

Frank



\$1.50

Frank by name, Frank by nature

Frank cuts the crap

by Lisa Clifford

"Frank by name, frank by nature", boasts the cover of *Frank* magazine, Halifax's answer to hard-hitting journalism.

Time or *Newsweek* this ain't. In fact, *Frank* more resembles those supermarket tabloids we all love to read while waiting in those endless checkout lines.

In the November 23 issue, for example, the cover features a smiling John Turner saying, "I smell victory," while in the background a cynical woman sneers, "I still say he stinks." This may prove offensive to Liberal supporters but highly amusing to those who believe that Mr. Turner should abandon politics in favour of peanut farming.

Frank, published every two weeks in Halifax, appears critical of everyone. Such stories as "Sport in the Blood" poke fun at hunters by branding them as

stupid, cowardly, semi-alcoholics. Truly, the shooting of defenseless animals seems a strange sport, and *Frank* makes its position on this issue very clear.

Branded by an angry reader as a "trash-filled gossip magazine" *Frank* fills many pages with stories about political life. It refers to many politicians as "my friend" but seems to have a low opinion of the local television show *Live at Five*, which it calls "Steve Couchpotatoe's ATV Show."

Such socially relevant issues as the lack of public washrooms during Halifax's big street festivals receive an expose in *Frank*. The problem is examined in some depth and features fascinating interviews with prominent local citizens such as Jim MacLean. Says MacLean, "the special events committee looked into the use of \$100 portable toilets but suitable locations couldn't be found." This is truly

exciting stuff.

Lest anyone think that *Frank* isn't a serious magazine, we have the following article: Chief Provincial Magistrate Harry How had to "remonstrate with a fellow motorist blocking his way into the Law Courts parking garage." In follow-up article in this week's *Frank*, it was revealed by Judge How himself that the problem occurred because he couldn't get past the motorist into his reserved parking space. We see the brilliant mind of Judge How as he suggests a system by which an extra entrance is added for customers with a reserved spot.

Pick up next week's hard-hitting *Frank* and find out the grim details of the alcohol-dazed hunter who accidentally shoots his foot. Discover if Steve "Couchpotato" Murphy sues *Frank* for libel, or perhaps find the answer to this week's burning question — can Halifax afford not to invest in a public toilet?

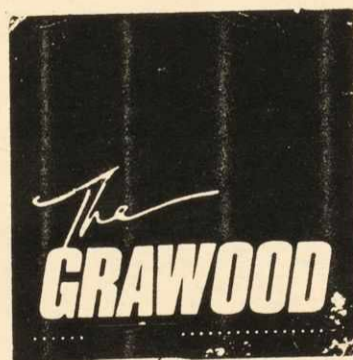
Sunday night at the Grawood:

No booze, but loads of coffee and entertainment

by Shelley Galliah

The second most popular student beverage is available on Sundays from 8pm - 11pm at the Grawood Cafe. But one need not be a breaking study bug to appreciate this relaxing, toned-down atmosphere. It's a welcoming alcohol-free alternative to an otherwise monotonous Sunday and a refreshing end to a wild party weekend. Since the cafe aims to be open to all students, the idea of obtaining a liquor license was rejected. It gives an opportunity for the below 19 crowd to experience the Grawood.

The present variety of coffees and teas is limited, but the selection promises to improve as the cafe becomes more popular. Otherwise, the snacking menu tempts the tastebuds with the three big c's: cookies, croissants, and cheesecakes. The strike has deadened this weekly affair somewhat, but at least two dozen heads still populated the Grawood last Sunday.

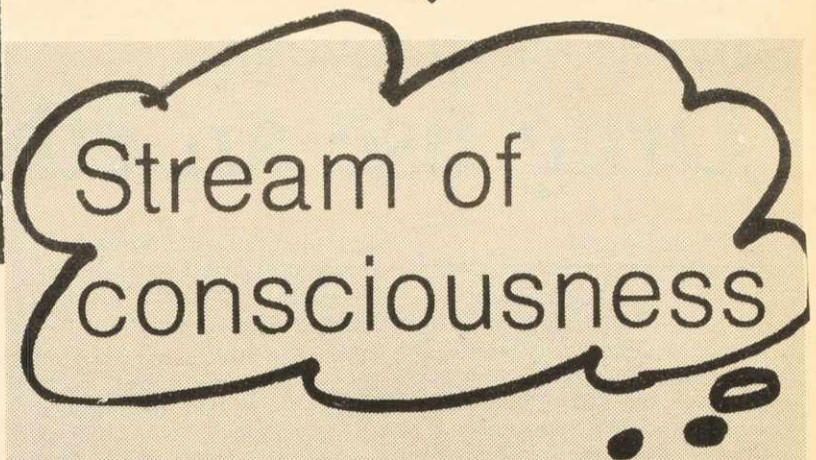


The entertainment is particularly enjoyable. Last Sunday, three performers humbly strummed their guitars to the dreamy sounds of folk rock. Treating the audience were Gerry Arsenault, Steve Haller, and Dennis Brown. The cafe serves as a stress-free stage to display local talent, and it wishes to recruit all closet musicians who are not

afraid of taking a risk. It is guaranteed you won't be heckled or assaulted with soggy fruit. However, the cafe is not encouraging the jam session scene. The music should provide a relaxing background and not crowd casual conversation. This is only to warn radicals and post-punks that a rousing rendition of "God Save the Queen" would not be properly appreciated.

Although presently the cafe is operated solely by two organizers, Michelle Clairmont and Jerry Arsenault, volunteers are welcomed. The word "volunteer" is stressed because the cafe is a non-profit affair. Its performers are only singing for a few cups of coffee, as the cafes modest weekly aim is only to break even.

Be sure to drop in before December 18 or skip by when the Grawood Cafe reopens its doors in second semester.



by Andre Narbonne
(Chair of the BS Poetry Society)

What was it Warhol said? In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes? He didn't mention how long it would take you to get famous for that fifteen minutes. Weeks? Months? Years?

The monthly sweatshops being hosted in the Grawood allow just half an hour. Impossible? I suppose. How many people have become famous in the past from a poem written in thirty minutes using a theme found on a randomly drawn thesaurus page?

Picture this: T.S. Eliot saunters into a sweatshop and picks out a page with the words "bang, antonym whimper" on it. Of course, he's up against stiff competition.

At the table across from him sits Robert Frost, his words, "dark" and "deep".

No, it's unlikely you'll get famous at a sweatshop. There is every chance that amidst the frustration, the soul-searching semantics, you'll arrive at a winning poem. That in itself is worth twenty-five dollars. Still, playing the game is more important than winning. If, in half an hour, you can find within yourself a better understanding of life, love, death the universe or free trade, who's to say that you've lost?

Future sweatshops at the Grawood will be hosted on January 17, February 14, and March 14 at 8:30pm. Admission to these events is free. For more information contact Judy Guthrie at 424-3774.

Women

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Suzanne Copan introduces another issue, the disturbing correlation of poverty and youth. Of the four hundred women who pass through the shelter each year, over half are between the ages of 16 and 25. Most stay only until they find a place to stay — usually a single room or place in a boarding house. Many have children.

As discussion winds down, a final question comes from the audience.

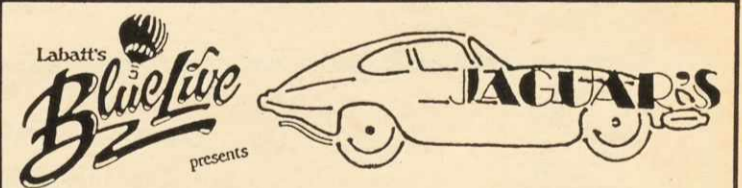
"We have spoken at length about Adsum House. But are

there any facilities in Halifax for homeless men?"

It is a good point at which to draw the evening to a close. Shebib's single criticism of the films — that they tend to portray poverty as an exclusively female condition — is justified.

"The Feminization of Poverty" attempts to explain why sixty percent of Canada's poor are women, and in this it is successful and enlightening. But the film must be kept in context.

After all, what of the other 40%? Poverty is a women's issue, but that fact does not preclude it from being a social issue, one which divides not only by gender but by class and race.



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