

the Dalhousie Gazette

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The Dalhousie Gazette is Canada's oldest college newspaper. Published weekly through the Dalhousie Student Union, which also comprises its membership, the Gazette has a circulation of 10,000.

As a founding member of Canadian University Press, the Gazette adheres to the CUP Statement of Principles and reserves the right to refuse any material submitted of a libelous, sexist or racist nature. Deadline for commentary, letters to the editor and announcements is noon on Monday. Submissions may be left at the SUB Enquiry Desk c/o Dal Gazette.

Commentary should not exceed 700 words, letters should not exceed 300 words. No unsigned material will be accepted, but anonymity may be granted on request.

Advertising copy deadline is noon Friday before publication. The Gazette offices are located on the 3rd Floor SUB. Come up and have a coffee and tell us what's going on.

The views expressed in the Gazette are not necessarily those of the Student Union, the editor or the collective staff.

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Mighty metric

At a speech given in Amherst November 22, Premier John Buchanan announced his intentions to convert some N.S. highway signs back to the "real system", "the system we love", the British system.

It's not just for the heart-broken lovers of the old system that Mr. Buchanan is doing this, but for the rest of us as well. As Mr. Buchanan points out, "If you look around at the countries today that are metric . . . they are socialist countries." These noble sentiments earned our illustrious premier front page space in the *Globe and Mail*.

With almost the entire world except the United States gone socialist (or worse), we need more men like Mr. Buchanan to combat the socialist invasion of our province.

Our noble premier wants to restore the British system so that Nova Scotians and American tourists will know exactly where they are when they're travelling N.S. highways. Sales of converters have been good and American tourists have often been seen frantically punching numbers into their newly purchased converters in desperate attempts to track down Peggy's Cove. Is this any way to treat our American friends, encoding our highway signs in socialist gibberish? You don't see them traipsing off to Cuba's ocean playground, do you?

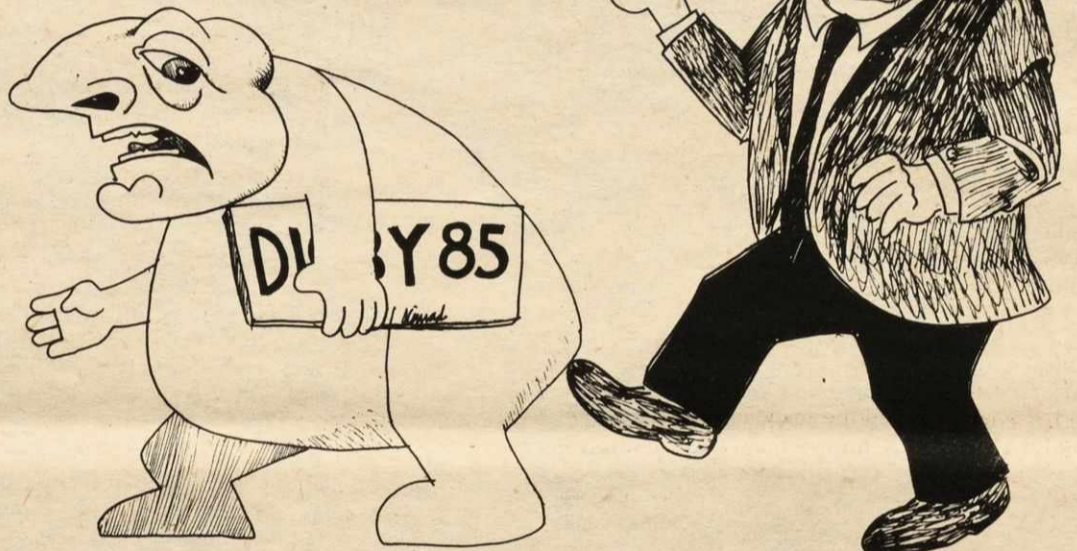
As praiseworthy as Mr. Buchanan's plan is, there are a couple of shortcomings. One is that only distance signs are to be touched, so how will our guests know their speed? The second is that the new distance measurements are alongside the old.

This is a mistake.

Mr. Buchanan is underestimating that subversive system if he thinks that this will be an end to the matter. We are dealing with people subtle and devious enough to devise Medicare and environmental protection. Mr. Buchanan, these are ruthless people who will stop at nothing.

S.C. and A.D.W.

BEAT IT YOU SOCIALIST!
 and take your roads signs with you



Did you eat cornflakes!?

by Dave Grieg

We all enjoy to laugh and be happy. The individual enjoys to laugh and be happy, so do my neighbours. Did you eat your Cornflakes this morning?

As a person, do you feel threatened by anyone, something, maybe your mother. Or maybe a better approach would be to ask if your

freedom, your life, and relationships are being threatened, what do you do? What can we all do when we are threatened, scared and angry?

The first step would be to define the threat, understand it and attack it with all the might of the masses. We can march against the governing body suppressing the threat and

ultimately change the government into a controllable entity governed entirely by all the people. (All of the Cornflakes - all 675g of them - you know, the large Kellogg boxes?)

In the case at hand the situation is different. The government and the masses radiate, more or less, the same opinions. The masses do not feel that scared or that threatened. This is seen with minimum public oppression toward the case, even the attitude of "who cares" seems to lurk in the depths of many minds. A possibility exists that if we, the masses, understood and felt the absolute horror and undignified hell (worse than having yourself coated with honey and nuts and being called "Honey Nut Cornflakes") of what will happen, our attitudes might be changed. But how can such a high degree of purer suffering be felt by the individual without actually living in it. It can not be felt, therefore our attitudes will not be altered for it will be too late.

There is not a better method to stop an argument than with a simple smile. If there are no fires you would not need water to put them out. Over the entire planet, the mass agree that a smile is worthwhile. Think about it, but don't strain your brain.

Hopefully submitted,
 Michael P. Bradley

The Morning Sickness After...

To the Editor:

After participating in various discussions, and reading the generally non-critical views on the film in last week's Gazette, I would like to submit a different account of the matter.

'The Morning Sickness After'

Isn't it just a bit absurd to even think of *A Day After*? At this point, day and night, would hardly be differentiated by anyone. A difference would be of supremely little significance, to humankind's most wretched and criminal representatives, who had the misfortune to survive. Think about it, *A Day After*, lends credence to the whole misnomer of 'limited nuclear war'.

But, however grim "The Day After" appeared on the tube, suggested that there is a tone of optimism ringing through the potentiality of hell on earth. And it was only a nice bit of irony to have Henry Kissinger et al appear on the television 'the hour after, the day after'.

I would simply like to suggest, that the level of controversy and shoulder-slapping which heralded ABC for having the 'liberality' to engineer the film was no acci-

dent. And neither was the appearance of 'Henry and the Gang' afterwards. Perhaps the general message, which was to be sublimated across, is that 'everything is under control since we are doing all we can'. Timely, and anesthetically comforting one might think?

I am not suggesting that the whole affair was a conscious dramatization. Because one must ask how much difference is there, in effect, between the latter possibility and the ease at which these things curiously fall into place? And ponder, whether the accidental version is perhaps more frightening than the deterministic one?

Next time around, ABC's one hundred million viewers might choose to turn off their television sets, rather than risk the possibility of paddling amiss in a sea of cooptation.

For doesn't the above context allow one endless maneuverability and anticipation of shifty winds?