

EDITORIAL, Schmeditorial

Hi.

Here I am, sitting around on the cast-off Salvation Army furniture, eating mind-bogglingly good pizza (from Randy's) and sucking back diet 7UP to kill the burn from the hot peppers. Half the skeleton crew that made it to the Gazette is lost in debate, comparing and contrasting the relative merits of hand versus machine waxing (copy, that is), and the other bunch are preparing to fight over the name of a seventies game show. So I thought I would take this opportunity to welcome you to the Gazette.

One day, I will have to leave the artificial slip-stream of the university environment. I wonder how long it will take me to lose the feeling that

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September is the beginning of the year. Summer is tops; I live for summer, but when September rolls around it feels like coming home. Ever since I was five years old, the waning of August has left me jittery with anticipation and expectation. Summer loses its luxurious status as a forbidden pleasure when you've had sand in your underwear every day for three months. Time to break out the knee socks.

This year, the premier issue of the Gazette takes the distilled essence of summer to the printed page. Over the months of hiatus since the last issue came out, we have received submissions with a certain daylight savings time flair. They have become a compilation monikered "The Flying Circus," a free-form creative magazine interspersed within the pages of our own Gazette. The idea is, you send in the creative stuff and we print it. Okay?

Besides the all-important creative submissions we need staff. Staff writers, editors, proof-readers, pizza-eaters, movie-goers, and lay-outers. Surely you have recognized your particular talent somewhere in this (by no means exhaustive) list. So come on up! We're on the third floor of the Student Union Building, just a left turn from the stair and down the hall. Dress is informal, no shirt/no shoes= our kind of people.

by Jennifer Beck

Bullwinkle's Rocky Road

We've been paving since you've been away. A group of town council folks passed a decision to allow one Mr. Mooserace to build a new inter-city connection route through the Halifax Commons, that big green space that we like so much. It's Halifax's very own Grand Prix Race Track.

It's got its benefits, you know, as a *community track*. Women's Day marches and Hiroshima Shadow Day will make use of the clean, and smooth raceway. On it, younger folk can practice wheelies. It's an outside space for North end residents' bake sales, and a dandy, hard surface for the Dalhousie tap dancing/tai chi club. Let's get involved. It's a race track with one hundred and one uses.

It's got me to thinking: I want to grow up to be a Moozehead Ad Rep.

Here's the voice I'd use: *AH. It's time for Halifax's very own Big Price Moozehead Race. I can see the children cheering as they bound along the pavement runway, dodging powered up cars and roaring fans. The residents of the North end, grouped together behind that concrete and wire barrier that appeared overnight, are also excited. Their accommodations, and a good supply of cold ones are paid for by Moozehead to sophonsify for their inconvenienced environment. And there's a moose on the track. It appears not to be tied down...*

But it's more than that.

The Moozehead Grand Prix is a prick in our North side. The side where folks often live on low incomes and have to deal with the asphalt decisions that continually run over them.

Before this big brew bungle, we of Halifax had no longing for a race track. I remember we longed for employment, good friends, affordable education, an end to racist attitudes. We wanted a clean harbour for Halifax, general life happiness, political-in-charge folks who would listen to us. Our longings didn't include our own paved park.

I truly believed the tour guide who said that the Commons was park land, she explained it as if it was a public place, she didn't mention that a Moozehead owned it. Folks with kids and without, wandering groups of wild adolescents, picnickers, dog-walkers, and lovers, all appear to use that common space. I can't imagine walking a dog from a souped-up derby or having a peaceful stroll amid screeching tires and streams of high octane fuel. Or straining for the sound of the pi geons above the roar of gunned engines. I cannot imagine having to vacate my home so that a moose could occupy my living room.

It all comes down to the give and take of money, I suppose. In spite of Town Council's race-y attitudes and Moozehead's city takeover, we should make like eager-beavers to congratulate Mr. Mooserace on funding environmentally-friendly projects such as the 1992 Moozehead-Clean Nova Scotia Fall Beach Sweep and Litter Survey. I can't wait for the big race to clean up our world.

But Halifax, don't wait for Moozehead. Do your own cleaning. Clean up your act.

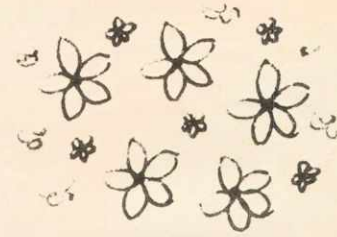
Heather Macmillan

Two years ago, I wrote my first editorial. The headline, "Detour from the fast lane" was complemented by a smiley-faced woman lounging in a hammock between two palm trees, holding a flower and thinking of flowers as little stick people with briefcases ran by. It expressed some familiar pre-graduation angst concerning the age-old tug between what I wanted to do and what everyone else seemed to want me to do.

At the time, I described myself as a "dreamy-eyed kid eager to revel in all the wonders and experiences the world has waiting for me".

So, here I am, a degree, lots of traveling and oodles of thinking later, editing the Gazette, heading back to school and seriously pon-

dering a *plan* for the near future. Order has somehow evolved from a whole lot of adventurous chaos. Indeed, having my act together is almost a scary thought.



But a stable life need not be staid. *The Flying Circus* began as an effort to channel the untapped creative energy of unemployed students. It was touted as being devoted to

the "emancipation of the free spirit," creativity was the only stipulation. Thus evolved a conglomeration of works from Dalhousie students, students of other universities and a few people who I met through my summer job. We present it to you to spice up your return to Dal and inspire you to express yourself no matter how crazy society might say you are.

So, if you like to do your own thing, think about lots of stuff and say what's on your mind, we need you at the Gazette, to keep the rest of us freaks company. Just like the *Flying Circus*, we are giving wings to the underground...of society and within ourselves.

by Miriam Korn

Late Night

Amateur Philosopher's Corner

by Stacey Baillie

In order to be proud of someone, one must have a claim to that person. If this premise is accepted, then no one has ever been proud of a truly free person. Then again, one could say that since we are all members of the family of humanity, we each have a claim to one another, and thus we can each be proud of one another without limiting ourselves or presenting barriers to absolute freedom.

But we do impose upon one another. This happens not only through codes of morality and law or other rules created to maintain harmonious living. Society goes beyond this, subtly

are fulfilled become the leaders, the politicians, and they take responsibility for any further decision making concerning consensus form and several polls a year the politics of that society. The off make the original members feel as if they are still involved with the decision-making process which attracted them to the structure of society in the first place.

Unhappy with the reduced amount of real decision-making in which they participate, people begin to decide what church, what fire hall community center, grocery store... will be acceptable to their society. Who will have a place in

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Is it the desire to be with others?

controlling what we wear, where we go, and to whom we can and cannot talk. Those people who call themselves free from these social obligations tend to limit themselves to socializing with others like them.

It is safe to say then, a person is only free when one is as far away from other people.

However, Rousseau said a person is unhappy in this state of solitude. Does this mean one is unhappy when truly free and happy only when not being made miserable by society?

One could look at this and see a never ending circle: two interlocked rings simultaneously attracted to and repelled by each another. My question is, what causes one to give up the right to absolute freedom? Is it the desire to be with others?

I think it is the attractiveness of choice that lures people into society. One creates society to be able to make decisions. Freedom is not complete until it includes being faced with a multitude of options from which one is free to choose.

Once a certain number of people enter into society, not everyone's choices can be fulfilled. Those whose choices

each? this boils down to who wears the money.

Those who are left over can still decide whether or not they want a family. Thus, they set themselves up for a smaller society within a society, the household, where they are in control of politics as well as the "menial" decisions. Ahhh, tradition.

What about those who choose not to conform? They too, despite their complaints, could not live without society. Without society they could not have made the decisions to despise it let alone base their lives upon decisions which show they despise it.

In the end, the cause of anyone's aversion to society is other people. One's own decisions are impinged upon when others choose the opposite option. However, without the opposite there would be no clear definition of one's choice and without an opponent there would be no objective in carrying through the decision.

Thus, one's neighbors may be hated for the threat they pose, but one is attracted to them because of the opportunity for problem-solving and decision-making they represent!