

Thought waves powerful in Shirreff Hall

Dear Editor:

As a concerned resident of Shirreff Hall as well as the President, I would like to direct this letter to the anonymous creator who said Shirreff Hall is poorly run, socially unproductive, and intellectually unstimulating. First of all, since I run the Residence Council meetings, you should have confronted me personally

if you do not like the way council is being run. I do not suppose all of us can be politically inclined as you seem to be.

Furthermore, agendas are posted 3-4 days prior to the meeting, located at the front desk. Due to your ignorance, you yourself have not seen the agenda, while others have. As far as forwarding the results

of each meeting, I had told you (assuming you to be a floor rep.) as well as the rest of the councillors to post important information pertaining to events which will be occurring in the near future on the bulletin board or designated area on your floor. I try to run council meetings as informally as possible, due to the fact that a large per-

centage of girls who attend the meetings will not look forward to the next upcoming council meeting. Who wants a lot of politicians in there arguing back and forth and getting nothing accomplished (this can be done prior to the meeting)? Myself and other council members present you with information on upcoming events, only because you as a first year student do not want to get involved. During my first year of residence I was the floor rep. on my floor as well as an active member in all of the sub-committees within the Hall. I am still here after three years and plan to attend again next year. This must tell that the hall is not as bad as you say it is.

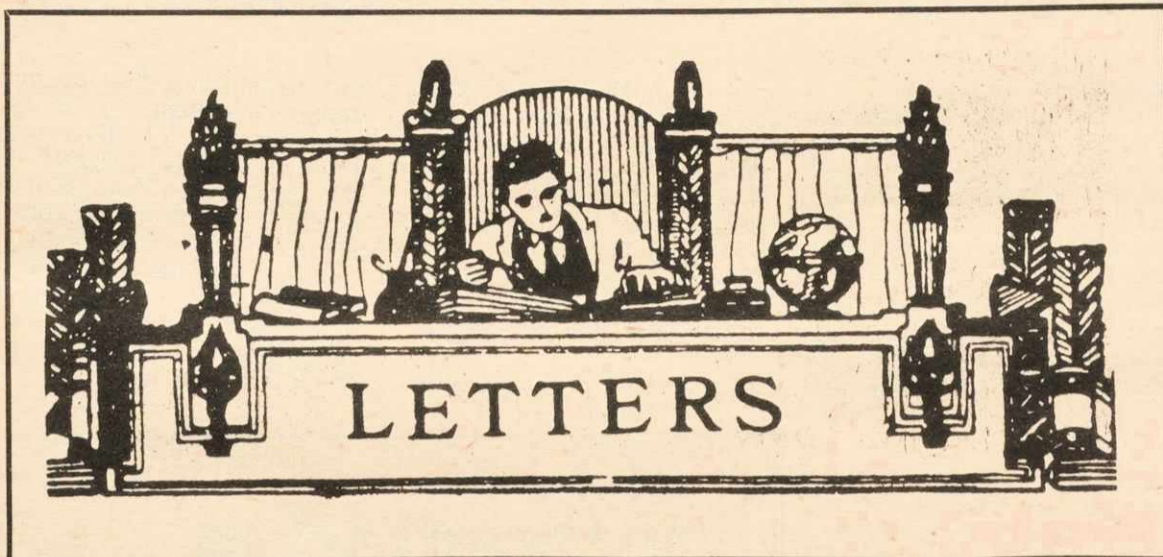
My viewpoint as a concerned student sees you as a very insecure person if you are distraught because your friends will not accept you because you will not have sex with the guys at Howe Hall (not all of the guys have this on their mind). There are plenty of other girls in the Hall with whom you can make friends. In fact, the Hall holds 430 young women and I'm sure your friends only make a small percentage of the grand total.

As far as rules, without them the Hall would not be in the condition it is in today, and if we do not abide by

these rules, the Hall may not be in existence in 50-100 years from now. I'm sure you have a male school mate here at Dalhousie who lives in Howe Hall or in the city who would let your brother stay with him for the weekend. You see, there are no exceptions here at the Hall. Otherwise, Dean Irvine's office would be flooded with 285 first year residents with a younger brother coming down for the weekend.

To comment on the social life—if you open your eyes and look around, you will notice that there is really too much for one person to handle. There are intramurals every day of the week, craft classes, various committees such as: Inter-Res., Yearbook staff, Foster child, Food, Discipline, Entertainment and Inter-Res. Society. There are several Banquets a year, a Ball, Battle Between the Floors, Brother-Sister Floors, Sister-Sister Floors and Floor Parties. The Hall has 3 T.V. rooms, an exercise room, 2 pianos, a stereo lounge and a ping-pong table. If you think this is too little a social life for the amount of energy you have to have—TOO BAD, you have hidden it from us and sought solace in apathy.

Sincerely,
Lynn Lamont
President of
Shirreff Hall



Shirreff Hall commentary objectionable

Dear Editor,

I hardly know what to say other than I was absolutely flabbergasted (excuse my totally uncharacteristic use of "polysyllabic" words) when I read last week's commentary on the women's residence. Therefore, as difficult as it might be, I've decided to drag myself away from today's soaps and juicy gossip sessions to try and stimulate my mentally and otherwise desperately deprived person by voicing my opinion on the women's residence.

Personally, residence has MADE my first two years at Dalhousie! Had I moved into an apartment building or boarding house, I would have met the married couple upstairs, been able to watch every cultural program on television and had tons of intellectually stimulating con-

versations...with the walls! After all, isn't that what life is all about? Fortunately, there is a lot more to life than that! Instead, I've met tons of new friends, participated in all sorts of inter-residence activities and am planning on coming back to residence again next year...and I can guarantee that a big majority of girls in residence feel the same way! Last week's letter made a lot of us realize how much we actually liked it here, and how completely wrong her views on residence were! Residence is my home and I hardly want to come back from a day of classes to hear everyone talking about the political and social problems of the world! I didn't discuss such things at the dinner table at home and I hardly expected to find such conversation here. A home is where you can

relax, enjoy the company of your friends and do what you want to do. I certainly would not feel very comfortable living here if I had to worry about my roommate's brother sleeping on our floor, or of guys roaming the halls at all hours of the night. Obviously, whatever last week's writer was expecting from residence, it certainly was not a home! Maybe she should move into the life science building...the rats don't gossip, they don't have stereos and they probably wouldn't mind if she wanted to have her brother over. All in all, life would be just as she wanted it to be...VERY BORING!!!

Seriously, the commentary was all wrong! Last Friday's New Year's Bash, put on by the Inter-Residence society, was a fantastic success. In fact, one of the S.U.B. staff informed me that it was one of the most enthusiastic and successful events to be held there this year. (Says a lot for the writer's opinion of inter-residence spirit!) Basically, however, life in residence is what you make it. If I want to discuss politics, all I have to do is introduce it into a conversation. If I didn't like the way Res Council was run, I would say so. It's up to ME, as an individual, to do what I want to do and say what I feel. I think last week's writer should have come to the appropriate people in residence to voice her complaints rather than attack everyone in residence through a totally unjustifiable article!

Debbie Robichaud
Vice President
Shirreff Hall
Residence Council

More to residence than disillusionment

Dear Gazette:

We are writing in response to the January 8 issue's commentary on the women's residence. We object to, among other things, being classified collectively as harlots, as the article implied.

We do not deny that there may be some women here answering to that description, but with over 400 women living in Shirreff Hall, there is a continuum (notice the polysyllabic word) of personalities.

Although we have never conformed to her opinion of the average resident (one who is obsessed with sex and virginity), in three years of residence we have yet to be ostracized or to see someone

ostracized for these views.

We feel that the author was cowardly for wishing to remain anonymous. If she was strong enough in her convictions, wouldn't she have wanted her name associated with her article.

One further point. If all Miss Anonymous is getting out of residence life is disillusionment, then we feel sorry for her. Residence has offered us so much more than that.

Yours truly,
Ellen Masterson
Sarah Lindsay
Sylvia Kaptein
Third year residents
at Shirreff Hall

Too much Socrates at Howe Hall

Dear editor:

This is just a reflection on the oppressive surreal atmosphere of Howe Hall, the men's residence here at Dal. It is a pity that freshmen coming to Dal must experience such intellectual fervor when we're just looking for a good time.

When I first arrived in these hallowed halls in September, I was anxiously anticipating the orgies of lust and raffling of prostitutes I had read about in copies of last year's *Gazette*, sent home to me by my older brother. My dear old dad (who graduated Cum Laude Dal Arts '52) provided me with an earful of anecdotes and a packet of protection to prepare me for the lascivious life in university. Thus I arrived.

Boy was I disillusioned! Plato and Socrates—that's all you hear discussed morning, noon and night. Rachmaninoff's Cordon en Blue Riff Number 3 is constantly being played by various string ensembles, and one cannot sleep!

And the parties! I am sick and tired of drinking '32 Rosé Vin and eating Swiss goat cheese and red caviar. I swear I'm going to get gout! Whatever happened to beer and pretzels? Chips and dips?

The social atmosphere is

just awful. How is a guy like me supposed to sow any wild oats in a building where the main topic of discussion is the Dow Jones Industrial Average? I could have got more if I'd lived at the famous monastery of "St. Cashou de Titallon."

And as far as meeting the fairer sex, well, inter-res is the pits! The only activities so far between us and the girls at Shirreff have been chess games, poetry readings and recipe exchanging. And the future looks bleaker! The big event is—get this—a croquet tournament in March. Their idea of a joke is that it is taking place in the snow! Ha-ha-ha. One like me, who doesn't know what a "wicket" is, and whose only concern is "making it", is ostracized from the study halls and is left to his own solace.

In short, the male student at Dalhousie's residence receives no physical stimulation whatsoever. Can't I stop being intellectual and just lay around, smoke drugs, and read Playboy like Dad (Cum Laude '52) did? If it was good enough for him, it's good enough for me!

Yours truly,
Tim Patterson (with
help from Lawrence Brown)