

Réflexions sur le 6 décembre

Nancy Picard

Chaque année c'est la même chose: quelques voix s'élèvent pour demander quelle est l'importance de ce deuxième Jour du Souvenir...

Les quatorze étudiantes qui ont été assassinées, nous dit-on, n'avaient pas volontairement risqué leurs vies pour améliorer la cause des femmes. Alors, pourquoi faire d'elles des héroïnes au même titre que nos soldats, qui eux avaient librement choisi de se battre au nom d'une cause qu'ils croyaient juste?

Lorsque nous commémorons cet événement regrettable, ce n'est pas pour faire de ces quatorze femmes les héroïnes de la cause féministe, mais plutôt pour rappeler tous qu'elles furent les victimes d'une violence qui n'en finit pas. La violence contre les femmes continue de se manifester tous les jours, toutes les heures, aux quatre coins du globe. Qu'elle soit physique, verbale ou mentale, qu'elle soit perpétuée par un homme que d'aucuns considèrent "sain d'esprit" ou par un psychopathe tel que Marc Lépine, la violence est un choix inacceptable.

Le 6 décembre est l'occasion pour tous, hommes et femmes, d'unir leurs forces dans cette lutte contre la violence dont les femmes sont victimes. Tant et aussi longtemps que cette bataille n'aura pas été gagnée, le 6 décembre existera pour nous rappeler qu'en tant que société, qu'en tant que frères et soeurs, nous avons encore du chemin à parcourir.

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éditorial

Je me souviens

Le jour du souvenir : se souvenir de ces femmes à qui on a volé le droit de vivre pour ce qu'elles étaient... À tous les 6 décembre de chaque année, je dois me rappeler et j'ai du mal à y arriver. J'en avais même oublié la date. C'était en 1989, il y a déjà six ans. Pourquoi?

Je pourrais vous raconter la thèse du psychopate, du "cas isolé", le drame de l'héritage patriarcal, ou encore, les dédales de notre mal social, pour en vain chercher le coupable. Mais j'en ai maré parce que ça fait déjà six ans et il n'y a rien que je puisse vous dire, qui n'a pas déjà été dit. J'ai honte de ne pouvoir assumer la responsabilité qui m'incombe. Ça fait mal d'avoir honte et d'être craintive à la fois. Ça n'arrive qu'aux autres. J'aurais voulu être là pour les sauver de l'insensé, mais j'y aurais passé moi aussi, puisque je suis une femme... Comment est-ce possible, une telle haine!

Le six décembre moi je n'ai rien à dire sinon qu'à redire. Le six décembre je veux être ailleurs. Je veux marcher toute la nuit dans le creux d'un bois et me recueillir au nom d'elles, mais je ne peux pas, je suis une femme. Qu'est-ce qu'une femme ferait au fond d'un bois toute seule. Et si j'allais en Algérie manifester pour que les intégristes musulmans foutent la paix à mes soeurs. Je serais complètement folle; Ce serait suicidaire et de toute façon, ne suis-je pas une femme?

C'est ridicule tout ça. Non moi je ne dirai rien le six décembre; je porterai humblement mon macaron et j'aurai probablement envie de pendre Lépine! À bien y penser, on n'a du chemin à faire. Mais je me console malgré tout, car je persiste à croire qu'il s'agit là d'un cas isolé... C'est plus reconfortant pour l'esprit. On n'a tous notre façon de fuir ou de s'adapter à la réalité.

On ne peut faire autrement que de dénoncer l'injustice. Le six décembre 1989 nous avons été témoin d'un crime honteux, aussi honteux que de violenter sa conjointe, que de violer une copine; aussi honteux que de laisser crever des enfants de faim, que de s'adonner à un génocide ethnique; aussi honteux que de regarder les malaises humains et sociaux se proliférer et se faufiler hypocritement dans nos vies et de demeurer impassibles, muets. Qui a dit que je n'avais rien à dire?

JG

OPINION

Jennifer Job

Okay. Let's cut to the crap. "Why do we get time off for this (Women's Remembrance Day) and not for the REAL Remembrance Day?" I was asked. Well, I'll give you two reasons.

Number one: Organization. If you want November 11 celebrations get off yer damn giddily-democratic heinies and organize it! Many arduous hours and work have gone into the Women's Centre's coordination of December 6 Women's Remembrance Day. Though many of us would love to believe that events such as these are tossed together by feminist PR fairies while we sleep - uh uh. Reality check. We at the Women's Centre have taken as much effort to put together our event (and we're darn proud of it too!) and it is for this reason that it exists and will continue to!

Secondly, December 6 is a day on which women scrutinize, name, mourn, actively confront, violence against women. A day when we compel the rest of our misogynist-socialized culture to toss aside their rose-coloured glasses for

at least a couple of hours and take a good, long (or at minimum, a bitsy peeper-opening) gaze at the violence which women suffer daily. Many people understand that December 6 was chosen because it was the revolting day 6 years ago that fourteen female university students were gunned down in pure women hate. But many fail to realize that this one isolated event, so shock-producing, is a magnified version of the everyday horrors with which women deal. It is for this reason that Dec. 6 is dedicated Women's Remembrance Day at York and other Canadian universities. The world wars and all that they encompassed hold little worth in the lives of contemporary Canadian women. Poverty, role entrapment, homophobia, racism, sexism, bruises, broken bones, shattered, fragmented bodies and souls are a few of their realities; survival their chief objective. It is the war against women, memories of an international politically-backed blood bath, which Canadian women currently battle.

Now wait. I am not, by

any means, suggesting that Nov. 11 is not a valid day. We should not forget the thousands upon thousands of men and women who gave themselves and their lives to a cause considered as meaningful and important as democracy. To be cheesy and cliché-ish, we can't neglect good ole Santyana's infamous and overused quote: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." So no, I'm not stating that Nov. 11 holds no clout as a memorial day, but I am saying that WWI and II are long gone and what's relevant to Canadian women in 1995 is the war against women.

As much as many would like to believe, life is not an (upchuck-producing) episode of Beverley Hills 90210. Sorry folks. In the last 24 hours 84 Canadian women have been sexually assaulted. You don't see that on Melrose. Violence is real. And until violence against women is halted, we amazing, hard-working feminists will be here attempting to open eyes to the reality from which so many love to hide away.

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meeting

Prochaine
réunion de Pro
Tem

Tuesday, December 5
at 6:00pm.

Mardi, 6 décembre à
18:00.

Deadline for sub-
missions

Heure de
Tombée

Thursday, December
7 at 5:00pm.

Jeu. 7 décembre à
17:00.

pro tem

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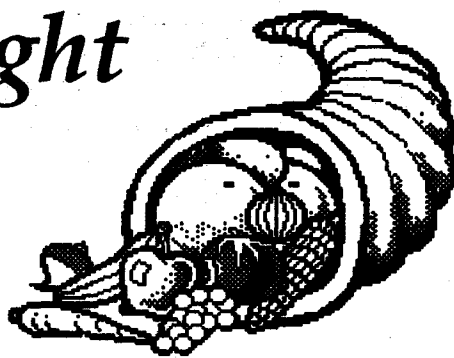
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Food For Thought



Suzanne Hinks

The Women's Centre was started in 1990 to fill a need that was perceived on campus. At first it was to provide support for single mothers who were attending Glendon, but its services have expanded since.

The Centre, in the words of co-ordinator Jill Havens, is a place where people can "put words to [their] experiences... meet like minded people". It is not, as some perceive it, a place for man-bashing, but rather a safe haven for women: two completely different things. The Centre also provides information concerning safe sex, offering dental dams and free condoms; it also provides off campus referrals and maintains a food bank for the use of students.

For many people on campus, the food bank is a vital service that is offered by the Centre. Given the current economic atmosphere of cutbacks, lack of jobs and increasing tuition, using the food bank has become a fact of life to many university students. As for its

use at Glendon, Havens estimates that nearly half of the users are on campus students who supplement their meal card from the food bank or whose meal cards have simply run out.

In past years, the use of the food bank increased dramatically as the year wore on and meal cards ran out. However, Havens recommends that users supplement what they have with the food bank, rather than waiting and trying to live off of it. The problem Havens pointed out, is that of pride. Most university students see themselves as being in a "privileged situation, [they] have a home, [they're] not living on the street" and so do not believe that the situation is bad enough to necessitate the use of the food bank. Come February though, when the meal card runs out, it

is no longer a matter of pride, but a matter of eating or not. "Because we are students doesn't mean we have to starve" Havens says, using the food bank is "not a handout, but a necessity."

Aside from the food bank, the Women's Centre is also the location for the Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Alliance (GLABA). This organization is vital, as Glendon's out gay population is small and there is a underlying homophobic attitude on campus, especially within the residences. The new location of the Women's Centre (in D wing Hilliard) however, may cause problems for GLABA members. Havens fears that since the meetings

occur in residence, there is a chance that someone may be unwillingly outed. Given the power and speed of the Glendon gossip mill, an off handed comment could produce unwanted persecution for the person in question. What many people do not realize, is that coming out for a gay person is not something that is done lightly, especially when living in residence. Havens warns that people must realize that "their attitudes will affect that person's life in a way that heterosexuals will never understand".

The Women's Centre is always in need of volunteers and welcomes new people. The collective meets on Tuesdays at 4:30pm and Thursdays at 2:30pm.

Groupe d'étude sur Glendon

Julie Gauvin

Le Collège Glendon fait l'objet d'une étude stratégique au niveau de la maîtrise à l'Université York, le campus principal. Cette étude est orchestrée dans cadre du cours intitulé: "management strategic field study". L'objectif principal contenu dans cette étude, constitue à évaluer l'environnement économique d'une entreprise et d'émettre des recommandations qui permettraient d'améliorer les performances de celle-ci.

Puisque que le cours vise d'abord les performances d'une entreprise ou d'une compagnie, pourquoi Louis Macabbé et son équipe de six personnes ont-ils choisi de s'intéresser à Glendon? M. Louis Macabbé explique que l'idée leur a été proposée par le Professeur Fergusson, qui a lui même été approché par la principale du Collège, Mme Diane Adam. Considérant les contraintes budgétaires actuelles, l'étude ne pourrait que fournir des outils additionnels dans l'élaboration de la planification stratégique déjà en cours au Collège. Une firme de mar-

keting, dont M. Macabbé a refusé de dévoiler le nom, dûe à une entente préalable de confidentialité, a été mandatée par York pour effectuer une évaluation préliminaire.

L'équipe d'étudiants en sont présentement à l'étape de la cueillette des données. Afin d'évaluer les attentes et besoins des étudiants, ils s'entretiendront avec une quarantaine d'étudiants glendonniens de première année dans une proportion linguistique anglophone/francophone comparable au pourcentage d'étudiants inscrits à Glendon, et dont les expériences et origines sont les plus diversifiées

possible afin, bien sûr, que les résultats reflètent la diversité réelle des étudiants de Glendon.

Shullamit Yemane, l'une des deux représentantes des étudiants de deuxième année, (l'autre étant Jean-Marc Duguay), s'est vu confier la responsabilité de réunir les étudiants en question. Quatre groupes échantillon, de dix personnes par groupe, seront invités à rencontrer les responsables de l'étude les 6 et 8 décembre. Jeudi dernier, seulement une quinzaine d'étudiants avaient répondu à l'invitation. Mais Shullamit Yemane attribue cette faible participation non pas à l'intérêt porté au projet, mais plutôt à la période de l'année où tout le monde est affairé dans ses travaux et examens. D'autant plus, qu'on ne lui a donné qu'une dizaine de jour pour réunir tout ce beau monde.

Mme Yemane mentionne

qu'il s'agit là, d'une agréable coïncidence, puisqu'elle et M. Duguay prévoient justement une rencontre des étudiants de première année - qui aurait lieu après les vacances de Noël - afin de discuter, entre autre, comment les coupures vont les affecter et comment ils vivent leur première année universitaire.

Les résultats de cette études ne seront pas publiés, jusqu'à autorisation du contraire. Les chercheurs se doivent de respecter les termes de leur entente, et donc de se soumettre au principe du secret professionnel. Il est plus que souhaitable, que cette étude apporte de nouvelles idées pertinentes à la planification stratégique ainsi qu'à la gestion future du Collège.

Veillez noter que tout étudiant de première année intéressé à y participer peut obtenir de plus amples informations au bureau de l'AECG.

A Day to Remember Calls for Action

Jill Havens

I was asked to write something about December 6th, something that maybe would cause women and men to rise and fight against the violence that women face because of who we are and what we do. I am at a loss as where to begin. Do I focus on what I see as the main issues surrounding the whole idea that we mark the day when fourteen, university women were murdered? Or, do I plead with women to realize that we are all affected by violence, in one way or another, regardless of the fact that some of us may never have had what we would self-define as a violent experience? Instead, I have decided to tell my experience, rather one of my experiences, my "day to remember", a day that changed my life drastically in every way, shape and form.

Six years ago this coming March, around ten o'clock at night, I decided to go to the store to buy some junk food (my crutch), ALL BY MYSELF. I was walking to the store that is about 700 metres from my parents' house. About 200 metres from home,

I was in front of the park opening and to my surprise/dismay/horror(?), someone (a guy) grabbed my arms from behind, and then a friend of his came from nowhere to stand in front of me.

Now picture yourself in this

situation. What is it that women are taught to do when in a potentially violent situation? We are continuously taught (by police and some "educators") that we should meekly submit and "not make the situation worse" by resisting whatever is to follow to be silent and take whatever is "coming" to us; in other words, take (or receive?) what we "deserve" and shut up. Fortunately for me, I have never been one to listen to people who told me that I deserve what I get because I am female. I have no idea what would have happened to me had I been the passive victim that these two boys desired (even though they told me what they were going to do), who

knows maybe I would a "better adjusted lady". What I do know is that because of this "life experience" I found and have retained my voice as a woman who will not put up with/tolerate/condone pathetic misogynist acts; I REFUSE.

The whole point of me telling this is to share my experience because it is part of the whole process of life and hopefully, make more people realize that women's voices are necessary (as are men's) in stopping the gynicide that is surrounding us. Or, for those of you who realize, but have not YET (hint, hint) found the time/energy/outlet for your actions, to MOBILIZE. And, of

... see page 5

-News- in Brief

Productions Murales

Un concours de productions murales vient d'être lancé dans le cadre du 30ième anniversaire du Collège Glendon qui se tiendra officiellement en juin 1996. Ce projet est rendu possible grâce à la collaboration du bureau des affaires étudiantes et du Café de la Terrasse. Toute personne intéressée devra soumettre son esquisse à Nancy Pelletier au bureau 101 du Manoir avant le 12 février. Vous trouverez les règlements du concours affichés aux quatre coins du Collège. Les huit gagnants se partageront trois prix de 200.00\$, trois prix de 150.00\$ et deux prix de 100.00\$ et seront invités à reproduire leur oeuvre au Café de la Terrasse, au Salon Garigue, et à la salle d'amusement de la résidence Wood. Pour plus de détails surveillez les affiches! Et profitez des vacances de Noël pour transcender vos inspirations sur papier!

Snowball Success

Snowball '95 came and went on the night of December 1, but not without a lot of food, fun and dancing. Upwards of 160 people attended the GCSU organized event held at the Primrose hotel in downtown Toronto. All who were in attendance seemed to have a great time and one student, Victoria Patterson, was even heard to remark that this was the best Snowball that she had attended in her four years at Glendon. It may prove to be the most successful Snowball for the GCSU as well, as it is rumoured that they may have made a profit.

Westray Responsibles to be Retried

The Nova Scotia Court of Appeals has overturned the ruling of Mr. Justice Robert Anderson which stayed charges against the managers of the Westray mine citing failure on the part of the Crown to properly disclose evidence. The Court of Appeals agreed with the Crown's arguments that Judge Anderson had been biased in his ruling and could have resolved the problem of improper disclosure by declaring a mistrial or adjourning the case. The two mine managers, George Phillips and Roger Parry, were originally tried in connection to the 1992 explosion at the Westray mine which killed 26 men.

JG/SH

- perspectives

Welcome To Our Revolution

Eric Mcconnachie

In a speech at a small gathering last week, the once and perhaps future premier Bob Rae unloaded the truth about the Ontario government's keenly titled Common Sense Revolution:

"Revolutions," he said, "hurt people." To which Mr. Harris might have responded with something pat and chirpy, something "Bob Roberts"ish: "Well, it has to hurt if it's to heal." Which then raises the question, of course, of who gets hurt, and who gets healed?

What, indeed, is this brave rump-first-into-history government up to? What is it that needs healing? Well, apparently, all of us. We have to heal, we're hurting *now*, see?

The Deficit Duo of Eves and Harris are simply going to increase our collective wince a bit while they take a buzz-saw to our social butt in an effort to locate and stick a cork in our public deficit. You know, the big D-word. It's this big credit hole they're really after. It's their main preoccupation. It's going to make a real big stink someday if Mike the Wonder Leader and his mates don't plug it up for us.

To that end drastic measures, even revolutionary ones, are called

for.

Listen carefully then as the Ontario President, his assurances as velvet as a Mulroneys acceptance speech, starts swinging the saw. He is after all just following the sage advice of a legion of economists and business leaders. Not to mention the IMF, the World Bank and most importantly, those ratings agencies on Wall Street; all of whom are telling us that Christmas in Canada is over: stop pigging out with all that socialist shit or we'll lower your credit rating.

That's just for starters. Call it the Deficit Diet. It's all the rage. It's to the Nineties what the Energy Crisis was to the 70's. So we should be into it, okay. Well, actually we are, if you believe the Wonder Mike popularity polls. (My favourite explanation for the public's continuing honeymoon with the Premier: "He's doing what he said he would!" Right. If I promised you I was going to shoot you in the foot would you applaud my sincerity when I did?)

Anyway, n'oubliez

pas, even the afore-mentioned Mr. Rae was scared into trying to do something about our wanton pass-the-handouts partying and general socialist laying about. It's what sunk him. He forgot that when you get up on the fence you're an easy target from both sides.

Meanwhile, deep in the cultural belly the materialist appetite for more and more, despite the so-called recession, continues without pause: Unaffordable condos are sprouting as fast as they can put half-page adverts in newspapers. The stock market seemingly has a permanent case of bloat — as of this writing the hallowed Dow Jones index just poked through that mystical 5000 membrane, causing business gurus everywhere to swoon.

And hey, people, look up, look way up: The top stones of our community pyramid, where the best view is, are crowded with smiling gassy corporate executives, Bill Gates's and so forth. They sit up there selflessly tossing out mammon's manna for the good of us all, giving us new and improved vicarious thrills and

gizmos to need, so that our lives are continually richer and more meaningful.

Our government here in Ontario wants to do its part to assure continuing growth and acquisition, which is what makes for a better, more sane community. Great jobs, wealth, happiness will be ours. In the future, say four or five years, we won't even remember any of this. We'll all be happy workers making more than enough money to buy the latest gadgets and kicks, and secure in the warm glow of the knowledge that the deficit monster has dissipated like a bad dream. And why? Because Dear Harris and his fold are trimming the excess off our collective ass right now, with our blessings. After a bit of pain, we'll get a lot of gain. It'll be onward and upward again. Happy campers, all of us. Oh sure, some of us, well, hey... underpasses, alleyways, fridge boxes — camp where you can, eh?

Right. Here we are then, mind fixed on a brighter future, eyes staring appreciatively if apprehensively at the gleaming edge of "The Revolution"

as it comes down on us.

Seems as if some congratulations are in order, some kind of applause perhaps. Well yes, unmistakably, you can hear the cheering arising from as near as the Caledon Hills, from as far as the boardrooms of Manhattan. Our inspired leaders must be doing the right thing; telling us, with the assistance of a wonderfully eager media, that what is happening is really what we want and what we need.

Faced with all this certainty, what can we do but applaud also? Who can hiss at such commitment? It's so earnest. But if we really, for some reason, feel contrary, well, we live in a democracy don't we? We can certainly take a number and wait our turn on the lawn at Queen's Park. Better yet, why don't we just shut up and remember that this Revolution is our revolution, since the government that started it is our government.

In the next few years keep that in mind, and like Mike himself, try to ignore history as it whispers, "Revolutions eat their own children, revolutions eat their own..."

Recipe of the Week

Bob Gold

I am afraid last week's recipe had to be bumped in favour of an important progress report on how wonderful a job Ontario's new neo-conservative government is doing. Well, now that we know they're doing just fine, we can once again move on to another delectable delight.

But, before we do, I would like to remark that student response to this (now) weekly column has been appreciative and that even the provincial government has commended us on these thoughtful and caring suggestions, which free their hands from having to deal with student hunger and allow them to move onto more important stuff like raising tuition!

I hope you thoroughly enjoyed the previous squirrel recipe. It was a tasty treat that was both wholesome and nutritious (high in protein!). Unfortunately, some students found Brunswick Stew a little on the heavy side. Now, I grant you that a half-pound of

butter and two whole squirrels was rather extreme but now that winter's on its way, all that squirrel and butter could keep you warm and happy all the way to spring.

In keeping with the purpose of this column, this week's recipe will once again focus upon the use of fresh ingredients that are commonly known to frequent university campuses. With the rising cost of tuition, students barely have enough money left over to eat. But thanks to this column, hungry students no longer have to worry; campus food is plentiful, if you know what to look for.

Considering the recent trend away from red meat, this week's recipe will

photo: Jane Gorley



not require the use of any mammalian ingredients. In response to all you health-nuts out there, the everyday pigeon is both low in fat and nutritious. Thanks to the average pigeon diet of discarded junk food and city trash, these lean but feathery creatures are likely to be the meatiest dish around.

Pigeon pot pie is an

economical savoury delight. Pigeons always seem to be in abundance no matter where you are; but if you encounter any problems in your search for ingredients, try looking under bridges (these are favorite hiding spots for the little critters). Once you have located your pigeon, do not worry about catching it—in urban environments especially, pigeons are quite tame and are easily captured by hand if lured near with a tempting pile of bread crumbs.

Pigeon Pot Pie

6 Pigeons
3 tbs Fat
Seasoned
Bread Crumbs
3 tbs Flour
Salt & Pepper
1 Pie Shell
Water
3 Eggs, hard boiled

Clean and dress pigeons. Stuff each pigeon with bread crumbs. Loosen joints with a knife, without cutting through. Simmer, with water to cover, until nearly tender; then season with salt and pepper.

Combine fat and flour with the liquid in which the pigeons have been cooked to make a gravy, and let cool. Place pie shell in a baking dish. Cut eggs into slices and fill pie shell with alternate layers of egg, pigeon and gravy. Cover with bread crumbs and bake at 450°F. for 10 minutes, then lower temperature to 350°F. and bake 30 minutes. Serves 6. Bon Appetit!

(adapted from the American Woman's Cookbook, Garden City Publ., New York, 1964)

NORPLANT — TAKING THE CONTROL OUT OF BIRTH CONTROL

Joanne Deer

MONTREAL (CUP) — "Life just got easier for women who want long-term birth control."

It is safe to assume the smiling woman below the caption on the Norplant poster is not one of the 400 who joined a class action suit against the U.S. manufacturer of the contraceptive device.

She is also unlikely to be among the thousands of women in the developing world whose bodies tested the drug. And she couldn't possibly be Darlene Johnson, the California woman who received a judicial order to use Norplant as a condition for probation.

When Norplant became available in Canada in March 1994, it was hailed as a "dream method" of birth control because it offered five years of protection against pregnancy in exchange for \$500 and a ten-minute visit to the doctor's office.

But for a drug that promises no muss no fuss contraception, it has created quite a ruckus.

The main concerns stem from the medical and social consequences of a long-term contraceptive which has undergone limited testing. In addition to the familiar anxiety about long-term implications of new hormonal drugs, Norplant is controversial due to its sometimes severe side-effects and complications when it is removed.

There are also charges that the drug restricts instead of expanding women's choice and control. Practices in developing countries and the U.S. have caused critics to fear Norplant's potential as a tool for social engineering.

Norplant is not unique in its formula but it is revolutionary in its delivery. It consists of six match-like rods filled with a synthetic form of the hormone progesterone, the same hormone used in the birth control pill.

The silicone coated rods are placed in an incision made on the underside of a woman's upper arm where they are left for five years until removed by a physician.

The progesterone leaks into the woman's bloodstream, first at a high dose and then levelling off after the first year. Ovulation is prevented half the time and a cervical mucous acts as back up to prevent sperm from reaching any

eggs that are released.

Tests have shown that only one out of 25 women will become pregnant in the five year life span of the rods, making Norplant one of the most effective forms of contraception on the market.

Norplant was developed by The Population Council, a New York based organization whose mandate is the prevention of global overpopulation.

The Population Council began research into long-term methods of contraception in the late sixties. Canada's International Development Research Council contributed to the Population Council's \$25 million investment and the current Norplant system was devised in 1974.

When Norplant received approval for distribution in the U.S. in January 1991, Norplant was already available in 33 countries. By the end of 1991, over 100,000 American women were using Norplant. Terry Davidson, a marketing rep for Wyeth-Ayerst Canada Inc, the Canadian manufacturer of Norplant, said no recent sales figures for Canada were immediately available. There is no indication that Norplant has taken the Canadian market by storm.

"It doesn't seem as popular here," said Owen Moran, a health educator at Concordia University's Health Services. In his experience, few women are familiar with the contraception, and according to doctors in the department, even fewer seem interested.

Sales of Norplant in the U.S. reached a high of 500 units per day in 1993. By mid-1995, controversy and complaints about the contraceptive drove daily sales down to 50 a day.

Norplant is advertised as "birth control you don't have to think of every day." While this may be true for some women, some of Norplant's one million North American users are reminded every day.

Like any hormonal contracep-

tive, the drug effects a woman's entire system, and some users experience more side-effects than others.

A 1994 study released in the Journal of the Society of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists of Canada showed more than half of Norplant users had menstrual irregularities in the first year, with some bleeding for weeks at a time, and others not menstruating at all.

Weight gain, nausea, anemia, loss of sex drive, headaches, bloating, acne, and excessive growth and loss of hair have all been related to the use of Norplant.

Several cases of lost or broken rods and infection and muscle damage in the arm have been reported. Not all Norplant users experience extreme effects, but for the women who do, there is nothing 'side' about it.

Davidson was quick to point out that there have been no "major problems" with Norplant in Canada.

Meanwhile, unbearable side-effects and complications from removal of Norplant has caused more than 400 American women to join a class action suit against the company.

Many of the complaints stem from problems with removal. Wyeth-Ayerst admitted some doctors are not properly trained to plant or remove Norplant.

Davidson said that by the time Norplant came to Canada, the company had learned from experience and set up an education program for Canadian doctors who volunteer for training.

Over 1,200 doctors took part in the company's training program, which includes a video and seminar in which doctors practice inserting rods in a patient's arm.

Norplant is also like other hormone contraceptives in that its full effects can take many years to appear. And like the others, Norplant was not tested for long-term effects before reaching the market.

In fact, because it contained ingredients already being used in other contraceptives, Norplant was fast-tracked through the testing process.

The World Health Organization did not begin tracking the drug in users until 1988, and long-term results will not be known for years.

Researchers say it is impossible

to know the long-term effects of a drug until it has been used by thousands of women over a long period of time.

The full effects of the birth control pill are only becoming apparent now as the first generation of users hit middle age. Another hormone drug, DES (diethylstilbestrol), was widely prescribed in the '40s and '50s to pregnant women as a cure for miscarriage.

It was twenty years before many of the women developed breast cancer, and even longer before it was discovered that many of their children were infertile.

Marie Cocking works for DES Action, a consumer action group serving people exposed to DES. She has published several articles on Norplant expressing her concern over the introduction of another hormone-based drug for women.

"It doesn't seem good enough to say we'll put it on the market and see what happens," she said. "The effects of DES took 20 to 30 years to appear. When they are only testing for seven years they cannot possibly be looking out for cancers and other things that take many years to arise."

Davidson said Wyeth-Amherst is tracking the effects of Norplant "the same way as it does any medication."

Health Canada does not require long term surveillance for approved drugs. The company does not solicit feedback from consumers directly, and relies on doctors to volunteer patient information.

Cocking argued that there should be an official agency responsible for studying the consequences of drugs such as Norplant on consumers' health.

Norplant's potential medical consequences are not the only concern. The same qualities that make it attractive also make it easier than other forms of contraception to misuse.

Unlike condoms or the pill, which are under a woman's control, once Norplant is inserted, a woman cannot choose to stop until it is surgically removed.

Sunera Thobani, president of the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, says the contraception takes away from a woman's choice.

"The contraceptive is not controlled by the woman," she said.

"It is controlled by the physician who implants it. It reduces women's control over sexuality."

Charges of misuse have arisen in developing countries where the drug was tested.

In Bangladesh, women complained that requests to have the rods removed were denied by doctors who encouraged them to wait out the side-effects and see what happened. Indonesian women were confronted with contraception "safaris" headed by the government in partnership with the Population Council and International Planned Parenthood.

In an attempt to reach zero population growth by 2000, health officials and government troops distributed Norplant to over 1.5 million women. It was reported in 1992 that Indonesian women accounted for fully two-thirds of all Norplant users.

Closer to home, Norplant has added fuel to the debate over forced contraception.

Concern arose when Darlene Johnson, a twenty-seven year old California woman was ordered by a county judge to use Norplant as part of her probation sentence.

Others worry it will become a new tool for those wishing to restrict the growth of targeted segments of the population, especially welfare recipients.

By taking control over reproductive freedom out of the hands of individual women, Norplant not only reduces women to guinea pigs, but also threatens to lock them in their cages.

Most critics and proponents alike agree that the final decision to use Norplant comes down to an individual choice. In the end, a woman's choice of birth control can be described as a lesser of several evils.

"All contraception requires doing something horrendous to your body," said Owen Moran. Alexander Sanger of Planned Parenthood in New York said in 1994, "There is no perfect contraceptive, but Norplant is getting pretty close."

Norplant has expanded women's choices to include long-term birth control. Only time will tell if it is actually as "worry free" as advertised.

...A Day to Remember (cont'd from page 3)

course, to give everyone who already works to stop violence a well deserved hug.

To relate this piece to the Montreal Massacre, I would like to remind everyone reading this that we are university students (most of us) and ask everyone to say "It could have been me" or "That could have been my sister/friend/daughter/lover". How does this make us feel? Do you shudder like I sometimes do? Does it make you jump the next time a man abruptly interrupts one of your women's

classes? Or do some of you still think that "It couldn't happen to me or a woman that I care about". Or do you get really furious that women are living in all societies with the uncertainty that they will survive to see the next day all because they are women? I personally get pissed off for a variety of reasons. I hate the fact that some people think that they are free from violence and then turn their house alarms on (or buy a big, snarling dog for protection) and sleep easy at night, without realiz-

ing why it is they are doing that. I also hate it that women are not able to tell their stories and that is why all women must have a voice and the power to name their experiences in order to end this evil war against women. I personally believe that no one can be in neutral territory for this battle, you are either a part of the problem or you are a part of the solution.

On December 6th, to go along with the theme of women's voices being heard, the Glendon Women's Centre is presenting Marylyn Peringer, femi-

nist storyteller. Her voice will be heard at 11:30am.

AND...

at 12:30pm, it is your turn, the discussion will be around violence, whatever issues you bring up and in whichever language you prefer. Gail Vanstone will be mediating.

To facilitate your attendance, ALL CLASSES ARE CANCELED (this is not an optional cancellation) from 11:30 am to 1:30pm on December 6th. Please take this opportunity to share, learn and discuss both your ex-

periences and others'. All this will be held in the Theatre.

There is also a WOMEN ONLY Civil Disobedience being held at the intersection of College and University. Please come down and support the women who are facing arrest (or face arrest yourself if this is possible???) and protest cuts and violence against women. December 6th, 7:45 AM (Yes, this is a morning action in order to stop the suits from getting to their disinfected, whitewashed orifices).

Blood

Jessica Gavin

A new play by Tom Walmsley debuts at the Factory Theatre

The voice of Charles Bukowski lives on, or perhaps that is just the obvious comparison. Tom Walmsley, the Vancouver playwright who writes from the grit of the streets, in an earnest and terrifying strength of understanding of the human condition, has created a new and riveting piece that explores the most provocative elements of sexuality, power and true love.

Blood pulls apart the eternal themes of love and death in its examination of the complex and powerful relationship between brother and sister, reunited for the first time in ten years. Chris, an alcoholic on the wagon for ten years, shows up at his sister Noelle's apartment after a silence of more than a decade. Noelle, a heroin junkie on the clean for three months while she attends Narcotics Anonymous for being nabbed with a stash, has just finished her parole and is ready for a fix. In fact, she has just arranged to pull a trick for the cash she needs, when big brother shows up at her door, teddy bear in hand.

A heart-warming and tearful reunion? Hardly. Walmsley is far too honest and inspired a writer to allow his characters to fall for the saccharin hook and line. Noelle wants her brother to form a threesome with herself and her client so she can make the \$500 she's determined to have. And that is only the

beginning.

Ultimately, this play is about the power dynamics of love. It is a story about the fierceness of sibling rivalry and the deep loneliness that only the most intimate of friends can quell. Torn by their conflicting feelings for one another, the siblings vacillate between the desire to destroy or reconcile with the other.

The play shifts back and forth between dark humour and savagery as the two re-discover one another and find themselves. The dialogue is quick and biting and comes straight from the gutter as Chris and Noelle struggle to maneuver their brilliant selves out of the prisons of addiction and despair they have long been captives in. The theme of incest, although a prevalent one, is hardly the point of this piece. Chris is in love with his sister and wants to sleep with her. Noelle simply wants to see Chris suffer for abandoning her. Making love, as adults with a vivid and powerful history together, is only one of the ways in which their conflict and reconciliation manifests itself. Shocking as much of the themes may seem, they remain just vehicles for the more timeless and ultimately satisfying issues of human interaction.

Directed by David Harper, the actors John Evans and Kyra Harper, both veterans of stage and screen, bring forth raw and powerful



Photo: James Blake

performances that are almost impossible in their range and flexibility. Harper however, for whom the part was written, steals the show as the street-wise survivor with his rapier wit. It is hard to imagine Noelle being played with as much force by another actor. Evans carries his part well and is as endearing as he is disturbing as the fallen angel who finally knows what he wants. All around excellent work by the actors and director. This play is highly recommended, with a cautionary note that there is nudity, coarse language and the themes are

provocative and possibly offensive to some. Nevertheless, a work of this caliber does not often come around, and to miss it is to miss one of the greatest pieces presented recently, by one of Canada's foremost playwrights.

Presented by Factory Theatre and The Maxine Co-op at Factory Mainstage (125 Bathurst, corner Adelaide).

Runs to December 10, Tuesday-Friday at 8pm; Saturday 5 and 9pm; Sunday 2:30pm

\$15-20, Sunday \$10

Jessica Gavin

Dressed in Yella

Dressed in Yella, is a promising play in a number of ways. First off however, I would like to extend my extreme gratitude to the guy sitting in front of me with the very, extremely, big head of hair. Thank you for moving so that I had the opportunity to not only hear, but see Stephanie Lalor's moving new piece. Hearing the play alone, would not have been a terrible tragedy, as much of the strength of the piece involves the 'voices', or narrative of the main characters. The acoustic guitar, which opened and accompanied much of the play was a compelling addition, but seeing it was a bonus in absorbing the entirety of this piece, which worked on several levels, including visual and emotive.

The story revolves around the friendship of two young girls which is suddenly cut short when one of them moves away with her family. The actual friendship resumes only sixteen years later, when the two, now women, meet again. The reality of the friendship however, extends throughout the life of each, as they

reminisce and imagine the other going through life's ordeals with them. Upon meeting again, at the age of 26, it is revealed that one of them was brutally raped by a stranger at the age of ten. Memories shift and fall into place. Much of what was misunderstood receives a new clarity for both of the protagonists; and in the

process, understanding of their current selves evolves. There is some highly evocative symbolism, notably that of an egg-signifying rebirth, renewal and self-containment. Further, the strength of female friendships as powerful and necessary, is reinforced. The structure of the play, which shifts back and forth between the two girls as children, and their present as women in the midst of life and its inherent problems; works well. The stage setting, which makes use of Spartan props, is clever.

The acting is well done on the whole by two principals, Nathalie Buckland and Helen Juvonen. But of exceptional note is the work of Philippe Buckland, who plays all of the major male characters, not only with an impressive

array of hair pieces, but with an out-standing range which, as my friend pointed out to me, was so powerful as to be menacing.

Although Dressed in Yella is generally a noteworthy piece, it is often too long in scenes that seem less important, and a bit short on others which could have added more. The dialogue tends to drag after awhile, and I couldn't help wondering what some of the monologues had to do with anything at all. Nevertheless, there is both humour and pathos aplenty, and the overall theme of renewal more than makes up for some minor flaws. An extremely interesting work, this story of violation, self-awareness and rebirth, bodes well for Ms. Lalor's future.

QUOI FAIRE

lundi le 4 décembre:

- Anti-oppression & racism FILM NIGHT, 7:30 in the pub, featuring *Nice Coloured Girls* and *Coffee Coloured Children*..

- Local indie alterna-groovesters The Blowseeds play w/ Fence Sitters & Rhythm Slaves at the HORSESHOE tonight (show starts at 10pm).

mardi le 5 décembre:

- Claudia Moore's acclaimed latest choreographic work *Dragon* at the Buddies in Bad Times Theatre, 12 Alexander Street (8pm)

- Leafs VS Ottawa Senators at the Gardens (7:30pm)

- Mercury Rev at Lee's Palace w/ Ajitpop

mercredi le 6 décembre:

- An organized WOMEN-ONLY 'civil disobedience', a protest against the Montreal Massacre, is scheduled at College & Spadina for 8am (with the intention of causing a traffic jam - seemingly the only way to make a statement at Queen's Park). Speakers from N.A.C., street theatre & inevitable arrests.

- The Glendon Women's Centre has organized day-long activities in remembrance of the Montreal Massacre (taking place in Theatre Glendon), including a speaker, story-teller and organized women's issues discussion/ forum. Additionally, the centre will be selling their own t-shirts (\$10) and buttons in front of the cafeteria. ***Classes will be canceled between 11:30 & 1:30***

jeudi le 7 décembre:

- Le Theatre Francais de Toronto (TFT) presente la fameuse comédie musicale *Les Fantastiques au Canadian Stage Theatre*, 26 rue Berkeley salle "upstairs" a 20h

- X-mas Pub, Café de la Terrasse (DJ only - no band)

- Mildred Pierce w/ Smear and The Motor Dolls at the Rivoli

vendredi le 8 décembre:

- Cinémathèque screening of Euro-bizarro *The Fiances* (1963) at 8:45

- Conrad Alexandrowicz' *Nothing But The Larks*, a unique dance-theatre adaptation of the Joan of Arc story, Theatre Centre East 142 George St. (8:30pm)

- Vancouver pop tarts PURE play with cool Torontonians Len at Lee's Palace

Bon Weekend!

NRF

Stéphane Bibeau

Brûleur de feux rouges

Pas de cravate, pas de patron, du vélo toute la journée

Centre-ville, 16h12, la circulation est complètement bloquée, c'est le verrouillage total, rien ne bouge. Tout à coup surgit de nulle part un cycliste qui se faufille à 35 km/h entre les autos immobiles, improvisant sa course, tantôt à contre-sens, tantôt sur le trottoir, slalomant entre voitures et piétons, disparaissant tout aussi soudainement dans un des gratte-ciels devant vous. Il aura parcouru en huit minutes la même distance que vous en 40 minutes, dans le confort de votre puissante BMW. Cascades dangereuses et irresponsables? peut-être; mais pour Frédéric Pâquette c'est un métier.

"Ça fait environs huit ans que je suis courrier, dit-il, je sais ce que je fais." En effet, Fred est considéré comme le meilleur courrier-cycliste à Montréal par la plupart de ses collègues. Il est extrêmement rapide, toujours calme, il se blesse très rarement. Pour lui et comme pour beaucoup de "courriers", c'est plus qu'un travail, c'est un mode de vie. Bien ce travail? Livrer, en vélo, des documents, des paquets, d'un bureau du centre-ville à un autre, le plus rapidement possible, le plus efficacement possible, en combattant la circulation et en défiant le code de la route. "Ce

n'est pas vraiment les manoeuvres que je fais qui sont dangereuses, signale-t-il, car je suis toujours en contrôle...Ce qui est dangereux, ce sont les automobilistes qui ne signalent pas avant de tourner ou qui ouvrent leur portière sans regarder." Selon lui, un bon courrier est rarement responsable d'un accident dans lequel il est impliqué.

Les courriers-cyclistes sont engagés comme travailleurs indépendants par des compagnies de messagerie qui, elles, font affaire avec toutes sortes d'entreprises qui ont leurs bureaux au centre-ville. les courriers reçoivent entre 50% et 70% du tarif de chaque livraison

qu'ils effectuent. Donc, plus ils travaillent dur, plus ils sont rapides, et plus ils font d'argent. Cependant, avec l'avènement du fax au début des années 80 et la situation économique actuelle, un très bon courrier gagne aujourd'hui à peine 400\$ par semaine. De plus, s'il se blesse en travaillant, il n'a accès à aucun plan d'indemnité d'accidents de travail, puisqu'il travaille à son compte, et une assurance pour un tel boulot est astronomique. C'est un compromis que Fred accepte pour pouvoir vivre sa passion: le vélo. Mais le courrier, pour lui, signifie également la liberté: pas d'habit, pas de cravate, pas de patron, pas besoin de se raser à chaque matin, et puis du vélo toute la journée. "Ce n'est pas le genre de boulot sur lequel tu te bâtis un avenir, mais il reste qu'on me paye pour faire du vélo."

Dans une journée, un bon courrier effectuera 35 à 50 livraisons, parcourra en tout 80 à 110 kilomètres, brûlera environs

4000 calories et une bonne centaine de feux rouges. Selon Fred, on tolère les courriers parce qu'ils sont indispensables au bon fonctionnement "du monde des affaires". "C'est le système, dit-il, qui nous engage pour tricher le système!". Fred estime avoir travaillé plus de 170 000 kilomètres au cours de sa carrière de courrier-

cycliste, et si on fait le compte, il a également brûlé plus de 150 000 feux rouges. Tout ça, dans toutes les conditions possibles: tempête de neige, pluie verglaçante, canicule, etc. "Un de ces jours, il faudrait que je me trouve un vrai boulot."



photo: Stéphane Bibeau

CELESTIAL INTUITION

Nathalie-Roze Fischer

In the fall of 1994 Jane Siberry presented her sixth album *When I Was A Boy* to the world. It was a brilliant ordeal of a project that took nearly three years to complete and, like the season of its release, symbolized both a closure and a new beginning. Siberry had finally chosen to reject the pressure of outside influence, choosing instead to let herself be guided by her own personal compass. Embracing her instinct resulted in an album that simultaneously boasted the most commercial success and integrity the emotive songstress had ever enjoyed.

Maria, Siberry's latest offering, underlines this transition from creative compromise to artistry in the absolute. Though perhaps not as widely accessible as its predecessor, this work is a collection that confirms the validity of intuition and marks Siberry's continued multi-layered evolution. Highly experimental, but never translating as unfocused, the album flirts subtly with jazz, while maintaining the signature vocal acrobatics of Canada's celestial diva. Produced in only thirty-three days, *Maria* is an uncensored and intimate self-portrait of Jane Siberry.

"This album is a reflection of my freedom being integrated. It's not a conscious thing anymore. *When I Was A Boy* was a process, but now I'm trusting myself in a very natural way", explains Siberry. "*Maria* is an expansion of that idea, one that's opened the door for me to an improvisatory approach. It's a very 'for the moment' thing. This album feels like the closest to what I hear in my head, which is very satisfying."

Siberry's voluntary metamorphosis was confusing and difficult, but proved

ultimately empowering for her, both personally and creatively. "Trusting myself became a priority for me a few years ago. To do that, you have to know who you are. I spent a lot of time figuring it out. Now, it's trusting that." Siberry pauses - not because she is contriving a clever quote, but rather to try to be exact. "Truth is something very important to me, the real truth you can feel in your gut. You see, if you don't care what other people think, what do you really want to do? It's hard to let go of the restraint sometimes, but then you have choice and greater trust."

Viewing her historical self as reasonably unenlightened, Siberry can easily grocery list the variables that held her back on numerous levels. "There was a lot of lying to myself and I was never really grounded or present", she points out. "In the last five years, I've realized how full of fear I was. It's interesting, because I talk about it more now, but I feel more fearless than I ever have." And, listening to the calm in her voice, it's easy to believe that Jane Siberry is quite present and aware.

Giving up drinking was the catalyst to the fundamental shift in Siberry's outlook. The absence of a pacifying haze has made paramount

her double objective of honesty and consciousness in the present tense. "My main goal is to be 100% present every second of my life, until I die. I don't want to be mentally in the future or in the past. I did that for years", she sighs. "I think this realization comes from moving through periods of great happiness recently. And, it's all I want, to be as direct as possible and in the present moment. Everything else will flow from that."

Though generally happier and stronger, Siberry maintains that she is not in a state of perpetual, cross-eyed bliss. "I feel like a more positive person now, but at the same time I go through darker periods than before. What frightens me most is when my inner-strength leaves me and I go into a funk, a terrible depression where you're so inside it that you can't see out." Qualifying her last statement, Siberry adds, "but I see these periods as positive, that there's a purpose to them. They end eventually and they're part of a movement forward."

"Oh My My", *Maria*'s final twenty minute track, was intended as a hopeful candle for those resisting the downward pull inherent in self-evaluation. "With that song I'm trying to say that there's something at the end of the tunnel. Really peeling away at yourself takes a lot of courage and strength - partly not to commit suicide, especially initiating it yourself without the guidance of organized religion. The people that come through it may be a different breed than ever before:

stronger, beautiful beings." Siberry pauses and then articulates a visualization of her theory, "I think a lot of us are going through a lot of

shit right now, wading in it, but eventually we'll come out as butterflies - yellow ones."

Jane Siberry *Casino*

Casino is Martin Scorsese's wistful look at the gangster era in Las Vegas. It is his saga of the seventies; his ode to leisure suits and cocaine.

Even though the *mafia* movie as a genre has been done to death, *Casino* follows the well-known formula of the gangster trying to go straight. We see the rise and fall of Ace Rothstein (Robert De Niro), from 1973 to 1983, as he tries to run a casino given to him by the mafia "back home".

Scorsese is giving a lecture on Las Vegas; he has the characters narrate almost every scene in the film's three hours. The details are incredible. For example, an in-the-tube shot of cocaine

being snorted, but the characters and plots are shallow.

As in most mafia films, the violence is unnecessary, but it is not as disgusting as some other scenes, such as when Nicky (Joe Pesci) is shown having sex with Sharon Stone.

The support cast is great, including James Woods and Don Rickles. From the outside *Casino* looks pretty flashy; but just like the Las Vegas, the substance just isn't there.

Photo: Phil Caruso



— poetry & fiction

[bad poésie & stuff

BACK PAGE

Norway

By Adrian Mole

Norway! Land of difficult spelling.
Hiding your beauty behind strange vowels.
Land of long nights, short days and dots over "O"s.
Ruminating, majestic reindeers
Tread warily on ice floes
Ever aware of what happened to the
Titanic.
One day I will sojourn to your shores
I live in the middle of England
But!
Norway! My soul resides in your watery fiords
fjords/fjords
inlets.

ODE TO A CHAR

CHAR, CHAR
YOU ARE MY CANDY BAR:
WHEREVER I GO
YOU CANNOT BE FAR;
YOU CIRCLE MY HEART
LIKE A WELL FORMED SCAR;
I'LL NEVER FORGET
WHEN WE MET AT THE BAR-
WE COULD HAVE GONE PARKING
IF WE'D HAD A CAR;
YOU'D SNUGGLE ME CLOSE
AND MAKE ME YOUR CZAR;
I'D SING YOU SLOW SONGS
AND PLAY THE GUITAR:
IF OUR LOVE WAS A GOLF GAME
I'D BE TWO UNDER PAR.

BY
BIZARRE

Ode to the Y Chromosome

I love you
I love you
Thanks for coming out
zen

You spoiled my heart
I've got nowhere to go.
My heart's gone
Down the drain
Like liquid
Dreams.
Amanda Igmickis

untitled

i feel,
protected
by you,
like,
a rose,
covered,
in pepto bismol
l.d.

Ode to Amanda!

Oh dearest Amanda
We know what's good for Canada!
It makes me wet
To shrink the debt
In this Brave New Political Agenda!
We'll all become strong
If we learn to just go along
No more fat leeches drinking beer on the
Veranda!
My dearest P.C.
If only they could see
There's a lot of value in a little can
of Tuna!

by Ernie (we can make it any) Eve

I LOVE YOU

You're as sweet as a kind
Of gold fish that has no mind
To force her opinions on others
Underwhere
The covers of water
Echo the pitter-patter
The pitter-patter
of my heart
Neil Braganza

*Three Lines Free
Trois P'tites Vites*

GCSU Communications Committee Meeting on December 4th at 4:30 in the GCSU Office. Come and Participate!

Lost-rear bumper of 1980 blue Suburban. Contact Adam "Fro-Boy" Clark. Reward-ESSO Credit.

Anyone ever wonder why the lunch lady holds her spoon in her latex glove and touches the tuna with her hand?

Someone should really speak to a certain professor in this school about taking an 'ESL' class. It really pisses me off to spend a fortune taking a class in university and then have to spend all my time trying to understand what the #!@\$ he is saying!

Anyone with any information on the whereabouts of Adam Clark, please contact the ESSO Credit Office-Reward: Rear bumper for a 1980 Suburban.

To all you typical male souvlakis:
Ehxo fagothee meh toh arseniko stigma of "stereotypical-contra gynekes". Poloos andres nomizooneh oti eenoon Kaliteree apo gynekes, keh ta koritsia then eeheh tipota nixtos treepas. Valto aftoh toh chauvinistic attitude sto golo sas! Kanehna gyneka hrezeteh aftoh toh mentality.

Fed up G. Girl.

CAFE DE LA TERRASSE INC.
STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS
YEAR ENDED APRIL 30, 1995

	1995	1994
SALES	\$133,798	\$152,183
COST OF GOODS SOLD	<u>66,012</u>	<u>76,705</u>
GROSS PROFIT	<u>67,786</u>	<u>75,478</u>
EXPENSES		
Advertising and promotion	3,031	9,071
Amortization	1,658	2,772
Automobile and travel	602	942
Casual labour	2,062	-
Insurance	2,179	1,951
Interest and bank charges	376	925
Management salaries	17,333	23,152
Office and general	6,172	6,492
Professional fees	3,203	2,886
Repairs and maintenance	2,998	2,772
Scrip discount	1,266	512
Supplies	1,977	2,942
Telephone	518	1,374
Wages and employee benefits	32,338	42,977
Workers' compensation	1,256	1,400
York University administration levy	<u>3,601</u>	<u>3,986</u>
	<u>80,570</u>	<u>104,154</u>
LOSS BEFORE THE FOLLOWING:	(12,784)	(28,676)
OTHER INCOME (Note 4)	<u>12,953</u>	<u>24,535</u>
NET INCOME (LOSS) FOR THE YEAR	\$ 169	(\$ 4,141)

GLENDON GALLERY COMEDY NIGHT FUNDRAISER

SECOND CITY ALUMNI
JENNY PARSONS
& STEVE MOREL IN...

THEATRE
GLENDON

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NORTH YORK
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YOUR
FACE-
OFF**

THURSDAY
DEC. 7, 1995, 8:00PM
STUDENTS \$8
INDIVIDUALS \$12

GLENDON GALLERY COMEDY NIGHT FUNDRAISER