

## Taste the blame

If I didn't watch TV or read the papers I wouldn't have very much to get angry about. And for some reason, this month in particular stands out in my mind.

There was the little girl in Norway who was beaten up by little boys and left to freeze to death, but I really don't have the stomach to argue against blaming it on the Mighty Morphin' Power Rangers.

Then there were the three teens from Labrador and Quebec whose suicides are being linked to Kurt Cobain's suicide. If Kurt isn't burning in hell already, I bet there'll soon be a petition forwarded to government officials across North America to make it so.

Some people are blaming queers for the AIDS epidemic when any rational individual would know its Burt and Ernie's fault for encouraging same-sex couples in the first place.

I feel so relieved that we're finally getting to the root of society's problems.

Cop-outs and lame excuses can be found everywhere. One of the more frightening is a recent Supreme Court of Canada ruling that cited extreme drunkenness as a defence for rape.

"But officer, I was drunk. I was surprised I could even get it up after drinking that much beer."

How many times have you said, "I got soooo drunk last weekend"? Exactly how drunk do you mean? So drunk you'd lose your balance on the dance floor? So drunk that you'd flirt outrageously with a guy you hardly know? Or so drunk that you'd force a woman to have sex and not know that it was wrong?

"It won't be possible for most people to use this defence because it's necessary to prove that you aren't there in your mind," said a Crown Prosecutor. The accused will have to prove to experts that he or she was extremely drunk.

I'm really puzzled as to how something like that is proved. As far as I'm concerned the point at which a drunk should not be held responsible for his own actions is when he's too intoxicated to lift his head out of his own vomit.

It's funny that when a woman is raped "I was too drunk to stop him" often elicits rolled eyes and comments like, "Yeah right." I also think it's odd that in some sexual assault cases, when a woman is so intoxicated she can barely move, she still manages to say no.

For the most part nothing in my personal life bothers me to the extent that the events I read about in newspapers or hear on the radio or watch on TV do. The world is full of injustice, poor excuses and band-aid solutions. Of course it has nothing to do with me or events in my life. Racism, landfills and tuition hikes don't really affect me anyway.

Being informed is just way too depressing. Besides everyone knows that TV is responsible for the decline of our country as we know it.

Judy Reid



## More fun than Pelvic Histology

To the editor,

Just read the Gazette (while trying to avoid thinking about tomorrow's comprehensive Med I Anatomy exam) and felt compelled to write and tell you that I think [Joe's] column is superb and one of the more enjoyable things I read each week. (In fact, I find it more fun than Pelvic Histology — and you can quote me on that.)

In other words I do not think it a waste of trees, and please keep on with it!

Of course, so far I haven't really disagreed with [him] on anything, so I guess I have a biased opinion. I suspect I also am not evolutionarily advanced enough to understand some things.

My gripe for the day: there being no application forms at the [Dalhousie Student Union] main council offices desk for [DSU] Chair. Considering I have exams most of tomorrow, I doubt I'll be able to submit an application by 4:30 p.m. Pity really, since I expect the odds would be great if no one else could get a form either...

Gwynedd (Morgan) Pickett

## No ass-kissing required

To the editor,

In response to [Shannon Hardie's] article, "Trying to save Dal" (*Gazette* Oct 27/94 issue), I have to congratulate Shannon Hardie on her enthusiasm to get involved. However, energy that is expended in a thermodynamically inefficient manner can often lead to deleterious results, such as frustration. Did she channel her energy towards: visiting or calling the DSU Council Offices in the SUB, looking at the bulletin boards for posters, electronic signs, or dal.general on the Internet, reading the *Gazette*, e-mail-

ing DSU Executive members, grabbing a Student Handbook, listening to CKDU, picking up a CFS Supplement or even glancing in DALINFO?

Hardie's desire to get involved has prompted me to extend to her a personal invitation to join the DSU Communications Committee or some of the other DSU Committees which requires no "political crap, ladder-climbing nor ass-kissing to make a change."

The only prerequisite is that she wants to become active, that is if she still has the energy to do so.

Call me at the Council Offices or e-mail me at DSUVPC@kilcom1.ucis.dal.ca

John Yip  
DSU Communications  
Coordinator

## SMU student admits ugly truth

To the editor,

I loved (Joe Tratnik's) portrait of the Dal student from hell. Really, I fell in love with your article!

I was a King's student, but as you can see, I couldn't deal with it anymore. Just the thought... GASP, CHOKe, HYPERVENTILATE!!

Of course, we have our own difficulties over here (at St. Mary's), but at least I don't have to share tables with anonymous bike parts anymore.

R. Kenne  
St. Mary's University

## Fashion-wise feisty and naked

To the editor,

This letter is a rebuttal to the tree-killing article, "Spare My Eyes."

The author describes the incredible courage (without a closing signature) it takes to expose the savvyless fashion tastes here on the right coast. This is done by comparing us to that fashion haven called Montreal. Hey, no city is big league until Johnny Depp trashes a

motel room there.

This human thinks that everyone here buys their groovy slacks at Zellers. Hell, we've got as many malls per capita as Montreal. Our esteemed pen pal gets so choked up that they cannot even get into accessorizing. Please, enlighten us Yves!

Pinning the blame on us easterners is like ignoring a face tumor. Those most responsible for sloveness are from the vicinity of Montreal. These people dress like blueberry pickers. What's with the unwashed hair, the fondness of wool, and those big ass, mountain-climber backpacks with the mug attached? Did you think there are no roads in Halifax?

This Upper-Canadian appears to have been traumatized right from their first glimpse of Halifax at the airport. I hate to be the voice of reason but half those at the airport are from away. Remember the little plane flies in and out.

For fashion enlightenment, we are told to heed the advice of the Montreal Gazette's fashion section. Je suis desolé, but my paper boy doesn't like the bike ride through New Brunswick. Secondly only a paper with the intellectual depth of a condom machine would have an in-depth study on the "waif model."

I must wind up by saying that the east coast is the best part of Canada even if we do allow Upper Canadians in. If you don't like it, there are some nice big universities elsewhere. And, we don't have to worry about the Alouettes coming back.

So down with the Causeway!!!!  
P.S. I am writing this in the nude.

Fashionably yours,  
John McNally

# the Gazette

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