

APATHY ZONE at Dal

By JIM & DAVE

CONSIDER IF YOU WILL for a moment the following scenario: A Dalhousie student enters the SUB on a cold, rainy Friday night. She is all alone; one individual looking for the company of others. She vaguely remembers that there is a social gathering, if you will, taking place in the McInnes Room — an Oktoberfest. Her spirits are lifted with the thought of meeting some fellow drinkers. The pace of her heart quickens slightly as she runs up the stairs to the second floor. Thankful for the fact that there is no line-up, she eagerly pays her two dollars. The doors are no in sight. The music is playing. She pulls back the doorhandle and 1 steps foot inside. She has just entered the "APATHY ZONE".

Welcome to Dalhousie! What you have just read is the true account of what would have happened if you had attended the Oktoberfest on Friday or Saturday. The sad fact is that if everyone had done this it would have been a huge success. But as it stands now it can only be described as a major flop. Now we have to ask ourselves: "Why did it fail?" Was it the ambiance? Was it the fact that nobody knew about it?

First, the entertainment. We have to tip our Tyrolean mountain hats (all 1000 of them) to the entertainment committee on this one. The "made in Hong Kong" decoration looked great. The McInnes room looked like a Bavarian beer garden complete with the six-man "OOMPAAH" band blaring out everyone's favorite polkas.

So if it wasn't the decorations or the entertainment. Maybe it was the ambiance. Let's take a look at what was inside the door. Well, there's a guy selling sausage out of a hot dog cart. that looks pretty German. Their band looks like they accounted for about half the total bar sales. And there's a 2 to 1 ratio of barstaff to customers.

Well at least there should be no problem getting service. So we can't complain about the ambiance. What then?

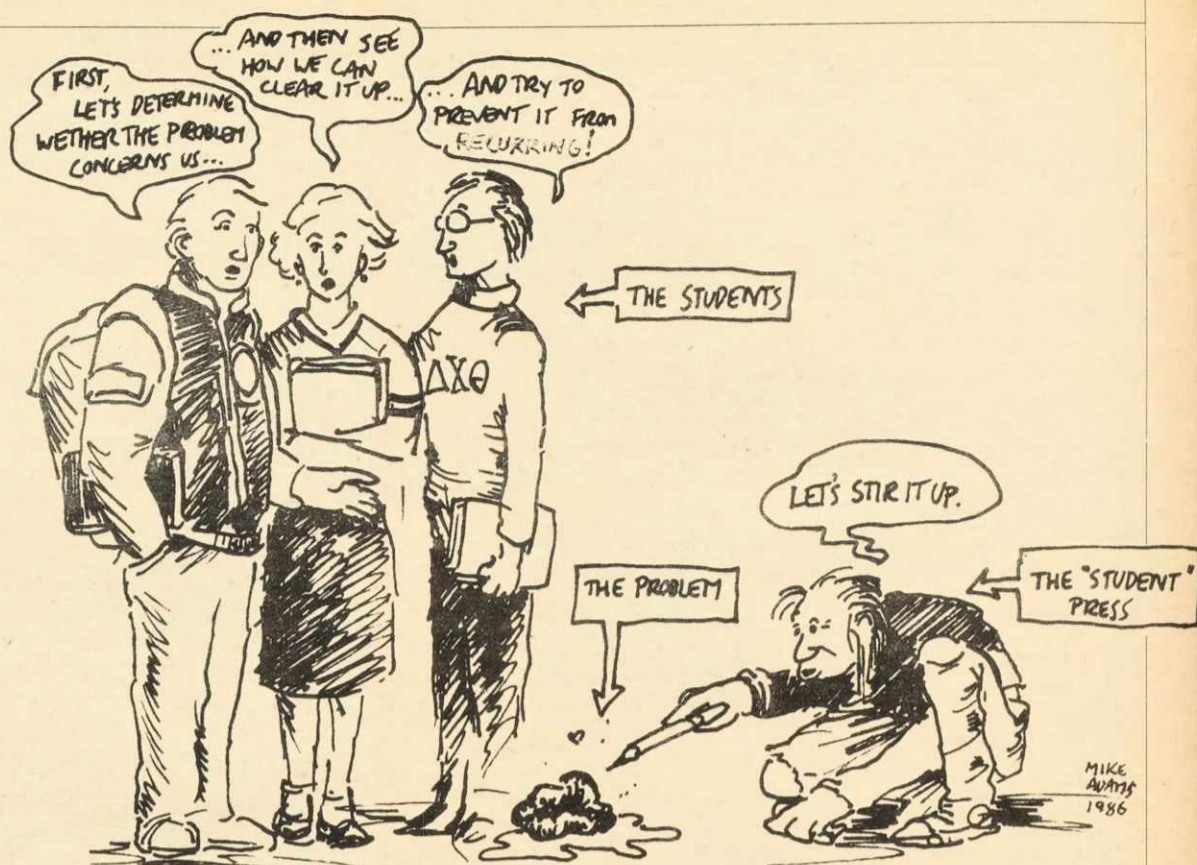
Let's talk student leadership for a second, maybe that's it. Ya gotta wonder if our elected representative informed their constituents that there even was an Oktoberfest. Even if our president and vice-president had gone back to their electoral turf for a little promotional tour, there would have been enough people to account for almost all those nice hats. We do, however, commend those student leaders who did show up; all five of them over the two days. In closing we'll leave you, the reader, with the following question: If our student council isn't going to support an event, why should we?

Dear Jim & Dave, Since this weekend is Thanksgiving, I was wondering what we could expect in the way of food, in and around campus?

Yours,
the Whale

Dear Larger than Life,

What food? Obviously, you have no desire to taste the food you eat, only to pack it in your unquantifiably large body, so we thought we'd let you in on some deals we heard of. 1)Oktoberfest sausages are the real deal, there's about 2000-3000 of them in the SUB freezers. 2)Beaver's own "deader than a nit" cut it with a fork, slurp it off the bones turkey will be available for your consumption this week, and yes, probably most of next week, you'll have to work hard to avoid this treat. 3)Trust us, this is our choice. If mom & dad aren't shipping ya back to the farm for the weekend to feed ya, we'd suggest you take the last pittance of your summer savings and blow it all on the \$3.99 turkey special at Peddler's or some other fine food establishment. From that not so far off southern location, we remain,
Jim & Dave



Seen and not heard

Walking into the Senate and Board Room during a Senate meeting is like stepping into the nineteenth century.

Something strikes you as oddly Victorian.

It isn't just the ornate woodwork along the walls, reminiscent of another century when detail and craftsmanship were more highly valued.

And it isn't just the oil paintings along the walls which stare down at the occupants, encouraging a reverence for tradition and propriety.

Even the excessively obscure and sophistic level of discussion isn't what makes it seem so far removed from the twentieth century.

There's something about it that you just can't put your finger on.

Then it strikes you: they are so quiet!

Not the faculty representatives, not the full professors (most of whom haven't even bothered to come), and not the representatives from the administration.

It's the student representatives.

With the exception of one they

just sit there in a group and don't speak unless they are spoken to, politely glancing at their watches to see how many more minutes it will be.

Who knows? Maybe they don't want to be there.

They certainly seemed keen seven months ago, when they were soliciting your votes with promises of "effectively voicing students' concerns" and "effectively representing the students of Dalhousie in Senate."

The one that guaranteed to the voters that he would fight on their behalf to rectify injustices created by the administration needs to have his warrantee examined. He hasn't been to a Senate meeting in two months.

Perhaps the other student representatives think they can be more effective if they work together as a team, one determined to keep its mouth shut and not take a stand on any issue, rather like Tweedledum and Tweedledee on a Buddhist vow of silence.

They might tell you that they do all their work on the committees or on the committee of com-

mittees (yes, Virginia, there is such a thing), far from public view, far from the madding crowd, at their own collective Walden Pond.

It's a lovely idea, but aren't they taking this ruling-by-consensus thing a bit too far?

Consensus works fine in small groups where every member has equal representation and power. This isn't the situation in Senate, where the faculty-to-student ratio is fifty to one.

Even Dalhousie's new president, Dr. Clark, admonished student leaders to take strong vocal stands on issues that affect their constituents at a student leadership conference twelve days ago. Maybe they were deaf and mute.

Dalhousie students would be better served if there were no student representatives on Senate, if they continue to hold Victorian values that other Senate members have thrown out.

Student leaders in the 1960s fought hard to get student representation on the boards, committees and councils that run this university. Have we forgotten what to say now that we've arrived?

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THE GAZETTE

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