

# Survival

by Allen George

There is a certain impossibility of the premise that you can survive at Dalhousie, that is survive in the way you did before you arrived, so lets put down our pompoms and Rodden Highs High School Football Helmut and brace our selves cause were gonna change. Some in a lot of ways, others not so much but still this is the beginning of another metamorphosis whether we like it or not and it's all about how to survive.

When someone asked for the usual article on "survival at Dalhousie for the freshmen" and the gagging stopped. I noticed that I was the only one in the room. A rather strange coincidence I thought sitting myself down

your bound to hit. Another thing is that you should never make adverse comments concerning the intelligence nor the apparel of fellow students in the Department of Physical Education.

Kicking the bits of fluorescent glass from under my feet and dreaming of past beer parties at the Sub I remember that times have changed, although I met a guy the other day who was almost killed when an exuberant library student began pounding him over the head at the first chess club meeting with his hash pipe. Speaking of drugs at University...people have been known to put strange things in the cigarettes and besides the second rule is to



at an IBM creation that I could feel had twice the intelligence that I possessed. Why Don't you write the damn thing; I said but it just purred back at me like a Cheshire cat. Picking it up from against the wall where it landed the first thought of Survival glanced off my shoulder. **Don't throw things at the wall**, it loosens the plaster. This was one of the first things to remember about survival at Dal I thought. Be careful where you throw things and what it is your throwing. This is a particular reference to items like IBM typewriters, examination tables, ninety-two year old professors, the A&A clochtower, (although I have never seen anyone attempt to throw the clock tower. I did once see 500 St. Mary's Students try to take home the door to Sherriff Hall,) and beer bottles. Especially beer bottles for any new students will soon find out that somewhere over the bar there lurks a seven foot, three hundred pound pharmacist

heed the no smoking sign. I know someone will scoff. Laugh on my precious whit for it can bring destruction. (Ed. Note although no one has know to have from not looking at the no smoking signs it has been reported that a phantom of George Munroe, a former arts student who lite a cigarette in the Chem lab is reported to appear once a winter, and at the strock of midnight does a one shot ballistic test from the Chem lab over the Biology Tower into infinity. This was a rumour that floated around the Physics Department for years) Go ahead. Lots of people do. People have been known to have smoked in the Rebecca Cohn, and the usher rehearsed with their flashlights on, leaving a trace like you couldn't believe. I mean it is like a mile long and these little bits of glow rush into the most incredible...anyway, they have been known to have smoked in the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, in bed at the Residence, a surgery at The Killiam, which are all

very dangereous, if not down right unhealthy. I think that it is a very important rule. As a matter of fact I think I'll quit right now...

I have to sit down at the typewriter again to finish this dumb article. I just had to spend forty-five minutes with the campus policeman explaining the basis of creative art to them. It is amazing how divebrsified the intelligence and understanding of the people at the University has become. He knew nothing about cosmic destructo art at all. It cost me seventy-five bucks to get him to buy my book. But it serves me right for breaking the first rule of survival. I should not have thrown the ash tray out the window. It is also very cold in here now. Anyway, I went through Lenny Bruce, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Judy Garland, Jim Hendrix withis with this guy. While his friend kept talking about the crystalline structure of the glass. If I had one more stimulus-response or behaviour modification from the guy I would have thrown him out the window too. That's when I remember the first rule.

There are of course many other rules to survival at Dalhousie like, be careful of so and so, they've got it" or look out for that Mount Bus, or "don't eat that for God's sake, I was puking all afternoon, but these happen daily and each one must be judged against that big; Will it kill me or Cure me bell curve. Probably, God it is getting cold in here,...

If the desks and the shelves can't keep me warm nothing can, where was I, oh yes, Probably, oh yes, Probably, the ends of which are like someone called the 'Killer' by everyone else on Campus offering you your first hit of Mescaline, through buying People's Canada Daily News, to don't smoke in the wash-room, to the other end of which is if fat Betty invites you home for somedinner at Mommy's place on Young Avenue. I think I need a Cigarette; lean down by the old fire. You have to have atmosphere to be a University - educated a creative artist. You can't work in cramped quaters...atmosphere....

Back again, but the plaster and the walls supports don't burn like the desks and shelves. Damn wood shortage. Anyway, the object of the whole thing is basically to figure it out for yourself. But the ideas are ones most people just have to do it there own way...I CANNOT CONCENTRATE WITH ALL THESE BELLS RINGING... But just keep your ear to the ground in the hall way in the A&A during a class change and as my friend Jim once said after a heavy classics class to the assembled throngs in the Grawood, "Nil laisset illegitimo carborandum" or "Don't let the bastards grind you down!" I cannot work with hoses being dragged over me...

## DIALOGUE

by Ken MacDougall

*For those of you who are interested enough to read this column, it will be a sporadic feature of the writer. Its primary purpose will be to spew forth assorted pent-up emotions that have become embroiled within me. Your reactions to my views are welcome.*

### Everyone's favourite whipping post...

I figured that I'd take a swipe this week at everyone's favourite journalistic whipping post, the Halifax Herald's Bill Smith. Bill Smith, as everyone well knows, is an editorial page writer whose existence is in serious question. I say this, not to question his physical existence, (since his copy regularly appears in the paper, I assume that this part is unquestionable), but to question the existence of the basis of his "facts".

Specifically what annoyed me most of late was his rubbish on the City of Toronto, that appeared in his column on August. He spoke of the "stagnation" of Toronto's economy since the election of "reform" mayor David Crombie and of the need of citizens of Halifax to formulate their own ideas on development. But perhaps I'm going too fast, so I'll start at the beginning.

Smith started out this particular column by virtually implying that the citizens of the Maritimes (and Halifax, in particular) were so bankrupt in thought, word and deed that they must continually follow the lead of the "progressives" in Upper Canada in going on bandwagon kicks. What he was referring to, of course, was the sudden surge of citizen participatory groups in Halifax with an anti-developer bias (the implied bias being towards the Herald's good friend, Ralph Medjuck, former *Gazette* staffer). Now, if we can follow Smith's argument further, his contention was that citizens of Halifax were only on this anti-developer kick because the good citizens of Toronto had found it fashionable three years ago. So it was only fair, then, that follow-the-leader liberals in Halifax should emulate their heroes, pick up the banner and wave it in civic elections in this fair city.

Then, Smith proceeded to talk about the economic chaos that is the Toronto development scene, and of all the unemployment and bums on welfare because they couldn't get jobs in the construction industry. His conclusion was that the City Council, with its reform intentions, wreaked all of this havoc because they wouldn't let developers build the way that they wanted.

Now, I used to live in Toronto four years ago, before I decided that I preferred the Maritimes, and I read the *Globe and Mail* occasionally, just to keep up on the news of the old home town. The way the *Globe* tells it is considerably different from the way Smith says it is. Reports say that far from being a reform mayor, has failed to provide the inspirational leadership that the citizens of the town would have liked to see from him. He has drawn repeated attacks from the real radical on Council, Tom Sewell, for selling out citizens to developers. Crombie's one contribution to Toronto, the 45-foot "holding" by-law (which, I take it, is what Smith would blame for the "stagnation" of Toronto even though he doesn't mention it), has been made exceptions of on so many occasions that some Council members feel that it would be difficult for Toronto to win a court case if a developer wished to challenge its validity. If a developer were to successfully challenge the City of Toronto's "holding" by-law, he could do so on the grounds of discrimination, claiming unfair application of the law. But the reason why Toronto City Council has waffled so many times on accepting or rejecting plans is because the city has no overall Development Plan, just scattered ideas and schemes on how the Toronto-future should look. Now, what City in the Maritimes does that sound like?

As for the City of Toronto's "stagnation", why do people think that developers have suddenly become interested in the Maritimes? Surely it isn't because of their lack of interest in Toronto, but merely because the pickings and exploitation may be easier with gullible Maritime City Councils. The fact that the citizens of Halifax have reacted as quickly to the schemes of these would-be fast-buck artists (led, unfortunately, by one of the Maritime's own sons) should be viewed as a compliment to the intelligence of the citizens of Halifax. To see the province's major dailies leading the way for developers should prompt most Nova Scotians to ask, "What are you trying to do to Nova Scotia to-day, Mr. Dennis and company?"

### And after the ball is over...

More gripes from me next week. Enjoy Orientation Week, and don't worry about a foggy head for the first week of classes - most professors won't start into the meaty part of courses until the middle of November. They also have to recuperate from their summer vacations.