

# THE YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS

By Ashley Abbot

"It's like Eraser-head, only worse."



It is after midnight. You, an innocent bystander, walk in off the street to an otherwise unobtrusive structure; the only way to distinguish it from the other houses on this otherwise quiet street is an obnoxious red banner that screams ELECTRIC JELLO PARTY! (And what is an Electric Jello Party you may ask, "It's when you use vodka instead of water in the jello. Six servings and you are BOMBED"). You enter the pitch black main room. Duran Duran is bouncing off the walls so loudly that under other circumstances brain damage might occur. You see figures cavorting to the noise but they seem hazy, distant, like animated stick figures writing around in dense fog. A pair of glowing glasses approaches you in the darkness. A set of neon teeth grin at you.

"Hi! What's your name?"  
Welcome to FratLand. Oops, FraternityLand. You call your professors prof but would you call your country c-?

**Out comes a blonde girl with perfect skin and a pseudo-Flapper outfit.**

You are waiting for X to arrive out on the porch having been frightened off by the nocturnal Dork inside. You are talking to a guy who wants to move to New Zealand and become a shepherd. A violently sobbing girl runs out of the house and on to the street.

"What is the matter with her?" you ask Abraham, your favorite local shepherd-to-be.

"She's probably no more than seventeen, this is the third time she has ever been drunk in her life and the guy she has a crush on isn't giving her the time of day."

Out comes a blonde girl with perfect skin and a pseudo-Flapper outfit.

"What's the matter with her?" asks the Zelda clone, a tad bit condescendingly.

"She misses her boyfriend," answers an anonymous female.

"Oh, she misses her boyfriend," Zelda mocks.

Miss Anonymous gets a look on her face that makes her look like Pollyanna gave satanic and screams, "DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT IS FUNNY? DO YOU?"

Zelda looks at you and states matter-of-factly, "It's like the fucking Young and the Restless around here."

"IT CAN ONLY GET WORSE..."  
Just when you begin to think that you are completely anomalous to this situation Abraham brings up an important topic of conversation: DRUGS.

"See that guy over there?" Abraham points to a slightly overweight Asian guy in a bleached out jean jacket.

"Yeah."  
"He once rolled a joint with five grams of hash in it, three papers long and two wide. It looked like a fucking CIGAR. He called it his Marley joint. It was ammaaaaaazing..."

You look over and he is doing an amazing job of rolling a joint on one knee. Come to think of it, drugs have been omnipresent at every frat function you have attended thus far. Ritual, the mainstay of frat life, seems to have been reduced to burning hash and rolling weed. You remember being in some guy's room with X -- the Doors on the stereo, a Daliesque Pink Floyd drug painting on the wall, two guys sitting preparing drugs for future consumption. But then again, you also remember a guy threatening to eat a goldfish. What is fact and what is fiction? The whole week's memories are Brought to You through a slightly chemical semitransparency.

"WAIT, THERE'S MORE"  
The bespectacled guy you were trying to ignore comes out on the porch and starts talking to you.

"This frat thinks they are getting me but little do they know I'm milking them for all they are worth. Parties, girls, free booze..."

He notices the crying girl and runs on to the street in an attempt to take advantage of her in her time of need.

Two frat elders, standing by the door observing the scene, speak in unison.

"He's going to need a heluva lot of work."  
"IF YOU DON'T LIKE ABUSIVE HOMOPHOBES, IT CAN ONLY GET WORSE"  
X arrives, thank god. You venture down to the cavernous bar and buy beers for a dollar. You are talking to a Yippee wearing a 'Fuck Art Let's Dance' button and a bandanna around his head. He is talking about his thesis on how the radicalism of the sixties died because it didn't connect with the counterculture. Does he mean that the S.D.S. didn't take acid? You don't know, but you are nodding your head because it didn't connect with the counterculture. Does he mean that the S.D.S. didn't take acid? You don't know, but you are nodding your head because it didn't connect with the counterculture.

Morris pops into your consciousness. You think back to a conversation X and you had with a Saurian-like creature in the bowels of a boat rented for a Moosehead smorgasbord.

"Men are 60% animal," he said with a sleazoid smile. "Better to release animal energy at frat parties than to ..."

"Than to what?" you think, mentally panicking, racking your brain for the last few words of his creep philosophy. Then you remember another previous conversation with him. Reminiscing about his days as a teaching assistant he marvelled about the time a beautiful blonde came in his office and offered him sexual favours for an A.

"How did you handle the situation?"

"I gave her a B," he replied with a mischievous grin. "IT'S LIKE THIS ALL THE TIME; BUT WORSE..."

You awake from daydream number 2 only to observe X attempting to get the Dirt from a frat member in the most inconspicuous manner he can achieve.

"So uhhhh... how much does it cost to join?"  
"Two hundred bucks."  
"Uh huh. Uhhh... how is it worth the money?"

"These guys are closer to me than my best friends."  
"Hmhmhmhm..."

"And we can go to any other frat in North America of our chapter and get free board and be treated like brothers."

"Uhhhh how can they know that you are a brother?"  
"We have ways of knowing."

"What ways?"  
"Just... ways."  
"Uhhh, how do I become a member?"

"Well, first you become a pledge..."  
"You mean like that guy over there," says X, pointing to the Dork.  
"... and then there's a period of your analytical daydream only to see the Abbie Hoffman emulator forming words you cannot hear."

"What?" you ask.  
"Don't you think you should leave now?" he says, trying to look like the concerned father that he isn't.

"Why?"  
"Well, things start to get kind of crazy this time of night. You know, guys get crazy and when they see a girl alone..."

Omigod! Mr. Cultural Transient is worrying about your virtue! His concern is appreciated and you decide to set his mind at rest immediately.

"No, no, you don't understand, that is my date over there," you lie as you point to X, your Accomplice in Art, your Samoan attorney, your fellow Animal House under-cover agent.

"Oh good," he replies. "I was wondering about that."  
But as you stare at the candle burning behind the bar (which X said was probably lit in memory of J. Belushi) you seriously begin to wonder about such stuff. Would a woman feel comfortable coming to A Place Like This alone? Good 'ol Desmond

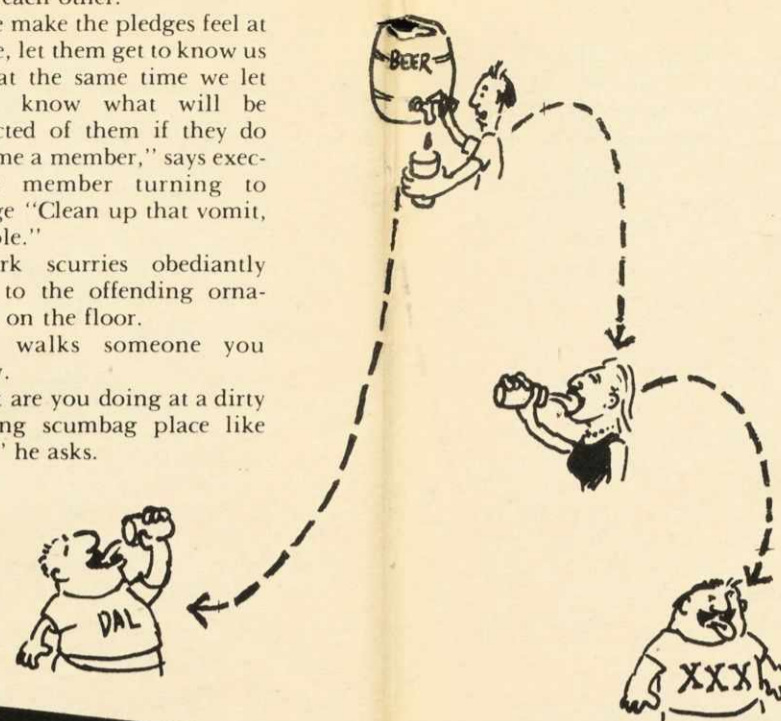
in which we get associated with each other.

We make the pledges feel at home, let them get to know us and at the same time we let them know what will be expected of them if they do become a member," says executive member turning to pledge "Clean up that vomit, asshole."

Dork scurries obediently over to the offending ornament on the floor.

In walks someone you know.

What are you doing at a dirty fucking scumbag place like this?" he asks.



"PLEASE, DON'T ASK..."

You and X go upstairs to someone's room and sit around with the frat members rapping for an hour or two. After a few minutes of silence one member comments with feigned enthusiasm, "Well, the party was a success." His buddy sarcastically adds, "Yeah! Look who showed up... Mr. and Mrs. X." We realize this is our cue to leave. It's 4 a.m. Do you know what your children are doing? We say Goodbye to Fratland, where party is a verb and Fun knows no boundaries.



## Moral Wrecktitude at Fraternities

By TOBY SANGER

Fraternities are experiencing a resurgence of sorts at Dalhousie. At least that's what the new members are saying.

This Sunday, the student union council will likely be considering an application from the Inter-Fraternity Council to become an "A" society at Dalhousie and have a vote on council.

Sandra Bell, vice-president of the student union, says she anticipates a positive response to the proposal when it goes to council. "Fraternities are taking a responsible turn... the IFC has encouraged them to get involved in many social services," says Bell, who is considering joining a sorority this fall.

At present, only elected representatives from faculties, appointed executive members, an international students' representative and residence representatives have seats on council.

Together there are eight fraternities and sororities at Dalhousie, representing about 150 active and prospective members.

Two of the fraternities - Alpha Gamma Delta and Omega Pi are, in fact, women's fraternities or sororities. Two of the others - Phi Chi and Phi Rho Sigma - are medical fraternities, the latter of which is "co-ed".

The rest - Phi Kappa Pi, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Chi, and Zeta Psi - are undergraduate and male only. That's where the parties are.

Mike Dunn is the president of the Inter-Fraternity Council. He's president for a good reason: he believes in fraternities.

He believes in fraternities with

a vigour and enthusiasm you don't see on Sunday morning TV evangelical shows.

"Fraternities are undergoing a renaissance... it's a renaissance getting back to the idealism of fraternities: brotherhood, sound learning and moral rectitude."

According to Dunn, peer pressure and misconceptions have kept a lot of good people away from fraternities.

**... they help to teach people moral standards and good manners...**

"I believe if everyone knew what fraternities were about, every guy would want to become a member of a fraternity."

There's a bond created when you become a member.

Dunn says fraternities are different from other societies because of the secrets and traditions that fraternities have.

"There's a bond created when you become a member. Someone who was a member 30 years ago can walk in here and have a really great time. Meeting the founding father of the Dalhousie chapter is like meeting Moses."

Initiation is an important part of fraternities, says Dunn, because it challenges the prospective member (pledges), something that doesn't happen much in university life. Fraternities want their members to do well academically, to participate in the running of the fraternity and

to work in the community, he says.

Rituals, also, "help to create an essence of respect for the fraternities and gives the members something to believe in like religion. It instills a sense of reverence for the sacred things of the fraternities."

Although they still don't allow women to join, fraternities at Dalhousie have come a long way from their more discriminatory brother chapters in the United States. A fraternity at Dalhousie had a Jewish member in the 1930's and now there are Chinese, Jewish and Black members at some of the fraternities.

Dunn says no colour or race barriers are enforced by the national offices of most Canadian fraternities. There may be racist people at some fraternity chapters who practice racism in choosing new members but it is not condoned by the national organizations anymore.

Another important role of fraternities is that they help to teach people moral standards and good manners, claims Dunn, despite the image many people have of them as "party pigs."

"There's a reason why there are a lot of private school kids at fraternities... it's the common middle-class joes who didn't go to private school who has a lot to learn from what fraternities have to offer."

Dunn is hoping other people who have never even considered joining a fraternity will also benefit from what they have to offer if he gets a seat on council.

"We'll help to change people's attitudes if I get a seat... bring a sense of spirit, help to change Dalhousie's apathetic attitude... speed things up (and) wipe out some apathy."

"Fraternities are undergoing a renaissance... it's for the good of themselves and it's going to save the world, too, says Dunn.

### UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE



DALHOUSIE

#### GENERAL AND ACADEMIC BOOKS

Publications by Members of the University Community  
Specialists in the Health Sciences  
Free Title Search and Out-of-Print Services  
Special Orders Placed Worldwide

#### UNIVERSITY CRESTED ITEMS, SUNDRIES AND PARAPHERNALIA

Class and School Rings  
Crested Glass, Ceramic and Pewter Mugs, Crested Glassware, Bookends, Executive Desk-top Items, Lapel Pins, Small Brooches, Jewellery, Plates, Spoons, and other things.  
Jackets, Sweatsuits, Shirts, Sweaters, T-Shirts, Other Tops, and Children's Clothing, in a wide variety of styles and colours, and embossed with a range of crest designs and lettering.

Polyester and Silk Dalhousie Ties in various styles and colours; for women, Dalhousie Scarves, also in a selection of colours, styles and fabrics.

Watercolours of the University, Watercoloured Christmas and Note Cards.

For further information, or for prices, please contact us at the following address:  
University Bookstore  
Dalhousie University  
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada  
B3H 4J3

(902) 424-2460 • 424-2461

Party Secretary's Party  
**NOVA SCOTIA'S ANSWER TO A FLORIDA NIGHT SPOT**

Promotions and contests all week long  
**FEATURING: Star Search '86 — the hottest contest to hit the Atlantic Region with the best of singers, actors comedians and dance couples.**

**MONDAY & TUESDAY ARE UNIVERSITY NIGHTS WITH SPECIALS OF FOOD.\***

5184 SACKVILLE STREET  
BELOW THE MISTY MOON

\*valid student I.D. required