

Marcist's dribble...

"Lighten up, Marc," she said, handing me back the first draft of this editorial.

"You don't like it."

She rolled her eyes upward but smiled in a way that betrayed endearment and intimate knowledge of my quirky fanaticism. "Just cut the Marxist crap and it'll be fine."

"Cut the Marxist crap?" I replied, shocked, incredulous. "But, but..."

"Marc, it's April. People are cramming for exams, the sweat pouring from their figurative furrowed brows. They're despondent about deadlines, not to mention disgusted and dreading dismal weather. They've got shitty summer jobs to worry about, not the rest of their dreary bourgeois lives when they will look back with teary-eyed nostal-

gia for the blissful life of academia. In short, people are tense. Do you really think that anyone is interested in leftist exhortations at this point in time?"

I grunted. It was all true.

"So why not write something nice. Maybe something funny."

She left me frowning contemptuously. Something nice when fighting has broken out again in Namibia? Something funny when Mulroncy is smiling about the upcoming budget?

At that moment, my daughter, 17 months, put her hand on my knee. "Eyaa brllbm?" she asked with great earnestness.

I looked her straight in the eyes. "Vrab neebli" she thought she repeated. "Daw?"

"Oh yes? Your doll. Where is it?"

"Daw! Daw!" she urged me, whacking my upper thigh, not

knowing how close she was to causing me real pain.

"Here it is!" I fended her off by producing the stuffed, much slobbered-on item in demand.

As if in Pavlovian response, a huge, happy drool came dripping out of her ecstatic mouth. "Daw?" I asked her as I presented her the doll.

"Daaaaw!" she laughed, grabbing it and then jerkily scuttling off to throw herself onto the carpet where she tried to make the doll kiss the seal but then she suddenly hurled it over her shoulder and concentrated instead on tearing the newspaper or shreds. I watched her for a couple of minutes as she tried to feed the rolled up scraps of paper to the blue teddy bear and take her socks off. This intense activity somehow led her to investigate her nose, which is fine, but when she began to push her finger really deep



inside, I cautioned her "Hey Jenni, whoa! don't go past the first knuckle."

At my voice, she looked over to me then, in her inimitable bum-first way, got up onto her feet and came dashing toward me holding her finger, now extracted from her nose, up high for my inspection. "Blee gagh vrnp!" she blurted triumphantly.

"Yes, dear," I smiled, approving her efforts (for she had indeed retrieved a sizeable gluey mass from the orifice in question). "Now, go show your mummy."

She scurried off again, always in high gear, gurgling. I leaned back and stretched out my legs. Now, where was I? Oh yeah... the editorial.

Marc Epprecht

Letters

Moral disgust

Dear Editor,

I refer to the article "Sex Tips in Lay Language" in the Dalhousie Gazette of March 30, and express the view that its language was, to say the least, lower than lay and quite unbecoming of a newspaper, that is offered to the general public. Please, use your good offices and save those who hold similar views that distaste of having such acidic language offered to them without demand, in the future.

As the Editor, it is your stressful duty to ensure that the newspaper, which you have the privilege to edit, lives up to the standards expected from this University. This letter may be of help to you in worthy aspirations from the post of Editor.

Sincerely yours,
Ugochukwu Egbuziem

saves lives

Dear Editor:

We would like to express our extreme disgust with the CUP article "Sex tips in lay language", which you published in your March 30th issue.

Is there a need to give such a vulgar description of sexual acts in a university newspaper? Dalhousie University is recognized as an institution of intelligent and enlightened men and women. Surely our university paper should be a reflection of this. Although there are good examples of constructive and educative

journalism in the Gazette an article such as this one is like the proverbial "rotten apple that spoiled the barrel".

We find the article offensive and in very bad taste. Articles should be screened more carefully before being deemed worthy of printing. Apparently not much consideration was given to the feelings of the majority of the readership before this article was printed.

We hope that this criticism will be seen as constructive and that you will take the necessary steps to ensure that future issues of the Gazette are worthy of Dalhousie University.

Sincerely,
J. Cashen
I. Blair
J. Lapierre
A. Kiragu
C. Amirault
K. Pudwell
K. Craig
G. MacFadyen

Blunter stronger

Dear Sandy,

Congratulations on your editorial debut for the Dalhousie Gazette. Cool, very cool. My favourite feature this week was the Sex Tips column on page 4, but I have a few suggestions.

1. I don't believe it was blunt enough. It should have been stronger and more directly to the point.

2. You might want to consider hiring a cheap but skilled artist to diagram a few of the 'tips'.

But these tidbits of advice are in-house small potatoes. We should think big.

I think with a little help Sandy, you could turn the piece into a full blown musical extravaganza. Show the column to Guns and Roses, Poison or even Bon Jovi.

One of those bands could write the music.

Now it's time to get some blunt fucking lyrics. An obvious choice would be Prince but he'd probably just swallow the whole thing and gag on it. No, let's go for an artist whose career needs reviving. Here's a choice for you; Ted Nugent, David Bowie or Jim Carroll.

Who would produce such a show? I would look at someone like Thomas Dolby but maybe you'd rather have Quincy Jones. We could go on but we both know this spectacle would play in Peoria.

Sandy remember, it's always your choice. In fact, you can even choose to ignore the choice. You're the Editor. You're always the Editor.

J. Fraser Gartside
student U.K.C.

Gorby Rambochev

To the Editor:

"AND PERSIA (IRAN)... WITH THEM"

The rise of Islamic Fundamentalism, under the blinded zeal of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, is a seal of guarantee that any effort on behalf of the West to have normal, peaceful, diplomatic relations with that Persian state will not succeed. The latest uproar, this time over Salman Rushie's book "Satanic Verses" cements our theory.

Isolated from the West, Iran is (will be) looking to the only alternative source of comfort to help its war-torn country, this being the Soviet Union (also a hater of the decadent West).

This "marriage of convenience" with the USSR, which currently enjoys alignment with Libya, Ethiopia and Syria will see a powerful family emerging in the Middle East, capable of controlling the West's primary

source of oil-flow and of destroying the muslim worlds' implacable enemy, namely Israel (also abhorred by the Soviets — recent "peace" overtures are but a smoke screen, disguising Russia's true expansionist ideologies).

Let the reader know, the nations of the world are unconsciously fulfilling Biblical Prophecy (Ezekiel 38 & 39) which will, in the very near future, witness a Soviet-led military invasion of Israel and of the Middle East... only to have the "martyrs" and "atheists" meet their destructive end "on the mountains of Israel".

Peter Ventresca
Guelph, Ontario

Hazing hazardous

The Editor:

I was a student at an Ontario University in the early 80's and was involved in a particularly brutal initiation/orientation activity in which a number of students required medical attention for their injuries. As a student member of the Lakehead University's Senate in 1983-84, I had access to the university's enrolment information. The following information may be of interest to student leaders at Dalhousie, planning next year's orientation activities.

In November of 1983, members of the Lakehead University Senate were presented with the official enrollment figures for all levels of all programs at the university as of November 1, 1983. Comparison figures were also given for November 1, 1982.

Analysis of the data showed the following:

In the Forestry degree program, (which I was in & we were hazed), 40% of the students in 1st year in 1982, did not return for 1983. On September 1, 1983 there were 105 students enrolled in first year

forestry. On November 1, 1983 after a brutal and disgusting hazing, only 79 students were left. 24% of the first year forestry degree students left the program or the university between September 1, 1983 and November 1, 1983. Of the 14 women in the program (all of whom were hazed), 70% of them left the program in the same period.

In 1986 this demeaning and potentially hazardous activity was stopped. On Sept. 1, 1987, 1st year enrollment was 27 students. On Nov 1, 1987 the enrollment was 25. The dropout rate was 7.4% from Sept 1 to Nov 1.

These numbers are presented to the students of Dalhousie University for a number of reasons.

Governments in Canada decide how much money to give each university based on how many students are enrolled in the university. So if students dropout of school, because "frosh week sucks etc." the university will receive less money, and seats in some classrooms will sit empty. If students switch programs because of the activities, some classroom seats will sit empty while other classrooms will be packed too full.

If frosh week activities result in public drunkenness and vandalism, (as they sometimes do at other universities) the administrations are forced to spend money to clean up the mess. Money that otherwise would have gone for things like better lab equipment and increased salaries for the professors, (to avoid strikes like the one Dalhousie faced this year).

Frosh week also sets the tone for the rest of the year. At one Ontario University, they have spent an average of \$200,000 a year for the past 5 years, fixing vandalism. This is money that should have gone to give the students a better education.

In summary, I know that Dalhousie has a reputation amongst Ontario students for some rough frosh week activities. Students

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