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LETTERS CONTINUED

run by the War Amps I have learned a lot about war. I think that the War Museum should honour our Canadian War Heritage and preserve Canada's Military Heritage as stated in their mandate. I believe that they should especially highlight what our Canadian veterans do.

So I agree with many people that the Holocaust Gallery should not be contained as part of the War Museum. Veterans are not against the idea of the gallery. They are just against it being housed in the War Heritage. I suggest that a suitable place for this Holocaust Gallery would be at the Museum of Civilisation. I find it ironic that Adrienne Clarkson, Chair of the Board of the Museum of Civilisation which controls the Canadian War Museum, does not agree.

Not only is it not agreed that the gallery should be at the Museum of Civilisation, where it would help to describe the 20th century, it is not even agreed upon how big the gallery would be. It has been stated that the gallery would range in size from six per cent, to 12 per cent, to 30 per cent of the top floor of the new building.

Somebody should make up their mind and I think that the Canadian War Museum should be able to decide what it displays on its own. The Museum of Civilisation has created an advisory committee on this issue in an effort to help. I hope that someday they will understand that two rights do not make a wrong.

**BRIAN WADE**  
Operation Legacy  
Representative

Outside looking in

To the editor,

This piece was the latest in a review of introspection writings on the theatre and the proper title should have been "Wooden Fire Escape". I see now that its commission was ill-considered. Under pressure to write quickly, indeed the same day as certain experiences moved me to, I allowed enthusiasm to cloud judgment resulting in a foot in my mouth.

General principles I hold were mixed in with specific impressions left from the day, resulting in a regrettable jumbled whole. I am apologizing not due to a reprimand of any sort, for there have been none, but more for my own arrogance and ignorance regarding the subject I was writing upon.

Theatre to me is a precious and seemingly unattainable practise that I jealously crave access to. Simple unprofessionalism allowed me to strike out at a faultless institution in the hopes that I would gain its attentions. Such shannigans are better suited for the street papers for which I usually write, not a respected campus newspaper whose job it is to guide the student body in its quest for knowledge.

Sorry Dalhousie. You know I love you.

**CHRIS YORKE**

**the Gazette**  
rm 312 SUB

# Impossible parking at Dalhousie

It can be very difficult to adapt to life at university. Expenses tend to be overwhelming due to the numerous unforeseen costs that students incur. Also, university itself is very costly and financially draining. It is for these reasons that university students should not be required to pay additional fees for campus parking spaces.

Instead, campus parking spaces should be provided for resident students with vehicles, free of charge. Most people do not consider that university students need parking spaces in order to avoid being forced to park on the public streets.

Travelling from home or from a job to school, and even from class to class, may require the use of a car. Students with cars need a place to leave their cars. If left on the street parking tickets may accumulate quickly. When the university forces students to pay for a parking permit, they are in effect taking advantage of students.

Some students at Dalhousie have classes outside the main campus. A portion of the courses offered at Dalhousie are now instructed far from the main campus at DalTech.

Students with classes at both DalTech and the main campus will

find it almost impossible to get back and forth in the five minutes allocated, in between back to back classes. Thus, it is virtually impossible to attend classes at both campuses without the use of a car. The walk would take at least twenty minutes, the transit system does not arrive at convenient times, and taxis are far too expensive.

The responsibility of students to get to class, given the time differences between DalTech and the main campus, should not be forced upon students. Additional parking costs serve no other purpose than to generate additional income for the

administration.

If a student has a job they may need a parking space for their car in order to attend work. If travelling outside the campus is required, and the job is outside the city core and the service of the metro transit, a car is essential. Many students have part-time jobs as a means of funding their education.

It may seem as though students have a lot of money, but this is very far from the truth. A parking space is necessary because students frequently encounter financial problems. These problems are the primary reason that a student seeks a job. This need for money and a job creates a vicious circle of dependency upon transportation. With the need for a vehicle comes the inherent need for a place to park the vehicle as well.

Life at university is very expensive. It can be difficult for students to meet all the required fees associated with university and living on your own. Rising costs such as tuition, books, meals, residence fees and the overall cost of living, make it increasingly difficult for students to be able to afford an education. A parking space should be provided free of charge by the university administration, simply because the student is already paying so many other costs, most of which are directly to the university itself.

**DANA JARVIS**

## Grow the grass...uh...Grad House

Documents were recently discovered outlining plans to produce and market cannabis sativa from the Grad House. The title page reads, "Grow the Grad House". These documents outline plans to purchase and assemble hydroponics equipment in the basement of the Grad House for the purpose of growing the plant.

The plan calls for an aggressive but low key marketing strategy for the product, targeting residents of Howe Hall and medical students. Whether these plans represent a hidden agenda behind the questionably popular "Grow the Grad House" scheme are at present speculative. A recently resigned

DAGS councillor stated off the record, "If we knew that was the plan, most of us wouldn't have quit".

A number of other Grad House saving alternatives were attached to the aforementioned document:

1) Rent space to the Biology Department to house and conceal seal experiments.

Selling points — increased revenue from tuna sandwich sales, better smelling clientele.

2) Transfer ownership to the bisexual, gay and lesbian association.

Selling points — low cost of changing signs to BGLAD House.

3) Convert and use as new arts building.

Selling Points — no loss of

parking, prevent Dal from building another architectural abomination.

4) Sell to Saint Mary's University as a residence.

Selling Points — we won't have to go so far to point and laugh, neither will they.

5) Close building down and abandon in similar fashion to other property Dalhousie owns.

Selling Points — student body probably won't clue in, Grad House won't go further into the hole.

6) Pave over the entire corner.

Selling Points — more parking, no more fucking articles about the fucking Grad House!

**KRIMIE A. RIVER**

## The leper without leprosy: society and obesity

I am fat. I do not have a third leg, third testicle or third nipple. I do not molest children, start fires, or even smoke. I am just fat.

Yet it seems that fact has condemned me to a life of ridicule and mediocrity.

I have friends. People I can count on, people I can tell my deepest darkest secrets to, but that is as close as people are willing to get to me.

I don't believe there is any social distinction that is as pervasive as obesity. Our society has progressed to the point where laughing at the disabled is considered lecherous, yet laughing at the fat people is part of the public consciousness.

It is not a rare occurrence for people to walk by me and laugh. I remember one stranger who as I was passing said, "Holy fuck you're big!" Did he think I didn't know? Did he think he was doing me a service by telling me this? I still remember running home as my stomach was black with bruises from kids poking me to see if I would giggle like that ridiculous Pilsbury commercial.

Dalhousie is just as bad as anywhere else. This institution refuses to acknowledge that there are fat people at university. Trying to sit in a classroom in the A&A or the LSC is painful. Not uncomfortable, but painful. How am I supposed to get the education I am paying for? Dalhousie will accommodate those in wheelchairs, the hard of hearing, the mentally disadvantaged, but not the overweight. In the words of Tom Traves, "I'll look into it."

There are times I look into the eyes of my friends and I can see that they want to say something. In that moment any closeness we had is gone. I am not disgusting. I am not perverse. I am just a person. A person

with feeling, with love in his heart, and intelligence in his brain.

We live in a land where looks are so overwhelmingly important that if you don't fit into some societal mould then you might as well not exist. I find it ironic that women are constantly blaming men for forcing them to look thinner and more Barbie-like, yet women are just as demanding. If you don't look like Ken then you don't even have the right to approach them.

I remember watching an episode of *Ally McBeal* where a fat person expressed an interest in Ally. She turned him down saying that he should stick to his 'own kind'. The irony is that she is constantly looking for a man without conceits and predilections, and when one walks

up to her she shrugs him aside.

I am a good person, dammit. I am funny, intelligent, considerate, a great listener, and kind. But I am fat, there is no denying that. And because of that I am a leper; not worth a second look. "Dan's a good friend, but you don't want to go out with him, because your friends might laugh."

I love listening to women talk about how there aren't any good men out there. How they are all so conceited, lustful, and inconsiderate. What can I say; I'm just the fat fuck. What good am I?

By now you are wondering why I don't just lose weight. There was a time I obsessed about it. My entire self-worth was tied into my looks. I was miserable. I started to hang around with 'the cool crowd' who

just took advantage of me. I got thrown out of high school. In short I destroyed my entire sense of self-worth, and eventually tried to kill myself.

In the meantime, I have developed a sense of self that has nothing to do with my looks. I am funny, I am kind, and dammit I am a good fucking person. Anyone who doesn't think so can go to hell.

Someday, when all is right in my world, I may try again to lose weight. I know the consequences to my health; just like the smoker. But if women can find a smoker attractive, why won't they take the chance on me? Or maybe I should just snort cocaine and jump around like Chris Farley, like the circus freaks we are.

**DANIEL CLARK**

