



The ten per cent solution

Last year, somewhere around 10% of you voted in the second set of DSU elections.

Those few of you who voted chose six people to represent you. The other 90% or so of you who objected to getting a hole punched in your card, or who just didn't think you should bother to care, sat back quietly and ignored it all.

Last spring, you had \$132 in your hand and had the opportunity, with a stroke of your pen, to give it to people who claimed they would spend it with your best interests in mind.

If you didn't vote, you just dropped it into the air and let it go where the wind took it.

For all you know, some dealer could pick it up to spend on his personal crack habit.

Perhaps you don't realize the power the Student Union claims they have. They are the voice of Dalhousie Students. When they speak out at a Municipal, Federal or Provincial level, they speak with the authority of every student at Dalhousie. They make their decisions with the assurance that Dalhousie Students believe in them. They are representing you.

Do they know what you want?

Are you sure?

These people hire students and non-students to work in the Student Union Building in various

positions. With the support of other elected officials they can fire these people too.

What do you think about dismissing someone who held a \$60,000 a year job in the SUB without talking to the person in question first? Twenty-two elected officials, who represent you, just voted to do that.

If this doesn't bother you, and you have faith that they knew what they were doing, maybe it should bother you that if this year's council were so confident that there was just cause to dismiss this individual, why wasn't something done sooner?

What about Pizza Hut and Robin's Doughnuts? Are those the food outlets you wanted to invade the SUB? Or maybe that space would better serve students if it was used as an office for your favorite society.

Did you drop your money into the wind? Are you regretting it yet? Now you have the opportunity to follow it, and see where it goes. You can't get it back, but at least you can kindly ask the person who picks it up to spend it where you'd like it spent.

You might as well give it a try, after all, it's your money and your reputation they're spending.

JEN HORSEY

EDITORIAL

OPINION

Creaming the crop at King's

I am a Dalhousie Student, and as a Dalhousie student, I enjoy all those things that being at Dal affords me. Unfortunately, my chosen field of study, Contemporary Studies, draws me far too often to the King's College Quad.

Now, don't get me wrong, the buildings at King's College are quite beautiful, and the library harkens one to a studious frame of mind. But I must protest against the way in which they choose to spend their money.

The other day I happened to be waiting to get into my tutorial room, King's Seminar Room #5, but no key would fit the lock. So, our professor took us into the King's College Board room. Well, you would have been amazed. Here was this beautiful room with a lovely custom-designed table (I'm sure it was mahogany) that would have been perfect for the style of tutorial we were having. There was only one problem — we couldn't use this room for our tutorials on a regular basis. It's off-limits to students.

So, much to our chagrin, we have to take our tutorials in a tiny, unventilated room, on top of the gymnasium. There are almost thirty people in my tutorial, and King's has the nerve to put us in a room that is cramped

with twelve people in it.

Heaven forbid that one of the many benefactors of King's should see the mere students using the **Board Room**. It's enough to make you gag. But it does fit into the elitist notions that King's seeks to uphold.

Now, you may ask how I came by the idea that King's is elitist, and the answer is quite simple. I have many friends here at Dalhousie, and also at King's College, and I have it on fairly good authority that many students of Canada's better private schools were heavily recruited by representatives of King's. I can also say with some certainty that I know of no public schools that have had the dubious honour of receiving these representatives.

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm as classist as the next guy, but this is a little extreme. These people still receive government funding, and like it or not, they are a **public** higher learning institution.

So, to all you board members of King's College, here's a little message: Take heed of my words. Take care of your students. Remember, I'm watching you, and I'm a member of the media.

JOSEF TRATNIK

LETTERS

I am a Radical

To the Gazette,

Joe is back: "So wake up, stop whining, stop being a victim, and GET A LIFE!" Although Josef Tratnik was referring to success and how none of the obstacles he faces will prevent him from becoming successful, we must look deeper into his words. His words compel us to stand up and fight for change instead of whining — this is our duty.

Whining is such an integral part of the Canadian mentality; passive-aggressors, Canadians talk the talk, but cannot walk the walk. It is imperative for Canadians to avoid any real debate, fearful such heated exchanges will divide this "united" country.

I never sit on the fence; I take a stand — always. It takes great strength and courage for an individual within Canadian society to get off that fence because they face violent opposition from the straight and narrow. They must be prepared not only to walk alone, but to stand alone.

I spent the 1994-95 academic year studying at the *Université canadienne en France* (U.C.F.), on the French Riviera. Hopelessly in love with the French. Hopelessly in love with the French. Hopelessly in love with the French. Many students, myself included, were disappointed with U.C.F.; isolated on a lonely mountain-side, it was nothing more than France's Mini-Canada.

Day after day, I heard numerous variations on how U.C.F. was not a real university. Tired of listening to people whine (but do nothing), I put my pen to paper and unleashed my wrath.

I said U.C.F. was the university where Canadians have fun, where travelling, and not academics, was the priority. I had simply taken what so many had said and personalized it. Immediately, people consented and resented.

I took the stand most people were afraid to take. Very few people spoke to me after the publication of my article: students, others I had once called friends, professors and administrators. I stood my ground because I believed so firmly in what I had said, but I paid a high price. Surrounded by people who hated me and wouldn't speak to me because I destroyed their hallowed utopia, I was ostracized.

Many times I thought about packing up and returning to Canada before the end of the school year. I was not about to become a victim. I refused, categorically, to let those students and their self-righteous attitudes prevent me from obtaining my goal. Being ostracized, the sentence inflicted upon me by my *peers*, was not my imprisonment, but rather my liberation.

Living among these 130 Canadians showed me that Canadians are so content to accept things just as they are, never putting forth a challenge — caught between the Dark Ages and the Victorian Era. I am glad that in the Canadian sense of the word, I am not Canadian.

An individual living within Canadian society who protests and contests, making their voices heard, is, as we say in French, *théoricien d'extrémisme* (a radical). Then be forewarned: I am a radical. I rise with the sun, but I never set.

Marcus Lopes

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