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Feature > *The Colour of the World in Black and White* > 8-9

# Racing Toward an Emotional Ethic

Dear Pro Tem,

I find it is my impulse as an individual becoming "emotionally conscious" to respond to the letter "Racing Toward Slavery" written by Bobby Deakos in the January 16th edition of Pro Tem. I feel ridiculous, seeing as how I'm responding to his response to an article by Mr. O'Rourke, but hey, we all have to feel ridiculous once in a while. Indeed, the reason I'm writing is that I found Mr. Deakos' letter to be quite ridiculous. I am not certain if he was intentionally ridiculous, but I'll tell you all right now I'm going to be ridiculous myself. Forewarned is forearmed.

Deakos says he cannot "believe that Mr. O'Rourke dissuades the notion of 'Canadian Identity' for one of 'global citizenship'. I believe it is rather clear that any promotion of 'global citizenship' is simply dangerous and should be avoided at all costs." For one thing, O'Rourke's entire article is about the lack of a

Canadian identity and his suggestion that we should form one; one where to be Canadian is to strive to be a just global citizen. How can O'Rourke dissuade something that, in his opinion, doesn't exist yet? And how can Deakos not believe O'Rourke feels this way? Obviously O'Rourke has an opinion, he wrote about it, so why does Deakos have trouble believing it? Like I said, this is ridiculous.

Myself, I feel sorry for Mr. Deakos, because he believes that global citizenship is to be avoided. I'm sorry because he doesn't seem to realize it's unavoidable. We are all global citizens, from the moment we're born. You live on this globe, you're a citizen, just like everybody else. Avoiding it means moving elsewhere, possibly the Moon (and that opens a new can of worms - universal citizenship - would Deakos ignore this as well?). I applaud O'Rourke for realizing that we should move towards a just system of global citizenship, because this does

not yet exist. I feel sorry for Deakos because he doesn't seem to see the global community he is a part of. I also feel sorry for him because his ostrich-in-the-sand attitude prevents him from helping make that global community a just community.

Here is another stance of Mr. Deakos' that I find ridiculous - that he feels he is "ethically-conscious," therefore implying in his letter that Mr. O'Rourke is not. O'Rourke is clear in his belief that we need to have a just community with as little bias as possible. That seems pretty ethical to me - ethics, by definition, is the principles governing the conduct of a group, and O'Rourke is trying to make us all see the need to make the principles of our community justice-oriented. Avoiding the group, the global community, as Deakos

seems to want to, is unethical, by the definition. So his claim is ridiculous, in my opinion. So what about me? Am I ethical? Let me think about it. First of all, I told you that this would be a ridiculous response, so at least I'm honest. And I told you that I'd be taking an emotional stance, not an ethical one. I am not operating under the pretense that my ethics have obligated me: I just happen to have emotions that say Deakos is being unethical, and they're strong enough that I felt the need to

write.

But I believe that I am being ethical at the same time as I am being emotional, in that I am applying my own personal principles to perceived behaviour in the group, the community here at Glendon. My principles dictate that I try to be a just global citizen, and someone who refuses to behave the same way, and in fact doesn't believe he is a global citizen, is unethical. His actions, good or bad, will forever be unethical because he refuses to believe that he has obligations to the global citizenry - he doesn't even believe that community exists.

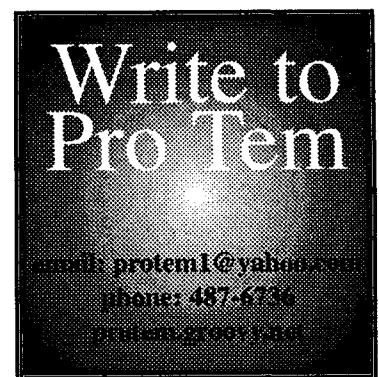
Mr. Deakos cannot possibly understand the words "ethics" or "obligation," or he would realize that, as a global citizen, he is ethically obligated to participate in bringing justice to the globe. My opinion is that Deakos has an emotional agenda here, not an ethical one, and he should be honest and say so, rather than veiling his intentions under a pretense of moral superiority. He said it was his belief that the global community was dangerous - a belief in danger implies fear, which is an emotion. In the future, perhaps Mr. Deakos should concentrate on understanding and expressing his feelings, rather than masking them behind ethical obligations. A mask is a kind of lie, and lying is unethical. It also hurts

people's feelings.

See, this is my point (maybe): Ethics and beliefs spring from emotions. A person can be a lot more effective in expressing himself if they show how they feel, rather than masking it. Hiding only hurts you and other people, which feels bad all around - and that leads to a belief that this sort of behaviour is wrong, and that leads to the ethical standpoint that people shouldn't hide their true feelings and intentions from each other. If I want to be ethical and just, then therefore I am obligated to point out these unethical actions and thoughts. But you have to feel before you can formulate a belief or an ethic - so it's the emotion that's really important. And so I ethically and emotionally responded to a ridiculous, unethical response. And that's what you just read. Pretty ridiculous, I know,

but I told you it would be.

GAVIN WILLIAMS



  
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# Nothing's Worse Than More

CATHERINE HANCOCK

As I was looking through old issues of *Pro Tem* and *Excalibur* to search for an idea for an editorial piece (this is my first time writing one), I realized that *Excalibur* has so many more advertisements than we do. It's not that I haven't noticed this before, but lately I have been thinking more and more about advertising and the effect it has on our society.

In North America today, advertisements are everywhere: in newspapers and magazines, on buses and subways, even in movies and theatrical productions. In fact, advertisements have become so popular that they now have their own award shows.

Most commercials have a magical quality that makes the public believe that buying a certain product is the passport to their desires. For example, this perfume will make you sexy, this drink will improve your social life, this car will make you cool, this yogurt will make you skinny, and so forth. Ask yourself what you really

want from life, what you just can't live without. The truth is that we can all live without Pepsi Cola, Gap clothing and McDonalds' (so called) food. Yet for some reason, many people crave it, need it and buy a lot of it.

We buy so much that mass amounts of these items are being produced as you read this. And more and more advertisements are created as well, in as many ways possible. For example, in the new film *Antitrust*, the computer of choice is Macintosh's iMac, the drink of choice is Pepsi, and the snack of choice is Pringles rippled potato chips. In last year's cheesy teen thriller *The Faculty*, the entire cast of students sport "Tommy Gear". This allows the advertisers to make as much money as possible.

These "hidden" ads have become so familiar that we, the consumers, hardly notice them anymore. We need to remember what the mass production of these items is doing to our environment. According to Professor Sut Jhally, writer and director of *Advertising and the End of the World*, in approxi-



mately 70 years, there will be no resources left in the world. All because of the mass production that North Americans

demand.

I am not telling you to consume or reject, just to remember what it all means and

where it will lead to. Think about what you can do to help future generations.

## My Hope

CEDRIC MAYS

For there to be some motive in the schemes of dreams, is to be in a desert containing fruitful trees.

Expressing myself through lyrics

of the heart I plead,

not wanting to incriminate herself

she resolves to the Fifth Amendment and leaves.

Funny how two lives dance to the same

rhythmic melody,

yet when the song calls for partners

the music maker, the man with the golden voice, sings off key.

Many times in life we cast to the perfect

ground a mound of mustard seeds which do not yield, for even the man with all the answers

does not know which way the path of the future leads.

So gird up your loins

for faith is real.

Be hungry but not greedy for the lover's meal.

Remember always in this playing field...

For there to be some motive in the schemes of dreams,

is to be in a desert containing fruitful trees.



CATHERINE HANCOCK

## Notice

The next Pro Tem meeting will be held on Tuesday January 30 at 7:00 p.m., in 117 Glendon Hall. La prochaine réunion de Pro Tem aura lieu le mardi, 30 janvier à 19h00 au 117 Glendon Hall.

If you have any comments or questions, feel free to contact us at 487-6736 or by e-mail at [protem1@yahoo.ca](mailto:protem1@yahoo.ca). Letters to the editor should include your name and a phone number where you can be reached. Your letters should not exceed 400 words. Thank you!

Si vous avez des questions ou commentaires, n'hésitez pas à nous contacter au 487-6736 ou par courriel à [protem1@yahoo.ca](mailto:protem1@yahoo.ca). Toutes les lettres au rédacteurs doivent être signées et inclure votre numéro de téléphone. Les lettres ne doivent en outre pas contenir plus de 400 mots. Merci!

# Treasure Found in Glendon Hall

CHRISTINA PAGE

Staff at the Career and Counseling Centre have begun to suspect that a large number of Glendon students are unaware of the treasures lying on their own campus. As a result, students may be suffering from missed opportunities and a lack of easy access to useful information. Acting on this suspicion, the Career and Counseling Centre staff would like to inform the student body of the opportunity to claim their portion of the

treasure.

This treasure takes the form of a diverse collection of resources that are available to students. One of these resource areas is the self-help area. Students searching for information on topics ranging from careers to personal issues to study skills, will find a concise information sheet on their topic of interest. Students can access these resources whenever the Centre is open

(Monday-Friday, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.). Just come in, browse the resources, and take those

that interest you.

The Centre also offers opportunities to learn about a variety of topics in their workshops. Workshop topics range from "Overcoming Procrastination" to "Taking Effective Lecture Notes" to "Marketing Your B.A.". To attend a workshop, just drop in at the Centre at the date and time listed on the schedule. Benefits of

attending the workshop include access to resources about your chosen topic, as well as the opportunity to ask questions and

to learn through interactive presentations and discussions. This month's workshops include: Preparing For Exams/Se préparer pour les examens (February 6 and 21 at 11:30 a.m., and February 15 at 12:30 p.m.), Reduce Stress While Studying/Réduire le stress durant les études (February 7 and 22 at 11:30 a.m., and February 13 at 12:30 p.m.), and Facts About the GRE/Foire aux questions concernant le GRE (Graduate Record Examination) (February 7 at 11:30 a.m.). If you have never attended a workshop at

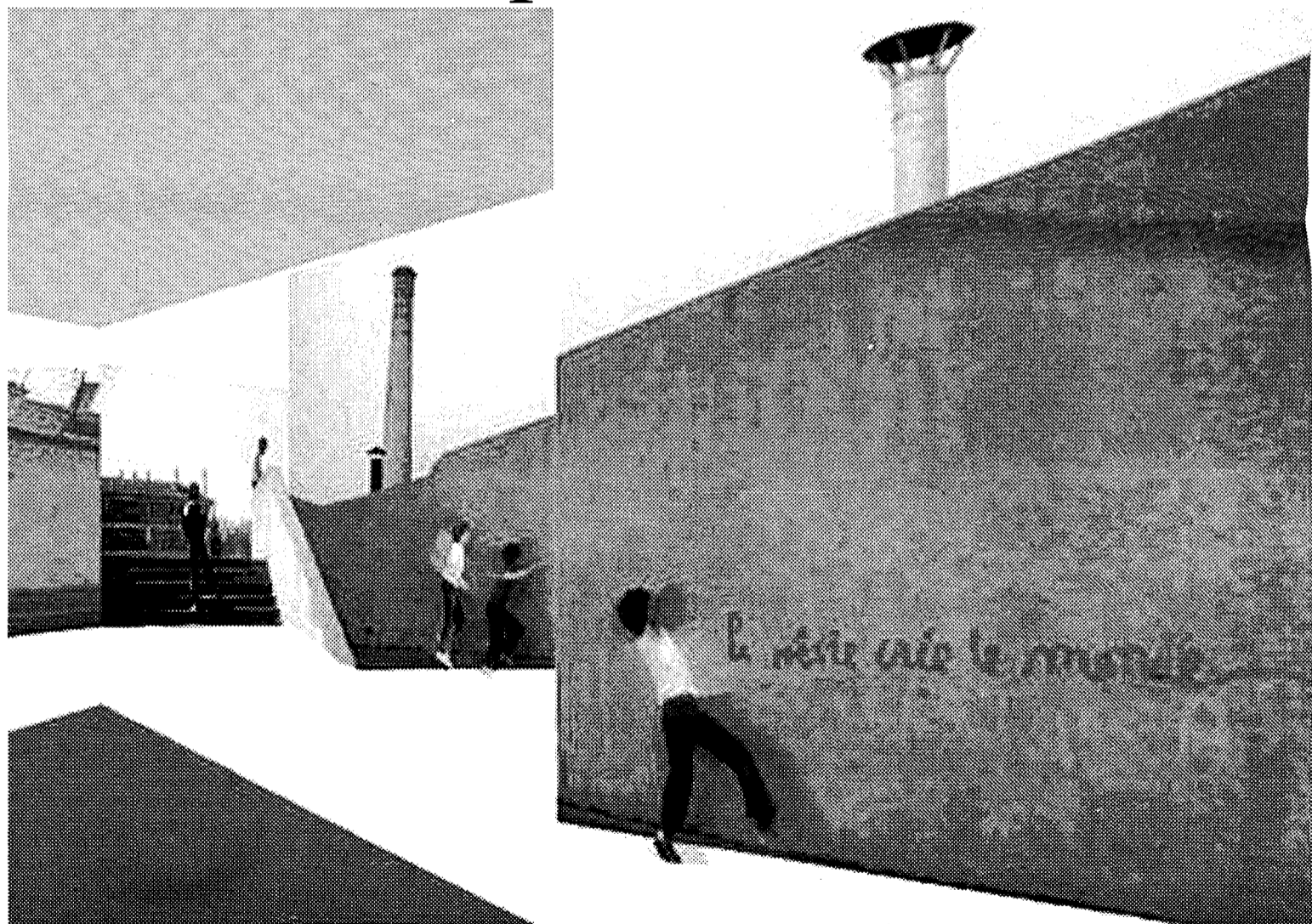
the Career and Counseling Centre, come in and try one out! Many of the Centre's study skills resources are also available on our website, along with a list of upcoming workshops. Check out the website at [www.yorku.ca/gcareers](http://www.yorku.ca/gcareers) for more resources and information about the Centre. Drop in and explore the resource treasures available for you!

## Galerie Glendon - La poésie crée le monde

MIHNEA DUMITRU

At first glance, the visitor mistakes Nicole Croiset's work for a simple distorted picture, two large photographs converging in a corner without some special purpose or attention to detail. Most of the images are distorted, stretched, blurred. Rarely does one see a horizontal plane, the border itself defying geometrical order. But once the person starts moving around the room, watching the work of art, the little details that once were seen as out of sync slowly come to the natural order. The visitor is enticed to follow the artist's imagination, to build the disorder and unnatural state back to the surrounding reality. Unfortunately for the onlooker, nowhere can they find a completely faithful reconstruction of the outside world in the images before them. The work of art stands perfectly out of order, yet somehow aware of its absolute beginnings.

The idea behind this piece of art is a very interesting one, taking reality and transforming it through the power of technology into something just as real, yet organised after different laws. The main theme here is perspective. Artist Nicole Croiset takes the real world into



virtual reality, distorts it, and then publishes it back through a photographic installation. The visitor is able to see both real life representation and the reality of the computer screen. The entire work of art is a constant game between dimensions. Objects previously three-

dimensional are captured on the two-dimensional surface of the photograph, then moved to the virtual reality of the computer, where depth is given back to them, just so that they can finally be seen on the walls of the gallery, slaves to our imagination and perceptions.

The title of this project, *Poetry Creates the World*, is a thoughtful insight into the human condition. A graffiti found on a piece of blank wall somewhere in the suburbs of Paris, this message tends to echo the world we live in today, as the virtual reality of the computer

screen starts to engulf our perspective of the world. It is a celebration and a warning, in that where the computer can faithfully recreate two-dimensional surfaces, it still needs the human mind to mime - however so unsuccessfully - the depth of life.

# Urine It

CRYSTAL MACE

So I'm sitting in class on my first day back to school, and this girl is going on about how a lot of people don't know birth control pills contain horse urine, blah, blah, blah.., and I'm thinking to myself, "This girl totally doesn't know what she's talking about, that must have been years ago before they came out with synthetic hormones." But, being the animal activist that I am, I decided to look further into the matter. Last night I combed the darkest depths of the Internet on my quest for correct information. Now, I must explain that I am an English student and all the stuff I was reading about "conjugated estrogens" and "isomolecular compounds" just wasn't reaching me. Finally in my frustration, I pulled out a package of my pills and called the information number on the back. The voice on the other end of the phone started by giving me the old round about that I usually get when I call companies to ask whether they test on animals.

"I'm not sure about that, I'll have to look further into the matter for you." After a brief pause she began spilling to me, in brutal honesty, that most estrogens come from "natural" sources such as yams and pregnant mare urine, which is the case for most birth control pills and hormone replacement therapy. How natural is 1) ingesting urine from another animal, and 2) forcing young mares to be constantly pregnant in tiny stalls? After hanging up the phone in disgust, I turned to my package of pills and pitched them into the garbage can across the room!

It turns out that "premarin," a commonly used estrogen in hormone replacement therapy actually says it in its name: Pre (pregnant), Mar (mare), In (urine.) This product contains several hormones that have been marketed under different names such as "estradiol". Some of these are being taken by women although the effects of their contents is unknown and needs to be researched further.

The good news is that there are other options. I came across a

list of hormones in my research that are derived from plant-based sources. Thank goodness there are other options for those of us who want or need to use birth control pills. I'm not going to get into the pro's and con's of birth control, such as their side effects and risks, but I would like to urge anyone using, or planning to use hormones to look into your choices before accepting the first thing your doctor prescribes. Our search for the truth must continue!

I would also like to apologize to the girl in my class who sparked this crusade and thank her for raising my consciousness about this matter.

If you want more information on this topic, please speak with your doctor or visit one of these sources: [www.equus.org/premarin.htm](http://www.equus.org/premarin.htm), [www.ecospirituality.com/boycott.htm](http://www.ecospirituality.com/boycott.htm), [www.rockisland.com/~castalia/premarin.html](http://www.rockisland.com/~castalia/premarin.html), or [www.smartpublications.com/articles/horseurine.html](http://www.smartpublications.com/articles/horseurine.html).



**T**hey say menopause makes women do strange things...  
**LIKE SWALLOW HORSE URINE!**

**PREMARIN CONTAINS HORSE URINE**

## Higher Learning Continues

ANGELA WALCOTT

I can't believe that school has resumed already. It seems like yesterday when the strike was still in full force. While most people are probably thinking "Is she really serious?", let me further explain myself. You see, while some York students were glued to the TV waiting for news about the strike, others were scrambling around wondering how this would affect their traveling plans not to mention future prospects of a summer vacation.

After a while I was numbed by the thought that I was not only missing out on classes but I was losing my ability to communicate. What precious little sentences, phrases and rules of gram-

mar that I had picked up as a second year student, I was beginning to lose. I was falling dangerously behind in my French as Second Language course and my dream to be bilingual.

Early, in the midst of Union talks, it occurred to me that not only were Grad students, contract faculty, foreign students and undergrad students suffering the brunt of the dispute, but those who wanted to learn Canada's other official language were suffering double-fold. Glendon prides itself in being a distinct bilingual campus but my attempts to be a self-taught bilingual were being seriously compromised. I mean, learning a language is hardly something one can do on one's own. Practice, preparation and tedious testing is the key to suc-

cess. All of this is virtually unattainable at a university level without an instructor, unless one has iron will and determination, not to mention a knack for picking up languages easily.

I must admit that the familiar sight of circling picketers, smoky bonfires, bobbing signs and yellow tape will be something that will forever be etched in my memory for years to come. The strike has had a profound effect on my life and adjusting to the new term will be difficult. But not as difficult as the idea of having no Reading Week, and writing exams until May 26. Well, it is better than the alternative, having to read another article about how York University/ Université York is still in negotiations. Mon Dieu!!





# Boobs and Jobs and Boob Jobs

KATERINA BAKALIS

There was a program on the life network some nights ago about women wanting breast enhancement surgery, or "boob jobs" as they're most commonly called. I watched in amazement at these women from different age groups and backgrounds, all seeming well-rounded, confident, their time filled with varying activities and interests. None of them were strippers, and none were porn stars either. They just wanted to look like women instead of 13-year-old boys, with their training-bra-sized breasts.

I guess the way it was portrayed made me feel as though breast implants can be a healthy addition to a woman's body and sense of well-being, even if it is purely cosmetic. However, no matter how normal it is to do these kinds of procedures - and I'm talking anything from permanent make-up laser application to liposuction - I'll never feel like it's okay. The fact is, women have enough trouble feeling good about themselves in a mostly male-dominated society, where any kind of success requires the emotional distance (as opposed to attachment) that is proven to be a male attribute. Even the lifestyle and goals of a man are more attractive to potential employers, such as the lack of

being able to bear children, and the competitiveness that is usually found more often in men than in women. As far flung into the future as we think we are, statistics show that women are still seen as the primary caregivers to children in a family unit, and the men as the primary source of income.

What am I saying? I'm saying that women's roles have always been to please and tantalize, to satisfy the male ego and sexual urge, to be his subordinate even if it is only biologically with the burden of having to bear the children while the man runs carelessly and freely through green meadows, simply having to await his offspring's arrival. I know I sound awfully like some crazed radical feminist, but I'm telling you, in many circles it is still this way between the sexes. And if a woman can't look totally ravishing to men, her self-esteem plummets, her perception of herself gets distorted, and she feels less worthy. Like her looks are all that's important, even though we all know they shouldn't be. Most women's psyches are conditioned in this way.

So when I see these women on television saying they don't get respect or attention from men because they don't look like "real women" (I swear that is a direct quote) either when it comes to getting a job, or dealing with a male store manager,

all it tells me is that they're not really as confident as they seem. Nor are they as independent from the brainwashing of contemporary society that has made them believe it is necessary to be voluptuous and sexually arousing to men in order to be happy. It has become so much a part of the way they think, that they even believe it is respect men are giving them when they look more like a "real woman"; they don't realize the actual implication of an arousing figure and that the attention they're getting is purely physical attraction.

Then again, maybe I'm just a cynical old bitch who doesn't see the manipulative advantages to having a lustful body. Who knows how far voluptuous women can get by using their bodies to their advantage? Men are, after all, very much slaves to their libidos. If it's easy to get to the top using these methods, why not? Maybe twisting society's conceptions of gender roles to work in their favour isn't exactly justifiable, but neither is giving women severe complexes about their body image to the point where 35% have eating disorders and suicidal tendencies, which most male-run advertising companies and fashion magazines do. I can look at both sides of the coin, but not many can see through the artificial desire women have to look like models. Sad but true.



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# Adam Sandler: the Funny Man



GAVIN WILLIAMS

If you ask about actor/comedian Adam Sandler, you'll hear different responses. Some will say he's an obscene idiot, others will say he's a comic genius. Personally, I think that he's a man with a message. It's a simple message really: No matter how different someone is, they have something that makes them

special. Adam Sandler uses obscenities and comedy as a way to get people's attention, but once he has it, he makes sure that the character you were laughing at becomes the one you cheer for.

For example, in his most recent film, *Little Nicky*, Sandler portrays a shy, vulnerable loser with a speech impediment who just wants to have fun listening to

heavy metal music in his room. There's only one problem: his father is the Devil, his brothers are trying to destroy the Earth and only Nicky can stop them. He's socially inept after years of his brothers' bullying, so he's alone in the world once he leaves Hell to track them down. On top of that, he falls in love with a human woman and keeps scaring her because of his lack of social skills (and because he's got devilish powers). But Nicky perseveres against all adversity, learns to appreciate his individual gifts and talents, finds friends that support him, gets the girl, and ends up saving the day. The "loser" on the outside finds a way to save society and becomes a hero.

Every single one of Sandler's films, which he writes with his college roommate Tim Herlihy, carries the same message. An audience laughs at Billy Madison because he's an alcoholic and a weirdo, at Happy Gilmore because he's a walking ball of rage, and at *The Waterboy* because he talks funny and seems a little slow. But by the end of these movies, the audience sees that the characters find their special talents and

thereby carve a niche in society where they are appreciated. They are no longer the object of scorn they were at the start of the movie. The audience stops laughing at them and starts cheering for them as they triumph.

The interesting thing about Sandler's message is that he lives it. Adam Sandler has admitted in interviews that he actually feels really uncomfortable being on stage in front of people, and that as a kid, he chose to be the class clown so that others would laugh with him and not at him. He took the other kids' negative laughter and turned it into positive attention, the same way an audience laughs at his characters today and ends up cheering for them by the end of the film. He went from being a timid, withdrawn kid to a multimillionaire comedian/actor/writer/producer/musician with his own film company. Not only does Sandler provide a message that says everyone that seems like a "loser" might be a "winner" with special talents, but he proves it in his own life.

## A Glendon Hockey Miracle

INES PIRSLIN

Glendon students of both genders, sizes and ages joined together to form friendships, and of course, the Glendon Tier 3 hockey team. "How?," you may ask. One man, north of 7, gathered his friends (most of who could not ice skate) and somehow, perhaps through beer, convinced them that they were hockey professionals. And this, my friends, is how the Tier 3 was formed.

Tier 3 cleaned the ice rink with their jerseys the first time they stepped on it. Nonetheless, the Glendon Hockey team was the only one out of the whole York University who had fans. Our hockey team also had a sponsor -

Heroes, a bar that bought all of the team's uniforms. In return, the hockey team would have to come once a week to Heroes and support them financially (can you say chicken wings?)

In the beginning, Tier 3 kept on winning games against most York University Colleges. Tom Muth, a player for Tier 3, tells me that the team "played off of the energy of the fans," but was that enough? Including the playoffs, the Glendon Tier 3 team has won 9 games, lost 6, and tied 4, yet they were in 11th place. "Us being in the 11th place is somewhat ridiculous considering that there are only 12 teams in the league," says Tom. "I think that whomever kept the points screwed up in some way. Somehow, our team made it to

the playoffs. The first team Glendon played was Osgoode College. There was a lot of animosity between Osgoode and our hockey team. Since the Osgoode players were grads and have cheated us out of school for 11 weeks, Glendon had to win it for all of the York undergrads - and so they did (3-0). We also had more stamina than [Osgoode]. We were younger and stronger than the grads."

The second playoff game was played against Stong College. Now, some of these players were from the Tier 1 team. They were the elite, and were in 3rd place before the playoffs. Because the Glendon Hockey team played the night before, because the game started at 12:30 am, and because Stong had a few breaks

in the game and a few whistles went their way, the result was that Tier 3 lost. "Everybody gave 120% percent at this game," said Tom. Perhaps if their Defense coordinator was there...

Glendon Tier 3 Hockey team progressed a lot since the beginning. At the beginning they were not able to skate, and now their passes are perfect, their goals are a work of art, and their checks are strong like bull. Tier 3's goal was to have as much fun as possible during the games. Since they enjoyed playing every game, and never left as sore losers, Tier 3's goal was accomplished. Congratulations Tier 3, your fans are proud of you!

## 20 Candles

PHIL RUTHLAND

20 candles  
Burning in a circle  
20 too many

In each flame  
I saw many memories  
Who I had been  
What my dreams were  
19 candles, a year forgotten  
Happier than before

What tearful longing brings me  
to you?  
In only one flame  
Did I see you  
Now, no more  
On after another  
The flames wilt,  
Happier than before

The flames die  
But still the memories live  
In the bitter aftertaste of longing  
No tears or smiles assuage  
When I see a foreign hand  
Linked to yours

In this desert  
Behind me  
I see echoed footsteps  
And the wall of tears I lamented  
Still ongoing to see your sun  
come through  
In velvet days  
In her eyes...20 candles...irrelevance

The sun bows to the lachrymosal sky  
I hold out my hands  
For the weeping sky  
I open my arms to embrace you  
and your radiant warmth  
But instead embrace  
The dark emptiness  
Mirrored in 20 candles  
Candles which refuse to die out  
If the flames could be snuffed  
Then at last  
Dreams could, for once, reign  
supreme

My tears are just and honest  
For every tear that you see  
There is a myriad which can't be  
seen  
(Except in scarlet scars)  
And for every lament I sigh  
There is a myriad which I stifle  
and keep it inside  
I suffer in silence  
So you can go on knowing me  
Without knowing me



JEREMY FORTIER



CATHERINE HANCOCK

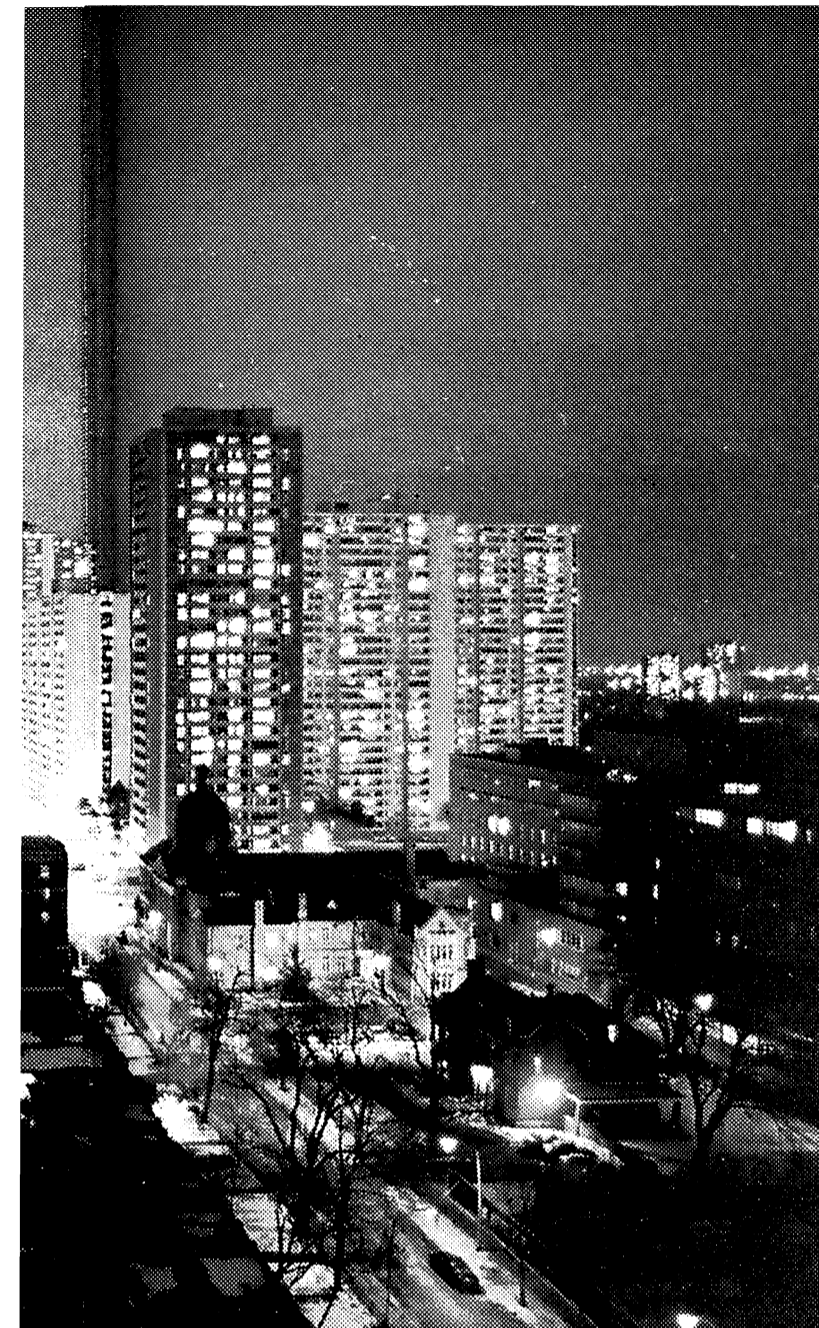


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WEEGEE

# The Magic of Harry Potter

CATHERINE HANCOCK

My name is Catherine Hancock and I am illiterate (at least, that's what my family says). To some, this may seem confusing since I am the Arts and Entertainment Editor of *Pro Tem*. To others, this may finally answer all the questions you've been asking

yourselves about my writing. Either way, the fact remains that I do not read.

It all started when I was 11 years old and still religiously reading The Babysitter's Club, by Ann M. Martin. My mother decided that these books were too easy for me (which was true) and that I should find something more appropriate for my reading level.

Like many other girls my age, I began reading those cheesy teenage romance books, until my mother made me stop reading those too (she didn't want me believing in that crap). I then turned to books by V.C. Andrews. That phase was forced to an end when my mom read one and discovered that they were nothing but twisted,

dark tales of incest and sexual desires.

Fed up with being told what *not* to read, I gave up on reading all together. I have not read a full English language book (I went to school in French) since grade six. At least that was the case until last month. Then, I discovered the mystical world of a young wizard named Harry

Potter.

With the concurrent education program at York University, I have been placed in a wonderful grade six classroom. The group who was reading the first book (there is a series of four so far), entitled Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone, was so enthusiastic and excited by this story that I wanted to understand why.

The day after I finished the first book, I started reading the second, then the third and then finally the fourth. In fact, I spent my entire Christmas vacation reading Harry Potter and enjoying every word on every page.

The author of this series, J.K. Rowling, has an incredible gift. It is almost impossible to put down these books. Her writing is so descriptive and her language is so original that she has a style all her own.

Kids (myself included) are choosing to read instead of watch television or play video games. The fourth book, Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire, was more than 600 pages, yet not one reader found this discouraging. If anything, they were just happy to be reading even more about their new favourite young hero.

Rowling provides an excellent blend of foreshadowing and mystery that allows the reader to actively participate in the story. Her books connect the reader to the characters and settings so much that by the time he or she has read the first page, they will be hooked on the story.

## Brain Buggers

NAOMI

I like hanging out with Leonard Cohen in my bathroom with the heat too high I'd like salty oily fries with that slice of spite I like green The funniest silliest thing Rosalie ever did is when she put her boots on her head

I like getting handouts I like to refuse them I laugh when my pride gets in the way Can't say why I prefer to do it myself Every morning I lose my mittens You can have my toes Knock out punch.

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# My Year of Meats



ROSALIE TAYLOR

Meat is bad. Meat is disgusting. Meat, not money, is the root of all evil. The more meat you eat, the more destruction you cause to your body, to the earth, to the air. Meat will never save the world.

Though these statements aren't based on truth, simply on opinion and perspective, they do reflect my feelings after reading a novel my aunt gave me. Knowing I'm a vegetarian, she gave it to me out of a sense of irony for the title: *My Year of Meats*. It's by a woman named Ruth L. Ozeki, and though the characters in it are purely fictional, the facts about the meat industry are disturbingly true.

The main story is about a Japanese American aspiring documentarian named Jane, who lands a job directing a Japanese television program called *My American Wife!* Each episode is supposed to portray a 'typical' American family, focusing on the wife and her favourite meat dish. The show is designed to entice Japanese housewives into buying and eating more meat, particularly beef, since the network sponsor is an American export company called BEEF-EX. What turns the plot into a upsetting depiction of middle-class

America (aside from the sexist connotations of the show), is when Jane begins to discover the meat industry's dark underbelly of illegal hormone use and the regular administration of antibiotics to livestock.

A particularly unpleasant scene is when the camera crew is filming a cow being slaughtered. The Japanese cameraman, never having seen a slaughter before, is so surprised when the blood comes gushing out in such a tremendous burst, that he falls back into Jane and knocks her over. She gets swept into the river of blood and gets drenched from head to toe. I cannot think of anything more disgusting.

I think a lot of people would consider this book to be vegetarian/vegan propaganda, and maybe in some ways it is. But as a novel dealing with a controversial subject, it does what it's supposed to: it questions values that maybe someone's inherently believed all their life. Aside from the meat-eating aspects, it raises discussion about truth in the media, and forces the reader to rethink subjects they have previously chosen to remain ignorant on. But despite what's true and what's false, the novel serves as a good lens through which to view your eating habits and the sociological forces that influence them.

## Then and Now

CATHERINE HANCOCK

On Sunday, January 14, singer/dancer/actor Jeff Hyslop and the incredibly diverse musician David Warrack, teamed up for a "one night only" performance at Rosedale United Church. The show consisted of approximately 20 songs that have influenced Hyslop's career. Warrack provided the accompaniment.

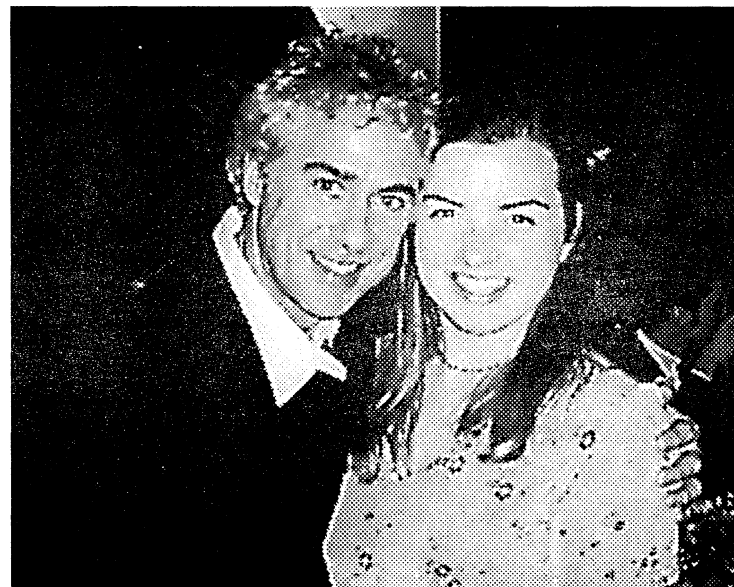
Hyslop, best known by most as "Jeff the Mannequin" from the

television series *Today's Special*, is one of Canada's leading performing artists. Now, at age 49, he is still equally successful as a singer, actor and dancer.

Warrack, recently popular as the Music Director for the madcap Christmas pantomimes at the Elgin Theatre (this year: *Peter Pan*), has a varied career as a performer, musical director, conductor, writer and producer. He has recently been appointed as the Music Director/Conductor for the brand new Canada Pops Orchestra, premiering at Massey

Hall in the spring.

This past July, Hyslop and Warrack premiered *Jeff Hyslop Now!* They created and arranged the music together. The result is a phenomenal presentation of song and dance. Warrack's piano playing sounds as though an entire orchestra is accompanying Hyslop's hypnotizing voice. It was an irresistibly entertaining hour and a half, stuffed with heart, passion, honesty and most importantly, great music.



# Dark Offerings



## CATHERINE HANCOCK

Sam Raimi's supernatural thriller *The Gift*, is now playing in theatres across the country. The stellar cast includes Cate Blanchett, Greg Kinnear, Hilary

Swank, Giovanni Ribisi, Katie Holmes, and Keanu Reeves, and introduces the talents of a promising newcomer, 4-year-old David Brannen.

The story is set in the small town of Brixton, Georgia, where the

recently widowed Annie Wilson (Blanchett) supports herself and her three sons by giving psychic readings to her neighbours. Most of the town does not believe in her gift, or worse, they think she worships the

devil. But when a young socialite goes missing, the authorities turn to Annie for help. She is forced to enter into the darkest depths of her powers to discover the killer before she becomes his next victim.

*The Gift* is a thriller that will make you jump, but not scream. The characters, apart from Reeves', draw together to bring a rich quality to the screen. It's the story, though, that gets stranded.

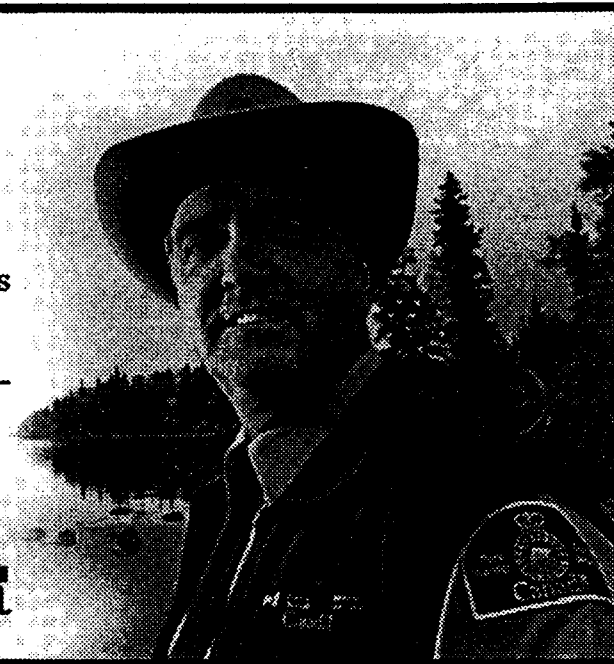
## Protecting our natural heritage

Jean Fau is a chief park warden for Parks Canada. He and his colleagues protect the plant and animal life in our national parks. They also help Canadians explore and enjoy these special places. This is just one of the hundreds of services provided by the Government of Canada.

For more information on government services:

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

Canada







The staff here at Pro Tem would like to congratulate Mihnea for winning second place in the Silver Spheres Awards. The website can be found at: <http://protem.groovy.net> . Bravo, Mihnea!

### Are you an international student?

Are you interested in exploring Christianity, or simply engaging in English or French conversation in a non-threatening atmosphere? Then we have the event for you!

The international student branch of Glendon Christian Fellowship is inviting you to dinner!!

When: Saturday, January 20, 2001, at 6:30 p.m.  
Where: Salon Garigue

It will be an evening of food, fun, a chance to spend time with other international students, and discuss upcoming events. If possible, please bring something that represents your country (clothing, flag, etc.), so that we can all learn about each other!

All nationalities and world views are welcome!  
Contact Christina (440-9512) if you want more information!

### Êtes-vous étudiant(e) international(e)?

Aimeriez-vous en savoir plus sur le Christianisme, ou simplement pouvoir causer en français ou en anglais dans un environnement non-menaçant? Nous avons l'événement que vous cherchez!

La branche internationale du Groupe Biblique de Glendon vous invite à souper avec nous!

Quand : le samedi, 20 janvier, 2001 à 18h30  
Où : le Salon Garigue

Ce sera une soirée pour manger, s'amuser, rencontrer d'autres étudiants internationaux et planifier d'autres événements. Si possible, on aimerait que vous apportiez quelque chose qui représente votre pays (vêtements, drapeau, etc.), parce que nous voulons que tous apprennent à se connaître!

Les étudiants de toutes nationalités et de toutes perspectives sont les bienvenues!  
Veuillez contacter Christina au 440-9512 si vous avez des questions!

## News in Brief

### NEW SOMPTUOUS OFFICES FOR PROTEM

Byron Burkholder

When the Counseling Centre approached Pro Tem about switching office areas, the newspaper gave in with little resistance, for their new offices would not only provide them with more working space and fewer walls to contend with, but would be more visible to someone coming into the mansion from the main entrance.

Although Pro Tem Staff found it hard to part with the hardwood floors, they, too, are adjusting well to their new carpeted offices. 22-09-77

### RECYCLED UPDATE

Julie Ireton

On Tuesday, October 16th, the GCSU voted in an agreement to fully recycled paper for all their paper needs. The photocopy machines will be supplied with this new recycled paper and all paper used within the GCSU will be recycled. The GCSU recycles all paper found in its offices including newspapers. In this age of the new interest in the R's... it is good to see that our Student Council is setting an example for the rest of us to follow. 22-10-90

### GLENDON DOES NOT HAVE TO DIE

Robert Goldkind

Possibly one of the most liberal arts universities in the nation, Glendon has become infected with a counter-productive atmosphere of impending doom and gloom. Glendon is not immune and the [government] cuts are nothing to be ignored -if the school is to be continued, careful measures must be taken to ensure that Glendon will always be an upstanding university. There seems to be a general air of despondency and confusion at the campus right now, as to what the future entails. 19-02-96

### PRO TEM

Pro Tem is the student weekly of Glendon College, York University. Opinions expressed are those of the writer. Unsigned comments are the opinions of the editor and not necessarily those of the Student Council or the University Administration. Pro Tem is a member of Canadian University Press and an agent of change.

Up with quasi-pseudo-anti-de-empathisticalisationism! MCGOO, 28-09-67

## Today

PATRICK BOIS

I could just lose myself in the clouds.

They talk to me.

They frown to me.

They laugh at me.

Sometimes, when I close my eyes with utter intense, I see them frolic in the sky.

Soul Train for the spiritually enlightened.

They tell me things that no one person can.

Grey mastiche bodies yearning for a companion.

When I arise in the morning, I try to see beyond the clouds.

I try to envision what they are looking at.

Perhaps they see the old globeie of a distant element, or the fracas of 8000 light years that belong to a distant zephyr.

On occasion, when our eyes are not akimbo, these same clouds can see an omen approaching us, enveloping us.

All it takes is a few silly moments to dispel yourself of all inquiries.

Wake up every morn' with Paulo Coelho in the sky and see beyond this planet.

And if you do this, life will never be the same.

# Smart Serve Training

## March 2, 2001

Get ready for Summer Employment  
Sign up for Smart Serve Training at  
Pub

Fee: \$ 30 including tax if signed up and paid by  
February 20. \$ 40 after.

*Seats are limited, so sign up early!*

# Worse than you Thought

LIANA PIZZULO

Did you know that according to the Centre of Science in the Public Interest, publisher of Nutrition Action Health Letter, there are many products being falsely advertised as a "healthy" choice when they are really artery clogging; the companies want to get your money and take you for a ride to unhealthy living.

My TOP TEN products are:

1. Quaker Harvest Crunch Original Blend Cereal

This product even sounds healthy, since the word 'harvest' is in it. The only thing harvested was the two teaspoons of sugar per 1/3 cup of oats, and more saturated fats than a regular McDonalds hamburger.

2. Tim Horton's Donuts

If you plan on having an apple fritter today, keep in mind the 390 calories, not to mention the 20 grams of fat, 12 of which are artery-clogging. You would be getting the same amount of fat with a Big Mac. The Dutchie only has 290 calories, 10 grams of fat and five artery-clogging kinds of fat. Pretty much deep-

fried clogging all-round.

3. Presidents Choice Shepherd's Pie

Not that a shepherd's pie has ever been all that good for you, but a 900 gram pie contains 460 calories and 32 grams of fat, 16 of them saturated and ready to clog your arteries. That's more fat than 3 slices of Pizza Hut pizza with pepperoni. As well, if you eat half of the pie, you've used up a whole day's worth of fat and half a days worth of the daily allowance for saturated fats. And it's easy to eat half.

4. McDonald's French Fries

Okay I know that McDonald's doesn't advertise that they have healthy food but here's a little information you may not know. A large order of fries has 12 grams of saturated fat. That's the same amount as a Quarter Pounder with cheese. Wondering how potatoes can be so bad? Well, McDonald's fries them in 100% beef lard. Yummy!

5. Oscar Mayer Lunchables

This used to be my brother's favorite thing; he got it one-a-week. Unfortunately when you put together some salty meat, saturated processed cheddar or Swiss cheese, and mostly white

bleached flour crackers, you end up with one of the worse snacks ever invented by Oscar Mayer. The different kinds of packs average at 22 grams of fat; the Bologna with cheddar cheese has 31 grams. Sodium content is estimated at 1,500 milligrams. That's 2 and a half times the amount of the daily requirement for salt.

6. Haagen Dazs Ice Cream

As if ice cream didn't have enough fat, Haagen-Dazs squeezes in more than twice the amount of regular ice cream. Eat one cup of the butter pecan and you may as well have eaten a half-pound of butter. That's 48 grams of fat in one cup. The chocolate chip has 24 grams of fat in one cup, which is as many as 4 McDonald's cheeseburgers.

7. Campbell's Red and White Label soups

I believe the commercial says "Mmm mmm Good", with only a few calories and not too much fat but what the commercial doesn't mention is the 1100 milligrams of sodium. You would not only need to drink your daily 8 glasses of water, but 8 more to counter-balance the salt. That's about half your

daily ideal amount.

8. Procter and Gamble's Sunny Delight

I have yet to figure out what delight exists in a "blended citrus taste" that only contains 1 tablespoon of juice in each cup. Yes, they do add some vitamins (such as A, B-1 and C), but not enough to satisfy your body's need. The whole point of orange juice is in the vitamins that help fight cancer, and in the fresh juice taste. Neither exists with Sunny D.

9. President's Choice Splendido Alfredo Sauce

It's important to have your 5 servings of whole grains a day, but with this product you are not only getting your 5 plus servings when you boil that water. But by adding the Presidents choice product you are also getting 29 grams of fat and that's if you eat a half cup or 125ml. You'd be better off eating your pasta with 1/3 pound of butter and a little salt.

10. Christie Dream Puffs

Last but not least, these little dreams in puff form taste great, but your arteries will be gagging. Almost all the different varieties are loaded with saturated fats. Just a couple cookies

have almost half the day's allowance of saturated fats, 8 grams. As well, they use kernel oil shortening, which is worse than lard.

I myself have been fooled. Only you can save yourself. Almost every product you can think of is often offered by a different company with less of the artery stopping fats. For breakfast go simple like Cheerios or Shreddies with fresh or dyed fruits and nuts. At Tim Horton's try a low-fat, high-fiber muffin. If you have to go to McDonald's have a salad. Make your own lunchables with whole-wheat crackers, 1/2 the salt and fat. Try Hagen-Dasz gelato or President's Choice Too Good to Be True Gelato or Sherbert. Go for McDougall's Fantastic Foods, Health valley or Sharis Organic, for "Mmm mmm good" soups with less sodium and more good stuff. For a fruit drink try 100% orange juice, with or without pulp and you'll find it's worth the switch; for pasta make your own. And if you must have cookies, and I must, try Snackwell's and your heart will thank you or make your own low fat kind.

## Word of Honour

CATHERINE HANCOCK

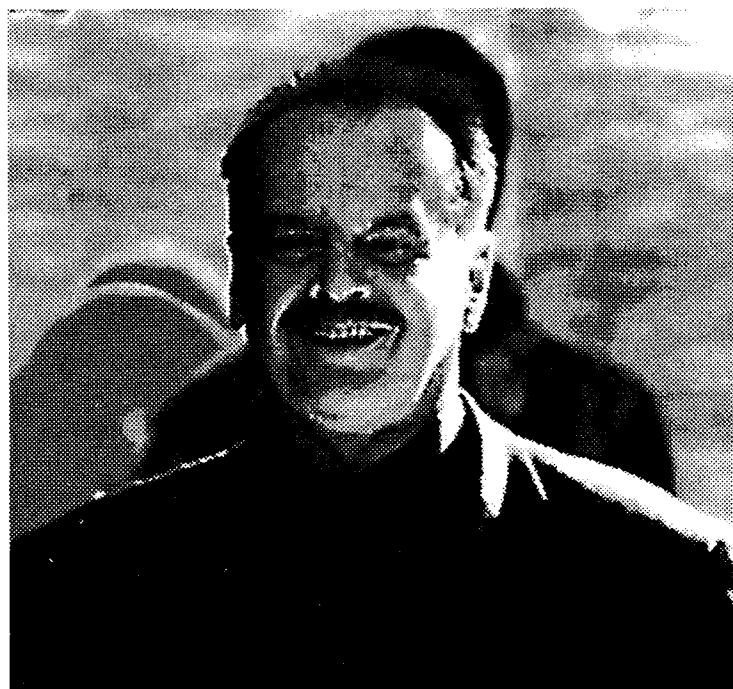
When the body of an eight-year-old girl is discovered in the snowy mountains six hours before homicide detective Jerry Black's (Jack Nicholson) retirement, he finds himself unable to walk away. He swears on his soul to the girl's parents that he will find the murderer.

An ambitious young cop tricks a confession out of the only man seen leaving the scene, but Jerry is not satisfied and continues to search for the real killer. Eventually, the real investiga-

tion that he is leading begins to lead him.

*The Pledge* is directed by Sean Penn, who has previously worked with Nicholson on the film *The Crossing Guard*. They were looking for something new to do together when Penn came across this script that shared a similar theme to their previous work.

The film is shot in depressingly dark tones that aid the audience in sensing a Clint Eastwood type of atmosphere. It's the film's glimmer of suspense and Penn's artistic eye that give the movie its captivity.



## Breakdown

CAROLYN HENRY

Love is hate,  
drugs are great.  
Take don't give,  
die don't live.

Fall don't fly,  
don't dream, cry.  
Run don't read,  
shot I bleed.

Love is hate.  
It's far too late.  
With hate we breed,  
so much need.

Family and friends,  
we draw to the end,  
of this stylised meltdown,  
of our moral breakdown.



# The Alienation Generation

CAROLYN HENRY

Picture this. It's 1969, and universities across the country are in chaos. Students are afraid because a war is being fought in Vietnam. In fact, the war is already six years old. They don't know yet that the war will live to the ripe, old age of twelve. They only know that the probability that they or someone that they know, or maybe even love, will be drafted, increases everyday if the war continues. Especially when they consider the fact that the casualty list seems to be growing longer than Santa's.

While university students and young protest groups have been trying to stop the war since it started, they have not succeeded. Unfortunately, for every one of them who stands up to speak out against the war, there seem to be two people who speak out in favour of it. Isolated incidents across the nation are not helping their cause, and these anti-war protesters are becoming frustrated by their own increasing fallibility.

However, they came up with a brilliant idea. They wanted to

replace the dozens of isolated protests and bring their entire generation together for a national rally. They said to themselves, "Selves, why don't you try to organize a national rally?" They realized that if they could get their fellow protesters together as a nation, or if you will, a generation, they could show those other idiots that there were many people who shared their beliefs, and that there was a possibility that they could indeed MAKE A DIFFERENCE. Moreover, they thought to themselves, "If we can get famous anti-war protesters to sing at this mass meeting we can charge an entrance fee and call it Woodstock." This may not be exactly how the story went, but, no matter what the story, the end result was the same. In New York, in 1969, a generation was united by music.

Fast forward thirty two years and they have become us. We are the university generation of the year 2001 and, rather than unite us, music seems to divide us. Not only are we divided by the kind of music that we listen to but, we are also divided by these newfangled personal stereo devices. Whether it be a walkman or a

discman, we all seem to have one.

I won't lie to you. If I am going to be walking or taking the subway, I don't leave the house without mine. I know that I am not alone in this, I don't even need to ask people to find this out. I just need to look around and I can see that the portrait of almost every single member of my generation is blackened (sometimes yellowed, greyed, or silvered) by the presence of headphones.

I have always wanted to ask people what they are listening to, but never have. I get the strange feeling that people are using their discmen for a terrible purpose. I get the feeling that they are using these devices to alienate

themselves from other people. After all, someone with their eyes half-closed, head moving slightly to the beat of the music being pumped directly into their ears, seems somehow unapproachable. Often, when I see someone my age who is blocking out the rest of society by shoving mini-speakers into their ears, I get this funny notion that they don't want to be spoken to. Wondering if this

funny notion was completely

unwarranted I sent an email survey to other members of this generation of ours with this question: "Do you agree or disagree with the idea that portable personal music systems prevent interaction between people and are in some cases used for that purpose?" My friend Eric's response best expresses the most common response received. "Agree, sometimes I don't want to be bothered, and nothing sends the message like headphones!"

While I was relieved to know that the notion bothering me wasn't unwarranted, I was also saddened to have it confirmed. The idea that people use music as a way to prevent social interaction bothers me terribly. I seem to have the romantic impression that music can somehow bring our generation together much as it did for the Woodstock generation in 1969. When I see that music is being used to alienate people, I feel like it is being misused. Our generation does not seem to understand the idea that music can bring people together. So many people have yet to, or never will, experience the sense of togetherness that can be felt at concerts. Is it because so few

musicians express and share the beliefs of our generation? Or that our generation really has no shared beliefs?

Whatever the reasons are for our generation not appreciating music, and that we are using it to alienate ourselves from members of our own generation, they are not good enough. We should not try to justify the fact that we are using music to protect ourselves from social interaction because what we are doing is unjustifiable. While I am not asking people not to use a walkman or discman, I am asking them to stop using them in order to alienate themselves.

So, do me a favour, the next time that you see a member of our generation, the alienation generation, partaking of this terrible practice. Please tap them on the shoulder and ask them what CD they are listening to. You never know, you might be listening to the same one.

<http://www.woodstock69.com/al-tmanacid.htm>

(sit in)

<http://www.woodstock69.com/al-tmansitin.htm>

## A whole new CKRG

RYAN LaFLAMME

For almost three years, a slow, agonizing process has been going on at CKRG. That process: drag the twenty-something year old station, kicking and screaming, into the 20th century. When I began working at CKRG as the office manager in 1998, the station was known simply as Radio Glendon, 800AM; nothing but a closed circuit AM station, with a non-existent signal and less than ten shows per week.

Throughout my first year, and my subsequent years as Station Manager, I've taken upon myself to do something about that (I can't take all the credit for this myself though, without the help of Brad Crowe and all the

executive through the years, nothing would have been possible). In that time, we achieved so much: updated all the nine year old equipment that was ready to fall apart, purchased a low-power FM transmitter, promoted the hell out of the station, filled all the timeslots, renewed old ties with the recording industry, staffed the station with excellent executive dedicated to improving the station for everyone, and about a billion other things I just don't care to mention... So, what's next?

Like all student groups at York, we have felt the sting of a deadly lack of funding (don't get me started...), and have had to deal with the reality of radio broadcasting in Toronto. The fact is that becoming a viable radio station in the GTA is a pipe dream.

The FM band is simply too packed with commercial stations. In fact, the band is officially full. The only existence we can eek out is what we have now. That's pretty pathetic. When I look at the CKRG, and see the potential we have to make a truly great station, it pains me to think that this is the best we can do. That's why we have come to a decision. For this station to continue to survive and grow, we must move to a new medium: the Internet.

It's time for CKRG to take the next step, and I thought you'd like to know. We have already begun the process: we've started designing a new website, and secured the necessary equipment to broadcast over the net with a good, CD-quality signal. We've also set a deadline for the end of

February. So expect to see some major changes at your radio station. Over the next few weeks, we'll be launching a huge promotional campaign to get the word out. Nonetheless, I know word of mouth has always been the best, so here it is. Be excited, very excited (we are). And be ready to party, because you don't do something like this without having a HUGE party to celebrate. Stay tuned to CKRG 89.9FM (don't worry, it's not going anywhere) for all the details, or feel free to email us at [ckrg@glendon.yorku.ca](mailto:ckrg@glendon.yorku.ca).

Take care,  
Ryan LaFlamme  
Station Manager, CKRG  
89.9FM

## She's Plastic Silk

ERIN ELLIOT

She gave me a tight hug today  
It wasn't warm or loving  
It felt more like she did it  
because she had to  
or reluctantly because it would  
look good  
She smelled like she always  
does  
That expensive designer perfume  
She held me with her arms  
tight around me  
Pressed up against  
me  
She was strong and solid in her  
grip  
Not weak and half-hearted like  
some people  
She's plastic silk

# Le contrepét

LINE PONG

Contrairement à ce qu'auraient pu croire les rustres - imperposables aux plaisantes subtilités de notre belle langue, c'est à dire ceux qui ne peuvent que s'emmerder, donc par extention les enclûs - contrepéter n'est pas un mot à consonnance ni nasale ni anale. Nous nous devons cependant de mentionner le fait qu'en ancien français, la lettre S était bien souvent représentée par un symbole que nous qualifierions aujourd'hui de zigouigoui ressemblant plus à un f qu'à un s. D'où cette regrettable méprise - encore courante de nos jours - de certains qui pensaient, et ce de bonne foi, que contrepéter signifiait prendre un fion pour un autre au lieu de prendre un son pour un autre. Dieu ait leur âmes, moi j'en veux pas. A la fin du XVIIe siècle, contrepéter signifiait de manière générale imiter par dérision, et plus particulièrement prendre un son pour un autre. Nous ne conservons aujourd'hui que le sens particulier du mot. La contrepèterie est un véritable art, rabelaisien certes, mais un art quoi qu'on en dise. N'est pas contrepéteur qui veut, qu'on s'en dise! Timide, la contrepèterie se cache, s'insinuant insidieusement dans des textes ou des discours. Elle se masque généralement derrière une phrase innocente ou insignifiante qui ne prendra toute sa portée qu'un fois la contrepèterie décelée, sans quoi pour le commun des lecteurs ou des auditeurs, elle demeure une simple phrase parmi tant d'autres. Le contrepét (art d'inventer les contrepèteries ou de les résoudre) consiste à intervertir des lettres ou des groupes de lettres dans une phrase anodine, qui, une fois modifiée, prend souvent un sens des plus grivois et vire dans le burlesque. Ainsi, je suis arrivé à pied par la Chine deviendra en intervertissant les lettres je suis arrivé à chier par la pine. Autre exemple plus connu, une femme

folle de la messe devient une femme molle de la fesse. Quoi de plus jouissif que de pouvoir lire entre les lignes, car bien souvent, comme nous l'avons déjà mentionné, les contrepèteries passent inaperçues aux yeux du lecteur ou de l'auditeur non préparé. D'autre part, il serait faux de penser que l'art de la contrepèterie ce limite à la seule France métropolitaine où à la francophonie de manière générale. Nos amis les Belges me faisaient il y a peu partager un de leurs fleurons en terme de contrepèterie : il fait beau et chaud, qui devient comme vous l'avez déjà sûrement deviné, il fait cheau et baud ; hiliarant n'est-ce pas ; ah, l'humour belge, on ne s'en lasse pas. Quant à nos grands amis d'outre manche, les rois de la vache folle, ils partagent, dans une moindre mesure cependant, l'art de la contrepèterie. On pouvait ainsi il y a peu lire dans le journal : Her soul is full of hope, qui devait se comprendre her hole is full of soap. Comme nous avons pu le voir à travers ces exemples -plus ou moins de bon goût - la contrepèterie se base donc essentiellement sur la phonétique, le son où la façon dont cela sonne à l'oreille. Sur ce, bonne lecture, à vous de dresser votre bête à lire libre.

## La voyante et les trois frères.

La chapelle des Congres Debouts était un endroit où les rillettes en fût étaient fort appréciées. La place était occupée par trois religieux, poètes à leurs heures, qui, sans être protestants, n'étaient pas très catholiques. Un soir d'automne, une voyante, ne craignant pas que sa mue la perde, patientait, sachant que c'est surtout au couchant que l'on voit l'épervier. Elle frappe, un des moine vient lui ouvrir :

- Vouiii?

- Je me suis tordu l'humérus et je suis aux abois.

- Si vous n'avez pas peur des beaux ogres, entrez donc.

- Ne vous en faites pas,

“D'où cette regrettable méprise de certains qui pensaient, et ce de bonne foi, que contrepéter signifiait prendre un fion pour un autre au lieu de prendre un son pour un autre.”

ma boule est formelle, je saurai mettre les chèques en valeur. Qui plus est, sachez joli moinillon que je jouit d'un nom bien côté.

Sur ces entrefaits, un second moine paraît :

- Pardonnez sa méfiance, mais les concierges ne sont que trop souvent avides de nos jours. Votre venue tombe à point nommé, l'agitation de Novembre accroît notre malheur. Mais entrez donc, j'aimerais vous montrer quelques vers belges, après quoi nous pourrions dîner en pensant.

La gente damoiselle pénètre dans l'antre des bons cordeliers et rencontre Jeannot le troisième moine. C'est un être à la stature imposante, presque intimidante. Il a tôt fait de rassurer son hôte :

- N'ayez crainte, trop grandir n'a jamais empêché de bosser, et puis comme dirait ma mère, la peau de Jeanine est bien douce. Enfin trêve de bavardages, vous semblez affamée, j'ai une grosse frite dans mon bock, elles est votre ; à la tienne. D'autre part, monseigneur m'a fait venir des lits pour l'évêché, je les met également à votre disposition.

N'y tenant plus, l'eau à la bouche, la mégère se jette sur la frite. Néanmoins, ayant tout avalé un peu trop promptement, tout gobé sans discernement, à bout de souffle, la voilà qui s'étouffe. Recouvrant cependant l'usage de la parole, elle s'exclame : «Votre poire a un goût de terrine».

Voyant qu'elle n'était pas rassasiée, les deux autres frères l'interpellent : «Voulez-vous, mademoiselle des nouilles encore?». Se voyant sollicitée de la sorte, notre donzelle ne fait pas la fine bouche. A cette nouvelle subite de l'action, Jeannot s'empourpre, c'est plus qu'il ne

peut supporter. A la fin de ce copieux festin, elle avait perdu la boule mais portait maintenant un ravissant chapelet de citrouilles autour du cou. Puis, histoire de bien digérer, tout ce beau monde s'en alla fouiller dans les coins. Tout allait pour le mieux dans le meilleur des mondes, amen.

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NDL : Toutes ces magnifiques contrepèteries

Ne sortent pas de mon pourtant fertile esprit.

Je ne me suis contenté que de les glaner

Puis dans un seul texte de les réassembler.