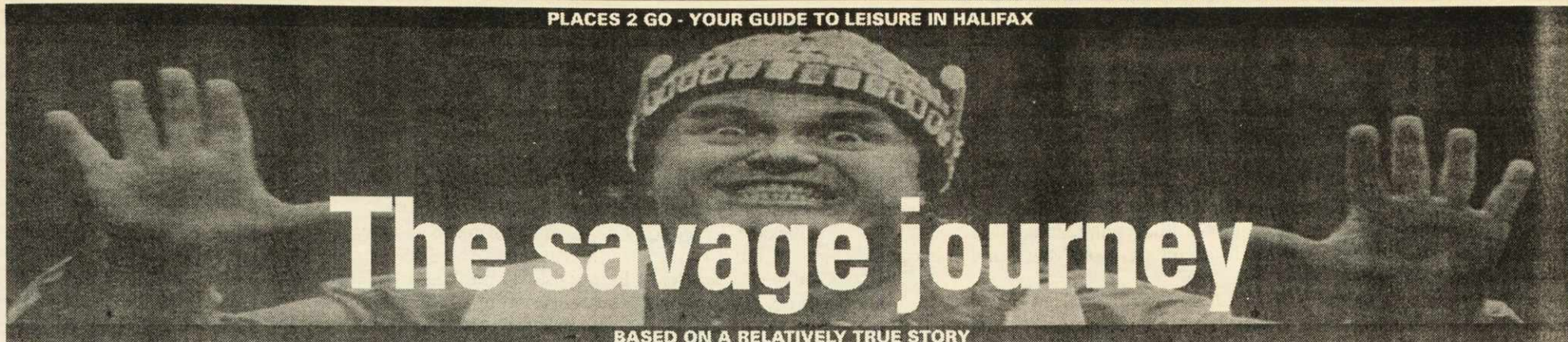


PLACES 2 GO - YOUR GUIDE TO LEISURE IN HALIFAX



# The savage journey

BASED ON A RELATIVELY TRUE STORY

BY ANDREW SIMPSON AND JOHN CULLEN

Tired of meaningless boozing and reform school antics, John and I went out on one final search for *it*. We have, in our year as Arts editors, never found *it*. There is no exact definition for *it*. In fact, all we can tell you about *it*, is that we want *it* bad. You probably want *it*, too.

"Yeah, bring it on, muthafucka," John said through a haze of red wine. "Your sorry ass is gonna get kicked when we step on that court."

"Look," I responded gravely. "Like Hammer said, 'You can't touch this.' I'm gonna wipe the floor with your punk ass."

From the other side of the table a chirping, bird-like voice interrupted our macho discourse with some disapproving remark.

"Quiet, gimp-boy," we said in unison.

John and I had already degenerated into verbal sparring about squash and it was only 9:30 — usually our banter starts later on most evenings.

Embarrassed, I looked around to see if people were listening, but the entire McInnes room was busy showing off. It was Student Appreciation Night, when all of Dalhousie's most productive boys and girls come out to play.

It's an incestuous little affair with lots of back-slapping and "har-de-har-harring" at lame inside jokes. Not really fitting in, John and I sucked up our pride so that we could suck up the many free glasses of wine.

"We need more booze," said John with desperation.

The haze that rolled in with my initial buzz was clearing, and for a fleeting moment my mind was sharp.

"Relax John," I commanded. "It's simply a matter of liberating bottles of wine from tables where they're being under-appreciated."

Both of us unable to find fault with such rational logic, we sent some cronies in search of lonely wine. But no amount of crushed grapes could make *it* appear.

"You know," said John philosophically, "*it* doesn't come to you. If you wanna find *it*, you gotta get out and look for *it*. Let's go to the House of Pain — I here *it* sometimes lurks near there."

"To the Bat Cave!" said some idiot from across the table.

"Quiet, gimp-boy," we said in unison.

We went to John's apartment for a brief stay; he told me it was only tobacco.

We were soon on the way to Club Pacifico, and more than ready to stretch the boundaries of journalistic ethics. John was convinced *it* would be there.

"I swear, I saw something outside the window at my place that told me where we should go, man. Those kind of things you just can't dispute," said John.

I gurgled my approval and fell down.

When we arrived at Pacifico we discovered that cover was pretty steep.

"So, are these steps," I said, wiping off the snow from another fall.

I stayed outside the bar "as collateral" while John was allowed to make a quick check inside. While leaning against a deceptively slippery wall, I made small talk with the bouncer.

"So, ah we lookin' fah *it*," I slurred.

"Wah?" he grunted.

"Fah *it*! Fah *it*! You know, *it*! Don't tell me you got *it*. Is this place *it*? Don't tell me this place is *it*. Not this place...." and with all the excitement, I fell down again.

While I was wiping myself off, John reappeared with a grim look on his face.

"*It*'s definitely not here," he said. "The Macarena crowd will never get *it*. Let's go somewhere with some rawk music."

I agreed, but was hesitant to leave my new friend, Mr. Bouncer.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow, my new friend," I said.

He cracked his knuckles affectionately.

We breezed through a series of bars, with John constantly pestering the clientele.

"Have you seen *it*? Where can I get *it*?" Each time, he would get kicked out and re-join me in the foyer with a grim look to his eyes.

After deciding that the Seahorse's hard rawk would have scared *it* away, we headed up the hill to Jerry's and The Palace.

"John, this my kinda place," I screeched, lurching through the entrance. "*It* is here. *It* is mine. Come to papa my precious!"

What I saw inside The Palace is not something I would like to discuss. It is sufficient to say that the experience has left indelible scars on my retinas. The Palace is full of people who think they have *it*, and many who think they are *it*, but most of them

just want *it* quick and easy. I was out of there in a flash.

In the neon glow outside, some 15-year-old tart was pestering John about his occupation.

"Are you in the band, man?" she asked.

**"Relax John," I commanded. "It's simply a matter of liberating bottles of wine from tables where they're being under-appreciated."**

"Look baby, I'm the manager," he said. "And if you touch me, in any way, I'm gonna lose it. Y'dig?"

"John, stop flirting!" I scolded. "Lets get out of here man, this

place is sick. It's full of busy bodies with empty minds, and that's not where *it*'s at."

We had exhausted nearly every possible bar and John was slow to accept the horrible truth.

"You mean there aren't anymore places 2 go?" he asked in a frightened little voice.

"Tell me there's somewhere else to go, tell me there's something new, someone new. Tell me that I haven't been to every crusty bar in this stale little town and not found *it* — tell me there's more."

I tried to console him. "John, we've had some pretty good times you know," I said.

"Yeah, but we've been everywhere and we haven't found *it* in Halifax," he replied sulkily.

"Well, John," I answered, "Halifax just may not be the spot for us. I guess everybody has to find *it* themselves, in their own

way, in their own place.

"Just because we may not be able to find *it* in Halifax, doesn't mean we should spend our time here mired in self-pity."

"Besides, guys," spoke an annoying voice from the lineup outside the Palace, "*it* may not reside in bars."

"Quiet, gimp-boy," we said in unison.

"We should be living this town to its limit," I continued. "We should explore every opportunity and climb every mountain...well, you know, so that when we leave here, we can take a bit of this place with us — *it*'ll be valuable knowledge in our search for *it*."

"What the fuck are you talking about and why are you wasting our time?" asked John. "Your words are making me sober and it's a long walk to another bar."

"That's the spirit, John. Birdland's always open."

I.W. Akerley Campus



Nova Scotia Community College

## University Graduates Put Your Degree to Work

The Nova Scotia Community College, I.W. Akerley Campus, offers the following one-year diploma programs to University Graduates:

### Accounting - Advanced (A diploma program for university graduates)

This accelerated program combines general business subjects with a solid foundation of accounting functions and computer software skills (including spreadsheets, database management, word processing and presentation graphics). Previous course work in accounting is not a prerequisite.

### Computer Systems - Advanced (A diploma program for university graduates)

This program focuses on advanced computer literacy in a business environment. It combines general business subjects with computer applications in database management, presentation graphics, spreadsheets, word processing and internet. Previous computer training is not a prerequisite.

**Admission Requirements - Any undergraduate degree or equivalent. Interested applicants with equivalent education and/or experience are encouraged to apply.**

For more information or application forms, contact the student services office:

Nova Scotia Community College - I.W. Akerley Campus  
21 Woodlawn Rd.  
Dartmouth, NS B2W 2R7  
Ph:(902) 462-3356  
Fax: (902) 462-1035  
e-mail: regadmin@akerley.nsc.n.s.ca

Apply now for September