

# Waffles and Beer



BY JOHN CULLEN

Last weekend, as I planned to join my roommates in some hardcore studying, I remembered that I had promised to cover Dal's Homecoming '96 bash. With our school's vastly apathetic outlook on student life, I was not expecting 'bash' to be the true descriptive word — I assumed it would be another jive-ass waste of DSU money. (You see, Homecoming is an institution at other schools. Some people even travel great distances so they can participate in other university's debauchery. Crazy as it may seem, even our own students go AWOL and head for Acadia). Others who attended might have been disappointed, but I got a free ride so I couldn't complain. So let me walk you through Dalhousie's attempt to raise a little school spirit.

## FRIDAY

Friday night was the crux of the whole event. It included a reception for alumnus and a Gala dinner with dancing — for \$25. I arrived with my co-editor Andrew, and headed straight for the bar facilities. Since we were not really invited (reporters are not the most sought after cocktail guests), it was reassuring to hold a stiff drink as we tried to melt into the wallpaper. This schmooze-fest was not my idea of fun, but all the aspiring student politicians seemed to be in a mass feeding frenzy of 'networking' and trying to find real jobs for next summer.

There was a total of about 175 people in attendance. And it wasn't just the students. There was a short speech by the university president and then a plea from the chairman of the alumni office asking for money. (Far be it for me to organize an event such as this, but when you ask 50 year alumnus to come over for a bite, you don't hand them a donation card and a pen while prostrate before them. It's called tact).

We then adjourned to the McInnes Room for the meal. Vice-president of Community Affairs Carman Barteaux gave a quick speech before the meal saying that he was, "sick and tired of going to St. FX for waffles and beer." With that in mind, our group eyed the empty tables so we could swipe the extra bottles of wine. I tried not to make it obvious when it was my turn to swindle Beaver Foods, but they had all been taken by the other tables. So much for

the Mr. Rogers generation.

The live band was called 'Amos' and played music you would hear at a wedding reception — a good mix of old rock favourites to please any generation. The night was supposed to have dancing until 1 a.m., but our table left early. I had this master plan to join the 5K run early Saturday morning.

On our walk home, I realized that I had had a good time at the Gala. Even though it wasn't our scene, we managed to get quite drunk and forget about the bad points. The managing editor of the Dalhousie Gazette was with us at the event and was so happy, she decided to mimic the action of sliding into second base. Unfortunately, she did it on the sidewalk and forgot that cement reacts strongly to flesh.

With wounded in our ranks, we took her to my house, gave her a cloth to clean the scrapes, and let her pass out on my bed with her famous last words echoing through our ears, "Just let me sleep for 10 minutes..." And then there were three.

## SATURDAY

I woke up at two in the afternoon on the couch with a head full of rocks. Shelley was still in my bed when I got home in the wee hours of the morning, and I decided to let her sleep instead of screaming in her ear and calling a cab. I had obviously missed the 5K run, but I had kind of realized that when we closed Reflections.

"Six hours until the run," I said to Andrew as we stumbled up Spring Garden Road.

"Don't talk trash, John. You'll never make it," he replied.

In fact, I didn't make it to any of the events during the day. I watched the Learning Channel and nursed my hangover instead. There was a smoker (defined as two hours in the basement of Howe Hall with really cheap beer so you can get hammered before going out) held before the big Dal/Acadia hockey game. My roommate joined me for the evening, and talked me into wearing one of those spraypainted tiger suits for the game. There was a group of about ten people in costume and ready to make noise.

The game was a strange affair. We were never in the lead, and the crowd seemed more annoyed at our cheering section than anything else. We were being loud, yes, but isn't that the point?

Where was the 'great rivalry' between the schools? I was expecting "U-G-L-Y, you ain't got no alibi," but all we got were strange, disapproving looks from the older members of the audience. And then came the clincher.

We were standing to see some action on the far end of the ice, when some 30-year-old Acadia grad sitting behind us (obviously reliving his youth) shouted, "I paid good money to see this game, sit down!" We all turned, getting blinded from the glare off his bald spot. Carman calmly told him that we had paid good money too, but the weasel didn't care. Some of the more militant (and drunk) in our group wanted to take him outside and show him a closeup of their shoes, but of course, rationale won. We lost the game 5-4 and left feeling slightly dejected.

So what does this ramble about my weekend have to do with anything?

Well, the whole time I participated in those events, I put a little effort in. I would not usually dress up like a tiger and scream my head off at a hockey game — I don't really like hockey, anyway. I also don't make it a habit to get dressed up like a monkey and go to formal dinners, but I did and had a good time. Like the lot of you, I would much rather do things in the most efficient manner and be able to have more time to watch TV. The amount of effort I exerted was monumentally lower than the amount of disappointment I felt for our lack of school spirit. I mean, no one really knew about Homecoming at all; either that, or no one cared. It was the same for last year's DSU elections. 2000 people voted (one of the highest turnouts) and 8000 people couldn't find the time or stared intently at their feet while walking by the voter stations.

I don't want this article to lean too heavily towards, "Ra Ra Ra, let's go Dal," although it seems some people need a kick in the spirit department. We were not forced to go here, unlike public school. We all chose Dal because it had something to offer us; it was better than the competition. Let's not forget that just because there are a few flaws in the system — to quote Poison, "Every rose has its thorn." So go to a soccer game or a hockey game or anything to do with your school. You will be surprised how little time it takes out of your busy schedule.

# The North End: Where's All the Danger?

BY NICK SMITH

About two weeks ago, a funny thing happened to me when my friends and I were coming home one night from Birdland. We had decided to go to my apartment for a night cap, and a couple of girls wanted to come with us. As we started walking back to my apartment, the girls stopped. Before I knew what was going on, the girls were announcing that they wouldn't go down my street. After sorting out what all the brouhaha was about I couldn't believe my ears. They were scared of going down my street because we were in the North End. The girls could not be persuaded that there was no danger on my street. They went back to Birdland to catch a taxi, and my friends and I decided to walk home (reaching there safe and sound). What really got me was that these girls had never ventured past Birdland and knew nothing about the North End.

The big question is how many students do come to the North End? Well, if you are a student who hasn't hung out in the North End, you should realize that Halifax doesn't stop at the Birdland. If you are afraid of the hookers, pimps, and pushers, don't be — 'cause you won't find them, and they're certainly not looking for you.

So be brave and see what this

end of town has to offer. Tell your friends that you won't be able to make it to the Perfect Cup today, but if they'd like to join you at the Bike Shop Cafe (on Gottingen Street) they are more than welcome. "Oh-me-oh-my," they'll say when they discover that the music, people, and general atmosphere are all fantastic. I'll add that the banana bread is the best in Halifax.

Now you've done it, you've taken the first step into discovering the cool things within the North End. A week later, say on a Tuesday, why bother taking in a movie at Park Lane or see Pulp Fiction again at the Oxford. Notice instead that the movies playing at Wormwood's Cinema (2112 Gottingen Street) sound a lot more interesting. After convincing your friends to join you, you all leave the theatre after the movie — your friends praising you for having such a good idea.

Lo and behold, it really isn't that dangerous, you think, as you realize that you have become a regular in the North End. The year passes and another begins, and now it is you who feels compelled to write an article to let the rest of Dalhousie know that the North End rocks.

There's so much I have not included, but looking around for it is worth it.

# Living the secret life

BY MARC GODIN

Many youth live a secret life, everything they say and do must be carefully controlled, the secret must be kept. They must always be on guard, putting on a show so convincing that no one can suspect. If someone did suspect, the effects could be disastrous. They could lose their job, or alienate their friends and family, even become the target of discrimination, harassment and abuse from their peers. People might look at them with disgust and label them as perverts.

This is the life of a young person who is lesbian, gay, or bisexual.

Not every gay youth goes through this, but even in the best of cases, growing up gay can be a lonely and isolating experience. In addition to all the insecurities and frustrations of being young, they often have to deal with their sexuality without any help. People that they might normally turn

to, their parents or friends, might not understand or may even turn their backs. "Coming out" can be a very traumatic experience.

That's where the Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Youth Project comes in. "Our motto is support, connection, and action," says Aaron Wright, Public Education Coordinator and project member. "It's a social, peer support, education group."

The Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Youth Project was started in 1993 by Maura Donovan, a student of the Maritime School of Social Work. Maura realised that there was a strong need for support for gay youth throughout the metro area. The group has been growing for the past three years, with the support of Planned Parenthood Nova Scotia, and will celebrate its third anniversary this December with over 100 members. In this time over 150 youth have contacted the Youth project for assistance.

Cont. p.10: "Secret"