

Mad as hatters but have degrees

Show me the money and I'll show you job satisfaction

OK, so I finally made it home this summer, home being a small Mediterranean island. I met up with most of my old classmates and we spent a large amount of time getting ourselves and each other off our faces. While nursing the previous night's hangover (and simultaneously creating the next day's), we, once again, came to the "startling" conclusion that a state of intoxication is by far the best time for reflection.

Nursing our first (few) drinks of the evening, we discuss the events of the past year, we pass opinions and exchange malicious gossip. As the night progresses and we regress ten years and dissolve into a puddle of immaturity goo, the inevitable bimette materializes and latches onto our group. She is wearing what can best be described as an organza negligée and her mission appears to be an eventual shag from the class stud (who we'll call "Ross"). Ross is *not* a man of the 90s — he doesn't cry, a bottle of JD would make his Top Ten List of All-Time Favourite Companions and he most certainly does not do the hovering. His head should, past experience tells us, be swelling to the size of a small planet by now but even he is too drunk to pay much attention — he's too busy passing around a fishbowl of some quasi-lethal alcohol mixture that looks like pig's vomit and smells like cherries. Ross's mission of the evening is to make sure that we, his nearest and dearest, drain the damn thing. At best, we're a 90s version of the Mad Hatter's tea party. It's

an avert-your-gaze-grandmother, all-out decadent experience.

And this is where the reflection comes in. Negligée-Wearing Bimette triggered it because of her apparent single-brain-celled someone-will-take-me-home naiveté which — Shock! Horror! (cough) — seems to work. I don't see how people can get older without actually growing up, at least a little bit. I fail to see how a population percentage significantly larger than you might think goes through life with the same train of thought that they had in kindergarten: someone will always be there to clean up after you when you mess up.

I ask myself why exactly I am in school (This might be a good exercise for everyone. Remember to be honest — none of this "job satisfaction" rubbish). I'm still trying to get my degree because I think that it's going to be my ticket into the business world and eventual fortune. My philosophy is "Show me the money and I'll show you job satisfaction". A few friends of mine have also reached this level of honesty — some want their degree for fame, some for fortune, some to just be completely (ie financially) independent from their parents. Some, like "Ally", are still suffering from it's-just-what-I-want-to-do misconceptions and we await with baited breath for reality to give her a sharp smack around the chops.

And so we come back to school. Personally, I want my degree and

then I want to get as far away as possible. It's nothing to do with Halifax, or Nova Scotia, or Canada (or maybe it is), it's just that I've had enough for now, thank you very much. Some of you might be at the same point in your respective lives. Some of you might just be starting (hello, Fresh Meat). Some of you are quite possibly "furthering" your studies. Whatever the reason, we're in this together and we might as well make the most of it. We don't have to like it, we just have to tolerate it for a bit longer. Ignore the socially-challenged idiot who sits next to you in Elementary Basket-Weaving and argues that Alan Shearer is a Member of Parliament. Feel free to laugh out loud at those who still consider "ball shagging" a legitimate sports term, not a groupie. Mock the inflicted who think that Jamie Redknapp plays for a team called "JVC".

Some day soon I'll get that allusive piece of paper that says that I have spent so much of my life regurgitating entire chapters and reading books called things like *The Importance of Passing Exams: A Critical Study*, I'll finish my "unfinished business", and... then? Then I'll probably take my degree back home so that me and my friends can take it out drinking with us. What's my point? I don't really have one. A little self-reflection is good once in a while. Be honest with yourself and, above all, be selfish — you're all you've got.

EUGENIA BAYADA

Letters

The Letters/Opinions section of the Gazette is meant as a campus forum for all Dalhousie students. The opinions expressed within may not necessarily be those of the Gazette staff or editorial board.

Rivalry and respect

To the Editor,

As a Saint Mary's student, it is difficult to support my school in this latest round of ongoing "rivalry", real or perceived, with Dalhousie. The shameful "Shine-a-rama" incident left me trying to figure out a way to remove the Saint Mary's logo from my backpack. John Francis's response to your student union's understandable displeasure only increased my frustration. The incident is particularly offensive to me because I have a friend with Cystic Fibrosis and because of the negative stereotype of all SMU students the whole thing promotes. Who needs to mellow out and grow up here? Certainly not the DSU. The only positive thing that may come out of this whole fiasco is a substantial donation to AIDS charities from the upcoming AIDS walk. On behalf of all the SMU students who actually go to school to learn things, I'd like to apologize to all Dalhousie students involved. Somebody has to.

CHRIS WINDEYER

Take back the night

To the editor,

I would like to take this opportunity to discuss the enormous success of Friday's "Take Back the Night Walk". The event was organized to create an awareness of how unsafe the streets are for women walking alone. The organizers truly did a commendable job as did the talented musicians, inspiring speakers and spirited women demonstrators. The general reception

from public onlookers was very supportive.

Unfortunately the enormous success of the walk was marred by the ignorant actions of one grey haired older man who stood outside the Fireside Restaurant, gesturing at the demonstrators with his middle finger. I feel this man's stupidity should not go unchallenged.

Women cannot walk in the streets after dark without fearing the commonplace sexual assaults, physical assaults and abductions that take place at increasingly alarming rates and continue because of lack of political and social support. It is sickening that the state of our society has forced women to organize such events, all in the name of achieving the fundamental liberty of leading their lives without fear. The action of that old man is a sad symbol of how society refuses to listen to women and accord women even the most basic of freedoms. His unflinching gesture proves that women need to augment their efforts.

How can women bring about change? How can women gain safety, freedom and dignity? Shout louder, shout longer and encourage more women to be proactive. In short, be persistent. To quote Kahlil Gibran:

March on my friend. Tarrying is cowardice.

To forever gaze upon the City of the Past is Folly.

Behold, the City of the Future beckons...

ELIZABETH FRANCIS

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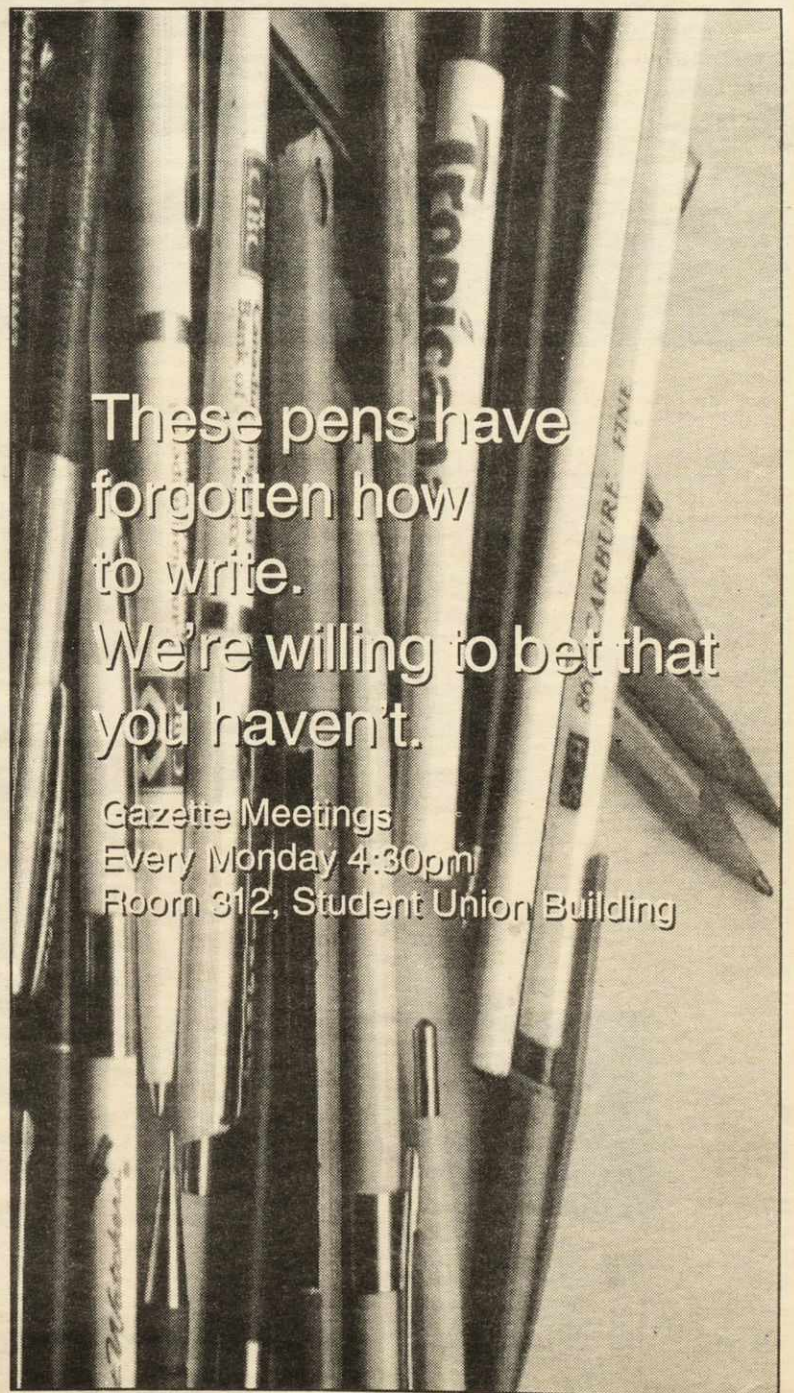
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All submissions must be typed double-spaced on paper, e-mailed, or on a Mac or IBM 3 1/2 inch disk, in a WP version not greater than Word 6.0 or equivalent. The deadline is Mondays at 4:30 p.m.

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These pens have forgotten how to write. We're willing to bet that you haven't.

Gazette Meetings
 Every Monday 4:30pm
 Room 312, Student Union Building