

# Hockey: hotbed of racism

Don Cherry once noted that if you rearranged the letters in Tie Domi's name, you could spell out "Me Idiot".

The popular Maple Leaf's tough guy added credence to that claim, when in an article by the Canadian Press, he said, "People are blowing it out of proportion... I think that things said on the ice should stay on the ice. That's been an unwritten rule in the league for years and they're changing it. One incident and they're making a big issue out of it. I don't agree."

It is racism, and, while it's always been in hockey, people are just starting to talk about it off the ice.

Over the past two weeks, there have been two reported incidents of racism in the National Hockey League (NHL), and one in the American Hockey League.

In the NHL, Chris Simon reportedly called Mike Grier, a black forward with the Edmonton Oilers, a "nigger". In a separate incident, Simon's Washington Capitals teammate, Craig Berube, called Peter Worrell, a black forward with the Florida Panthers, a "monkey".

Isolated incidents? Not at all. Hockey arenas have long been playgrounds for middle to upper-class white kids playing an

expensive game. Void, for the most part, of any sort of ethnic diversity, dressing rooms have become insular planting grounds for elitism and racism.

To say that these problems occur only at the professional level would

This institutionalized silence allowed Graham James to sexually assault teenage players while he was coaching the Swift Current Broncos of the Western Hockey League, and it provides insulation for racist attitudes.

But Domi supports this "keep-your-mouth-shut" system, and thinks that spouting racist beliefs and slurs is part of the game, and should be protected.

Domi is wrong.

To insist that racism is a fundamental and inalienable part of hockey is disgusting. Undoubtedly, racists can be found everywhere, but they should not be part of hockey. Domi has a responsibility to improve the game, for all players, instead of defending ignorance and bigotry.

Society is changing, the face of hockey is starting to change, and it's time for the traditional attitudes to change as well.

While players could hide behind the shield of whiteness in the past, the inclusion of more minorities in hockey has two effects; either the shield hardens, or, ideally, it disintegrates and eventually disappears.

In Domi's case it has obviously hardened; and his attitudes only degrade the game further.

GREG MCFARLANE

## Editorial

be grossly inaccurate. The foundations of racist beliefs can be found at the minor hockey level.

Take twenty kids, throw them in a room together and tell them that they have to become a team; obviously, they are going to look for elements they have in common. As most players are white, visible minorities can come as a shock. And as opponents, they are often subjected to various racial slurs based on their ethnic backgrounds.

When coaches and other team officials fail to stop this behaviour, it becomes a systematic tool of intimidation.

Add to this the old adage of "what's said in the dressing room stays in the dressing room", and you've got a recipe for racism and cowardice. After all, players can say whatever they want and not face the consequences of the outside world.

Those involved in the game have to seriously reconsider that adage.



# Letters

## DAGS Resignations

As one of the DAGS councillors who recently resigned, I was "appalled" (to coin a term from one of the interviewees) at the reaction of some of the students.

This year's council put a lot of voluntary work in over the past few months. It is interesting to note that Mr Kelso, Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Schurko were conspicuously absent during these many long hours. It was our every intent upon researching the Grad House issue to take DAGS into a new direction.

As councillors, it is our duty to represent the interests of the Dalhousie University student body. However, the mandate given to us to "Grow the Grad House" ran counter to our convictions that the Grad House should not exist as a business entity.

It is for this simple reason that we resigned. The councillors felt that we could not represent the interests of the graduate students in an impartial and unbiased manner. It had nothing to do with immaturity, or a desire to run away from any amount of work. If Mr. Kelso was there during the summer months when we were working on the DAGS or Grad House Assessments, he would appreciate that.

The one thing I despise about politicians in Ottawa and Washington is their willingness to compromise their beliefs and convictions for the sake of staying in power. We had no such intent as DAGS councillors. If we couldn't represent graduate student interests wholeheartedly and enthusiastically, we wanted nothing to do with the process.

The three aforementioned individuals anted up some important criticisms. They would be better served running for council, and show the rest of us that they have at least the integrity to stand up for what they obviously believe in. This would make them part of the solution, instead of another part of the problem. I would even be willing to sign their nomination forms.

STEVEN ANDJELIC  
Former DAGS councillor

## CD done wrong

To the editor,  
Janet French should brush up on her music history before attempting any more record reviews. To confuse Patty Smyth, she of the early '80s New Wave band Scandal and an equally dismal solo career, with Patti Smith, one of the most influential female artists in all of rock, would be inexcusable if it didn't make such hilarious reading. To suggest Smith has dumped the "cheesy love ballads" of past albums (*Piss Factory?* *Rock 'n' Roll Nigger?*) in order to "borrow" from P.J. Harvey in some desperate attempt to become trendy is laughable. In reality, the reverse is true. Every female rocker today owes a debt to Smith.

STEVE MACLEOD

## Not the Grad House

Close anything but the Grad House. Close the Grawood, close Tim Horton's, close the libraries...but don't close the Grad House.

My name is Richard Embier. You can call me Dick. I have many fond memories tied up in that little piece of Valhalla that we affectionately call the Grad House. After hours activities such as free booze parties, sex on the pool tables and weed in the bathrooms come to mind. But the special times I hold close to my heart are the countless hours

of smoking cigars in the president's office, much like George Burns did when he played God.

Things were great for a while when the grad society was run by us, the MBA students. We were accountable to nobody. We kept our embezzling and the law suits and the government inquiries away from public scrutiny. Then everything went to hell in a handbasket when some moron had the idea of letting the other graduate students in on the fact that there was a Grad Society.

Now they think they actually belong on our supreme high council. How the hell did that happen? They are even allowed to vote. Bastards! Now our days of ripping off the students, the government and the Grad House employees are threatened.

The purpose of the Grad Society is to run the Grad House, period. And what do science types know about running a business? If I want a polymerise chain reaction or an environmental survey, I will ask them. So, they should leave the difficult work to us. Some people ask how the hell our program can be called a Master's program. Well, there is a reason why MBAs don't need to do a thesis. We run the Grad House.

Be advised that to mess with us can have serious repercussions. We are the cockroaches of society. We are in your banks, we are in your government, we are in your private sector, and where there is one there are more. If there is a nuclear holocaust, we will be there to sell you contaminated water and human flesh to eat. We will survive. And with a law student at the helm, we have the rats of society on our side as well. You will not close our Grad House.

Once we have this matter settled, beware. We have plans to take over the Student Union. So Pinky, rest well, because tomorrow we take over the world.

RICHARD EMBIER

## Villeneuve in Verdun

To the editor,  
For generations, Quebecers have celebrated Saint Catherine's day with candy kisses. This year, however, Raymond Villeneuve and two dozen thugs marked the holiday by wiping their feet on a Canadian flag and setting two flags on fire. Wearing masks and carrying placards, the goons also pushed, shoved, swarmed tightly around, and screamed death threats in the faces of senior citizens and young women with children.

One senior citizen's head was deliberately smashed against a doorframe. Those assaulted were residents of the City of Verdun. They were trying to enter City Hall to attend a council meeting. The residents wanted to ask their municipal representatives to pass a resolution stating that the city would remain Canadian should Quebec illegally declare a unilateral declaration of independence.

The implication of the resolution is of vital importance if serious chaos is to be avoided. The implication would let the separatist government know that, should it engage in a "coup d'etat", the City of Verdun would recognize the supremacy of federal laws and would continue to pay taxes directly to Canada.

Intimidation, physical assault, uttering death threats, and preventing citizens from assembling to speak with their elected representatives at a town

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