## Subliminal slices

#### By LARRY MUNN

OTTAWA (CUP) — It's Saturday night. You and a few friends have just ended the evening by wolfing down a large combination pizza. This feast, a North American ritual, satisfies that enormous appetite you stimulated at the local pub. The question is — was the decision to order a pizza wise or even reasonable?

Nutritionally, pizza is at the centre of some debate. While many nutritionists have referred to it as junk food, other authorities, such as the Canada Food Guide, claim pizza is a well-balanced food including all four food groups. So which is it, a poor or a good choice?

It's true pizza is comprised of the four food groups, but what exactly is the nutritional quality of these foods? Let's examine the ingredients of a pizza, starting with the crust.

The dough in a pizza crust is made of white flour, which is milled from whole grains so it may be stored for long periods without becoming rancid. The whole grain consists of three parts: the bran, the outside part that contains the fibre; the endosperm, which contains the starch; and the germ, high in nutrients

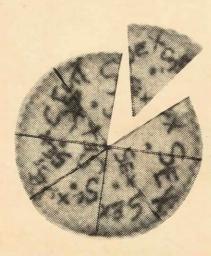
such as vitamins and minerals.

When the grain is milled into white flour, all that is left is the endosperm, or the starchy part. As for enriched flour, a few vitamins are added to what originally had over 20 nutrients. So the pizza

crust has few, if any, nutrients, and plenty of starch — which translates into empty calories.

Starch, a fibreless form of carbohydrates, does not move through the intestines well when being digested. The digestive track becomes sluggish, which may cause bloating as a result of clogged intestines. Your metabolism becomes less efficient, and you start to gain those mystery pounds.

You can wallpaper your walls with this flour paste, so imagine what it does inside your intestines.



Next on the list of ingredients is the sauce, which is loaded with sodium or salt. Sodium has several different effects on our body, and one of these is an increase in blood pressure, which can trigger strokes and heart disease. Sodium also makes you retain excessive amounts of water which give you that bloated or puffy look.

The type of meat usually found on a pizza is pepperoni, or some other kind of sausage meat. These are prepared meats which have sodium nitrite to preserve them and to give them that red, meaty look, rather than a less appealing but natural greyish look created by fat content. Nitrites combine with amines in the body to form nitrosamines, which has been said to be one of the most potent cancer-causing agents yet descovered.

You can't go wrong with the vegetables on a pizza, which are a good supply of vitamins and minerals. They are oven-baked, so little of their nutrient value is lost. But just remember when you're reaching for that take-out menu that vitamins make up only a small percentage of a pizza.

Finally, the cheese topping of a pizza may have certain amount of protein, but it is also high in saturated fat — the kind that is solid at room temperature. Excessive ammounts of this type of fat leads to clogged arteries which, in turn, cause heart attacks.

Loading up on empty calories late in the evening will only help enhance that Pilsbury Dough Boy appearance, with the added possibility of heart disease. Next time you've got the munchies and nothing else will do, try some raw vegetables to curb your appetite. Your body will still respect you in the morning for it.

A few ounces of sleep were uppermost in my mind when I reached my room but the jaded souls of residence had another plan. No longer bound to study, they became rabid animals and gathered in the Leader's place to sing "Like a Rolling Stone" with the emotion of lifers chanting, "We want out!"

Maybe students all over the campus were exalting in the decline of civilzation that loss of electricity brings. A common misfortune brings people together: the London blitz; a chem. lab; the Canadians losing to Edmonton.

Huddled around any available light-source, we were comrades, a tribal people by the fire; now wearing Ralph Lauren rather than sabertooth skins. There, we swapped battle-tales about labs, assignments and escaping the Psych. department in O candela.

When the voltage returned, I was almost asleep. The bed-lamp sprang into action illuminating the place and clawing my eyes with the ferocity of a cornered hamster. I quickly killed it and sleep found me again.

A legacy of the blackout was my failure to reset the electric alarm-clock and as a result, a missed 8:30 class. Waking up, I cursed the power company for a loss of study time and my first class, then thought better of it. Those were two interesting hours of chaos. It wasn't dogs and cats living together but in our tedium of everyday, a little chaos can go a long way in keeping us sane. Or at least help us pretend we are.

# REGERMAN

### Tight & Tasty

GIVEN THE FAIR DEGREE of skepticism with which one approaches anything remotely related to Genesis these days, Peter Gabriel's latest album So displays near virtuosity. Gabriel delivers nine tight and tasty tunes while successfully avoiding most of the trappings of a pop format.

Aside from Sledgehammer, the only blatantly commercial tune, there is a fine variety of original writing. Red Rain and Mercy Street display Gabriel at his best;

lavish keyboard work, sultry melodies and aggressive drumming by Stewart Copeland. Other cuts are up tempo with a dash of reggae and innovative lyrics. This is the Picture, with Laurie Anderson, is also somewhat avant garde. Perhaps the only cut that isn't quite up to par is Don't Give Up, a duet with Kate Bush which dissolves into melancholy.

Gabriel, an iconoclast from day one with Genesis, must be laughing all the way to the bank, while his nemesis, the master of sop Mr. Phil Collins, turns Genesis into the English equivalent of REO Speedwagon. Rick Howard

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# When the Lights Go Out

#### By JOHN BLACKMORE

9:03PM. DARKNESS GRACED the Killam with the false smile of a prostitute who had seen too many nights. I was weary from a day of registration foul-ups and physics problems as elusive as a shoplifter wearing Reeboks, and this was my last class: a two hour foray into the shady worlds of philosophy. When the power failed leaving us in a surreal twilight, none gasped or screamed We were all learning-junkies, hard core, getting a final fix to sustain us 'til Wednesday.

My brain, long ago claimed by calculus-abuse, vaguely remembers the lights returning for a moment and then shadows. The Killam class reminded me of those seedy pubs in old London—a roomful of people unsure if to be hopeful, thankful, there or somewhere else.

The prof tries to lecture awhile by aid of candle, but quickly realizes the strain it would put on our overworked sense of the absurd.

Dismissed, we groped our way to the main floor like primeval, eyeless swamp-fish. At the entrance to the library-with-the-hole-in-it, frantic staff checked all bags as if we were about to board a Libyan airliner. Looting the stacks of never before read tomes wasn't my style and I figured the lounge furniture I was carrying would be conspicuous. I gave it to a fellow-student loaded down with ten months of the Munich Historical Review (hope the poor bastard knows high German).

On the way out, the moans and gutteral cries rising from the computer centre unnerved me. Maybe someone down there worked out the meaning of life on Cyber and then, CRASH. Fate's fickle as a two-bit cigar.