

It's never too late

BY ALAN LEBLANC

Oh dear God! The only thing worse than missing several days of university is when a huge story breaks and no *Gazette* has gone to print for a few weeks. The Cole Harbour High incident may seem a little irritating to you, but the fact is that even as you hold this paper in your hot hands the problem still remains.

So powerful as to gain national news coverage on CBC and CTV, the aptly-named "Christmas Bash" ended with several students being hauled away with pepper-spray burns. Remember too that the incident that inflamed this was when a white male broke up a fight between a white girl and a black one (I was mildly surprised it wasn't Darren Watts).

I guess by now you're expecting me to preach that these are nothing but unruly, bratty kids who were just begging for trouble. However, that would be a pre-judgment, and prejudice these days is equivocal to murder. I instead point the finger of blame at the parents, the activists, the community "leaders" who were encouraging this hatred for years. Hey, this is fun! The blame game,

it's so simple!

Now for seriousness. This wasn't the first race problem Cole Harbour has had and it will not be the last. The community of North Preston is certainly a hotbed of hate. It is truly incredible that in Cherrybrook and East Preston there seems to be no wrangling and fuss over the great white burden, and yet North Preston has resorted to throwing rocks at RCMP cruisers on three separate occasions last year, two in December alone. Wayne Adams, MLA for Preston, says he never sees these incidents going on. Of course not! He's turned the blind eye to North Preston for years with their anti-authority sentiment. It's because they see the police as one colour, blue, and it matters not who drives the police cruiser (or sprayed the pepper-spray, for that matter).

Don't think I'm scapegoating the blacks here either. I think most of the white kids from Eastern Passage and Cole Harbour have just as much hate and disregard for authority, if not more, than the black kids there. It disgusts me that most of them use the infamous "n-word" as their everyday vernacular, and shed

crocodile tears when the MITV cameras show up.

Sound like I've lost my mind yet? I'm close, but there are solutions, and I currently have two. I can guarantee no one will like both, but take your pick:

My first is we construct a new high school in Cherrybrook or North Preston where we can keep the two races apart. This way we can keep the two races separated, just like at the dance, and have the two communities turn away from each other in more disgust. At least we can keep the two races segregated and make the bigots happy.

The other, and my favourite, is we get the parents of the students of Cole Harbour High School gathered in the gymnasium. We set up two microphones to allow for an open and honest discussion and we talk. This is how we teach our kids, through example.

The point is that rehashing old feelings has accomplished nothing. Charles Saunders' calling the police a bunch of racists and making foolish parallels to Haiti only inflames situations like this. When are these so-called activists going to get active about solving the race issue?

Lunacy of dancing

BY STUART MCMILLAN

The heavy bass swamps your ears, flashing lights dazzle your eyes, and you find yourself in the centre of a crowded dance floor, as claustrophobic as being in the overcrowded Grawood on a typical Thursday night. Everyone is bopping up and down to the flow of the music, getting into the deafening roar. Wherever you look there is someone "feeling the rhythm."

Dancing appears to be this mad, drug-enhanced lunacy action, making people move their bodies as if they are about to have an epileptic fit or as if they have escaped from a mental institution. Maybe they could be possessed by a demon or spirit which is controlling their actions. Why then do people jump about to

music, why do they dance in the nightclubs?

If they started dancing downtown during the day time, everyone would stare at them in disillusion, and the police would probably ask them what they are doing. In the clubs and bars we all get a chance to act like idiots, the lunacy of dancing as we spill

beer over ourselves and others, or squash other people's toes. Usually a foreign stimulus such as alcohol can loosen up the joints and make one think that he or she actually looks really cool when dancing.

Is it a pressure release to get up and "groove" with a bunch of strangers? Most people are too shy to go up and start dancing by themselves on an empty dance floor except if they are properly intoxicated. When there is a bunch of partying animals moving about and singing along, there is a sense of comfort that you can act and look as silly as you want and most people won't care what you look like or do. After all of the hassles of the week you can just get up and act as dorky as you want, but hey, this is fun.



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claim. We're talking about every single day striving to improve the world through improving ourselves. That's what resolutions are about — it's a fresh start for those of all religions. The new year is a time for reflecting on mistakes, learning from those mistakes, and making an effort to change yourself for

the better.
Observing Christmas and then leaving the principles behind it stored like boxes of decorations in the attic for another year just don't cut it. You have to look to keep the "spirit of the season" alive for the whole year.
And therein lies the appeal of New Year's. I may feel happy and joyous on Christmas Day, but it is

the sober (?) reflection of New Year's Day which will leave a lasting good.
So make those resolutions deep and far-reaching. The commitment and will power that are needed to make and keep your resolutions every day mean far more in human terms than a one day burst of good will.

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