

# From the outside looking in

BY CHRIS YORKE

My love of the theatre has intensified since I left Dalhousie. Today, I spent most of the day talking theatre faculty and sitting in on courses, with the hope of finding some sort of direction for this passion. The frustrations of organising independent theatre have made me realize that I don't know everything. Desire isn't enough if you don't have some training.

What I've witnessed taking place in our institution of higher learning fails to fill me with hope any more than the miracles I've seen take place outside its walls. My frustration with bureaucracy makes any concerns I have with vital indie productions seem pale. My concern is that our institutions drain the independence and initiative they ostensibly seek to nurture. I believe this quality is lost when a lack of funding forces a class to the size and mental dimension of a herd.

If I returned to an institution,

I would go to an exclusive academy (presuming it's existence) since the university is turning into little more than an extended public school. I must go where there are no distractions, where the in-



tensity is at its premium. Where excellence is not buried under the chatter of fools. Where the professors are less concerned with crowd control and more involved in the intimate development of

their pupils. No time wasted on outdated methods, but a fanatic adherence to logical idealism. No unwitting casualties lost to nothing better than mass confusion.

When the professors cease practicing their own exercises. When the professors cease to believe in their own practices. Then they should stop teaching.

To you, the aspiring: play hard to get. Play the good student. The best gift a professor can receive is a good student, for a good student can re-activate the fundimensions of a good professor. Make the program you enter aware of you as an entity, and make it need you to function well; or face the price of your anonymity when their decisions are made and your voice goes unheard.

Come to think of it, this experience has enriched me. The illuminated folk, the refined company I've longed for? I see now they were but a dream. Maybe I can scratch my own itch as far as the stage goes, even if it means just dancing with my mirror, alone.

# Home Hunting - A Disturbing Tale of Rejection and Humiliation

BY ANDREW SIMPSON

This past summer I returned to Canada's university and night-life capital not to visit the lecture and beer halls, but to plunge into the world of landlords, superintendents and 12-month leases.

Finding a place to live at university can be as stressful as studying for exams, because good accommodations make for a good year. If you live in a dingy two-bedroom hole in the ground, as I did last year, then it's bound to cause havoc during your year.

With this in mind, my roommate and I decided that we were going to move upscale and live in a place where we could catch some daylight, even before groundhog day. We thought that maybe, if we were lucky, our new place might have carpet. Carpet that is not brown.

We arrived in Halifax on a Wednesday night with four days to achieve our lofty goals. Staying in our old apartment was no problem because in any rental market, it's tricky trying to sublet a hole. This is curious because a hole is at its most comfortable and economical state during the summer months.

We spent that first night getting re-acquainted with the sights, sounds, and smells of downtown. Next morning, eager as 16-year-old virgins, we stormed the Dalhousie Off-Campus Housing Office, in the Student Union Building.

Our Student Union provides us

with many valuable services, however this is not one of them. The office posts some sparse, out-of-date listings in the hallway, and if you ask inside they'll give you a list of big apartment buildings, most with impressive waiting lists. The only helpful part of the office was the free phone, but we had hardly any numbers to call.

No problem, we thought, there is still the classified section. To-

usually trying to rent something less than desirable (like the guy with a place above King of Donair).

We were stood-up, interrogated, and even insulted by various landlords. It was fine on the first day, but by day three each rejection and brush-off seemed to raise our stress levels exponentially.

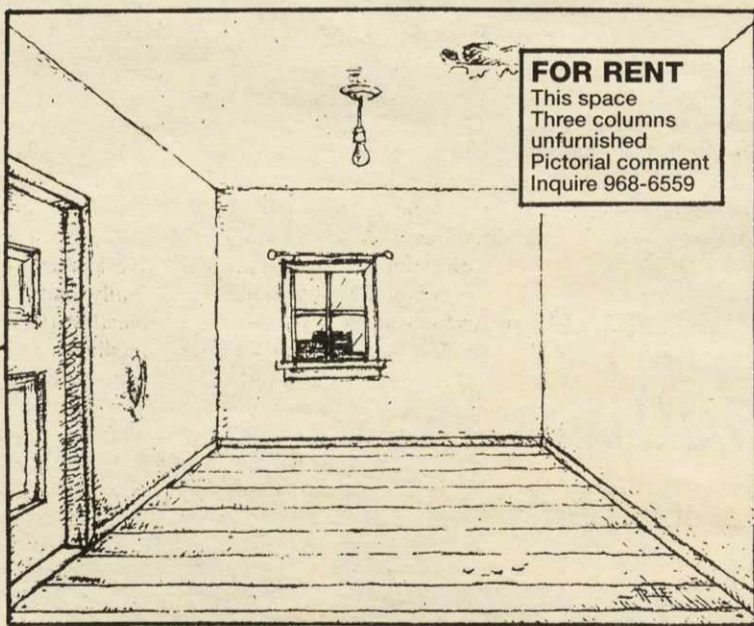
The breaking point came when we discovered the most perfect of our "perfect apartments." Located at the corner of Larch and Jubilee, it was a second floor place with a deck and hardwood floors (we were flexible about the not-brown carpet). The person I talked to told me all about the place, and then asked if we were students. I said that we were, and was treated

to this oratory gem — "We don't rents to no Studenses." I hung up.

As defeated, rejected and embarrassed as 16-year old virgins, we slinked back to our old landlord to sign up for another year of cave-dwelling. To make it seem like we had actually accomplished something, we decided to move to another apartment in the same building.

We now live in a fourth floor hole, and are spending the year plotting out our apartment search for next year. I am determined to one day live at the corner of Larch and Jubilee. So much so, that I have already prepared an answer for that same landlord.

"No man, I swear, I ain't never had no schooling."



day, 3 months later, when I think about that classified section, it still triggers an anxiety button in the back of my mind.

Picture two geographically-challenged Toronto boys, in a local coffee shop swilling coffee, hunched over a Halifax road map, trying to figure-out the location of every apartment advertised. I don't think I've ever been to Clayton Park, but there are some great deals on apartments there.

The monotony of the classifieds was broken by the occasional discovery of the "perfect apartment" at which point we would rush to the phone to call some of the seediest, grumpiest, most deceitful people in Halifax. Those who were not nasty were

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