

Stress: The pressure, and how to swing it

Forgive me for being a little self indulgent.

Racking my brain for a meaningful topic to dwell on this week, all I could think of was the stress I was putting myself under. Not just to think up a good editorial topic, but the whole getting-the-Gazette-out stress. The pressure is something that keeps me going when I'm feeling kind of overwhelmed, but on occasion has also made me very close to burn-out. In trying to rid myself of the editorial-creation stress I inadvertently condemned myself to not be able to think of anything else.

I think I first experienced the stress I'm most used to now, that of deadline pressure, in junior high or high school, with those first few BIG projects. Remember those: essays you probably could whip off in a night now seemed like insurmountable tasks then. 1000 words was the length you planned to make you Master's Thesis. I had one Science Fair project that I was ill-prepared for in Grade 12 that I ended up staying up all night to finish.

Man, was it bad. But at least I got it done. Failure to complete your project on time threatened one with the big F in Grade 12 Physics.

Back then I think if I had an especially trying day at school I would pop *The Wall* into the CD player and lay on my back on the avocado

green carpet at home listening to "Comfortably Numb" on repeat. It just made everything sort of disappear and be all right. I've since learned that there are other things that you can do while listening to "Comfortably Numb" that can make you feel even more all right but those details are kind of unnecessary.

Hey, my mom reads the paper, too.

I'm trying to think of any really good mechanisms that I've managed to develop to deal with the stress of university. At an institution where waking up is a good excuse for a party, stress relief is usually not hard to find — it's just a matter of letting yourself go. And yes, I know that is not so easy for some of you.

But at the same time, constant partying can burn you out so fast that you'll double your stress when you regain conscious thought and realize that (1) you don't own thong underwear, and (2) that you've managed to hit the snooze button continuously through the first three weeks of school. Well, I've made about half my classes.

None of this is really helping out you folks out there, and I guess that's supposed to be my job. That is, to keep you informed about things and maybe offer

have more well thought-out opinions anyway. I'm just a grammar hack with a weakness for bad puns.

The stress of this position has actually been getting to me, so much so that I think I've been snapping at all the people I've just mentioned.

Thankfully, they've been dealing with it. Dealing with your stress can give you a good indication of who your friends, or at least your non-enemies, are.

They're the people who know when you're stressed and can see that you're able to be helped, and also know when you're being a total _____ and should discreetly be left to stew. Friends like that are a for sure anti-stress remedy.

I find myself counting to ten, and making strange guttural noise in order to deal with overwhelming situations. I developed a no doubt ultra-annoying habit of shooting elastics at people in the Gazette office (Someone's gonna lose an eye! Pshutz!). Crazy in general is easy to understand late at night, but it can be a little disconcerting at 11:30 a.m. to the rest of the staff when that's my response to coming in to a room full of things I have to deal with.

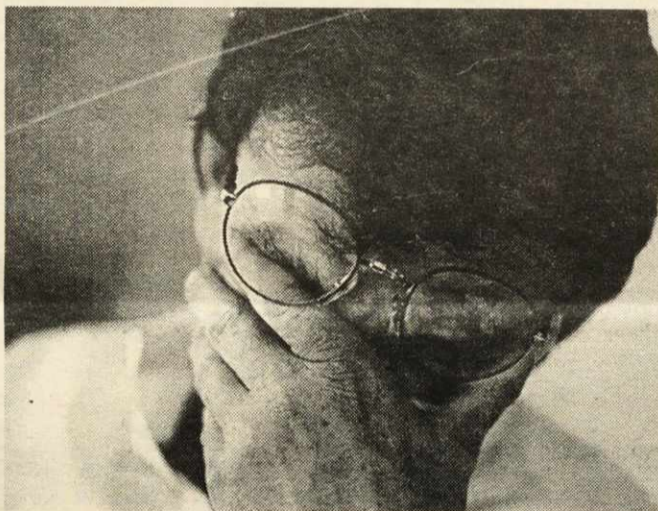
I tend to exaggerate my little stress relief mechanisms because, well, I'm a show off. In order to keep myself working efficiently, those little moments of ridiculous behaviour are necessary.

So, when your school-related, or whatever-related stress is getting you frazzled — go with it. A little craziness a day keeps the men in the white coats away. Even if they are your lab assistants.

Pshutz!

I know I feel better.

TIM COVERT



some educated opinion from time to time.

To be realistic to myself about the amount of informed opinion I actually possess, I will endeavour to split this editorial evenly with Shelley. After that we might allow this editorial to rotate among our section editors when they wish to comment on something particular. They probably

congratulations!

Thanks to all those who participated in the Gazette Section Editor Elections this past Monday.

The new Section Editors are:

- **News:** Gina Stack
- **Arts:** Andrew Simpson / John Cullen
- **Focus:** Kaveri Gupta / Tamara Bond
- **Sports:** Aaron Bleasdale
- **Dalendar:** Sophia Maxwell
- **Opinions:** Michael Alves
- **Photo:** Danielle Boudreau
- **CUP:** Mark Reynolds
- **Science & Environment:** Adel Iskander / Anthony Skelton

Keep these people busy, write for the Gazette.

letters

Sandmen Neglected: The Lost Review

by Aaron Dhir

I wasn't able to get to the Gazette office last week, and it was to my horror that the only gig at the Halifax On Music Festival that didn't get reviewed, in last week's edition, was the September 14th Giant Sand show at Reflections. Presumably this was because everyone was at *that other show*, with *that other band*. Actually, after the Reflections gig, I did go to see *that band*, who were pretty decent. However, it is a shame to see a band as talented as the Sandmen get so little recognition.

First, the sound at Reflections was mediocre at best. Coming all the way from Arizona, these guys deserved a bit more than constant buzzing sounds and an improperly miked piano. Although I was disappointed that the band did not play any of their electric stuff (or anything known for that matter), their set was pleasing in its intimacy. Head Sandman Howe Gelb switched between piano and guitar, and the Sand's

drummer (I believe it was John Convertino) did an excellent job of following Gelb's nervous/ragged riffs.

It's cool how Giant Sand's style seems to be like a sequence of musical accidents, where chaos is fit into the song structures, as opposed to the music emerging from disorder (as with early Sonic Youth). Gelb's vocals very much fit the musical style of the band. His fragmented lyrics strangely seem to come together with some type of cohesion to produce strange, obscure narratives.

I feel really bad that I only caught Giant Sand's set, and that I can't comment on the rest of the show (although I've heard that Rebecca West were quite good). I also felt really bad that the techno music blasting through the speakers, immediately following the Sand's last song, thwarted any attempt at an encore. After this, the drummer came out to say hi. I asked him if they'd play "Sisters and Brothers" (from their *Slanted* CD) as an encore, and he smiled replying, "It doesn't look like we'll be able to." Hopefully next time.

the Dalhousie Gazette editorial board

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The Gazette welcomes letters to the editor and commentary. Letters are limited to 300 and commentary to 800 words. All submissions must be typed double-spaced on paper, e-mailed, or on a Mac or IBM 3 1/2 inch disk. The deadline is Mondays at noon.

contributors

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Zack Taylor, last year's typesetter and all around friend to the Gazette, has passed on.

There's a hole where he's moved to Toronto. We're missing out since he was always slugging out the stories we were missing.

Your job is to write letters to the editor. We'll be sure to publish the best ones.