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38^e année

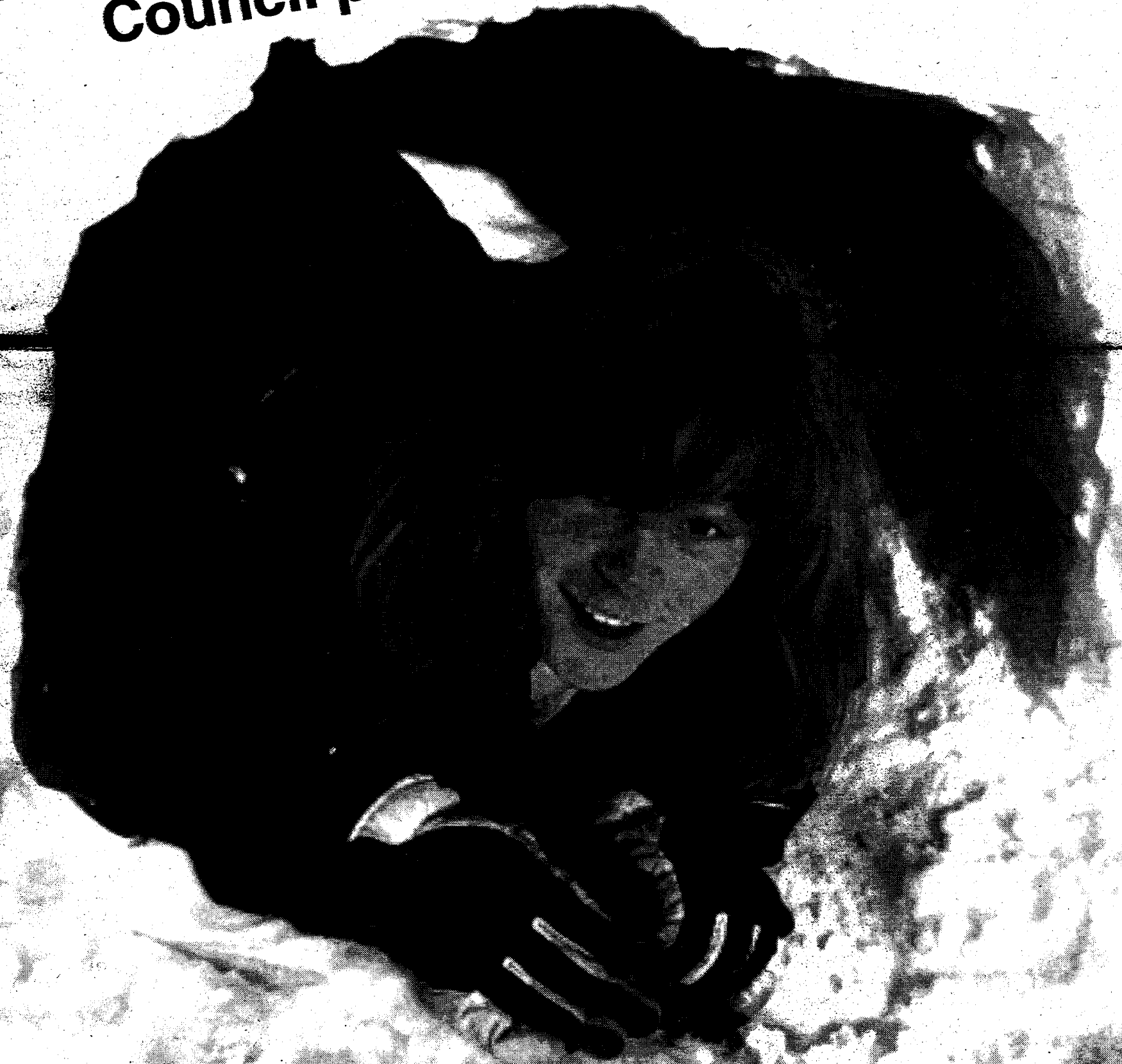
Glendon's Bilingual Newspaper

Volume 38 no. 8, le lundi 25 janvier 1899

Journal bilingue de Glendon

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pro tem

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Pro Tem is the bilingual and independent newspaper of Glendon College, founded in 1962 as the student publication of York University. En plus d'être gratuit, *Pro Tem* est le seul journal bilingue en Ontario. Les opinions et les faits émis par les signataires n'engagent qu'eux-mêmes, et non l'équipe éditoriale. Les articles sous-entendant des propos diffamatoires, racistes, antisémites, sexistes ou homophobes ne seront pas publiés. The deadline to submit ads and articles is every other Tuesday at 5 pm. Meetings are on Thursday at 5:30 pm. Nos bureaux sont situés dans le Manoir Glendon, local 117. Editorial and Advertising: 487-6736. Production: 487-6821. Fax: 487-6779. E-Mail: protem@delphi.glendon.yorku.ca Tirage: 3000 exemplaires.

letters to the editor

Protem Staff,

I write this in response to the articles published in Protem on January 11th 1999 that were related to The Women's Center and to the graffiti that was found on December 4th 1998 all over the Glendon property, some of which can still be found.

Firstly, I must state that I don't know why there is all of this disturbance about The Women's Center. I mean... why are we talking about the graffiti that the Women's Center did?... they say that they are not responsible for it, despite the fact that this graffiti came soon after a rejection of their application to use pub premises for the Women's only space event, and despite the clear focus of the graffiti being about the pub building. So lets take the Women's Center at face value and trust that they did not do this graffiti.

So who did? Why do the individuals involved not admit to it if it is such a "positive thing?" Do they not want to talk about the issue that this graffiti represents? And if it was The Women's Center, or one or some of its members, then should they not be proud of their actions? Do they not want to be recognized for what their opinions are? If not, then the messages were put there to provoke thought in the student body and throughout the Glendon Community. That they did. But didn't the articles in Protem, and the events planned do just that? This graffiti, because the issue was already at hand, was an insult to the

intelligence of the Glendon Community by "beating" it into our heads with such blunt objects as graffiti., after-the-fact. Furthermore, this action was an insult to the successes that have been achieved at Glendon, despite the odds in the "Real World" concerning women's rights, and the general way that women are perceived. That's what I'm upset about, not about the fact that these thoughts were revealing, introspective and just scary through what they represent. The problem again is the poor timing, lack of respect, and meager foresight that was also represented in the messages. What was done in no way reflected any political expertise as means to a fully valid end.

The article on page 2 of the mentioned Protem issue says that in the "Real World" where the rich people run things, there is a difficulty in getting your opinions heard. That is absolutely true. And the likely response might surely be graffiti. But we are not in the "Real World", we are at Glendon. And here at Glendon, we have multiple means of expression through various clubs, a newspaper, and a radio station. Here, it is not difficult to be heard, anyone can get heard...no problem. So... graffiti...? No matter what it says, if you ask me, IT'S ALL UGLY, especially where I try to make my "home". So for that matter, you lose your bet, Joel.

As for the persons involved in the "positive statements" around Glendon, if you agree enough to do that, you should believe in it enough

to admit to it. If you have the courage to begin, then shouldn't you have the courage to succeed? How else can you get something done?

Richard Croteau

Letter to the Editor:

After reading the article in the January 7th issue of Protem regarding living in residence during the holidays, we felt compelled to answer. Living in Hilliard during the holidays may not be the best way to spend one's time off, but residents at Glendon are fortunate to even be allowed to stay on campus. At most universities and colleges across the province this is not possible. According to OACUHO, the Ontario Association of College and University Housing Officers, many schools force students to leave during the holidays. At the University of Guelph, all residents vacate their buildings mid-December and hand in their keys which are returned the weekend before school begins in January. At Ryerson, a local Toronto university, students must hand in their keys and any international students are put into a local hotel at a special rate which is paid by the student over and above their regular residence fees. We were also dismayed at how the food situation was portrayed. The kitchens in Hilliard have a spare set of pots and

pans which are used by students who live far away or simply cannot afford the expense. As well, being on the kitchen plan, we too along with most kitchen users, have to do our shopping without a car. It takes a couple of hours to walk down to Bayview and Eglinton and back, even less if you take the bus, clearly not the impossible task it was made out to be. Finally, as to the washroom cleanliness, we agree that the washroom should be kept clean, but are at a loss to see how a washroom used by the small number of students who stayed could have gotten so dirty in the first place as they were cleaned and everyone in residence cleaned up after themselves right??!!

Amy Bottos and Cindy Boyd
Residence Council Members

Over the past week Toronto has experienced a mini Ice Age with record high snow accumulations. While Glendon students were lucky enough to get a two day vacation, the guys at Physical Plant put in long hours well into the night and wee hours of the morning making sure the walkways and campus roads were clear. On behalf of the Glendon students, I would like to extend a whole-hearted THANK YOU! to the snow clearing team for braving the blizzard and keeping the campus accessible and safe.

Erica Woolman, 4th year Glendon student

Protem:


Upon reading your last edition I was overcome by a sense of sheer anger. Although I have been an avid reader for nearly two years I am questioning whether or not to continue reading.

In your last edition, you had some tree hugger take up a whole page by bitching about "our existence" as being a long list of atrocities. What I would like to know is whether this ignorance has been nurtured within the hallowed halls of Glendon?

If this "journalist" is a university student here I hope he is in first year so that there still is time for him to find out what really is going on.

The fact is that we have made incredible strides outwards in many different directions. I don't care to lecture this person as I don't care to waste my time. The only advice that I will give is that maybe the next time he is using a computer or talking on a cell phone he realise the beauty of the most incredible advancements we have made, by way of technology.

Johnny Jameson



**Next meeting is on Monday the
25th at 5:30. Be there or I'll
scratch your eyes out!**

**La prochaine réunion sera le
lundi 25 janvier à 17h30. Soyez
là, sinon gare à vous!**

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

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

commentary

DISCUSSION IN DECONSTRUCTION

A surprising dismantling

commentary

Lately I've been in search of a greater connection to events around me, so I decided to visit the dank, dark cave of Madam Zaleuthia, psychic fortuneteller. First, I called her up to see if she could accommodate my visit.

-I knew you would be calling. I am ready to receive and mediate the great powers that exist within.

-Whatever. I just wanted a good laugh, and she always had lots of parking.

She ran her operation from her abode, in the basement, and in descending the stairs, it was warm and you could sense the energies converging into a focal point conducive to the trials that lay ahead. At the exact crossing of these beams of power, was Zaleuthia's crystal ball, set in the middle of a round table, with two chairs on either side. The rest of her den was decorated in the typical bohemian fashion with richly coloured tapestries hanging loftily from all walls. Other tiny mirrored balls dangled in pairs and quads from the supports in the ceiling, tossing their reflections around me like a tornado of autumn leaves. The lighting was next to nil. But what there was, was not white light, but oranges and reds and hues of blues dancing on wax pedestals.

As we sat down, she stared into the sparkling sphere before her.

-I am venturing into your aura. Like a prospector I am just setting out from camp, searching for my claim.

She went on with some business that I was being affected by the coming millennium, that it would be a great hurdle to overcome.

-Do you sense it? she asked.

I told her to give it up; I wasn't some lackey that she could pawn off like that. Her face clouded over, obviously upset at the challenge that I instigated. She stared at me and examined my silhouette, as if I were wearing some kind of glow suit that needed patching in some places.

She then resumed her gaze at the crystal ball and shut her eyes. At first she mumbled incoherently, softly at first and growing louder as time passed. She stopped suddenly. Hands raised above me, in a cold, horse voice, she expelled...

-I see that our weather and snowstorms lately has affected your mood somewhat. I have news that will carry you on wings of happiness through to the next

season. I see a trip. You will be swept away and laid to rest in giant beds of spun happiness where the sun will then cajole you in its warmth.

-Get off it man, I said. If you don't start telling me something for real, I'm leaving; and you can no longer count on my business, nor my connection with other worldly matters.

She stood up and backed away from the table as if punched in the gut. She uttered and muttered curses long forgotten by anyone else alive, and went to an altar in the corner of the room. She lit three candles and two incense batons, and returned to her seat. She took my hands in her own, and with our arms we circled her globe between us.

I drank in her gaze, it was bitter, yet heady. She knew that I knew that she was testing me. She smiled. Visions appeared between us and she began her monologue of fantasy, as the movie of reality played in my mind.

-I see that you are floating in a wonderful womb of promise, and the possibility of rebirth will be brilliant.

I pictured Glendon, my school.

-But I also see that the ex-

pecting mother is not treating the fetus properly. It is as if some dark force is strangling the umbilical cord, preventing any further growth of the child.

She spoke of the child lacking its supplement of knowledge and renewal, where once the womb offered them in abundance, the starvation of which shrunk the baby's size and strength.

I saw pictures of dwindling crowds of education students boarding vans, to be carted away, no longer being able to study their programs at Glendon.

She could see no further into this; could offer no explanation for this removal, and I wondered who might be able to answer this question for me?

She searched other chambers of the affair.

-I also see that this dark force is only a puppet for a horrifyingly powerful compulsion. The nourishment offers no real growth to the spirit of the child within, but serves only to perpetuate the hunger it creates. It was like an opiate creating a cancerous addiction.

In my mind's eye I saw money symbols wrapped around the work YORK, creating an ugly, plain drab scenery of concrete much unlike the beautiful panorama of nature that exists on my home campus.

Madam Zaleuthia then spoke of

another force at work, a dazzlingly bright jewel held in the already forming palm of the child's hand. - This gem offers advance and perspective.

This time I saw a repertoire of arts programs being offered at Glendon. Money and business stagnates the spirit and the importance of arts is to help elevate said spirit. The gypsy described how the dark force was ripping the gem from the child's grasp, tearing the stone from its golden setting. At a broad worktable, the dark force reset the jewel in a bed of concrete, hiding it from almost all scrutiny.

Glendon is in trouble, I finally realized. There is some conspiracy to choke it of its possibility, in order to use the campus for other measures. The dark force that Zaleuthia speaks of seems to exist in the upper echelons of York Bureaucracy. They stole our education program, offer little renewal in other programs yet expect our community to thrive. Money is what is feeding this desire. It bastardizes and corrupts any true thought process, and that is how the dark force is approaching the situation.

We are a liberal arts college, not a business college; we will never make as much money as they will. It just isn't as important to our formation. But every tree and hectare of soil that surrounds us is a priority, as well as what they stand for. These are what matter to liberal arts students. It is what fuels our creativity, NOT MONEY. If York had any real commitment to us here at Glendon, they would see this, but they don't. Their spirits have already been quashed by the almighty dollar.

As the framework of these plans dissipated into the corners of my mind, only to be perused later on, I awoke as if from a dream, to find the smiling face of Zaleuthia staring at me once again. I arose from my cushioned seat and reached into my pocket to reward her for the session. She waved an index finger at me.

-Stop, there is no need for payment this time, to me it sounds like you will be needing every dollar you can save.

I laughed and it hurt my chest. On my way out, I wondered where I would be going to school next year.

JJOR



The search for Glendon's next principal forges onward

Suzanne McCullagh

The Search for a new principal brought seven members of the fourteen member Search Committee to the students. About midday Tuesday January nineteenth a microphone was placed in the cafeteria and students were asked to voice what qualities they would like to see in the next principal.

In the beginning few people approached the microphone to express their views. After a scolding by the president of the Glendon College Student Union, Christie Biggs, people relaxed and many came forward with their comments.

The most widely-held concern amongst the students was with regards to the visibility of the principal. One student summed it up by saying: "I want to see a principal." It quickly became evident that most of the students in attendance at the forum did not know who the present principal is. This may explain the initial uneasiness of

many of the students to speak on the topic.

There was a near consensus among the speakers that the new principal should be someone who will make Glendon known. In the words of one student; "...put Glendon on the map."

Students showed their understanding of the issues presently facing Glendon by expressing the need for Glendon to be better known both nationally and internationally. This would help to alleviate the current drop in enrollment.

It was suggested that Glendon undergo some sort of name change

so that people would identify it as a University rather than a College. Another suggestion, mentioned by at least three students was that Glendon arrange exchange programs directly with Universities overseas.

A major concern in the eyes of one Glendon graduate student was that Glendon suffers from a lack of coherence of vision. This former student called for a clear vision of Glendon which would include what liberal arts is supposed to be and what education means.

The new principal, in the words of Deborah Hobson, Vice President of Student Services, "...will have some important challenges ahead of them." Challenges such as answering the student's question: "What is Liberal Art's purpose and role in society is."

Marsden attempts to start a fire under Faculty Council

Suzanne McCullagh

Lorna Marsden was as sure of herself as always during her visit to Faculty Council Wednesday January 20. The emergency meeting, which was called by the president herself, was held at noon in the Senate Chamber.

Marsden's message to the council was clear: The current plan for the future of Glendon, to implement new and "attractive" (sometimes referred to as sexy) programs, must work. She reiterated several times that she did not want to be forced to answer the "what if?" question.

During her speech Marsden stated that "...the bottom line is to make Glendon thrive." Glendon has fallen short, recently, of the ideal enrollment numbers. It is due to this that Marsden feels that "...the plan has got to work. Enrollments this fall were down...putting huge pressure on the University budget."

It is the pressure on the budget that is making the Board of Governors at York uneasy. Marsden stated that the board doesn't have faith in the plan. What they are looking for is a business plan.

Thus is Glendon's dilemma, in order to survive it seems to be necessary to think more financially than academically. This is not so easy since there are many conflicting views of how to increase enrollment in order to increase finances. Following Marsden's speech members of council had the

"...the bottom line is to make Glendon thrive."

opportunity to voice their concerns.

Although it was clear in Marsden's speech that she thinks that the implementation of new programs is the best way to increase enrollments not all members of Faculty Council seemed to share her view.

Professors Ian Gentles, David Cooke, and Terry Fowler all

expressed their concern about the withdrawal of the Faculty of Education's presence from campus. The three felt that this was very detrimental to the enrollment numbers at Glendon.

Although there was support for the implementation of new programs many seemed to feel that recruitment was crucial. This is consistent with the concerns raised by students at the forum on the search for Glendon's new principal one-day prior. Professor Bill Greaves stated that it is necessary "...to get out and sell the full range of programs at this college."

Marsden ended the council meeting by telling the council to remember the upcoming deadlines for the implementation of programs. The new programs need to be passed by the Senate at the February Senate meeting in order for them to be offered to potential students.

Marsden's wish for the expediency of council was in stark contradiction to the turtle pin that she was wearing.

"Sexy" programs will spice up Glendon's image.

les nouvelles breves

Lionel Tona

winter carnival

Despite the lack of advertising and organization, believe it or not Glendon's Winter Carnival is set to begin at the end of this week. Fun can be had by all...Keep your eyes open for posters that may or may not appear any day now.

minor accident

Glen Rigby, manager of the Café de la Terrasse, met with a car accident on Saturday 16th of January 1999. While driving home he failed to see a man pulling out of a driveway because of the high snow banks. Glen suffered a concussion and whiplash due to the accident. He says he's thankful though that he didn't hit any of the children who were playing on the street.

Don Juan de Glendon

Après Agnes of God et Seven Stories (à l'affiche du 2 au 6 février !), Dom Juan, ou le Festin de pierre, de Molière sera la troisième production étudiante de l'année pour le Théâtre Glendon. Dom Juan est le projet commun de deux cours respectivement donnés par Sara Lukac et Claude Guilmain (l'un est dispensé en anglais et l'autre en français). C'est la première fois que deux cours d'arts dramatiques sont jumelés de la sorte pour créer une production unique... et originale : ce Dom Juan sera en effet furieusement bilingue.

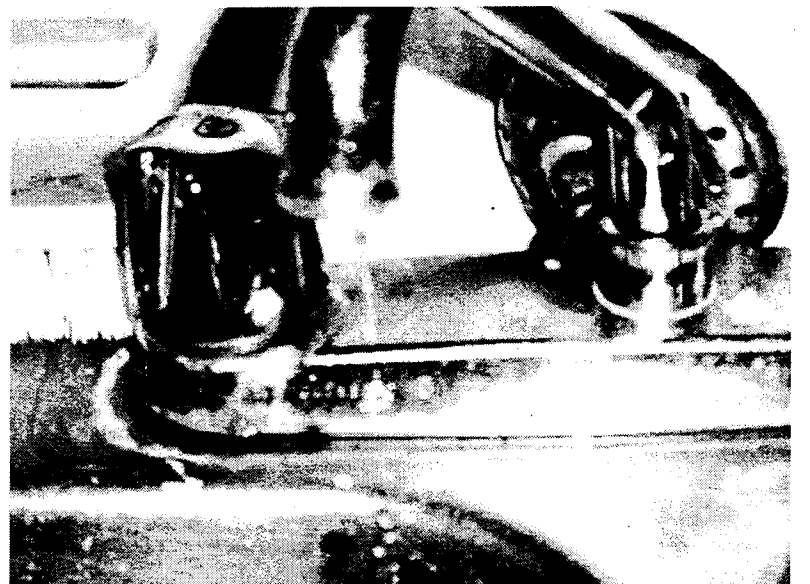
Dom Juan, de/by Molière : à partir du 22 mars... plus d'infos à venir !

soirée vidéo

GLABA organise une soirée vidéo jeudi 28 janvier au soir. Il s'agit d'un film québécois sous-titré en anglais. Heure : 21 h. Lieu : le local du Centre des Femmes (Hilliard D 124). Venez-y nombreux !

la panne

La résidence Wood a été privée d'eau pour la deuxième fois cette année. Vers la mi-janvier, l'eau est devenue marron, à la grande surprise des résidents, pour finir par arrêter de couler. Les réparations nécessaires ont été effectuées en une journée, pendant laquelle les salles de bain de Hilliard ont été mises à la disposition des pauvres infortunés. Espérons que le problème est définitivement réglé et qu'il ne resurgira pas à nouveau..



No wonder all those frosh smelled so bad last week...

Tobin's pre-election cash injection means tuition freeze for Memorial

Source: Muse
Jeff Power

ST. JOHN'S (CUP) — The Newfoundland government dished out almost \$12 million for post-secondary education last week, paving the way for a two-year tuition freeze for students at the province's only university.

Memorial University will get an extra \$7 million for its operating grant while the remaining \$4.9 million will go to the College of the North Atlantic, Newfoundland's public college system.

Newfoundland Premier Brian Tobin announced the new money at a Jan. 14 news conference, prompting media analysts and opposition leaders to call the move a case of pre-election spending.

"It is time to begin... reinvesting in these institutions now that efficiencies have been found," Tobin said.

"They've all played their part in restraint for the first two or three

years of this government's plan and now it's time prudently to re-invest."

Memorial responded to the news Friday by officially endorsing a tuition-freeze for the next two years.

Currently set at \$99 million, the university's budget is now guaranteed to stay at \$106 million for the next two years.

Since 1994, the provincial government had cut its payments to Memorial by \$19.6 million.

University officials hailed the cash injection as "the best birthday present" Memorial could receive for its 50th anniversary year.

"I'm particularly pleased for our students," said Memorial president

Art May.

"Their fees have been increasing over the past number of years and we were very concerned about the impact that was having on accessibility and student debt loads."

...student
leaders say
more is still
needed.

May added the money would allow Memorial to be "the lowest cost (university) in Atlantic Canada... (and) that's a place where we

want to be."

Students attending the College of the North Atlantic will also no longer have to worry about tuition increases, says Vince Withers, chairman of the college's governing board.

"(The College was) going to have to increase our tuition fees, in the next two years, by between 20 and 30 per cent," he said, but that will no longer happen.

But while government and university officials were pleased with the money, student leaders say more is still needed.

Dale Kirby, chair of the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of Students, says while he is glad the government is doing something, he doesn't see how the announcement will help relieve high student debt loads.

"The \$12 million the government is reinvesting in post-secondary education falls short of the reinstatement of funding to pre-1994 levels that Newfoundland students have asked for," he said.

Kirby says students need five times the money the government is currently

offering to offset the 250 percent increase in tuition fees over the last decade

"(It's) a start, but it's only that," he said. "It's not ground-breaking."

Brett Dawe, a vice-president with Memorial's student union, says he was "generally pleased with the tuition freeze." But he agrees with Kirby that there is nothing new to address student debt.

"In the end, this is a Band-Aid solution to a much larger problem that is there," Dawe said.

Universities get slick donation from Imperial Oil

Source: Excalibur, Gateway
Derek Chezzi and Karen Foster

TORONTO (CUP) — A Canadian oil giant will donate \$3.25 million to four universities across the country in a move that's being met with both gratitude and harsh criticism.

The Imperial Oil Charitable Foundation will distribute the cash over the next five years for projects that improve math, technology and science curriculums at the schools.

The University of Toronto, the University of Alberta and York University will each receive \$1 million. The remaining \$250,000 will go to the University of New Brunswick.

Barbara Haduke, president of the foundation, says half of its donations are geared to education.

"Math, science and technology appeared as a real need and that was a good fit with Imperial Oil," said Haduke. "We recruit from these kinds of disciplines, and in general for our country, we are going to need people with these skills more in this global marketplace."

Officials from each of the four universities said they were pleased by the news.

"Because it's focused, I think it's going to have a great impact in the long run," said Dr. Larry Beauchamp, dean of the faculty of education at the University of Alberta, of the donation.

University officials were also quick to point out that the donation comes with no suspect obligations.

"We just don't take a donation from any company with strings attached," said Stan Shapson,

associate vice president of York University's strategic academic initiative. "They didn't put strings attached. We think it goes to a good education purpose."

Representatives of the other recipient universities agreed accepting Imperial Oil's money doesn't compromise their integrity.

"It's obviously fabulous because there are really no strings attached," said Michael Fullan, dean of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education at the University of Toronto.

But student groups aren't convinced the universities won't have to give something up in return for the cash. They say large donations like the one from Imperial Oil are an indication of corporate influence on universities.

"These deals are really dangerous," said York Federation of Students president Dawn Palin. "They allow corporations to have control over what will be the best-funded programs at university."

She and other student leaders argue that as more university programs become funded by private dollars, the government will become less committed to funding post-secondary education.

Diane Naugler, president of York's Graduate Student Association, also criticized the

universities for approaching Imperial Oil for the money instead of lobbying for more government dollars.

All four universities approached Imperial Oil separately in 1998.

"The fact that the universities approached the Imperial Oil foundation means our infrastructure is putting money into finding money," said Naugler.

"We could be spending that same money to find money by approaching governments as well and trying to change the tide at the same time."

Still, Naugler says she understands why the universities approached Imperial Oil in the face of significant government cutbacks to post-secondary education.

"I can appreciate the bind the university is in," she said. "I think that they need to be careful that they don't singularly focus on industry to rectify the funding crisis."

The University of Alberta will use the money to fund its centre for the sciences, which it plans to rename the Imperial Oil National Centre for Mathematics, Science and Technology Education. It will operate as a linking agency similar bodies across Canada and continue to develop new programs for Alberta's elementary and high school teachers.

A member of Imperial Oil's management will sit on the centre's executive decision-making board.

But director David Blades says

the centre's goal is not to provide Imperial Oil with employees, although he can understand the company's interest in it.

"We do not exist to promote skills for the oil sector, but people do want to hire students with basic science skills," he said.

Haduke is also adamant that Imperial Oil will have no direct influence on the centre's projects despite the representation it will have on the board.

"It (will keep) us in touch with what they want to see in the centre," she said.

At the University of Toronto, Imperial Oil's donation will be put toward developing a clearing house of teaching materials and establishing the first Canadian journal of education in science, math and technology.

Through York's new Imperial Oil Science Education Program, the donation will go toward facilitating the Internet component of the Pan-Canadian Science Curriculum Project.

Moved to York last September from Industry Canada in Ottawa, the project was created by the Council of Ministers of Education to develop national education standards.

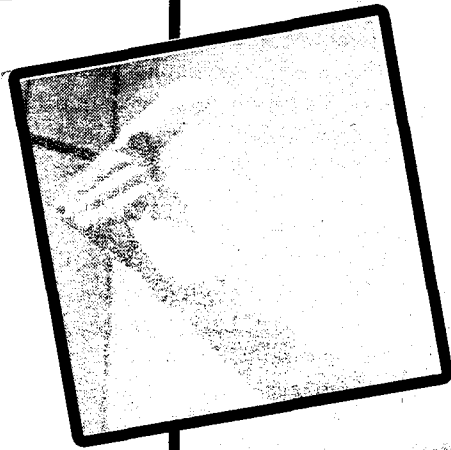
York also plans to use the funds to establish a York-Seneca Institute for Sciences, Technology and Education and monitor the performance of students in elementary and secondary schools.

...as more
university
programs
become
funded by
private
dollars, the
government
will become
less
committed to
funding post-
secondary
education.

GRADUATION BLUES

Annamaria Kougias

Gimme a
'B'...Gimme
an 'A'...what
do ya get?



teacher's college, DeVry, maybe they sound like good options to some of you sponges of knowledge out there. Or, maybe you've just had about enough of school.

If you came to school with the sole intention of getting your diplomatic piece of bleached paper, that respected symbol of learning, for whatever reason, then all the best. Whether you plan to use the attainment of such a document to academically further your institutionalized self, or, to go straight into the work force to get a job, it doesn't really matter, as long as you're doing what you want and enjoying yourself.

But not everyone comes to school to spend thousands of dollars and hours and concentration or lack of any of the aforementioned, so one can frame up a piece of statement saying that they learned something.

And not all come exactly with the attitude of using that paper as a recognized wet nap for life but instead come without an emphasized concern of receiving such a formalized pulped prop. But maybe some do come for such bluntly achieving reasons, as I'm sure others come for more complex reasons, or none at all...there is immense variability.

Some will continue on in a ritualistic, socially determined pattern, mulling through the pre-treaded trail of life, that is believed by so many, to be the pathway of norm...go to school, get some debt, get a job, get a marriage, get some kids, get some more debt, get some wins, get some stress, get some laughs, get some pains, catch a fire, eat some dirt. Sure, if that's what you're planning. Some will just go on and end up in places they never dreamed of, some of which have nothing to do with the schooling they acquired and some will actually use what they have learned over the years to 'make' a living (even if it is making 'origamical' creations out of their degree). Some people are directionally self-propelled while others float around, but to each her own path and to each his own experience from university.

Amidst all the wonderful things one can attain by going to school,

whether it be discovering something you never knew before, or, meeting really cool people, there is another perspective to this whole concept of graduating that one should contemplate. Life isn't about lessons and learning, as you and I have been raised to believe. Yeah, you go to school to learn stuff. But if you came into it without expectation, as I did, I hope you too have uncovered a heck of a lot more than you ever imagined the entire experience to be. Books, essays, deadlines, appointments, B.A.'s and M.A.'s only do and are so much. Late nights, early mornings, mind-blowing conversations and unique/adventurous mishaps, are but a few examples of the tasty icing that has made the whole experience ultimately sweet and unforgettable.

You always hear about life lessons and the doors of opportunity opened through education, etc. But it's not all about that. Life isn't a school. We're not here to learn anything. Nope, it doesn't work that way. You go to school and yes you do learn (at least something I hope!) but more importantly and most often forgotten mes amis, is the fact that it's one huge experience. Life is not one huge lesson and school isn't just to learn facts and gather knowledge; it's about living and gaining experience. You've all heard that expression 'some people just don't learn'. Well, true enough, some don't, but everyone experiences, non?

So whatever your plans are, or even if you don't have any concrete plans such as myself (except an open flight plan), just remember everything you can about your experiences in school so that they may help you eventually become who you really want to be. And if you don't know exactly what or who that is, and many of us don't yet, do not worry, it'll all work out. It always does. So, to all you out there graduating this year, may you experience all that you can whether your schooling background has any influence on your endeavors or none at all. I hope your trip has been as good, if not, even better than mine has. Shine on.

Last week I told the editor I was going to write a piece about graduating. Brainstorming for other topics to write about dominated my thought activity throughout the remainder of the week, but I knew that at the end of my attempted avoidance, I would only return to writing about my first idea...graduating from this here institution.

In a subconscious effort to suppress an upcoming reality too intense for my superego to handle (oooh there's some psych lingo put into practical use care of readings on Freud's twisted theories), I thought of a plethora of other things to write about. Anyway, this cathartic attempt to steer away from the fact that in a dozen weeks school will be finished, only confirms my belief of a usual phenomenon...what you resist persists, and so here I am trying to write about something that is proving to be more difficult than I had anticipated: my finale at Glendon.

close encounters

What to write about this graduating business? There's too much to write, that is certain. I guess I'll start by admitting that I miss the scenery, the forest and its occupants, and other ingredients to the whole picturesque recipe of Glendon already, and I haven't even left yet.

I'm not going to go on about all of the beautiful scenes which I've witnessed here during the varying brilliant seasons (it would be much too lengthy), except to say that there have been many pictures as I'm sure you also have seen beauty here. But I would just like to throw in my appreciation for Red Fox and for his many proximal encounters I have experienced here on campus, and for the phantom sitters that have kept me company during many long nights here in Pro Tem.

Ahh Pro Tem...that's another thing surely to be missed. (All of you non-graduating students, please make sure this paper carries on and do stand firm for the best office of ALL student organizations on campus, for an enigmatic whisper has given me the notion that eventually the gods of business and administration have cast their leering eyes on this office space....must be the high ceilings.)

real world?

I'm sure this is an approaching reality not only for myself, but for many of you out there...come April, we be done. Uh oh. Does this mean in a couple of months when school's out that we have to grow up and face the real world? Nah, but there will be an immense lifestyle change that many of us will go through. Yep, just when you got used to the deal with classes, assignments, juggling a part-time job(s), lack of sleep and lack of sleep's importance, it's got to all end, at least here it does.

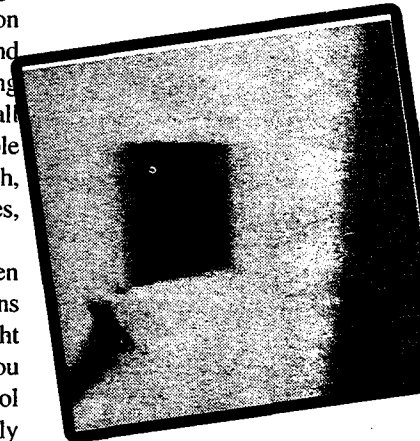
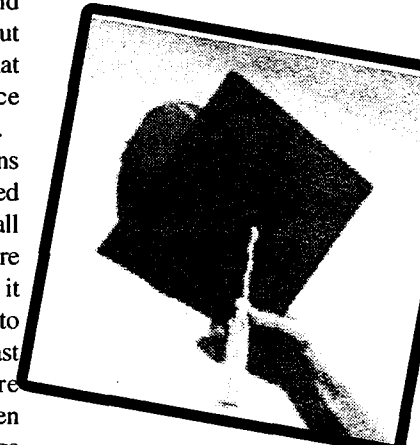
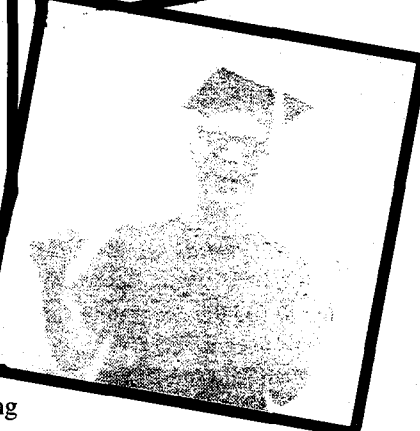
sad departure

Sitting here trying to write about the end of a five-year relationship with this school is not as easy as I had assumed. I realized that writing about it would be challenging, perhaps even a tad emotional, but at the same time, I thought it would help me come to terms with the reality that time here is almost up. In a way, it'll be good to move on to something else, with a change of pace and situation.

At the same time, it'll be real different let me tell you, especially if you're like me and don't really have a concrete mold ready to shape your world with as far as 'using' that academic degree that we're all striving for. Some say, 'what's a B.A. now anyway?' (for many, it's a Big Ass debt). But students don't be discouraged, it stands for having a Broad Angle...applicable to any dimension in life, and besides that, there seems to be promising news for all you kids out there that question the job market and a liberal arts education. It's all good now and it can only get better.

wet naps and origami

Continuing education may be tugging at some of you... 'go further', murmurs your internal voice of acquisition. Graduate school,



Jubilee 2000 PETITION

Tukiso Muzondo

"A poor neighbour is a source of instability," according to a Mozambican proverb. As the world gets smaller and globalization takes its toll, the poor nations of the world are requesting the assistance of their neighbours everywhere to help them get their foreign debt cancelled so that they may build their economies and provide essential services to their people.

The world's largest signature campaign is calling for your help in breaking the chain of international debt. The poorest countries in the world face debts which they are not able to repay without sacrificing sustainable development.

Historical Context:

In 1987 measures to bring about micro-economic stability in Mozambique were introduced through the Structural Adjustment Programme (SAP) despite the fact that the country was going through a civil war which lasted until 1994.

Gaspar Cuambe and Luisa Maria Gomes were invited by Cooperation Canada - Mozambique (COCAMO) to support the Canadian Ecumenical Jubilee Initiative's call for debt cancellation in the poorest countries. They addressed a group at Deer Park United Church on Tuesday, January 20th and shared their experiences of the debt burden and its effects on poor communities in Mozambique.

Mozambique is considered to be one of the world's poorest and most aid-dependent nations in the world, but critics of the SAPs argue that financial institutions require too much of this foreign aid to go right back to servicing the debt as the human costs increase.

Cuambe described Mozambique as being in a period of recovery. Instead of spending money in desperately lacking areas such as education, health care, and post-war infrastructure reconstruction, external debt repayment consumes a significant part of government funds. Cuambe argued that it is not right that resources should be used to pay debts while 60% of the population lives below the poverty rate of \$1 per person per day.

The World Bank and International Monetary Fund (IMF) implemented a strategy to address the debt crisis: the Highly Indebted Poor Country Initiative (HIPC). Mozambique was granted partial debt relief, but critics maintain that the amount of the reduction has made little or no impact on the local population. Under the HIPC, Mozambique must follow

strict IMF-prescribed fiscal policies in order to lessen their debt.

Dr. Joseph Hanlon, policy officer of the Jubilee 2000 Coalition, has written about the obstacles which the IMF places in the way of rebuilding in Mozambique. Based on his research, Dr. Hanlon concludes that "HIPC is designed to cancel that part of the debt, which is not being paid and never would be, and to ensure the debtors pay promptly on the rest." G.E. Gondwe, Deputy Director of the IMF's African Department, has consistently argued against debt cancellation because it is his position

Although health care is free, the majority of her patients have difficulty getting to the centre as there are very limited modes of transportation. The majority of the rural population must walk over 40 km to reach the nearest health post because the only ambulance in the district is used for the daily administrative tasks of the centre such as purchasing firewood and medical supplies.

The lack of access to safe water, proper sanitation, basic food supplies and communication are among the factors which contribute to the high rate of preventable deaths. Since food costs are high, malnutrition is common among both adults and children. Areas which are consequently neglected as a result include education, poverty alleviation, the judicial system, social, economic, and human resource development.

This debt petition is part of the Jubilee 2000 campaign involving religious, environmental, labour, women's and social organizations in 38 countries around the world. It will be presented to the Canadian government and to the leaders of the G-8 countries at the June 1999 summit in Germany.

On Wednesday, February 3rd, four prominent Southern voices will address international debt cancellation at Trinity - St. Paul's United Church, 427 Bloor Street West (west of Spadina). The panel includes Dr. Alejandro Bendaña of the Nicaraguan Jubilee Initiative, Molefe Tsele of the South Africa Jubilee Campaign, Bishop Bernadino Mandlate of the Christian Council of Mozambique and Helen Wangusa of the African Women's Economic Policy Network. Stella Arthur may be reached at 416-927-1124 for further information about this event.

For more information, please contact the Canadian Ecumenical Jubilee Initiative

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 Inter-Church Coalition on Africa
 Tel: 416-927-1124
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 Website: www.web.net/~iccaf

(Sources: ICCAF, "Mozambique: The Social and Economic Costs of the Debt Crisis"; Gaspar Cuambe, "The Effect of the Debt Burden on Poor Countries in Mozambique." Lecture given January 20, 1999; IMF, G.E. Gondwe, "Hazards of Debt Cancellation Point to Benefit in Africa Finding its own Sustainable Growth Path." August 26, 1998. www.imf.org/external)

The global Jubilee chain reaction has reached Toronto and here are a few ways in which the Glendon community can make a difference:

1. Sign on to the petition on the table outside the GCSU office in York Hall.
2. Circulate the petition in your community.
3. Write a letter to your Member of Parliament, copied to Finance Minister Paul Martin, voicing your concern for the plight of countries like Mozambique.
4. Get involved in other campaigns in Canada and globally.

that IMF-supported policies have actually worked towards improving living standards and decreasing poverty levels.

While Cuambe acknowledges that "putting human beings first" has recently become the focus of development, Cuambe believes that there is much work to be done before sustainable economic growth and equitable redistribution of wealth can take place. Regional cooperation between the countries of Southern African region should be used as a tool for confronting foreign lending institutions, he said.

Cuambe also pleaded for the international community to realize that the Mozambican people have inherited a debt whose benefits they have not seen. Transparency and the unequal positions between lenders and borrowers in the lending process are key issues Cuambe would like to see addressed. According to Mozambican Prime Minister Pascoal Mocumbi, "When we work on an agreement, it's up to the Mozambican negotiators to see what's in our best interest. But sometimes we have to accept things that are not in our interest because there is no other way out."

Gomes is the only medical doctor serving a region of over 30,000 people at the local health centre.

All mighty Gaia strikes again

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
 Rage, blow,
 You cataract and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drenched our steeples,
 drowned the cocks!
 Strike flat the thick rotundity
 o'th'world.
 --King Lear

Patrick Tomlinson

If the recent snowfall has shown us anything, it is that we now know who truly is in charge. We have spent our whole existence (as a race) to try and fight the powers that be, to gain some sort of control, and we can't even shovel the snow in front of our own houses. To all those people who pride themselves on being secular-minded, I warn that in reality, we still are as dependent upon the all-mighty Gaia than ever before.

The fact is that we are now just as weak as we have ever been in relation to this existence. We can brag about our cellphones, we can cherish our furnaces, but when the almighty sun sets, we have no more control over the happenings of this planet than ever before. If anything should be taken from this recent spectacle, it should be that our battle towards manifest destiny is far from over. Whether it be an act of god or simply a product of the infamous El Nino this snowstorm served to wake us up and slap us in the face.

To say that as a city Toronto acted efficiently in the face of this adversary would be an outright lie. We as a community were presented with a challenge and quite simply we failed to meet it. After a week of a constant snowfall this city was left in a position where even the military was called in to help. The infrastructure of this city was torn to pieces resulting in a state of complete chaos. How many times did you show up to school during the first week of school? How often did you pass someone stuck in the snow? How worried did you feel when you first heard the news that in fact more snow was coming? The most pathetic thing having to do with this whole debacle is that it was so easy to deal with, but because of our own selfishness we succumbed to the pressure that was placed upon us.

The fact is that less than three feet of snow fell in the greater Toronto area. To most this would be an incredible burden that only weeks of

tireless effort could solve. Yet winter is nothing new to any of us. Every year we know that snow will fall from the skies. It came only as a surprise to the very first explorers of this vast continent that the powers which reign supreme could be so vicious. Although the sheer magnitude of the storm may have caught us off guard, the likelihood of such an event was by no means unexpected.

The only thing which seems to shock is that we as group of people, living together under the same roof failed to come together and deal with the problem at hand. This same snowfall fell upon many other regions but we never heard of their inadequacies, we just settled by becoming so wrapped up in our own self-pity that we never even considered to give it a thought. We could have rallied together as a unit of nearly five million people to take on this almighty lion, but instead we cried to others to come and help.

The only ray of hope which lingers in my mind is that all those people that called in sick for work and that failed to help out the rest of the city, spent their free time by using this beautiful gift to the best of their abilities. I could be off-track but I don't recollect anybody bragging about how great it was to spend their unexpected free time with family and friends. If we really knew what was going on we would have all taken care of the very responsibilities which we carry as citizens of this city and then gone tobogganing!

Residence - love it or live it

Paul Fabry

Ah, residence. For some, it's a place to live while away from home, sometimes from another city, or even another country. Ah, residence. For some, it's a haven, a sanctuary, to get away from home (oftentimes an excuse to actually BE away from home). Ah, residence. For some, it's an absolute necessity because they have no place else to live.

What all these situations have in common is the fact that a stranger, or a group of strangers, find themselves in a totally new and different

of a benefit 2a (1): the place where one actually lives as distinguished from one's domicile or a place of temporary sojourn (2b): the place

The trick is accepting each other's quirks and vices without killing each other...

environment, sometimes very hostile, other times completely welcoming. The trick for all of them is managing to live together in these new surroundings, accepting each other's quirks and vices without killing each other, and praising each other's virtues, if there are any.

The Merriam Webster's 10th Edition Collegiate Dictionary (geez, you gotta love Webster) defines residence as: "1a) the act or fact of dwelling in a place for some time b) the act or fact of living or regularly staying at or in some place for the discharge of a duty or the enjoyment

where a corporation is actually or officially established [like Pepsi-Cola, now firmly entrenched at York University] 3a: a building used as a home: DWELLING b: the housing or a unit of housing provided for students 4b): a period of active and especially full-time study, research, or teaching at a college or university - in residence: engaged to live and work at a particular place often for a specified time e.g. poet in residence at a university."

Yup, that all sounds like our present circumstances and accommodations, n'est-ce pas?

A bug up your arse

J.J. O'Rourke

TORONTO NEWS- recent evidence suggests that lately, people are having trouble doing their work. There has been a strange phenomenon hindering the productivity of Toronto's workers. Analysts attribute this phenomenon to the re-emergence of Volkswagen's beetle model cars.

People are getting a real 'shot in the arm' over the nostalgic feeling that it gives. Severe bruising on the

carpool with avid 'Punchbuggy' watching hockey moms.

In a related story, it seems that

Severe bruising on the arm indicates the return of 'Punchbuggy' watching.

arm indicates the return of 'Punchbuggy' watching. Data compiled over the last two quarters show a correlation between cars sold, and drops in productivity in a variety of work environments.

The positions most 'punched out' by this occurrence seem to be the general laborers and receptionists, citing severe discomfort and even nausea as symptoms of this affliction. Reports out west cite one man in particular as being on short-term disability, after participating in a

men have now developed the ability to correctly name colours. Scientists say that education while on the road looking for bugs is the main factor. Men are being corrected and actually picking up on it. Examples include naming coral rather than pink, and champagne rather than beige.

Volkswagen executives, when asked about these occurrences, state that preliminary reports showed a negligible effect in regards to these specific impacts.

Green jeans?

Josephine

Jeans, the most important and popular garment of all times, are being worn in cities, in forests, on top of mountains, in the Northern hemisphere like in the Southern one, in Occident like in Orient. Men, women and children wear them, as do distinguished ladies, cowboys and punks. They have come a long way since gold miners in the United States first wore them at the end of the 19th century.

Nowadays, jeans represent a lot. They have become a means of expression for many. But each pair of jeans also has a story of its own which is not all that popular.

Lets take a few minutes to think about where they actually come from and how they are produced these days.

Jeans are made out of denim that is produced with cotton. Cotton plants are cultivated on 34 million hectares of the earth's surface (mostly in developing countries, taking up land that could be used for subsistence farming) and a quarter of all the pesticides produced in the world are sprayed on the crop according to the New Internationalist Magazine. The pesticides then contaminate the soil, air and water, and kill vast amounts of plants and animals, including humans. 20 000 deaths each year are attributable to pesticides on cotton.

Once the cotton is harvested, cheap energy and more chemicals are needed for the spinning and weaving. The following step is the dyeing process with synthetic indigo which contains high levels of toxins, who once more escape in the air, water and soil we live from. If we prefer the artificially worn-in pair, that means that they must go through yet another intense dyeing process.

Once the denim is ready to be stitched, it is exported to thousands of sweatshops and private homes around the world where the majority of the laborers are women in other developing countries or immigrants in big cities of the industrialized world like Toronto. These laborers work 14 to 18 hours a day for much less than minimum wage with extremely poor working conditions. Unions are not allowed and physical abuses occur frequently.

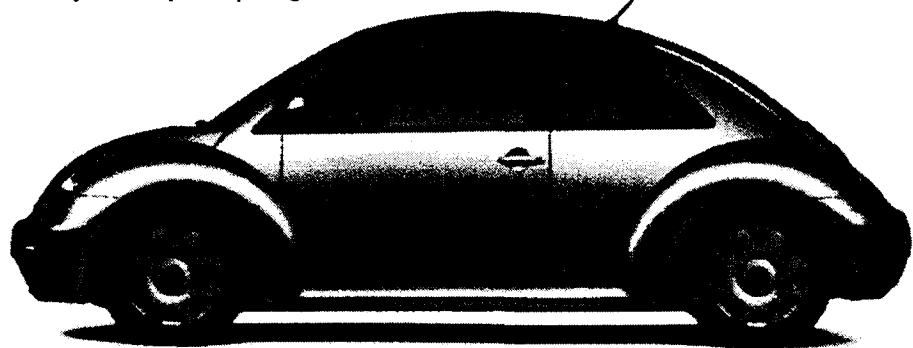
Then a label is sewn on the back and the pair of finished jeans is ready to be sold at high prices, just because of the name that appears on the label. From the price we pay, only about 12% will go to the people who actually produced the pair. The rest goes to the retailers. And the pesticides and chemicals and toxins, which were used for its production, are still in the cotton and can have negative effects on our health.

Considering all this, I think there are more than enough reasons to look at the alternatives. First of all, there is organic cotton, grown without pesticides. Some organic jeans are being produced and the demand for them is constantly increasing but they are still hard to find. Another alternative, which I find is the best, is hemp jeans. Hemp is a plant that can be used for many things, like paper, oil, soap, beer, flour...the list is long. Actually, hemp has more than 25 000 uses and among them are all kinds of different types of cloth. Jeans made out of hemp are as good looking, comfortable and long lasting as denim jeans. The reasons why the production of hemp should be encouraged, are that, contrary to cotton, hemp can grow nearly everywhere, does not need pesticides, helps control weeds and pests naturally, decreases the risks of erosion, and enriches the soil quality.

A whole new article could be written on the benefits of hemp for the environment.

Nevertheless, I will finish mine here and the next time I shop for a new pair of jeans, I will remember these facts and will have no choice to buy a "green" pair of jeans (with fibres from the New Internationalist Magazine).

...the pair of finished jeans is ready to be sold at high prices just because of the name that appears on the label.



poetry & fiction

Thine eyes ensnare me so that I cannot
move, away.

Dangerous, I hath told you once past.
So, to question my risk, only maketh the
matter riskier.

You hath once bequeathed your pregnant
interest in me as I had confessed mine to
thee,
and though we had both feared boredom's
hand, it has not yet laid itself upon us.

To leave the untied strings loosely hanging
so that nature can weave them in her own
wind's pattern,
can only be endured by patience, that
bittersweet patience that seems elusive at
times, yet reminds us of the infinite space
awaiting our cusp.

desdemona

HUBRIS (a haiku)

Once my spit would land
hard on Maslow's denizens;
now my face stings wet.

Rae Perigoe

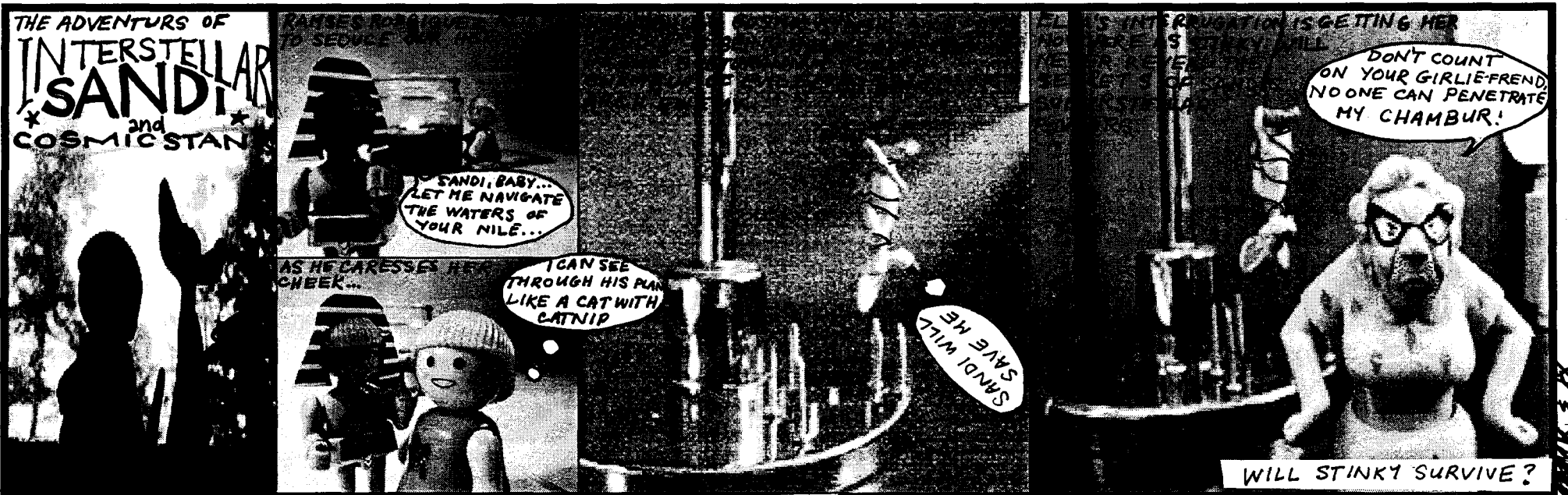
Freedom?
Paul Fabry

To be Free
Or not to be Free
What was the original
question?

Peruvian dirge

He has known the enemy, has looked it straight and wide and knows its
breath and breadth, its eyes most of all. In its eyes are the future, and the
future is fast and blinding, with multicoloured bricks and strangers giving
rides. Its growl is like a Peruvian dirge and chills the bones into the junkie's
lament, making you scream. The enemy has seen you, and how you are
governed. Solely, that's what your own eyes answer, and he knows that he
can beat you, but CAN HE KEEP YOU? He knows that he must either
destroy you or live within you. Otherwise he may beat you, but reciprocation
is the precedence. For once beaten, never so will you be taken again, nor
mind, nor body, quoth the raven, NEVERMORE, NEVERMORE. Does
the enemy know you, not at all, for he has spent his time learning about
himself, while you have heeded on all those nights, to watch and see what
the people do, what to nudge or tamper so they will play out the scenes that
you long to see, the enemy has no clue. If and when it occurs, is it ever
unaided by the chaotic forces that rule the mosquito sneezes? Has the enemy
laid the groundwork for humanity and recognized all that entails and
dovetails to make the work work. What importance is there in what the
enemy knows, is it knowledge to be taken by force and dominion and
shared or to be observed for its weaknesses and the zipper ends from where
you can be the aggressor and begin by trivializing, then condemning before
outright eradicating. Vigilance is only itself when well placed, for the valor
and integrity and the wealth of knowledge or fulfillment that it will bring
is the measure. IS IT WORTH IT MY FRIEND?

She was leaving.
She let the door handle slip out of
her fingers, as the padded prints
reluctantly stretched to claim their
last contact on the knob. It was
raining out - it smelled like
copper, as it always did in this
season. She would miss the smell of
it. She knew that. That's about
all she would miss.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ME



CHRISTIE ADAMS

The Pickled Egg poets launch

Rob Shaw

Just after eight, January 19th, my assistant and I arrived at the Imperial Pub in Toronto, this being the site of the Existere, a York literary magazine, second issue launch.

We found the launch-site on the second floor of the Imperial Pub (also known as the Library) which had been converted into a small stage. Rows of tables and chairs huddled around a lonely microphone where about twenty students eagerly waited. The organizers of the launch had run into an hour delay, leaving the festivities to run a little later than expected.

At half-past the hour the Existere group arrived and handed out copies of their new January issue.

The Existere was created through Vanier College at York, and has been used as a way in which writers at York can showcase their talents. It encourages any form of writing; from poetry, prose, short stories, plays and even reviews.

Around quarter to nine the organizers went throughout the room collecting the names of people who wanted to read. My assistant, who by now had found his own place at the bar snuggled between two grizzly-looking men, and waited patiently. At last, the Existere was ready and so began the first set under the imperially-lit-library.

The first half of the readings began with contributors from the January issue. Among these were writers such

as Paula Stevens reading her poem "Slut", Karen Hewlett's poem "Yellow Walls", and Dan Telegdi reading "Through a Shot Glass." There were five other good readers, but these three really stood out. Their poetic words even captured a smile from my assistant, who by this time had become a permanent fixture at the bar.

During the set break my assistant, now in a state of disrepair, had wandered down to the ground floor to take part in the first ever "Pickled Eggs Poetry Contest." The "Pickled Eggs" was set up during the first set of the Existere launch by a group of bar flies who'd felt alienated from the festivities.

I found my assistant perched on a stool insanely scribbling about pickled eggs, snow banks, penne and the French Riviera. Needless to say, he was beat miserably. The winner of the "Pickled Egg" was an up-and-coming playwright from Toronto. My poor assistant, defeated and in despair, stumbled back upstairs just in time for the second set.

The second half of the launch was filled with a few more contributors such as Jenny Ryan, whose story of her first drinking

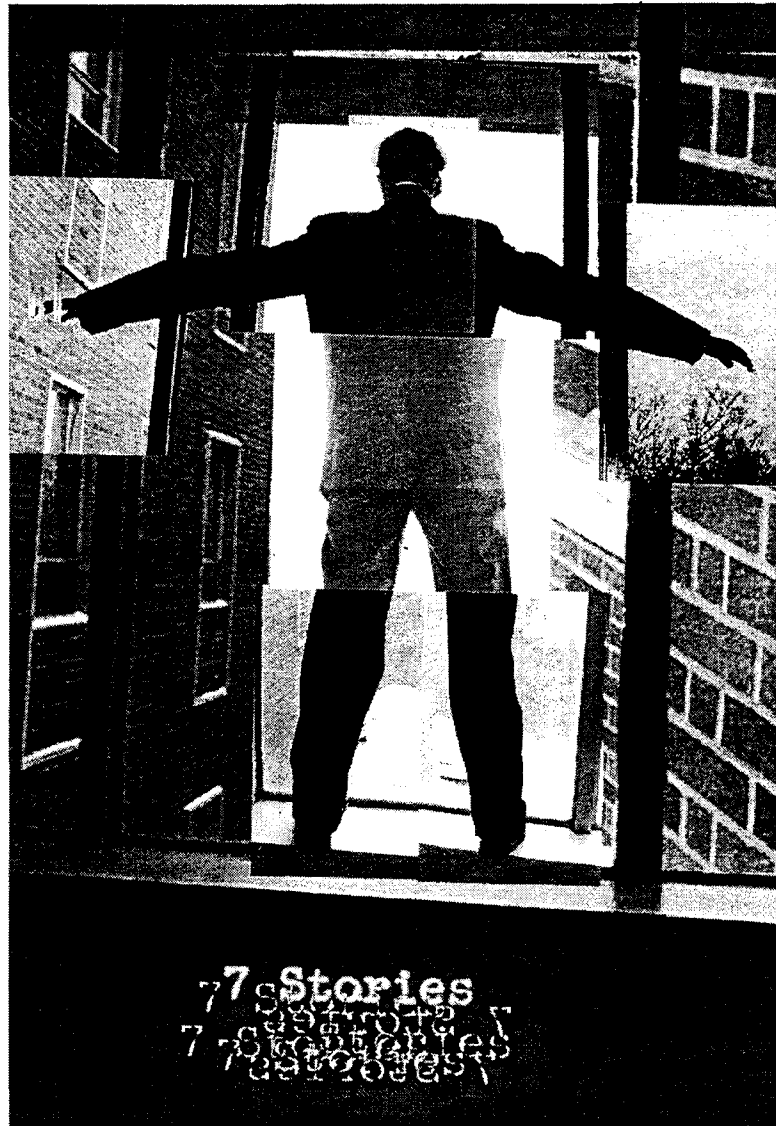
experience dried away the tears of my assistant and gave him a bit of redemption after his great defeat during the break. After all the contributors had finished their readings the Existere editor, Richard Laporte, opened the microphone to the audience. The first of these participants was Lindsey Anderson who read her poem "The Red-Neck Preaching Satanist." Lindsey was able to capture a real sense of imagery in her ballad of the south. Among others, Brad Reed, a teaching assistant at York, read from his previously banned Existere material and a poem titled "The True Heart of the Poet."

Just after 10:30 the last of the readings concluded and the crowd dispersed. My assistant and I were left to reflect until the wee hours, lounged over the empty seating. We agreed that there needs to be more of these events. It gives students a chance to voice their creativity in public and leaves the walls of learning behind. As well, the Existere launch was by far one of the more organized poetry readings to which I have been. I can't stress how many times I've been in a room with a half-naked man reading from his sister's journals.

The new issue of the Existere is available now. It is entertaining, insightful and has a great layout. If interested it can be found at 027 Vanier College, York Main.

Seven Stories

Ishani Gunasekera.



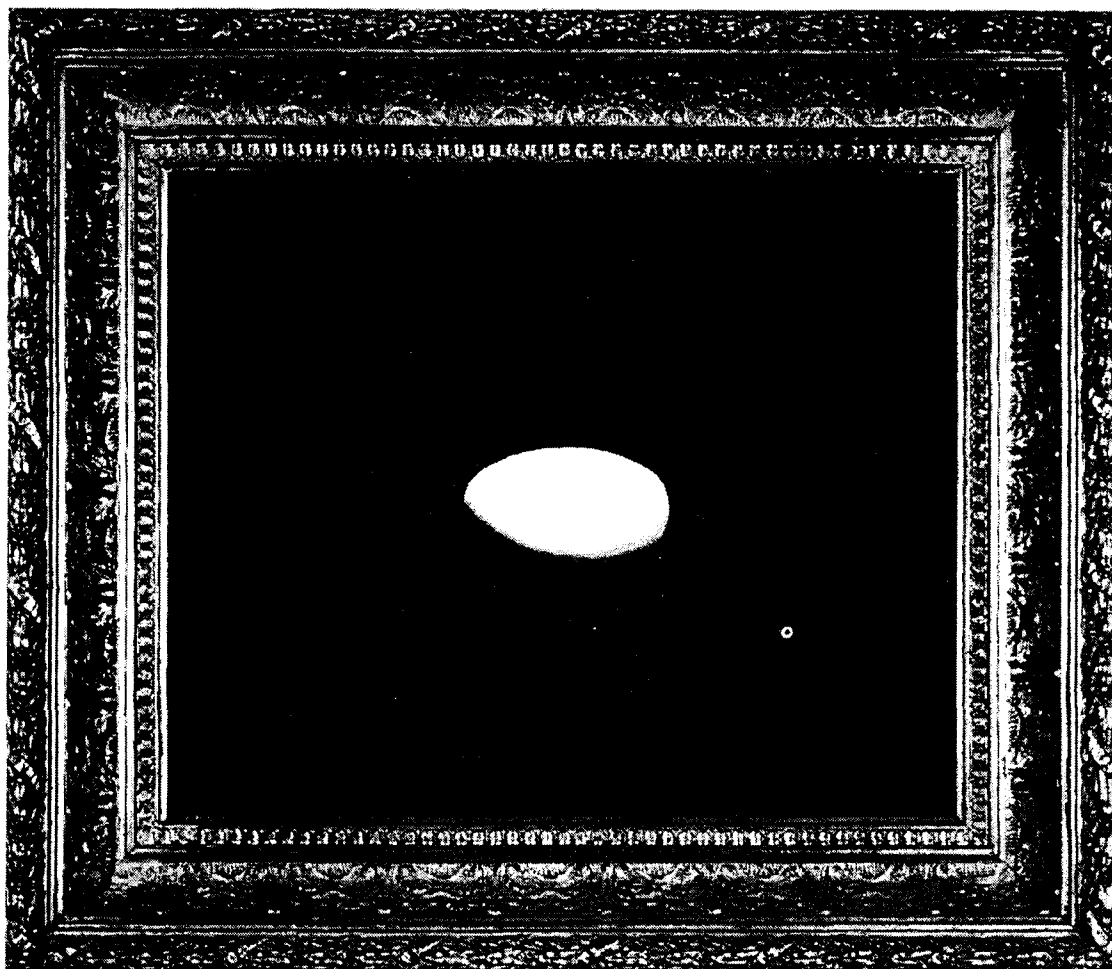
Seven Stories is a play about a man contemplating suicide on the seventh story of a building. The building has seven windows and from each window a person tells this man a story about their own lives. Each character represents a fear within man, which is blown to epic proportions. At the end of the play the man takes a leap but whether it is a literal or metaphorical leap is yet to be determined.

In an interview with the director of the play Rae Perigoe, we talked about what this particular play meant to him. "What attracted me about this play is it's about finding compassion in a world walled in. It's about having empathy for other people and seeing them as people instead of fixed objects." What Rae meant by this was that generally people have a habit of seeing themselves as "works in progress" but seeing other people's faults as permanent.

He is aiming for "an over-the-top clownish feel" with the play, he wants to make it surreal. With regard

to the casting he said he looked for people with "the courage to try and expand on normal, realistic characters. The ability to make [themselves] larger than life. All the actors possess a stage presence and theatricality." Rae also discussed the use of mask in the play and how this meant that he "needed actors who could tell a story without resorting to facial expressions." Rae says he has "eternal gratitude to those who helped me with this project."

Seven Stories will be performed at the Theatre Glendon from February 2nd till February the 6th 1999.



Theatre Glendon presents:

7 STORIES

Tickets: 5\$ students

8\$ non-students

Réservations (416) 487-6722

Obnoxious drunken interview with Ember Swift

Joel Ramirez

Stumbling into the CKRG office an hour and a half before Wednesday, the 20th's Ember Swift show in the pub, I had the opportunity to have a bizarre conversation with the band members. Posing as an obnoxious drunken fan begging for an autograph, I was able to bring you this exclusive, intimate, non-interactive, interview with Ember Swift and her band members: Cheryl, Lyndall, and Chris.

When I asked Ember whether Ember Swift was actually her real name and if yes, were her parents hippies, she answered, "Yes, Ember Swift is my real name and no my parents weren't hippies, they were artists before the hippy era."

The conversation simply took off into a sea of tangents from that point onward.

Cheryl, the new drummer, was

relaying her admiration for Rosie O'Donnell, who has apparently supported various causes through the profits of her various side-projects which she plugs through her television talk show. The band concluded that a gig on Rosie should be near the top of their list.

At some point between that conversation, one about the Bare Naked Ladies, somebody who had

gone to school with one of the singers, and a conversation about Sarah McLachlan's lack of concerts in the east coast, Ember found a little white grub worm on the vegetable plate (courtesy of the pub). According to a theory developed by Chris, the somewhat diplomatic horn player, "the worm must have fallen from the [CKRG's piped] ceiling". Lyndall and Cheryl on the other hand, simply found the worm disgusting and not amusing. Ember, finding the little creature entertaining, decided to talk to it. After a bit of a wrestling match between Lyndall and Ember, where Ember was attempting to get Lyndall to touch the "worm-finger", Ember

worm, and then I'd have to start playing my guitar in front of me with my 305 fingers strumming like this!" (acting like a worm artist playing guitar).

Lyndall simply told me that "we're always like this an hour before the concert. You should see us ten minutes before. Actually, we're probably going to have to ask you to leave ten minutes before, we wouldn't want you to see how we're like then." At that point, Cheryl got up and told Ember she shouldn't have any more sugar, to which Ember answered that that was always their solution.

Feeling a little like I had walked into a room labelled "freaks only", I left.

The concert itself was more like a fascist regime, the music told you how to feel, and you felt it.

In some pieces, Lyndall would tickle your toes while finger-strumming her electric violin, then she'd stab you with her bow in other pieces. Chris' horns could have easily smashed your kneecaps in some pieces while timidly hiding

behind Ember's voice in others. Cheryl, the new drummer (not shown in the photo), did an interesting set with some bongo-like drums. Some pieces forced you to run while other pieces made you curl up in your seat.

Ember, of course, was the artist behind the madness.

Ember's voice beamed like art itself danced around her vocal chords, looking for an audience to play with. In one piece, Ember played her guitar like it was a cello, while in other pieces, she would bang it like she was banging a character in her lyrics. The lyrics, although sometimes difficult to decipher (which may have been due to technical deficiencies along the lines of a "horse shoe" deficient sound system, according to Brad Crowe, CKRG station manager) appeared to tackle issues of laughter and politics.

To categorize this band would be like drowning a fish.

Ember Swift's art is as real, as diverse, and as fluid as the biodiversity of a tropical rainforest or a coral reef ecosystem. A chance to see them again should not be missed.

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WHOLE NEW ATTITUDE CHOOSE PUB NIGHT
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CHOOSE PUB/CHOOSE LIFE

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EASTERN FOOD CHOOSE VEGAN FOOD CHOOSE
KETCHUP CHOOSE VEGETARIAN PASTA WITH A
PEPSI DONT CHOOSE COKE CHOOSE BROWN-
IES CHOOSE FAJITAS CHOOSE HUEVOS
RANCHEROS CHOOSE SUPER NACHOS WITH A
LARGE PITCHER FOR YOU AND FOUR OF YOUR
FRIENDS AND SIT BACK AND SAY AH, GOOD PUB**

Pub Night Fun in the Snow! Joignez nous jeudi soir!



Photograph courtesy of Dana

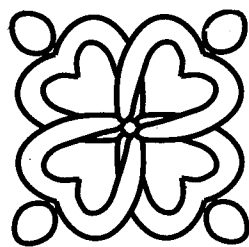
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