

# the dalhousie gazette

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photo: Depak Seth; Dal photo

at the fireworks

## Frosh week at a glance

by Caroline Kolompar

*"Let's go, frosh, hold hands. Girls, see those two men over there? Remember what you have to say? Oh frosh, don't forget, on your knees and let's have a little sincerity in your voices."*

"Sincerity, you want sincerity," gasps one frosh as she looks at the two men with their pants falling off them and their less than Charles Atlas physiques. Nevertheless, she gets down on her knees, with a flock of other women, and chants (to the

delight of the workers) "How are you today fine gentlemen? Would you like to come back to my place for a goood time?"

Ah yes, frosh week is here. For many seniors this is a chance to humiliate the new arrivals. For many of the frosh, this week is a chance for them to get to know a few people from different parts of the country, at the expense of a little humiliation. Many of us don't mind the humiliation. I

mean this is the kind of stuff we are going to tell our children. We won't be telling them about our wonderfully stimulating biology class, or that learning about DNA was a genuinely thrilling experience. We will be recounting our experiences during Frosh Week.

Frosh week at Dalhousie started on Monday, September 4. Unlike some other schools, Dal's frosh week goes for a full seven days. Here's a brief account of the events of the week for those of you who were "too busy to go."

Monday — For off-campus frosh this day was just for signing in. Yet a reassuring 'pink shirt' tells you that there will be stuff to do ... tomorrow.

Tuesday — Picked up frosh packs and an off-campus frosh shirt (for the low, low price of \$15). Then off we went for the campus tour after a few get-to-know-your-neighbour games. The campus tour led us straight to McDonald's. On the way we walked like elephants and ducks and courted 'gentlemen.' On the way back we held hands with someone of our own gender,

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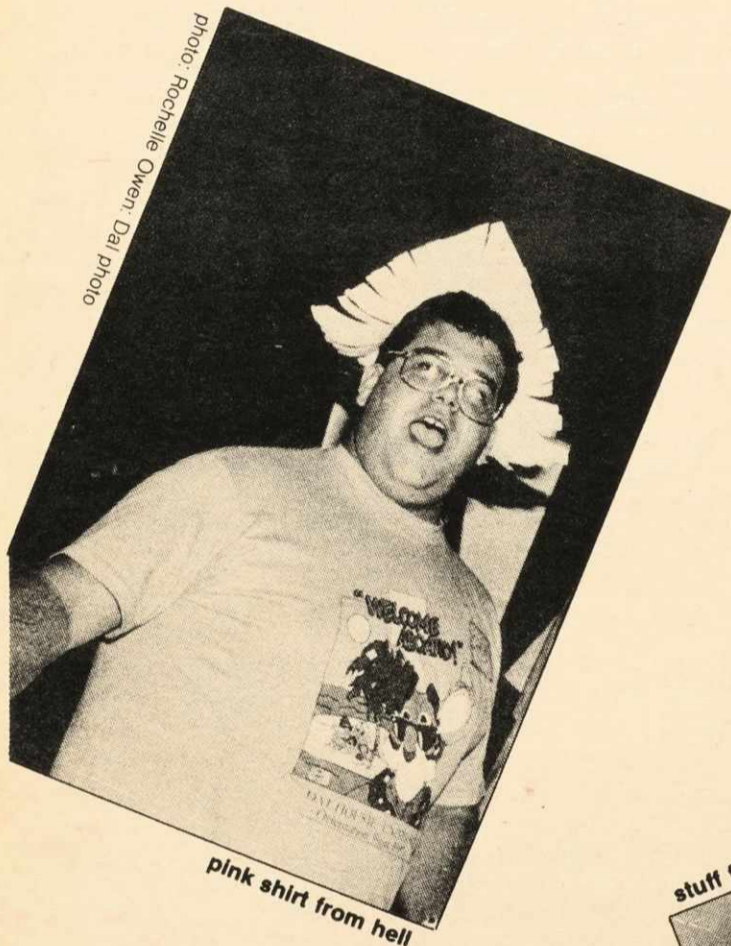


photo: Rochelle Owen; Dal photo

pink shirt from hell

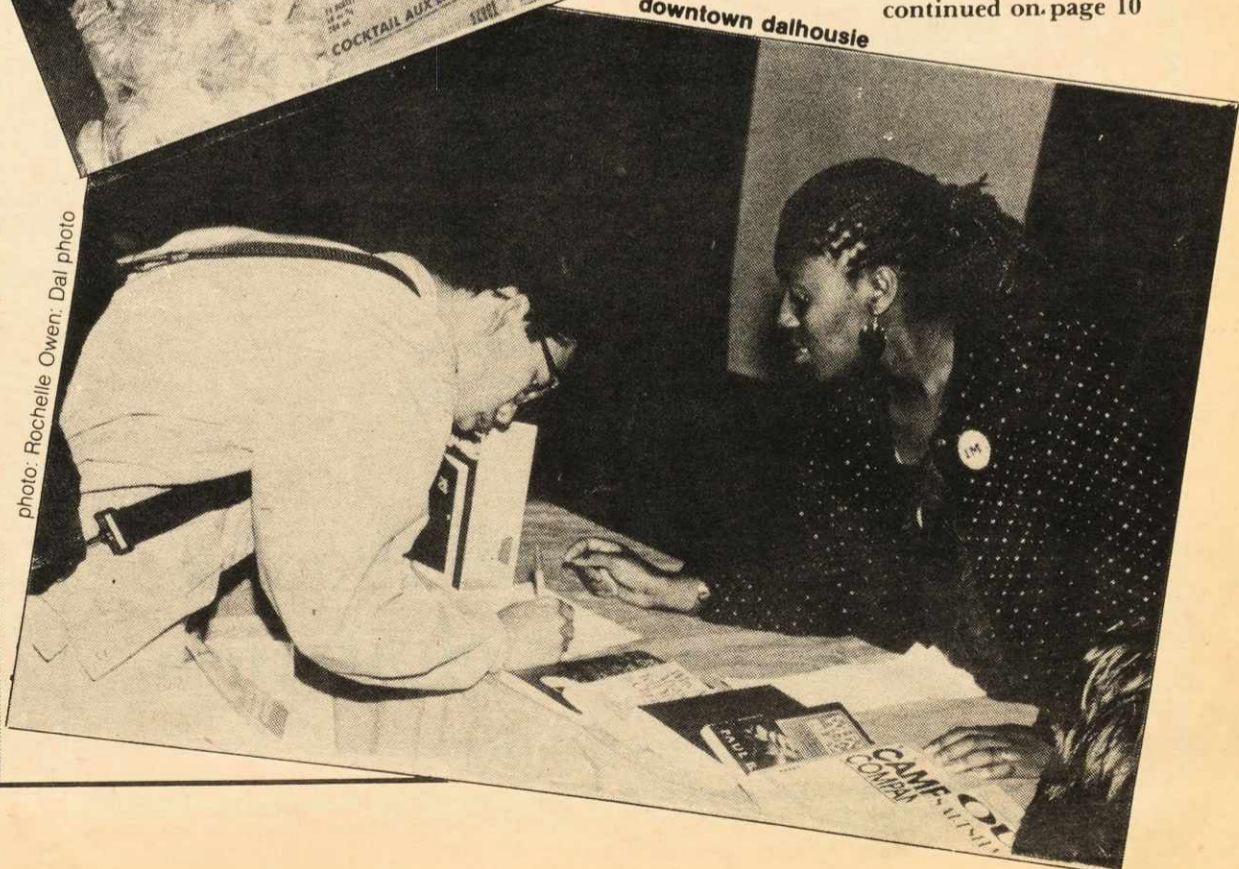
stuff for shinerama



photo: Rochelle Owen; Dal photo

downtown dalhousie

photo: Rochelle Owen; Dal photo



"Hey, I remember you — I met you at orientation."

"Well do you even remember my name?"

"Not exactly, but I remember your face, I never forget a face!"

"I don't remember meeting you. Maybe I was too busy trying to avoid doing all those stupid activities everyone is so hyped up about on campus."

"Oh... Hey, have you gone to Dalplex yet?"

"I'm not really into exercise. Plus I think it's a bloody waste to build an Olympic-sized pool — do you know how many homeless people could live there?"

"Uh ... no, I guess I never thought of it."

"Besides, it's just full of big jocks trying desperately to impress the opposite sex."

"Yah, what's wrong with that? We're all here to have a good time right?"

"Well, if that's what you consider to be a good time, you've got a lot of maturing to do!"

"Okay, so Dalplex isn't your thing. Have you checked out some of the bars downtown?"

"Why would I want to waste my time going to some smoky bar, consuming intoxicating beverages which kill hundreds of irreplaceable brain cells while mingling with egotistical, macho, stuck-up studs with IQs equal to that of a squashed grape on a brass doorknob."

"It seems like you don't appreciate anything that the Frosh Leaders have organized — just for us."

"Just for us?!? It's more like a big ego trip for them. I think they enjoy making fools out of us."

"Answer me this; do you know where your classes are?"

"Of course!"

"Have you met at least one person this week?"

"I guess. Your name is..."

"Carla."

"Right."

"I guess that just proves that the 'Pink Shirts' have done their job. But have you done your part and taken full advantage of Frosh week?"

(Pause.)

"Yah, well just remember it's all fun and games until somebody loses an eye!"