

Monarchy is dead

Yesterday's "Maritime Noon" radio show on CBC A.M. featured the proposal to drop the monarchy from the Girl Guides of Canada oath. The Monarchist League of Canada has threatened to boycott Girl Guide cookies if this proposal goes through. On the air, we had the head of the League, Mr. Butters (sic?), debating a political studies professor from UNB.

Mr. Butters made his case with such pompous proclamations as, "the Queen is Canada," and, "the Queen is the choice of the people of Canada as their head of state." To paraphrase a line from the film, "Only the Lonely", Mr. Butters may realize these are the '90s, but he may not be aware that these are the 1990s.

The Queen is not Canada any more than she is Australia, Hong Kong or Swaziland. It is ridiculous to equate a country, with its own political, economic and socio-cultural character, with one person who by accident of birth is entitled to a life of speeches, servants, and (until recently) properties and incomes which are completely tax-free.

Furthermore, I would not choose for my country's head of state a person who lives overseas any more than I would vote for an MP who lives in a different riding.

Mr. Butters also claimed that the Girl Guides must pledge loyalty to "Queen Elizabeth II and her heirs" so that they may learn the meaning of "civic duty" and altruism.

It's ethnocentric to suggest that, without the monarchy, Canadians (our children in particular) would be morally rudderless. 'Good Canadian citizens' don't look to the monarchy to learn moral imperatives. Considering the behaviour of "her heirs", it's better that way. Mr. Butters, a person can possess a fine sense of "civic duty" without having a British monarch as their figurehead mentor.

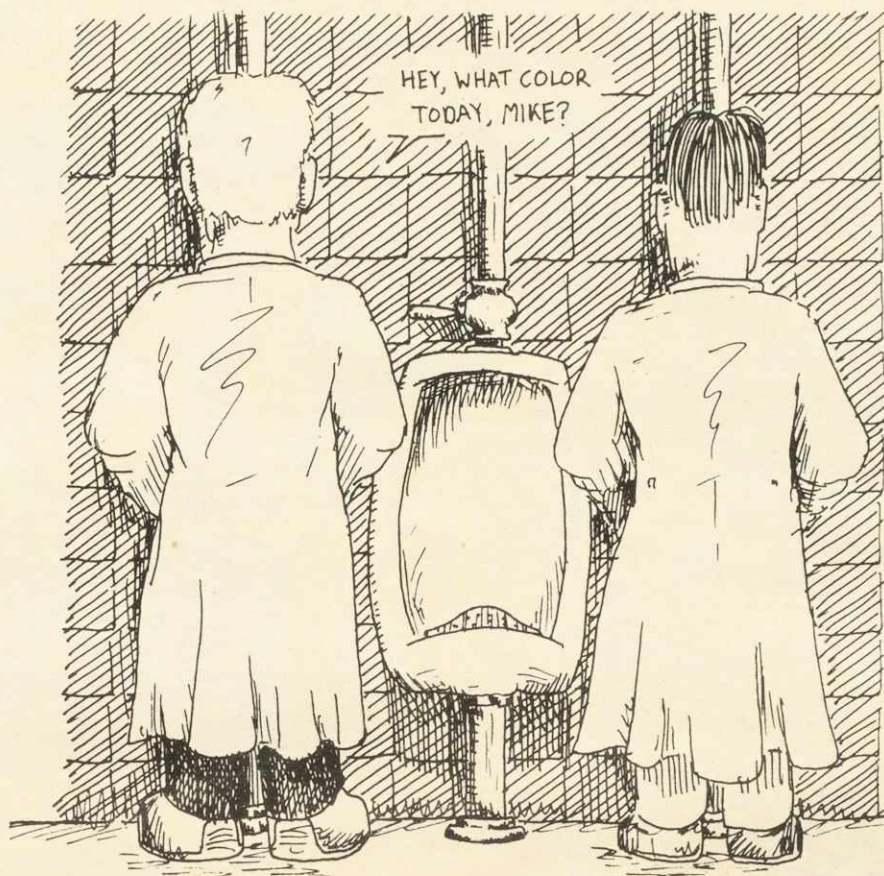
Callers supporting Mr. Butters stated that the Queen is Canada's "supreme authority". Then why is our government comprised of democratically-elected Canadians? She can run the show alone! "She is what unites the country, English, French, Indian or German." This explains the Quebec separatist movement: They forget how much they love the Queen!

To prove that the monarchy is an inextricable part of Canadian life, Mr. Butters offered us ringing recitations (actually readings) from the BNA Act of 1867 and the 1953 Proclamation.

Mr. Butters, a document written by a roomful of Anglo-Saxons forty-or-more years ago does not make the present-day Canadian people, "British subjects". When I was a Cub Scout of Canada twelve years ago, I was a subject of *Canada*, believing in and serving the greater good of *Canada*, and no political lobby group can tell me that my ruler and keeper is a non-multiracial/cultural non-bilingual non-Canadian living in a palace across the ocean.

One benefit of this whole debate is that it forces us to face people like Mr. Butters. And when the monarchists and their wistful dreams of the old country have died off, and the younger generations of Canadians are at last in positions of power, Canada's character will no longer be dictated by an organization of aging traditionalists clinging irrationally to molding parchments.

Richard Lim



CHEMISTRY BUILDING, MEN'S WASHROOM

Jaywalker sings the blues

I couldn't believe it was happening. It's the nineties — these things just don't!

There I was, strolling up Vernon on my way to Quinpool, thinking about how shitty the weather was and wondering how many cops would be hanging at Tim Horton's (you know, the one next to Bagel Works).

I hit the Quinpool and Vernon intersection, the Sicilian smells of Freeman's Little New York roaming the air. But it's a red light — who's ever heard of using stop lights for a parking lot? The IGA one. Oh, Halifax. God, what a long light, and not a car on the road — everyone must still be at church.

I step out. No problem, not a car in sight. Screeech! "Stand still, son!" the cop's roof speaker says as his front tire hits the curb (prompting thoughts of Art Eggleton's infrastructure program). I freeze. All the small criminal acts of my twenty-two years flash through my mind.

"Let's see some ID, son."

"But I didn't do anything!"

"Let's see it now."

I fumble with my wallet, nearly giving up my fake ID by accident (it now says I'm twenty-nine).

"What are you going to charge me with, jaywalking?" I ask, my attempt at sarcasm betrayed by the shaking high pitch in my voice.

"Actually, Mr. Kopas, you're lucky there were no cars or that's exactly what you'd get. \$103.75. Instead, all I can give you is a pedestrian traffic violation. \$37.25, under section 126 of the Statute of Motor Vehicles."

Confusion sets in. Should I be

indignant or amused? It's the nineties — this can't be happening.

"Officer, this is the nineties. This doesn't happen in the real world. You've got to be kidding."

"This isn't Upper Canada, son." (Ontario driver's license). "If you'd like to appeal this in court your date will be March 21. If you can't make it and don't make alternative arrangements you'll be found guilty."

He gets back in his car. What, no 'Have a good day'?

I'm not shitting. This actually happened, February 23. Apparently

if there had been a car and it slowed (think about this in terms of Halifax drivers) I would have been jaywalking, and fined \$103.75.

The cop's name was Peace Officer Rekrup and my court date is March 21 at 2:00 pm, Halifax city court, 5250 Spring Garden Road.

I have no idea what I'm going to say in my defence. But Madame Justice, it's the nineties.

Any chance of 500 Dal students picketing the courtroom for me? Just a thought.

Ron Kopas

CFS worth students' money — new NS rep

Greetings. On Sunday, March 13 I was elected by the Students' Union of Nova Scotia (SUNS) Executive to fill their great gaping shoes of Nova Scotia's National Executive Representative for the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS).

I want to tell you that some of my best friends are Dal students, although I myself am not. I'm one of your 'artful' downtown neighbours — I go to the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design (NSCAD). Actually, I know quite a bit about Dalhousie campus happenings, because every week a stack of the Dal Gazette is dropped off to our main stoop and I always stop to read one through.

Among other things, I read about

your upcoming referendum regarding the proposed CFS fee increase and thought it best to get the channels open right away. I'm here, with ears, ready to listen.

I gather that a lot of what's been said on your campus regarding CFS is not favourably worded, and hey! I can understand that. There are many valid frustrations brewing with respect to the internal and external state of being of CFS. Would it sound exceptional to any of you if I said that I might very well share in many of those frustrations? Well, I do, and that is why I sought this office. To borrow very briefly from American

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