

I'm sick of the subject, but here's my two cents

So I've been thinking about a lot of different things lately. All at the same time. That's one of my talents, especially now that I've found the right prescription medication for myself. Not that people should prescribe for themselves. That's none of your beeswax. I deny everything, and that's a whole other story. Anyways.

I figure Lucien Bouchard is going to be sleeping on the couch for the next couple years. As long as he wants to be King of Québec. You'd think he'd have noticed his wife's frighteningly stony face during his glorious press conference announcing that he'll be in the running to replace Black Jacques Parizeau.

Even more pathetically, the press asked his wife a few questions about that promise Lucien made to her before the (latest) referendum, that after the vote, regardless of the result, he'd quit politics and spend more time with the children.

Her response? "We've made deadlines before. He's always broken them."

Contrast Lucien Bouchard with Colin Powell, down in the United States of Gun-toting Individualists. In the days before his decision to not run for the presidency, Powell's wife told him that she didn't want him to run, but that the choice would be his to make.

Powell made the right decision; Lucien did not. Maybe the task of freeing millions of humiliated and oppressed Québec francophones should come before the selfish desires of someone as trivial as your own spouse, and I've got it all wrong. But Lucien made a promise to his wife, and the fact that he didn't honour that promise doesn't matter a damn to any of his supporters. Looks like it ain't the federalist Quebeckers who want their women to be Yvettes after all.

I hear Pierre Bourgault, a former senior drone of Parizeau, got up on his hind legs recently to say something about the ethnics. (I may have his name wrong; I don't care. Separatists barely speak English, but when a bilingual anglophone makes a spelling error, there's hell to pay? Fuck that.) Pierre thinks the Jews, Italians, and blacks are the real racists in Québec. Why? "They don't think of themselves as Quebeckers." The same way Quebeckers don't think of them-

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selves as Canadians, I guess. Oh, and, "They always vote the same way." The way nearly two-thirds of the Québec francophones voted Yes? Ah, I understand what you mean by racists, Pierre. Thanks for the clarification!

I'm starting to worry about Jean Chretien. He may not be Yesterday's Man, but if he doesn't play his cards better, he'll be tomorrow's Dirty Laundry. Regional

veto was an idea from the 1970s. And he says he's keeping his promise to Québec regarding its distinct society status and its constitutional veto by introducing a bill which has no effect on the Constitution itself. His excuse is, neither Parizeau nor Bouchard (i.e. the King of Québec) will sign a new constitutional deal.

Much as I hate to agree with the little brat, Mario Dumont is right: Chretien should broker a new deal, and if Québec is the lone holdout, then the Québec Premier will have to answer to the voters. Chretien's current plan of action

means the onus will be entirely on the federal government to give Québec reason(s) enough to remain in Canada. By working with the provinces, Chretien could put the ball in the courts of the ten premiers: if an agreement which gives Québec more power (e.g. the veto, more immigration and manpower training powers) is turned down by the Québec politicians, the Québec people will go after Parizeau or Bouchard, not Chretien.

Weird — are Québec children taught in school to accuse people they don't like of humiliating and

oppressing them? Patrick Roy, the second-greatest man to stand between the pipes for the Canadiens, tells his general manager he's played his last game for the team. He sits down, looks over and reiterates, "You heard me right." So the management agrees, he wants to leave, okay let's trade him. And Patrick gets up in front of the reporters and cries, saying he didn't want things to go this way, and he was frustrated and humiliated when he said what he did.

Gee, I see a metaphor here. And I shouldn't have to elaborate. **RICHARD LIM**

Twice nothing is still nothing

A rose is a rose is a rose but a two dollar coin is, well... a doubleloonie

The doubleloonie? That's just plain stupid. The nickname, I mean, not the coin itself. I like this coin of which I've only seen pictures. I've developed a bond with the coin.

How could you possibly not like it? Aside from the nickname, of course. But the nickname is blatantly unoriginal, and it doesn't even roll off the tongue. At least the loonie was deserving of a crippling nickname. But the "doubleloonie" is getting a bum's rush. It doesn't have some stupid-sounding bird on the back, it's got a big ol' polar bear that's roaming around on

the ice floe, maybe looking for a seal to kill or a caribou to stalk. And you're trying to tell me that it's lame and we should mock it? I beg to differ.

Obviously, some dimwit was trying to make a quick name for himself and conjured up this nickname that is simply lacking in colour and originality. There's only one thing we can do now.

We've got to come up with a new name.

We have to do it right now because just yesterday, the first \$2 coins were stamped in Winnipeg. I know what you're thinking...

Winnipeg? Now if it was the loonie that they were stamping in Winnipeg, we could take that premise and run with it. But it's not, so we'll treat the \$2 coin's birthplace as a regrettable mistake.

This shouldn't be hard. How about bear bucks? Or northern nuggets? Or maybe the two-dollar-bear-collar?

No? Well, I'm just getting warmed up, have a little patience.

The polar dollar? (This would be a shoo-in if only it rhymed. Rhyming is so important in these matters, you know. It's either going to be a rhyme or one of those terms where all the names start with the same letter.)

The cub flub...for those of you

that dare dis the bear.

The snowcapped two-spot? I honestly think that this one has a shot. Sure, it's a dark horse and yeah, it's not poetic in any sense of the word, but it has something intangible, some kind of mystical element.

Oh wait. I've got something. It's not good, but it's by far the best I'll be able to come up with. Are you ready for...

...the clawed coin, the behemoth of the bank?

Dammit. That sucks too. Doubleloonie, eh? You know, it's got potential.

RAEB REVOL

OPINION

The non-denominational festive shrubbery has once again made its presence known in the lobby of the SUB. Ah, the holidays are here again.

The snow falling peacefully from the sky, words of holiday cheer wafting through the crisp winter air...ice pellets driving into your soul, exams causing you more stress than you ever could imagine, heating bills soaring, and there's shopping to do.

Damn, I still have to go shopping.

As you may have noticed, this

'festive' season is not one of my favourite times of the year. But aside from everything else, it's the whole shopping thing that bugs me the most. When I take my first steps into that crowded mall, money in my pocket ready to grudgingly be doled out on gifts for my loved ones — I wish that Santa was real.

Then again, how should I know? Maybe he is real and maybe the people I know just haven't made the final cut on the 'good' list since they were six.

Anyway, point being, there is much shopping to be done.

Every year, some time in August, my family declares: "no gifts this year! All of the love we have is an ample gift" — and then some bozo goes out and buys ten million gifts for everyone, and we're all stuck getting our stuff last minute.

Well, not I. This year, I'm planning ahead.

But am I going to go out and thoughtfully pick every gift, knowing that Christmas morning will yield smiling faces which will bring warmth to the bottoms of all of our hearts?

I don't think so.

My plan this year, is to go out and randomly buy things. Then, when I get them all home, I'm going to wrap them in recycled newspaper, put blank cards on all of them, and then just forget what's in each package. Then, on the night before Christmas, when all through the house, and not a creature is stirring, except me...I'll dig up those ragged old packages and randomly assign names to

them until they're all done.

So, my mom gets the Aphex Twin's *Selected Ambient Works Volume II* album. So, my roommate unwraps a brand-new gardening magazine. So what?

See the theory is, that by doing my giving in this random manner, I'm doing my loved ones the biggest favour I can. I'm doing their shopping for them...for next year. Okay, so they don't get what they want, but what else can I get them that they can't get themselves, or haven't already received in the months since I was last home?

This way, I've saved them a few of those precious minutes in a hot, stuffy, crowded mall with that obnoxious music that they pipe in from the North Pole. I'm giving them a few extra moments of sanity to hang onto when that final tally comes in.

So when my friends ask me what I'm giving for Christmas, I tell them that I'm giving the gift of sanity.

Well, maybe not. But the theory's sound.

Good luck on the exams, and have a nice holiday. The *Gazette* will be back on January 11, 1996. **JEN-X**

Merry Grinch-mas to all

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LETTERS

We can overcome

To the editor,
I'm writing to challenge the extremely pessimistic conclusions reached by Sam McCaig in his editorial last week on the impending massive cuts to education. Twice he states that students "can't do much" about the prospects of what he well describes as "A more expensive, lower quality and less accessible education."

However, it was students and workers who successfully fought to achieve better, more accessible education in the 1960's and 70's, and we have had to struggle to defend the right to a decent education ever since.

In a context of heightened labour and nationalist militancy, students in Quebec in 1969 won a tuition freeze

that was successfully defended for 20 years.

Similarly, by organizing demonstrations and occupations, students in B.C. won a tuition freeze in 1992-93.

The over 80,000 strong student strike on Jan. 25 last year swept the Liberal's plans for social reform off the agenda — for a time.

On Oct. 28 at York University in Toronto, 1,000 students, staff, and faculty participated in a 4-hour strike against the cuts.

Given the crisis-ridden nature of profit-driven capitalism, students and workers are having to take up again the tasks of building a movement to defend social justice, democracy, equality, freedom, and all the other virtuous claims of the ruling class,

which are made hypocrisy by their deeds.

We are facing the reality of a system based on greed and force instead of need and ability. It impoverishes the many in order to uphold the obscene opulence of a tiny few. United, workers and students are stronger than the corporations, their political handmaidens, and their uniformed guard dogs, too.

We should echo the spirit and words of students in France in 1968 who advised, "Be realistic: demand the impossible!" To save our services and jobs, we must build unity and an active fightback. Come to an organizing meeting on Dec. 13 at 12:00 in the Dal SUB, Rm. 310.

Paula Cornwall, International Socialists

The *Dalhousie Gazette* welcomes letters to the editor and commentary. Letters are limited to 300 and commentary to 800 words in length. The deadline is noon on Mondays. To be printed, all submissions must be typed double spaced on paper, e-mailed, or on a Mac or IBM-compatible 3 1/2 inch disk.

**Want some cheese with your whine?
Drop off your opinion pieces on Mondays
and come back on Tuesdays for pizza.**