

Sisters rushing to be Greek

by Patti Waller

I am a sister of the Omega Pi sorority on Dalhousie campus.

(I will pause slightly for any of the readership who would like to insert their own blonde joke, B-movie reference, or best rendition of SNL's "Delta Delta Delta; can I help ya, help ya, help ya?" skit here. Ahem.)

If I had a nickel for every person who asked me that, I wouldn't have to invest in 6-49 tickets anymore.

First off, the term "Greek" does not mean that you have to be Greek to join a fraternity or sorority. (I can't count the number of times I've mentioned the Greek council meeting and hearing "Gee, you don't look Greek.") "Fraternity" actually is a derivation of the latin word for "brotherhood" and "sorority" comes from the root-word "soror" meaning "sister."

Secondly, I'd like to dispel the myth that all we do is party in togas. This is not true. Sometimes the togas fall off (just kidding). I don't want to make it sound like we sit at our respective weekly meetings and devise acceptance tests for MENSAs. A good deal of our purpose as organizations do have a large social aspect, although they may not be exactly the same as depicted in "Animal House."

First year at university can be described, at the very least, as a drastic change. Although you may see

people you met during Frosh Week or those you knew from high school in passing, it is rare in a class of two hundred (and frequently more) to sit next to the same person twice.

Rushing a sorority or a fraternity lets you get out and meet people who are in the same situation you are, and some who have been there and can offer advice. Rush week for the fraternities and sorority lets you meet members of other Greek Council delegates at social events, as often a

“Ξερεις, δεν

μου φαινεσαι

Ελληνιδα”

male fraternity will work in conjunction with either one of the female fraternity or sorority on campus. Rush week is filled with lots of social events.

After the "Rush" for new initiates during the first weeks of the semester, "rushes" are invited to pledge the fraternity or sorority they think they would most suit their own personality. During pledgship, the prospective brother or sister attends weekly meetings, learns the history and principles by which their organization

operates, and may be asked to complete certain projects that will facilitate the sisterly or brotherly bond that helps keep the organization running in the future.

After pledgship, the prospective brother or sister usually goes through some sort of informal initiation (evil laughter). Don't ask what it involves — that's a rumor — but what all Greek organizations abide by is a code of non-hazing. Despite all the rumors and the bad names that a few fraternities inflict upon all Greek organizations, there exists standards that are firmly against any cruel or painful activities in the course of an initiation. I've found that in the past, pledgers' overactive imaginations are their own worst enemies in terms of what may happen during their initiation trial. Mind you, that doesn't mean that we're not creative! (Ever see those rows of chalk footprints that circle the SUB every term? Watch for them in mid-March!)

In the end, there are huge rewards in the friendships that you form, not only with the people you pledge and initiate with, but with the sister or brotherhood as a whole.

In addition — I haven't even mention all the community work that Greek organizations do, many of which you might never contribute to on your own. Omega Pi, does yearly product drives for Adsum House providing women with much

needed personal goods. Phi Delta Theta on Seymour Street has a yearly UNICEF party at Halloween. Alpha Gamma Delta women's fraternity and Phi Kappa Pi men's fraternity around the same time of year take local disadvantaged children trick-or-treating, and the brothers of Sigma Chi have an annual Tramp-a-thon (we're talking about *trampolines* here!) where they raise money for the Children's Wish Foundation.

Just think! All of this stuff going on right here on our own campus that you didn't even know about (besides the foundation shaking parties that occur almost every Friday night)! This is just a small inkling, so why not do yourself a favour and check us out? Whether you're first year or fifth, you just may find that involvement in a sorority or fraternity is just what you've been looking for!

Happy new boar

by Roland Wang

This year is the year of the Boar (Pig) according to Chinese tradition. This symbolizes honesty, simplicity and great fortitude. The Boar corresponds to Scorpio in Western astrology.

In order to celebrate its biggest event of the year, the Chinese Students and Scholars Association (CSSA) of Dalhousie, Technical University of Nova Scotia, Saint Mary's University will hold together a New Year's Party at 6:15 p.m., February 5, in the McInnes Room of the Dalhousie Student Union Building.

The party is a celebration of Chinese culture and traditions. With an

exciting oriental atmosphere, people will be able to get a new start on some of their "new year's" resolutions:

- If you wish for an enjoyable year, you will enjoy our performances of Lion Dancing, Peking Opera, and famous Chinese Gongfu.
- If you wish to have success, you can try some ancient Chinese games to test your talents and abilities.
- If you want to have a lucky and rich year, you might even be the lucky winner of our grand door prize!

There are many things for everyone at the Chinese New Year's Party: scenic pictures of China, well-known Chinese food, and many smiling faces to wish you a "Happy New Year."

Dal Profiles

(These are just a few excerpts from Tim's conversation with Joanna Mirsky.)

Describe yourself.

I'm a person with a lot of different perspectives. I'm a scientist, I'm an artist, I'm a poet, I'm a songwriter, I'm a friend, I'm a lover, I'm a member of a family, I'm a lot of things. (A friend who is helping out tells Joanna that she should write a book called Generation X Times Ten - Tim)

Do you think everyone has some purpose or some role to play?

Yes and no. I don't think it's all predestined. I don't believe everyone is here because they have to play X role. I think everyone has the potential for amazing, amazing things. Some will reach them, some will not.

When did you discover your passion for music?

When I was 8, my favourite thing to do was to go to my cottage and play guitar with my father. It's how we communicate. I think that's when [the passion] started, when I booked a different way to speak to

somebody. (Joanna is currently putting an album together - Tim)

Tell me what it's like to perform.

You know, I don't feel like I'm a star, I don't feel like I have an incredible talent, or that I'm doing such a great job... I love to sing. There's nothing more powerful, nothing more consuming. To look up and catch someone's eye and know that they are actually listening to me, that's the most wonderful thing in the whole world.

What is your fascination with angels?

I think that in each of us there is someone that longs to be free.

Do you believe in God?

If that's what you want to call it, but more than anything, I believe in me.

Why is your white shirt so special to you?

The white shirt is like country music: it's a little piece of my family I can take with me wherever I go.

When I was growing up, I was a very morose child. I dressed in black and wrote death poetry. I never wore anything that was white and I certainly never listened to anything as hoky as country music. Then I left and I came to university. Although I had pictures and stuff, I really didn't have anything that was home, except for this white shirt that my

mother had made me and a tape of her favourite country songs.

Do you think you have made a difference?

When I was thirteen, I went on a peace tour. Someone asked me why I bothered [to go on the tour], and I said, "If one person hears what I really was saying, then I've made all the difference in the world." I don't need to change the world with revolutions, strikes, bombs and protests. I need to change the world with attitude. Just showing one person another side of what they hadn't seen before, well, that's amazing. We're here today to light a spark, but the question is, what happens when you bring many sparks together? And the answer is fire. A fire that will burn and touch everyone.

When and where were you the happiest?

I'll answer your question in a different way. There is no when and where. I don't believe in bests and worsts. There are lots of in betweens. When I was in Switzerland this summer, we were staying in this hostel in a town with a population of forty. The closest place to buy your groceries was a half-hour hike uphill. We decided to go for a hike, we took a wrong turn, and we ended up climbing two mountains and hit snow, threw a couple of snowballs, and sat up on a cliff. On the cliff we brought

out some apples we had brought; we were starving. It was the best apple I've ever ate in my life. There was nothing but the view my friendship, my achievement and the apple.

What scares you?

I'm scared of a million things. I'm afraid of the dark, but not always. I always lock the bathroom door, even if there is no-one else home. I'm scared of growing up and not knowing I lived like a kid. I'm scared of being a kid and not knowing how to be a grown-up. I'm afraid I've seen all that I'm going to see. I guess it all boils down to one answer: I'm afraid I won't be able to do everything.

Where do you see yourself in twenty years?

Twenty years older. The point is, in twenty years I could be anything. I could have travelled the world, I could be singing to the people I love, I could be singing to the masses, I could be doing fabulous research somewhere, I could be teaching people how to fish successfully... I have lots and lots of dreams.

by Tim Richard

The following is a poem that a friend who helped out with the photo shoot wrote, inspired by Joanna.

There Sleeps an Angel...

midway between the sun and moon
and above the sky
there sleeps an angel

she walks along... a poet and a lover
a friend
with little pieces of everyday
and hands held high
she sings to me in patient dreams
and everything and anything
I could ever hear

slowly... beneath the wings of love
and peace

I see myself in angel eyes
reflections of me
reflections of you and all of them that
ever dreamt.

With shaking hands but warmth inside

I realize why
I cried myself to sleep

let's laugh and cry and sing again
a sweet perfume and grandma dream
she hears and knows
and understands
all that's meant by me

free flickered flame shines deep,
within a sunset in your eyes
an angel's voice... hopeful
with the rise of the fullest moons
in the deepest, blackest skies

and now... on mountain tops and
valleys low

there sleeps an angel
bathed in the warmth of a sky so
bright
her dreams are sweet with memories
I hope to God she sees it all
I hope that she will hear it all

with friends above and friends below
an angel's story I've never known
and someone that longs to be free...

D.M.

