

letters

In defense of the silent majority

To the editor,

It certainly wasn't difficult to determine the sexual orientation of your newspaper as I picked up what I expected to be the 'Valentine's Day Issue.' Guess again. Instead I am confronted with Pink Triangle Day covering about two thirds of the front page. Fine, so I look for an article covering what the vast majority of us at Dal are celebrating. Guess what? No article, but I suppose you knew that having purposely ignored the heterosexual community. It was nice to see real life portrayed so accurately in the press. Not only that, there were several helpful hints about combating homophobia, educating myself, and slurs against heterosexual individuals. Well, it's about time somebody said something in defense of the silent majority. First of all, to insinuate that the reason I find homosexuality objectionable is because I somehow fail to understand the concept is utterly ridiculous. To misconstrue this as some sort of fear is almost laughable. Fear is hardly a word that can be substituted arbitrarily for distaste or disgust. A word I would assign to the act not the people involved. Further on in the article an interesting definition is presented, heterosexism. The underlying idea is that those that are heterosexual must completely accept homosexuals and may the wrath of the politically correct rain down fire upon all those racists who dare object to the behaviour. Racists? Racists? I find it mildly ironic that those who would attack me for my prejudicial attitudes would educate me by calling me a racist.

J. Eastwood

It's a labour of love

Editor,

Re: "No more stump the zealot," Feb. 15.

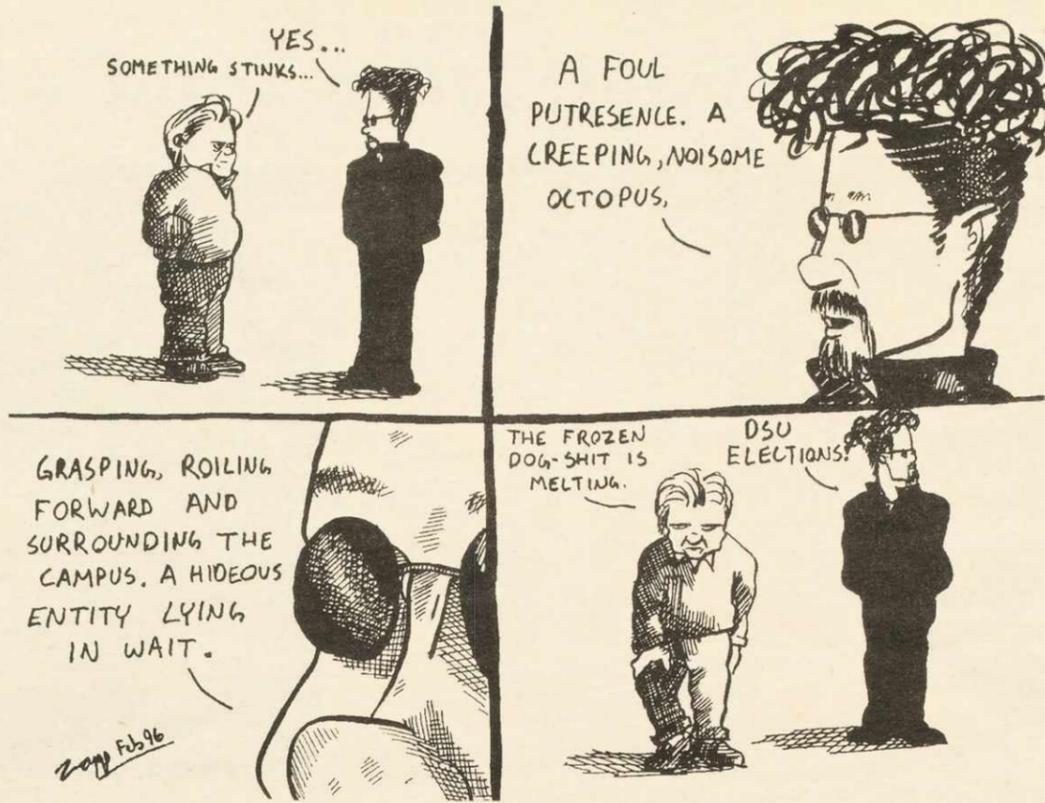
I am very hurt by the article written by John Cullen concerning the missionaries who visited him.

I've been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints all of my life. My love for my religion and beliefs is something that I could never "grow out of," on the contrary, my testimony of the gospel has grown as I've become older, and it has greatly blessed my life. For almost as long as I can remember, I've been preparing and looking forward to serving a full-time mission — to be able to share something which has brought so much joy to my life with others. I'll likely be receiving my mission call in about five months, and I'm so excited.

This is why John's article hurt me so much. He essentially made a mockery of something which is so sacred to me. I believe that every one should be entitled to their own opinion, and that no one's beliefs are any better or any worse than anyone else's. A mission isn't about telling others that they should change their beliefs or otherwise be cursed. My goal in becoming a full time missionary is to share a knowledge which I have come to learn throughout the course of my life, so that it may become important to somebody else's life. It's a Labour of Love which may not only be a blessing to others, but will also be a blessing to me. If John really feels that his message is important, then why shouldn't he go door to door and spread his message to others — so that they can experience the things which have made him happy? This is why I've made my decision to dedicate two years of my life to the service of the Lord.

I'm not going to try and argue or top all of the remarks made in last week's article; I'd just like to end by saying that I feel so privileged to be able to serve my mission within the next few months. I know that it's what my Heavenly Father wants me to do — I've come to realize this as I've gained my own testimony. No one can take that knowledge away from me.

Justin Wentzell



editorial

Mind, body and soul

Why are we here?

At university, I mean.

To get an education? Drink? Self betterment? Lose our childlike innocence? Life experience? A new place to watch TV? 'Cause it's what our generation does?

Of course, the aforementioned reasons are all part of the answer. But how important are each of them to you? Are you totally wrapped up in one or two, or are you tasting all of the fruits that Dal has to offer?

The education part is self-explanatory. If you're shaking your head and wondering what I'm talking about, get out of bed, find out what classes you're registered in, and go to them. On the other hand, some of you should take a break from the library. Remember, fresh air is your friend.

Drinking. Let's face it, this is on most students' minds almost as much as sex. The big picture here, of course, is socialization. If you're from Ontario, or India, or Cape Breton, or wherever, and you come to Halifax and only see the inside of the LSC, then what's the use? Take in a play, catch a game, see the water, crash a house party, join a society. Enjoy yourself — you'll be dead soon enough.

Self betterment...we can all use a little improving, be it mind, body, or soul. The mind part should be pretty easy — we're swamped with libraries and guest speakers, not to mention essays and exams. And, if you've been stuck on the pizza and beer stage for awhile, the Dalplex can take care of your poor abused body. Which leaves the soul. Tough one. I hear a balance of healthy body and sound mind is

good for the soul...seems crazy, but it just might work.

For those of you who still have your childlike innocence, OPEN YOUR EYES, MAN! We're all going to hell in a hand basket! The French are testing nuclear weapons, there's civil strife in Russia, every fourth Canadian is unemployed, tuition is going through the roof, and our two dollar coins keep breaking. Seriously, university is a real eye-opener to the social problems plaguing Canada and the world.

Life experience. I guess this is the catch-all category. Hopefully, you'll realize that there's more to Dal than bricks and books. Some of the friends you meet here will be with you until the end. Some of the things you learn here will serve you forever. You'll see things you'll never forget. Enjoy the ride.

Watching TV in new places. Of course, TV is great anywhere, anytime. But once in a while, maybe during a commercial break, get out and embrace the city that is yours for your university career.

Our generation is definitely hooked on post-secondary education. That's great, as long as we know what we want to do when the four-year party is over. Job? I hear they exist, but I've never actually seen one. Grad school? Well, of course, but go to Europe first (then out west).

I know I haven't answered the question at the beginning of this editorial. To be honest, I can't. Your university experience is going to be different than everyone else's. Just make sure you walk away with the satisfaction of knowing your years here were well spent and well worth it.

SAM MCCAIG

Just call me a Mormon

To the Editor:

When I first read John Cullen's article, "No more stump the zealot" (Feb. 15) it made me rather upset, reason being I am a Mormon. I proceeded to ask several of my friends, who aren't Mormons, if I did in fact push my religion on them. They all answered me with a no.

I am proud that my parents raised me a Mormon, and have no qualms with people knowing that I am a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. I am planning to serve a mission for my church like so many other young men, women and older couples do. I am not going to serve a mission because I am being forced to, but rather it is my choice, one which I am very excited about it? I want to offer to others what has made me so happy and has helped me to grow up to be who I am today. If people don't accept what I want to tell them, that is all right. For those people in the world like my family, friends, and millions of other members, the Mormon beliefs and religion were what they were searching for. It answered and still answers the questions they have about the purpose of life. For those people who are still searching with questions, I want to offer them some answers that can help them.

I do not consider myself to be a fanatic, a freak, or a travelling salesperson of the soul; just call me what I am, a Mormon.

Jennifer Marling

Shocked at hostility

To the editor,

I was both shocked and dismayed to learn that comments in the Black History Supplement incited such an outpouring of hostility from whites. It appears that I made the cardinal error of telling the TRUTH (gasp!) in these blessed days of integration. 'Naughty Black Man — don't you know that we kill your kind for making that mistake?'

Silly me. In retrospect, I can clearly see the error of my ways. Slavery was abolished over a century ago and any black people who made a fuss after they were freed were nothing more than babbling idiots. We, as the humble negroes of today, must realize that our foreparents were merely empty vessels making much noise about inconsequential matters, like colonialism, apartheid, the Jim Crow laws, substandard housing and education, murder at the hand of the whites (I guess that nobody had informed them that slavery had been abolished. Tsk, tsk...), nonexistent political representation, and reparations for slavery — really petty issues.

Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr., Angela Davis, Cornel West, Audre Lord, Winnie Mandela, the Black Panther Party, MOVE organization, the Mau Mau, W.E.B. du Bois, and the ANC were nothing more than twentieth century savages making much ado about nothing. It is abundantly clear that there were only a few people who enslaved us and benefitted from our years of forced labour. Those 'few people' were the white citizens of the western world — but that is all water under the bridge, non?

What we Blacks must realize is this: slavery is a thing of the past and racism is all in our heads. We are harassed by the police, discriminated against when seeking jobs, excluded from education curricula, banished to the poorest areas, ignored by the government, and thrown into prison with disturbing regularity because we lack the brain power of our enlightened white counterparts, not because of the myth of racism.

I would like to extend a heartfelt 'thank you' to the whites who reached out and attempted to set me straight (I really didn't know what I was doing...). It is most comforting

the Dalhousie Gazette

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Vol. 128 / No. 19

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Founded in 1869 at Dalhousie College, the Gazette is Canada's oldest student newspaper. With a circulation of 10,000, the Gazette is published every Thursday by the Dalhousie Gazette Publishing Society, of which all students of Dalhousie University are members. The Gazette exercises full editorial autonomy and reserves the right to refuse or edit any material submitted. All editorial decisions are made collectively by the staff. To become voting staff members, individuals must contribute to three issues. Views expressed in the Gazette are not necessarily those of the editors or the collective staff. Unless otherwise noted, all text © 1996 the Dalhousie Gazette Publishing Society. ISSN 0011-5819