompagnements rajoutés après l'enregistrement initial.

En ce qui concerne la façon d'écrire ses chansons, Tyler dit que tout change quand on écrit pour soi-même ou pour un groupe tout entier : « quand t'es seul sur scène, tu dois créer toute une ambiance avec les

mots. Mais quand tu es avec un groupe entier, tu as une grande toile où les chansons peuvent s'étendre librement. »

« De la musique, c'est de la musique... il n'y a pas de véritable différence qui permette de différencier un groupe amateur d'un groupe professionnel. N'importe quelle personne qui joue de la guitare est aussi méritante qu'une autre, même s'il n'y a pas toujours d'argent en jeu. »

Le Tyler Ellis Band, c'est la voix de Tyler, des guitares, une basse, du banjo, de la mandoline, de l'harmonica... vous l'aurez compris, c'est de la folk-rock pleine d'énergie qui met de bonne humeur avec parfois des thèmes sérieux, mais toujours traités sur un ton emprunt d'une certaine ironie.



# “We’ve got the spirit, you’ve got to hear it”

Marie Daviau

Trying to organize a club at Glendon always meets with the same problem - getting people interested and committed. This is what I had been hearing for half an hour from two club organizers during “dinner” in the caf. So, as I walked towards the first rehearsal of the new choir, I was curious to see how many people would show. After all, it was the first week of school and the weather ... as we all know... had been a great excuse for all types of laziness is the reawakening Glendonites.

Imagine my surprise when, walking towards the rehearsal room, I heard what I believed to be an excited buzz (complete with giggling) emanating from B204. Excitement! Had I misread the room number? Surely the excitement was over a generous Prof’s deadline extension. But no, to my surprise, there were about 30 people sitting around the room (even near the feared front of class) just waiting for an opportunity to burst out into song. And none of us were disappointed.

**hail the leader**

The conductor, Guy Russel, proved himself by immediately leading the entire group safely to 204 (oops wrong room) without losing a single straggler! A feat rarely matched by the most experienced professor. Guy said he was very happy at the turnout and the energy of the all those who

came. He did a great job too. He was helpful and entertaining throughout the practice. The two hours seemed too short for many.

**will I**

The songs selected include “Will I” and “Seasons of Love” from the musical Rent as well as “Un canadien errant” and other traditional French-Canadian songs. The choir is tentatively set to perform in mid-March at Bravo. Bravo is a talent show held each year at Glendon to display the talented members of our college community. More people are welcome to join. More men (or women with deep voices) are needed to bolster the handful but all are welcome. The choir is open to students, staff and faculty. Practice is from 7-9 p.m. Tuesdays for the next eight weeks. So come on and join in the fun. There really is some spirit at Glendon after all!

**Summer Camp Jobs  
in the U.S.A.**  
**Visas Arranged**  
Lakeside Residential Girls  
Camp in Maine

**Counselors.** Combined child care/teaching. Gymnastics, tennis, swim, sail, canoe, water ski, arts (including stained glass, sewing, jewelry, wood, photo), dance, music, theater, archery, wilderness trips, field sports, equestrian. Visas available to all qualified applicants.

**Service workers.** Maintenance, driver, office, kitchen (including assist. chef). Visas restricted to students enrolled in university for fall '99.

Non-smokers. June 19 to Aug 26. Send resume (C.V.): Kippewa, Box 340, Westwood, Massachusetts 02090-0340 U.S.A.; kippewa@tiac.net; voice (781) 762-8291; fax (781) 255-7167.

**The Pipe Room Lounge**  
@ Café de la Terrasse



**Is Now Open!**  
Located in the old Games Room, the lounge has comfy chairs and couches, in a smoke free environment. A great place to relax! Donations of previously enjoyed furniture and posters are still welcome!

sports

# Memories and dreams? Lord Stanley's Cup?

Alison Sammut

The most recent time the Stanley Cup made its way to Toronto was in the spring of 1967. Sadly, the proceeding decades were made up of nothing but misery created within loss after loss, lousy trade after lousy trade, cost cutting, high ticket prices and garbage bag-wearing fans too ashamed to admit their fainted hope in our boys in blue.

Today, talks of the Cup scour the city and fans will pay any price to attend a Leaf game. In the past decade, the Buds have had their share of disappointments but also a lot of glory. Two consecutive trips to the final four and the acquiring of Mats Sundin and Curtis Joseph have placed the Leafs in the top five of the NHL. But this season has not gone without disappointment.

The Toronto Maple Leafs will bid adieu to their home on February 13 against the same team they opened the Gardens against. That night they lost to the Chicago Blackhawks by a score of 2-1. They did recover from that loss to capture the Stanley Cup in the Spring. On February 20, they will open up the Air Canada Center, a brand new state-of-the-art facility. But it will never be Maple Leaf Gardens-even if the Leafs win the Stanley Cup in the spring.

The Leafs also welcomed Curtis

Joseph by saying goodbye to Felix Potvin. Not exactly, Potvin elected to leave the Leafs in the beginning of December while he was awaiting a trade. Recently, he went on record as implying he would return. It was later stated that he would only return if the Leafs would trade him faster. Pat Quinn, Head coach and General Manager of the Leafs Potvin's return to the dressing room would be up to the remaining players of the organization.

Most recent trade talks have Potvin going to Calgary and Vancouver. If history repeats itself, which we know it does, the Leafs will take their time trading him. After all, they are \$21000 a day richer without his services, and they have all the cards in their hands. Sooner or later, a team will need a goaltender to fill the void in the stretch run. Let's just hope that it's not the Leafs who wind up losing





# poetry & fiction

PLASTIC CHARLIE BROWN (song)

S - Little red-haired girl,  
don't you know what you've passed  
You see me as an everyboy  
icon without iconoclast.

SS - Little red-haired girl,  
my blandness could be assuaged,  
but your blinding arrogance  
is fixed, it won't improve with age. (Or

We are plastic, we are malleable,  
we may have flaws but they're just  
All the others are fixed and fall  
Lying Pinocchios of life's prede

Rae Perigoe

today  
wasn't  
past that i never  
never listen to my  
glass i saw the  
ever  
rt  
a job but i  
e, sorry, sorry  
the tub detoxifying  
like we were in the Caribbean  
islands where you grew up but never  
been to ever and i took care of your  
sobering soul which i forbade to dance  
the New Year's Eve you overdid it - again.

by Joel Ramirez

nowhere  
tasting us all aware.  
til the very bones.

in ivory smuggler,  
the pyramidal chain.

Co  
We  
Cin  
Her  
For  
her

Her  
long  
the  
the  
me  
beat  
i can

her ha  
by Joel

shadows

rn

rage  
trikes  
remain

nity  
erence, is

tion  
h v

She wiped  
the forgotten  
the face of he  
every screw  
The mattress  
clean, all the w  
though, she not  
going through  
medical tre

She had already  
accid  
only  
gas  
"Jo  
her  
her  
the  
the drain of a cold rinse room. That smell would remain with her forever. Annamaria Kougiias

