

## Dealing with reality

To the editor:

This is in response to: "Homosexuality: way of the future"  
Some days I feel angry at society for all the evils and injustices it apparently condones and fosters. I ponder and wonder if our generation has been afforded the same opportunities as our parents. Once when I was strolling past the library someone called me a queer. The ensuing pain and anger was poignant. I realized that contemptible cajoling of such people is not worth indulging. The more self-conscious I am of my own identity, the more likely people are to carefully scrutinize it and be unaccepting of it. By contrast, the more self-assured I am the less likely people are to challenge it. We are blessed with a pluralistic society here in Canada. An integral component of our social contract includes freedom of thought, speech, movement, and yes sometimes these elements give rise to competition and disagreement.  
Undoubtedly when freedoms of expression are abused there occurs bigotry, racism, and discrimination. Sounds disheartening doesn't it? Maybe if I had my name written into the Charter of Rights of Canada I could someday enjoy 'total freedom'. In fact what is more important than the words that constitute any law is the way in which people construe them and abide by them. The freedom and equality you yearn for is in fact conferred to each of us but the definition of the collective body must be universal and non-exclusive. The more explicit the language of such a charter of freedoms becomes the more it will tend to ex-

clude other worthy parties. Indeed, who among us should be qualified to formulate such a list of names?

Inequality, discrimination, bigotry, and racism are equally loathsome nonetheless they exist as democracy's detritus. When the day arrives that we can all agree on every thought, ideal, and persuasion it is likely that the nice society you are desirous of won't be nice anymore. Lessons in history have taught us that. In the meantime all we can do is take up our struggles daily and bear them with as much strength and courage as we can muster.

Tim Potter

## Please repeat History

To the editor,

On Friday, November 4, the Dalhousie Undergrad History Society held a "Cape Breton Ceilidh." It was to be a warm-up for the Ashley MacIsaac concert, but it was more than that.

You see: the society hired a fiddle-player and a guitarist/vocalist. This tandem along with Nova Scotia's finest ales provided a night of fun that will be tough to follow.

The duo with their passionate versions of classic ballads, jigs, reels and odes were outstanding. All night, the only sounds were singing, stomping, clapping, laughing and drinking. I've never felt more at home.

Being a proud Cape Bretoner, I may be biased, but I implore the History Society to do this again. Anyone who missed this the first time will not be disappointed. Those who go again will have another blast.

Way to go, History Society!

Jake Boudrot

## Alumni make a difference

To the editor,

I was concerned to read some of the comments by students quoted in your Oct. 27 story, "Alumni Look to the Future." I can understand the sentiments of students confronted by rising tuitions, crowded classrooms and "a less than amicable relationship with the university administration." But alumni contributions to the Annual Fund provide money that goes directly to helping faculty and students do some things that otherwise would be virtually impossible in this era of perpetual government cutbacks.

In Arts and Social Sciences, for example, Annual Fund contributions provide for support for student publications such as *Fathom* in the English Department and *International Insights* in the Political Science Department. These funds also help us to bring in prominent guest lecturers such as Gwynne Dyer who will be here on December 7; and we have also been able to use these funds to help send students to conferences and workshops elsewhere.

I can appreciate that students and recent graduates may not feel prepared to make further financial sacrifices for Dalhousie, but I hope they will recognize that even small contributions help us to maintain the intellectual vitality of the university through these difficult years.

Graham D. Taylor  
Dean, Faculty of Arts and  
Social Sciences

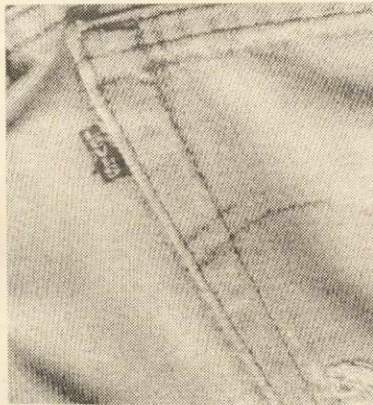
## Repressed blueberry picker blues

To the editor,

I'd like to take this tree-killing opportunity to respond to the tepid but otherwise ugly swirl of falsification and rumours concerning the garbature of Haligonians and Maritimers in general as being particularly shoddy and repulsive in countenance when compared with that of Montrealers for its ontological insensitivity to aesthetic improvement.

I myself have never felt so stigmatized (unless of course I was crucified in a previous life I'm repressing somewhere) since John MacNally canonized me as a born-again blueberry picker. What a hateful comment Mr. MacNally — any other flora you'd like to insult? I think I shall have to rectify (without reifying) this sordid situation by providing *Gazette* readers everywhere with a meagre but warped sense of the stylin' realities of the Montreal fashion scene as evinced from that flushable ivory tower of knowledge, McGill's Student Ghetto.

It seems like anyone at McGill who consciously selects their wardrobe does so to appear exactly as if they were NOT a student at all — ie. that they are actually business persons, clinical psychologists, or government sponsored artistes. There is a collocation of young entrepreneurs posing as non-students, and a practically religious sect of femmes-artiste who must at all times be seen wearing berets, black tights, and black or tartan print dress from stores that sell Gap-alike clothing, all the while riding on morally superior by virtue of their upright rigidity 1960's Peugeot bicycles (no other kind will do). But of course, for every person who thinks that their face, neck, and head is a singular zone for serial metal hoop and stud impuncturement is counterbalanced by a belching fratty Ralph Laurenite, cK redolent, khaki pantalooned, future insurance salesperson with a one syllable name like



Gino, or Tam. But what space does this leave us inbetween? What Lacanian accidental cause can we look to for an explanation of fabricked manifestation of this gap? Ontarioism.

(But first a digression. Of course, there are still a few grungies — sooo passé (nowadays, they're simply self described "hermits"), and the ever present dressed by Mom (usually known as a McGill Engineer or typical Dal student). Personally, at least it shows a lack of preoccupation with the trifling concerns of Nature and that they have better things to do, as say Henry David Thoreau did in not worrying about the fashion doctrine of the synchronic, and therefore past-by, moment. (Of course, Thoreau also found transcendence in melting pond sludge.) And besides, how can I, in my cornucopic hegemony blasting sense of fashion, an externally steel-toed booted (but not Docs!), Tintin tee shirted, mack-jacketed, briefcase toting, mop-haired English student fit in??? Who fuckin' cares! Thank god no one else dresses like me — hegemonic fashion constraints as we know them would dissolve immediately, Heaven's Above!!! (Plus, it'd be embarrassing.) If such an astounding impossible thing happened, we'd all be lost. But I digress from my digression and the ghost of Erasmus knocks me back to my Exordium.)

So, in continuance of totalitarian generalities, I've been realizing a most pernicious fact — that I've noticed that the most exemplary denizens of McGill's fashion (in)sensibility possess a frighteningly similar aspect to King's students from Ontario (esp. those who have headed off for Harvard Law School and Globe and Mail Journalistic careers, but of course this could be a personal bias based on two experiences in my short life!) and that this is surely NOT COINCIDENTAL. There are even surfboarding VW Vannies in the Ghetto with Ontario plates!

Obviously, we must displace our Freudian fashion blame upon the power residually located in the fashion performative constructivity I call "Ontarioism." And even the (un)original primacy of nudity so expounded by John MacNally cannot defeat this. May Gap have mercy on our (sic) soles!

So, obviously, neither true Maritimers nor Montrealers dress style is to blame. Ontario is the root of all evil, and the source of Gap. But at least, this makes us all feel free of original fashion sin. Then again, was the snake trademarked and copyrighted? Hopefully, everyone here can be reasonably happy in their naked innocence. After all, as Michel Foucault well knew, Victorian ideals of repression and censorship just don't work that way. So go ahead, show some ankle, wear what you want, just please don't go around naked Mr. MacNally, and please, if you do come from Ontario, please have your garb disinfected of political sentiment at the border.

Thank you.

Bruce D. Gilchrist

PS. I'm wearing Levi's 501's and my regulative psychobiographical inheritance says that's just fine. If you have a problem with it, go suck some Poutine.

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