

Bleeding hearts blowing smoke

Here at the Gazette, as of late, we've been engaged in a discussion about whether or not we would run advertisements from cigarette companies if they should ever come to us asking for ad space. The discussion was sparked by the recent Supreme Court decision that said tobacco companies could advertise.

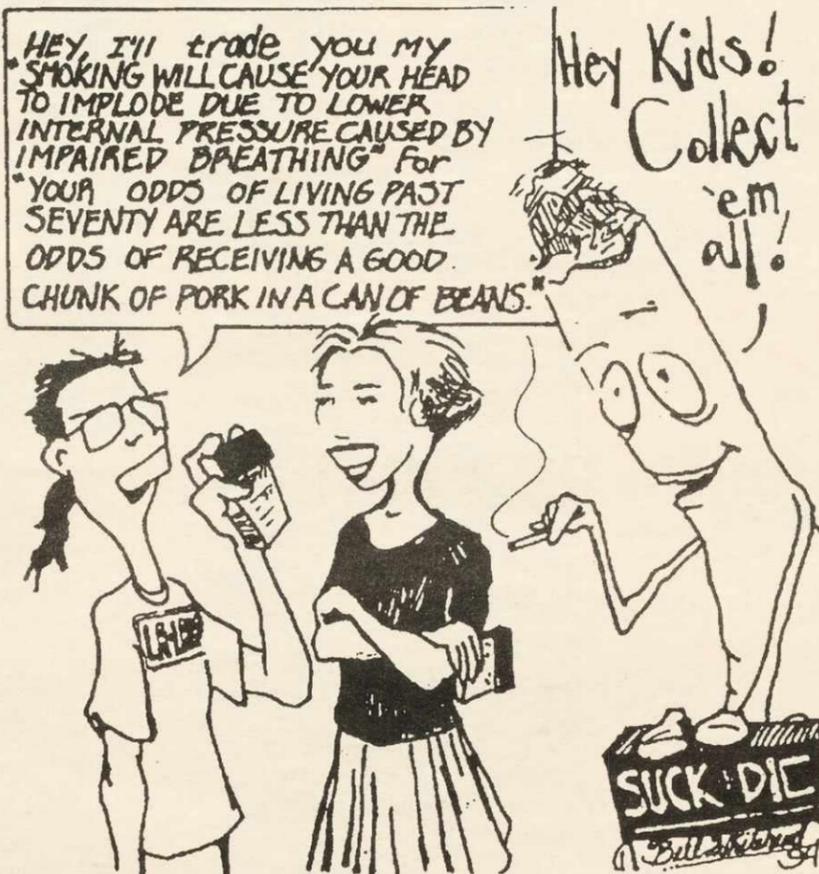
I, unlike the bleeding-heart liberals around the country, feel that the Canadian people are educated and responsible enough to see through slick ad campaigns. So, why not take their money? It's better in our pockets, here on campus. If we don't take ads from tobacco companies, they'll just advertise in some other publication.

This discussion has also sprung up on one of our list-servers. It seems that all of the Canadian University Press (CUP) newspapers are talking about it.

You should hear some of these self-righteous individuals preaching about the evils of tobacco. But what strikes me as odd is the fact that none of these self-appointed upholders of morality have mentioned the issue of alcohol ads. We run ads from beer companies all the time.

I guess there must be some sort of hierarchy of vices. Or, maybe those people are just a bit worried about the fact that everyone knows that they go out at least once a week with the expressed purpose of drinking themselves into oblivion, or, at the very least, a mild case of alcohol poisoning.

I have an idea. Let's stop running ads for condoms, too. Some-



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one might get the wrong idea and actually have sex. We wouldn't want to be seen promoting sex.

But hey, why stop there. We could set up a morals committee to decide what sort of news we want to cover. Can you just imagine it?

Oh no, we don't want to cover that story. Other people might start doing the same thing. We wouldn't want those less intelligent people to be influenced by the news they read.

It absolutely amazes me that this sort of attitude is not seen for exactly what it is: the opinion

that the average person is unable, for lack of intelligence, to make decisions about how to live their life.

I'm of the opinion that the last twenty years of anti-smoking advertisements have been more than enough to let me know just what happens to my body when I smoke. I'm also of the opinion that the average Dalhousie student does have the intelligence to turn the pages of the newspaper, without suffering from the need to run out and buy a pack of smokes.

But hey, maybe I'm wrong and the anti-smoking lobby is right. Maybe you're all stupid sheep.

Bahhh Bahhh Bahhh!

JOSEF TRATNIK

LETTERS

mus the cold weather and the taxes. I have found Canada, especially the maritimes, to be the most welcoming place I have ever been. I am running a little short on money — things seem to cost a lot here — so I go busking to make a little extra cash. Because the more money I have, the more I can do.

As far as the song I was singing that particular night — "Jesus, What the fuck, I haven't eaten in a goddamn YEAR!!!" — I hope that D.A. Knight will forgive me. It was in bad taste, because there are people in the world in that situation. At the time I sang that song, people I knew were gathered around and I guess I was being a bit of an ass just for kicks. I was joking.

I hope if I continue to busk people don't think that I'm really in desperate need for money. For I busk for fun and a little bit of extra cash, I enjoy it. By no means do I request that someone give me money out of sympathy. I would want someone to throw something in my guitar case if, and only if,

they were being entertained.

I have been and will continue to enjoy my stay in Canada.

Jay "Yankee" Williams

Justice? HAH!

Dear Editor,

Re: October 26 Gazette story "Petition to challenge court ruling."

If the newly appointed Director of Public Prosecutions, Jerry Pitzul, is serious about wanting to restore public confidence in the Nova Scotia justice system, he should respond to the petition organized by Humans Against Homophobia (HAH) by openly addressing the practices of Amherst Provincial Court Judge David Cole and Crown Attorney Sandy Fairbanks. By ordering a known sex offender to stay away from children unless accompanied by a heterosexual adult, Judge Cole revealed his nescience about human behaviour. Pedophilia is as common amongst straight adults as it their

queer counterparts. By publicly declaring that he found nothing questionable about Judge Cole's order, Mr. Fairbanks demonstrated how pervasive the prejudices encoded in this order are amongst senior members of our judicial community. I respectfully suggest to Mr. Pitzul that he order both Judge Cole and Mr. Fairbanks to refrain from working on a case of a sexual nature unless accompanied by an informed, impartial adult.

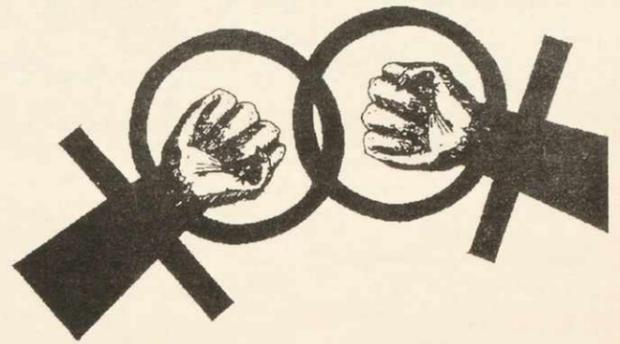
Chris Reed

Sunny side up?

To the editor,

I was impressed with the news that the DSU had voted to take us out of SUNS. It is great to know how our councillors, especially the executive, believe in democracy. The people have spoken! Wait a minute: didn't that referendum question fail to make quorum? Perhaps I'm misinterpreting the concept of quorum, but doesn't that mean that the people HAVEN'T spoken?

OPINION



The power of reflection

Dalhousie has had a Week of Reflection every year since the Montréal Massacre to commemorate those 14 women, and all women who have lived and died in violence. Schools across Canada were doing the same thing, and I hadn't even noticed.

It wasn't until I climbed the stairs to the Gazette office that I noticed the huge banner that read "Whether words, blows, or bullets, violence kills."

It's amazing what you miss when you keep your head down and mind your own business.

I was 18 years old and visiting friends in St. John's, Newfoundland when I saw the news clips outside of l'école polytechnique. I vaguely recall seeing an interview of a police officer who would later find out his daughter was one of the students killed. I remember my friend saying to his brother, something about how hard it was going to be to buy a fire-arm now. What I can't remember anymore, is the horror and shock I'm sure I must have felt when I first heard the news.

I still feel a sense of loss with every Week of Reflection, but the source of my sadness is no longer associated with my memory of December 6, 1989, but with a more recent memory.

I had helped out with Week of Reflection for a few years, and a couple of years ago the organiz-

ers arranged to have Suzanne Laplante-Edward speak at a vigil for the women killed at l'école polytechnique. Suzanne's daughter Ann-Marie was one of the women killed on December 6.

I accompanied a friend for a couple of days while she drove Suzanne to two other universities in Nova Scotia. During that time I heard more details about the massacre than I had in '89. One detail that stands out in my mind is the fact that the last woman Marc Lepine killed before shooting himself, did not die from a gunshot wound. The last woman killed was stabbed to death, and that was after Marc had shot more than 20 people. That small but horrific detail did more to convince me that tighter gun control was needed, than any statistic could have accomplished.

Suzanne talked a lot about her daughter, but it wasn't until she sat down to lunch with a few of the Week of Reflection organizers, that Ann-Marie became real to me.

"You know, Ann-Marie was killed in a cafeteria like this," Suzanne said.

While she described how Ann-Marie and her friend Geneviève ran across the cafeteria at l'école polytechnique, trying to hide from Marc behind a set of props, the Montréal Massacre became very real. I tried not to cry as Suzanne explained she felt close to Geneviève because she and Ann-Marie died holding each other.

It is this image of two friends dying in each other's arms that makes me upset when I think of December 6, 1989. It is this image that makes me cry now, while I write this, trying not to let the rest of the staff know that I'm upset.

It was at that moment that the Montréal Massacre stopped being some abstract horror that had nothing to do with me. Those women were killed in a university. Anne-Marie and Geneviève were gunned down in a cafeteria much like the one I eat in every day. It wasn't just fourteen women that died that day. On December 6 1989, mothers, wives, sisters, and friends were killed.

Although I may have forgotten that this was the week to commemorate all the women who had died in violence, I am relieved that those murders that took place six years ago, still have the power to move me.

Not feeling anything for those women would have been the saddest thing of all.

James Worrall

JUDY REID