

## Two editors and a tape recorder

Judy: So ... first issue. Nervous?

Lilli: Nervous? Yeah. People tend to be nervous about the first time for anything.

Judy: How was your summer?

Lilli: Good... worked... played softball... I was in the Natal Day Parade dressed up as a clown. We clowns decided we'd hug every police officer along the parade route, you know, to show them some appreciation. But this one police officer ran behind a barricade and when you have a mob of clowns running after a police officer and he runs behind a narrow space, only a few clowns can make it through a narrow space and the rest hit the barricade. Well I hit the barricade and I got this huge bruise. It's sort of comparable to the one you got at boot camp.

Judy: To get off this spontaneous track, what are your expectations for the *Gazette*?

Lilli: I want a contributors box that takes up a whole page, and I want a 90:10 copy:ad ratio, and I want the *Gazette* to be the real student voice. I want people to complain about the *Gazette* and I want people to love the *Gazette*. But not for them to just complain or just love it, but for them to actually do something about it. I mean if you're going to complain, be so moved, so bitter, that you're going to do something about that complaint, rather than just sit on your butt and complain. And if you love the *Gazette*, be so moved by these loving emotions that you decide that you want to help the *Gazette* in some way... by giving us money and gifts, and maybe writing a story, too. I don't know. What do you want for the *Gazette*?

Judy: I want people to pick up the *Gazette*, read it, put it down and say, "That was pretty good."

Lilli: Yeah, and have that sort of full feeling like after you eat a good meal.

Judy: You know what's funny? This summer I was playing softball with the history department and we were talking about the *Gazette*. Almost anyone else on campus would say that the *Gazette* is full of left wing, radical commies. But the people I was talking with thought that we weren't making enough noise. But you don't make noise for the sake of...

Lilli and Judy: ...making noise.

Judy: There's got to be something out there worthwhile. But what exactly do students want to read? What do they want? You can't have just straight news. You have to entertain too.

Lilli: Yeah, you want to write stuff that people want to read about, that is impacting students' lives. Even little stories.

Judy: When you open the paper, what's the first section you read?

Lilli: I read the first page and then I read all the headlines.

Judy: Oh really? I always turn to the comics. First thing—right away — "Where's the funnies?"

Lilli: I try to curb that temptation by reading headlines first. I read the headlines first, because you know when you wait for a good thing, it's all the more satisfying when you finally get to it.

Judy: Maybe I've learned more self discipline now... I'd like more cartoonists and I'd like to see more humour. And I do want people who are really keen on news and want to write investigative news stories.

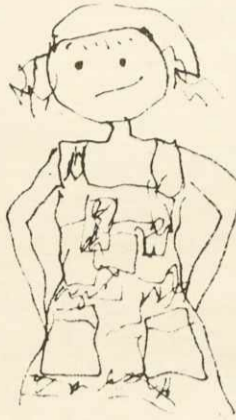
Lilli: I guess that's sort of what our job is: to get all kinds of people involved in the *Gazette* for all kinds of different reasons, and to get all kinds of people reading the *Gazette* for all kinds of different reasons.

Judy: Is pizza a good reason to write for the *Gazette*?

Lilli: Sure!

Judy: Well, let's go. Ours is getting cold.

## CARTOONIST WANTED



## Involvement equals power

So, as the many pamphlets and posters all over campus say, "Welcome to Dalhousie! and if you're returning, "Welcome back!"

For many new and returning students, going to university is as much about getting ahead in an increasingly competitive job market as it is about expanding one's intellectual horizons. However, it's the nature of student life that even a school like Dalhousie — where we cut our football team in 1976 and do not know the words to our own school song — has the request groups that in the 1960s would have been called the "student movement."

Conventional wisdom at Dalhousie is that the student movement rolled over and died sometime in the early eighties. You can define the student movement in purely ideological terms — they say that the "left" has lost ground in the nineties and the "right" is reentering student politics as a serious contender. But really, most people at Dalhousie are just going to look at you and shrug if you ask them what any of that means and if they feel any connection with "student movement" at all.

Really what has happened is the student movement has evolved to serve the times. Like people, student organisations come in every shape, size, and ideology. At Dalhousie, there may seem to be only a tenuous connection between, say, the Judo Club and NSPIRG or Howe Hall and the Young NDP. But hey — all these groups are just manifestations of Dalhousie students wanting to find ways to express themselves in one way or another. What these organisations have in common is the fact that students have demanded for the services they provide.

The biggest of the "big" here is the Dalhousie Student Union. Walk through the building, and look at the wall above the photocopiers. Think about what "serving students since 1866" means. Students started planning to pay for the Student Union

Building in the 1920s, saving for 40 long years before ground was even broken. Dalhousie students now take for granted having student representation on all levels of the university's administration and academic structure. A look at other schools (like SMU even) quickly shows just how lucky we are in what we have achieved.

Over the coming weeks, this column is going to try and provide some background information for students at Dalhousie, because knowledge equals power. The knowledge I am talking about is knowing the whats

and whys of these student organisations, and why they act the way they do. The power is knowing how the system works and getting involved, and being able to make a real difference.

Read the Student Handbook and know what's out there. Walk around the SUB and look at the posters, drop into the offices. Do not be afraid! It's important that you remember that these organisations exist for you. Most importantly, remember that the only way to change anything is to get involved. Next week, I'm going to.

Waye Mason

## It's too late now but...

I didn't save up enough money to attend Dalhousie this year. It is impossible at these tuition rates and book prices to save enough money. Begging, stealing, selling organs, etc. are acceptable methods to pay for tuition and books.

I didn't watch a single minute of the O.J. Simpson coverage. No low speed chases through Los Angeles, no arraignment hearing coverage, no sleazy tabloid television.

However, I was involved in the spreading of very bad O.J. jokes such as: "Knock knock/Who's there?/O.J./O.J. who?/Great, you can be on the jury!" or "Why is everyone drinking grapefruit juice? Because O.J. can kill you."

I didn't work at a cushy government job making more money per hour than I ever had before with a boss who was out of the office more often than not. Note that I said I did not work at this job.

I didn't spend my summer going to culturally-stimulating cinema or take in any lavish theatrical productions. Instead I spent a few hours thinking up names for John Wayne Bobbitt's new porno movie such as "Forrest Stump" with a soundtrack by Bryan Adams (Cuts Like a Knife, Summer of 69).

I didn't attend Woodstock 94 nor

did I watch the coverage on Much Music. The coverage on CNN, ABC, NBC, CBS, ATV, CBC and even CMT was enough to drive me MAD.

I didn't take a long family vacation with Dad driving for hours, Mom catching some sleep, and two kids in the back bugging the driver and asking him how much farther did they have to go. I took a trip to Camp-bellton with three friends that involved one person driving for 10 straight hours, someone in the front getting some sleep, and one more person and myself in the back asking the driver if we were there yet. Luckily, no knife fights were reported but an interesting game of Slug-Your-Friend-In-The-Shoulder did develop after 9 1/2 hours of driving.

I didn't go to downtown Halifax and carelessly squander my money on such personal vices as food, music, and alcohol. Sigh... I guess I am not as young as I use to be.

I didn't listen to a lot of alternative, anti-establishment, hard-driving music. Instead I listened to the CBC most of the time. Sigh... I guess I am not as old as I should be.

I didn't work at the *Dalhousie Gazette* this summer. Just because it doesn't publish in the summer. But that doesn't change the fact that I wasn't there.

Colin MacDonald

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