

LETTERS

Le rêve... impossible

To the editors:

Il y a dix ans que les Québécois/oise ont du se poser la question suivante, "Veux-je demeurer Canadien/ne, oui ou non?" La réponse, à ce moment-là n'était pas claire et nette. Dix ans plus tard, la réponse me semble bien évidente pour un mariage qui sûrement doit se terminer d'une façon ou d'une autre. Donc, la question de base n'est pas "oui ou non?" mais plutôt "quand?" et "comment?".

Mais avant de discuter ces questions-là, il faut qu'on justifie un "oui". Tout simplement, le concept du fédéralisme comme tel ne marche pas et ne marchera jamais. C'est à dire que le rêve de Trudeau et ses suivants était impossible pour certaines raisons simples. Il a envisagé un pays avec deux principaux partenaires qui partageraient tout; leur culture, leurs joies, leurs défaites, et surtout leur langue. Mais la pierre angulaire de son plan était le bilinguisme dans chaque province. Pourtant le Québec, lui-même rejète catégoriquement ce concept et les autres provinces (sauf le N.B.) ont fait de même. Donc, le rêve de Trudeau, sans un pays véritablement bilingue n'est rien qu'un rêve. Cela est sensé quand on y pense si on imagine un

mariage ou les deux partenaires ne se parlent jamais sauf à travers un interprète. Un tel mariage n'irait pas loin.

Donc, il y a deux questions de base. La question de "quand?" sera décidée par Bourassa (ou quiconque). La question de "comment" est en train d'être décidée par les résultats de la commission Bélanger-Campeau. On ne peut que deviner la date mais il me semble qu'elle suivrait la prochaine élection fédérale car cela prendrait sûrement du temps pour les négociations fédérales-provinciales en ce qui concerne les conditions du divorce. Au sujet de "comment?", bien qu'il soit clair que les négociateurs Québécois se battent pour leurs intérêts nationaux, le Canada sera dans une position de faire des demandes aussi. Pourquoi? La soirée, c'est terminée mais il faut payer la note de toute façon.

M. Asuncion

singin' the DSU blues

To the editors:

I can certainly relate to your unflattering vision of the DSU. The adjectives "unprofessional" and "rude" should have been added to the list. Being a first year student, naive to the closed mindedness of heirarchical university adminis-

trators, I entered the student union office thinking that my concerns would be respected and properly dealt with. Eventually, I was told to speak to a forty-ish looking, short, fat, blond man (apparently the buck could not be passed any further). When I asked him why the St. Marys' health plan includes birth control and the Dalhousie one does not, I was informed that birth control is a "luxury". After checking the calendar to make sure that I wasn't in *Back to the Future 4*, circa 1950, I continued to press the matter and to ask if this meant that Dal cares less than SMU does if students get pregnant. "You", he replied quite indifferently, "are blowing a trivial matter out of proportion".

SO I decided to gather up all of my youthful idealism and find a constructive solution. I applied for a position with the DSU and took a lot of care while filling out the application to explain the reasons why I wanted the position. That must have been my big mistake. "As a member of the DSU", I wrote, "I will justly represent all nationalities, minorities and sexes." I also said that there are many important student issues which need to be addressed in a serious manner. Well, this was almost three weeks ago and either that are completely unorganized or extremely unprofessional because I have not yet heard a word from them, and my Upper Canadian patience is running out.

But alas, I have a solution. **MUTINY!** (I'm serious) Let's get together a group of students who genuinely care about the welfare of other students and revolt against the current PSU (pathetic student union). We are supposed to be young and rebellious and it should infuriate us that we are being walked all over by these reps (and I use the term loosely).

Do you really think that Ralphia Boy gives a shit that black students feel their concerns are ignored, some women students feel undermined, the environment around us is being destroyed or that each of you will be paying over two grand

MUTINY

for an education next year (maybe that too is a luxury)? We need council members who can empathise with other people's problems and will therefore be moved into action. Dal students should be fed up with elitist politics and should fight for their rights to be informed, heard and respected.

Name withheld upon request P.S. I realize that there are more important issues in the world than student rights, but hey, if you let the status quo walk all over you now, who's going to protect human rights and freedoms for you when you're out in the real world. Take action now, don't let other people decide your future.

Mason-jarred

To the editors:

We are writing to respond to the editorial "Heads in the Sand" by Alex Mason (Gazette, Jan. 24), on the Jan. 15 Teach-in. We find the article to be racist and insulting. By the very guidelines of the *Gazette*, it should not have been printed.

The author states: "If you believe everything Palestinian-Canadian medical professor and doctor Ismail Zayid said..." Not only is the reference to Dr. Zayid's nationality irrelevant, especially since the nationality of no other speaker is given, it is racist in that it suggests that Dr. Zayid's credibility is in question by the mere fact of his heritage.

The author also refers to some of the panelists as "experts". We find this author's use of quotation marks insulting to the panelists as it suggests it is a false claim, this denying the panelists' work, study, teaching, research, writing, and experience in their respective fields.

Barry S. Jenkins
Carla E. Pike Kenkins

Dangerous myth

To the editor

I went to see Les Ballets Jazz on Thursday night at the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium and it was like taking a long candlelit bath-one of those things that you forget how wonderful they are until you indulge yourself again.

The Company had an efficient power and proficiency that left the atmosphere of every piece to blossom, and some of the choreography was pretty damn awesome. Unfortunately, in the smouldering performance of *Bad Blood*, choreographed by Ulysses Dove, one of the male dancers gestured hitting one of the female dancers and her upper body reeled with the impact. I guardedly watched as women were pulled by the hair, and unwound from embraces in slow face-to-man's-groin clinging descents.

If it hadn't been for the friend beside me who was in an incendiary rage I would not have thought anything more of it than a man's choreography, and an example of the latent misogyny that wanders about in art seldom criticized because of the beauty of its depiction. But my friend was furious.

The fusing of sex and violence with the woman as willing victim was not merely a choreographer's fantasy, but a symptom of a dangerous myth in our society that must be recognized and refuted every time.

Barbara Leiterman

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