

A night of free drinking

Hold on just a minute, this isn't something I'm offering to the general public; rather, it's something I have just experienced. Some friends and I were at the Granite Brewery on Barrington Street and started to eat supper, continued drinking beer, and decided to stay for the currently-sound-checking entertainment.

Drinking, some old arguments were brought to the table, such as "Does a peanut butter sandwich imply jam or jelly?" and "What days of the week comprise the weekend?" We tried to engage our waitress in the conversation, but she didn't seem appreciative.

Still drinking, we were the only clients in the bar. Waiting for the live music to start was turning out to be a bit of a chore. Simply drinking was not holding my attention. Eventually, more people started to roll in and around 10 pm, the two female singer/guitar players took the stage. At first I was confused by the fact that they were singing love songs about "she" and "her", but upon scanning the audience and finding its constituents primarily mannish, and female, I understood the situation.

Nevertheless, it seems that I really like lesbian singers because I really liked the last band that I knew was lesbians (lesbian sisters, at that—[Tegan and Sarah](#) was their name) too. Some fantastic guitar playing and better than average singing was heard and enjoyed. They played very melodic, folk-like tunes that really spoke from their hearts. These girls were not afraid to lay their emotions down in song lyrics and you have to respect anyone who can sing their feelings to a crowd of strangers.

On my way home (I took the bus, because I'm too cheap to cab it when I'm just going home to Palmela Handerson), I was eavesdropping (is it really eavesdropping when they're talking more loudly enough for you to hear them three seats away?) on this guy and girl coming from what sounded like a movie screening. Turned out they were digital arts students that were making short films and jazzing them up with special effects and such. If you think computer people can talk with the buzzwords, you have *got* to hear these digital media people going on. They were throwing around jargon like high school seniors with a freshman's lunch money.

If you've read this far, you're probably wondering, "When the hell am I going to find out about the free drinking?" Or maybe you forgot about that all together. Anyway, when I get to my door, in my mailbox is a mail-in rebate cheque for \$50 for something I bought at a boxing day sale. Because of that cheque, my entire night out cost me \$2.50.

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