

Students' time management guide

OP/ED

PROCRASTINATION - the art of putting things off until they are no longer relevant, in any way, to the situation that was previously at hand.

Soooo, you wake up in the morning with this mongo-paper due the next day. Your alarm was initially set for 7:30, but unfortunately those wizards of technology somewhere deep in the heart of Neverneverland invented that wonderful little gadget known as the SNOOZE button.

Next, the phone rings - its for your roommate, but you wake up long enough to glance in the direction of your clock and notice 10:30 (ITS TEN THIRTY!).

Shit - no time for that early morning romp... hey, what about a mid morning twenty minute work-out (what takes a boy all night, a real man can do in a few minutes).

We should probably clean up the room

now, bring out the vacuum, toss the sheets in the laundry, sort the pile of papers in the corner that have been sitting there for over seven months, write those letters you've been meaning to return since time began and trim those naughty little nostril hairs.

WOW - its 2:30. Time for a shower. Your roommates used all the hot water, so you probably have time to clip your toenails and play a game of cribbage while you wait. Man, wouldn't a cup of freshly ground, freshly brewed coffee taste great right about now.

After the shower, you drip dry (apparently its a lot healthier) and proceed to examine your face in the mirror for the usual ten minutes. Uh oh, a blemish; add five minutes to that time.

Next, you saunter back to your room, but on the way - get intercepted by the roommates huddled around the TV, watching the

whole apartment's favourite soap. Hey - what's an hour now that the day is in the bag - right.

Its 4:30; what to do for dinner? "Hey guys - anyone wanna go grocery shopping? All we have in the kitchen is rice and ketchup." So its off to the IGA with the whole family.

After dinner (7:15), out come the books. Maybe we should go to the library? I mean, how much work can you expect to do with all these damn distraction around anyway?

So, on the way to the biblioteque, you recognize that sweet young person (a friend of a friend who sits in the back of that class you haven't gone to in three weeks). You talk about assignments, notes, the latest films you've seen and lots of other inanities too trivial to mention here (but which seemed integral to the very essence of your being at the time).

Once you finally get to that place, guess

what - of all the nerve, closed. Man, its only 11:00.

On the road again - back home to the 'mates and guess what, Terminator's on ASN. Time rolls on and on - and damned if aint 1:45 by the time Arnie wastes the last of the bad folk.

Now its time to sit down to some serious work. Dig out the keyboard for that machine buried underneath your dirty gitch pile, start the introduction, and, then the eye lids start to droop.

Honestly - you have been working all day right... you deserve a good night's sleep so you can get up tomorrow to put the finishing touches on today's masterpiece.

Night everyone - sleep tight (like you ever slept loose).

Allie and the Lambieman

Resignation

To the editors:

The *Gazette* has built a solid, credible reputation over the past year, arguably its best in a very long time in content and form. But now, that credibility has been shattered.

In the *Gazette's* recent issue, there appeared an article entitled "A Gay Men's Guide To Erotic Safer Sex", fulfilling its responsible role as a forum for one of the many communities it serves. The manner and language in which the guide ran is always questionable, but that's not

the concern here. Rather, journalistic ethics.

On page three, an accompanying story ran with the headline "Article offends homophobes", thus implying that anyone remotely disturbed by the article is someone antagonistic towards the homosexual community. This is a blatantly self-righteous and close-minded stance which directly insults the mentality of the reader. The *Gazette* knows the issue is a sensitive one; why insist on pre-emptively and crudely attacking those who could benefit from the issue at hand?

The *Gazette* also insists that "if you can't cope with reality, then don't read on." What sort of patronizing, snotty line is this?

Finally, to make the punch grossly effective, Dan Hart's "article" bluntly attacks the reader in a way

which completely destroys all credibility of intent. His immaturity is astounding! His slanderous language and abusive manner doesn't do anything toward eradicating real homophobia, but rather redefines the already existing stereotypes of gay men.

I really must question the use of patronizing and openly antagonistic language that the *Gazette* uses in a situation which DEMANDS a more responsible attitude. The *Gazette* has, in effect, only decidedly offended its readers.

It has also caused the loss of one of its editorial members. I resign.

Angel Figueroa

Bravo!

To the editors:

A Message to the Misguided, I am proud of the Dalhousie *Gazette* for printing the safe sex article. Many people, including myself are completely fed up with the ignorant, dictatorial, nonsensical, self-righteous, bogus-fundamentalist-religious, intolerant, fanatically-conservative, misinformed, uptight, homophobic, insensitive, arrogant and fascist "back-woods" hick mentality. Remember! Nobody was forced to read it. If you do not like it, do not read it. Simple! Hooray for social evolution-progression! Down with censorship!

Michael Brennan
Third Year BSc

Theatrics

To the editors,

I once asked my Mother, "What do you say if someone has wronged someone unjustly?". She replied, "You turn the other cheek."

"Yes, Mom, but what if they've unfairly stepped over the line?"

Mom said, "Then set them straight."

In retort to Mr. Turner's "A Lie of the Mind is a Waste", I'd like to offer my own philosophy. Granted, I do not take philosophy as a major, if you excuse me.

The set was a mistake, and a big one at that, but the performers were sensitive to it and worked around it. After the first five minutes of

"stretching, craning and contorting", I forgot about the situation and became engulfed with Sam Shepard's brutal look at the dysfunctional family. This play was not for the typical theatre goer who comes merely to sit back, chew bubble-gum and leave thinking, "that was nice" or "that sucked". An open mind is a must for this thought-provoking production. Some of us cared not for the amount of people wearing red shirts on stage (which only were three out of eight), and their shirts symbolized much more than, "Look at me, I'm a farmer." All customers looked drab, washed out and gloomy, for a reason. This was not a "pretty" play with "pretty" costumes. These characters were not "pretty". It's nice to see the Dalhousie Theatre Productions taking a risk with a main stage show instead of underestimating the intelligence of the audience.

Probably the worse part of the evening was the intermission. Shepard's words are pure poetry, in the rawest form. Although I've never seen any of the playwright's original productions... then again, I wasn't around when people could heckle and throw tomatoes, either. These students handled themselves with great ease with such a physically and emotionally exhausting piece.

If the average person only has 675,000 hours of existence (although I can not, and I'm sure Plato can not either, imagine anyone sitting down and actually waste time counting), A Lie of the Mind was definitely three hours well spent.

Name withheld upon request

Disgust

To the editors:

I'm amazed and, quite frankly, disgusted at our Feb. 28 issue of the *Gazette*. I like to read your paper; your commitment to minority groups is admirable. However, this time it was too much. The explicit language and scenarios was more revolting than it was educational. You seem to have the opinion that your readers do not understand regular English. We want fact, not fantasy.

A lot of students and alumni were insulted by the way you presented the article. I suggest you re-examine

your motives and journalistic goals. I believe AIDS awareness information is important, but certainly not the way you attempted to provide it. And was the picture really necessary?

Our world is already on a rapid moral decline, and this article is just another contribution. I fail to see how you can justify it.

Sarah Gray

Pizzazz

To the editors:

We presume that everyone is familiar with Greco's publicity "square pizza means more pizza." There is however something fundamentally illogical about it. Greco base their affirmation essentially on the shape of their pizza, whereas the actual quantity (weight) of the ingredients used in the preparation of the pizza should alone determine if we are effectively eating more or less pizza. Nevertheless, we gave Greco the benefit of the doubt, but we did a little scientific experiment. We ordered two large pizzas, one from Greco and the other from King of Donair. Both pizzas were large size (16"), with the same three toppings on each, namely pepperoni, mushrooms and green peppers. We then measured the weight of each piece of each pizza on a digital balance. We then summed the weights of all pieces for each pizza. The results were the following: Greco: 1.390 kilogram and King of Donair: 1.582 kilogram. As we can see from the above results, the pizza from King of Donair is 13.8 per cent heavier than the Greco pizza. Of course, one can argue that these results are not very scientific since we performed the experiment only once and we compared only one other company to Greco. We are aware of that, and we could possibly find the exact opposite result if we were performing the experiment again. Nonetheless, the above results clearly show that there is no correlation between the shape of a pizza and the amount of pizza you are eating. So nobody ate the corners of your round pizza, and square pizza DOES NOT necessarily mean more pizza. Keep this in mind next time order a pizza.

Réjean Labonté
Gerry Marangoni
Sean Burns

What price victory?

by Zia Kahn

Victory: Is humanity in a state of loss?

To address the issue of the so-called "justified war", one has to dig deep into the conscience of the mind to realize the horror that lingers behind the curtain of victory. On the surface, victory seems to be something that humanity prides itself over. Victory overshadows morality. Being victorious is embedded in the minds of the public by the monopolistic leaders. Victory at any cost! The grim reality of war is subdued due to the cunning tactics of a few corrupt 'war mongers'.

For these war mongers, mankind is a small price to pay for material prosperity. Does anyone realize how the families of the ones who died in Iraq and Kuwait must feel? Do they not have loved ones?! Yes, it might be a happy occasion for the persons to see their loved ones come back from war, but how about those who visited the graves of their loved ones instead of coming home to a family? Why doesn't someone realize there are children who would never see their

parents or would even have the chance to embrace them again? Don't they deserve compassion like any human being?

The question lies to see whether we, who are living in a "civilized world" would be able to look beyond this thin curtain of the so-called victory. We have to look at the devastation that occurred and the untold deaths that were passed on as numbers. The river of blood that flowed and the innocent slaughtered seemed very trivial to many now. This simply indicates to me that humanity has not lost its barbaric tendency to destroy and plunder for the sake of absolute dominance. We, as the rational human beings, should reflect on the long-term sufferings of the people who are 'victims' of this lopsided war. Have our nationalists feelings clouded our eyes to see how unjustified this war was? The decision is up to the individuals to ponder at what price do we sell our human dignity at the expense of another human life. As far as the ones who say they care for the betterment of the world, they should also care for the people who occupy it.