

The art of inducement

Breast Cancer Awareness Month. National Occupational Therapy Week. Sarcasm Month. Mi'k Maq History Month. Stamp Month. And you thought Halloween was the only holiday celebrated in October.

There are too many damn Days, Weeks and Months to truly get excited about any special event. Let's face it. The only days I get worked up about is my birthday, Halloween and Christmas. There's no better motivation to do something than getting lots of free stuff to do it.

Businesses have figured it out. They set up camp in our Student Union Building and lure students with free stuff. I've filled out my share of credit card applications for enviro mugs, sets of knives and even a deck of playing cards.

Hey, it works.

I'm wondering how the Canadian Federation of Students referendum is going. I'm not even curious as to which side will win, rather I'd like to know if enough students are going to vote to make the referendum results valid. I think the "Yes" or "No" side has to get at least 8% of the student population's vote for the referendum to count. Not a high number, but big enough to worry the student union.

Now imagine how many students would fill out a ballot if they knew they'd get a free set of tupperware for doing it. The Dalhousie Student Union could have saved money in the long run. Instead of hiring a dozen or so poll clerks to sit at deserted ballot stations across campus, they could have just hired one to sit at a table surrounded by two thousand tupperware boxes. They wouldn't even have to spread the referendum over three days because all the tupperware would be gone in a matter of hours.

Screw informed choice. I bet you couldn't find 8% of the student population that knows what CFS stands for.

It's not like this kind of thing isn't being done on a regular basis anyway.

"Pizza Tuesday nights at the Gazette!"

"Refreshments will be served."

"Free cake to celebrate International Women's Day!"

I don't like to think of it as bribing. Instead I prefer the term material motivation.

By the way, I was going somewhere with the endless list of October holidays...

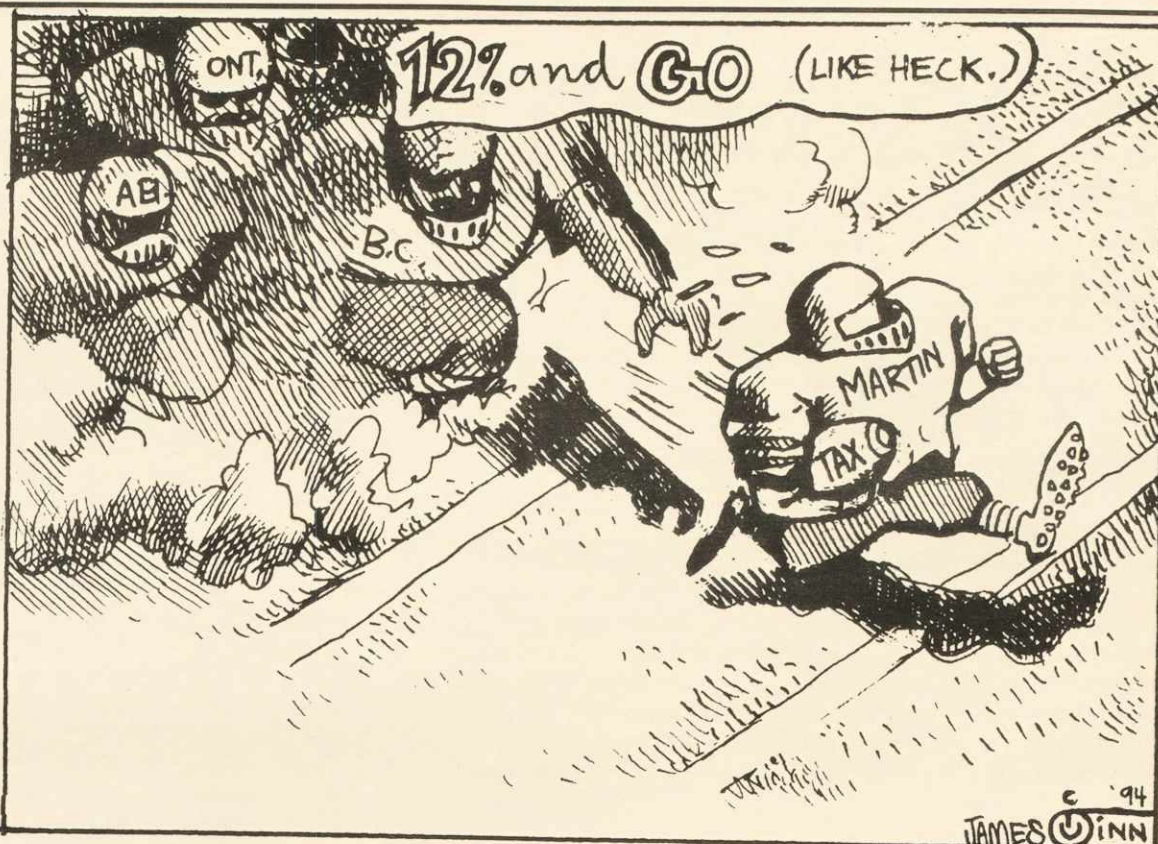
Sixty-five years ago yesterday, women were defined as "persons" under Canadian law and now every October 18 is known as Persons Day. This year Persons Day at Dalhousie was marked by presentations given by Judith Finguard, Dean of Graduate Studies and Mary Dauphinee, Dalhousie's Employment Equity Officer.

It was a really good talk and I would have missed it except I ran into one of the organizers five minutes before it began. I spent an enjoyable hour learning about the history of women at Dalhousie and laughing in agreement at myths about women. It's too bad there weren't more than fifteen people there.

I'm sure the event was advertised well and that every student would have known about it if they had just taken the time to read the notices. But, I bet there would have been at least 150 people there finding out who Eliza Ritchie was and thinking about the fact that a hundred years ago our grandmothers weren't considered people, if only each student would have been guaranteed a set of steak knives.

Sometimes a Day just ain't enough.

Judy Reid



LETTERS

The Dalhousie Gazette welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should not exceed 500 words in length and should be typed and double-spaced. The deadline for letters is Monday 4 pm before publication. Letters may be e-mailed or submitted on Macintosh or IBM-compatible 3.5" disk.

Table dancer responds

To the editor,

I would like an opportunity to respond to the letter written by H. Gibson concerning an ad placed in the Gazette by My Other Brother Darrell's Restaurant.

We at My Other Brother Darrell's are a hard-working, fun-loving bunch of people and we resent H. Gibson's comments. The cover of our menu is meant for the amusement of our guests. The staff mentioned therein are more than happy to be a part of a running joke that our customers and staff have enjoyed since we opened on June 4, 1993 — long before the Bobbitt incident referred to by H. Gibson.

H. Gibson also says that we have lost business because of our ad. How do you know? I guess we lost your business, H. Gibson, and that's too bad because we have great food. Just ask our customers.

B. LaPointe
My Other Brother Darrell's
Restaurant

P.S. I am a good table dancer.

Get a life

To the editor,

In response to the letter to the editor in the October 6th issue of the Gazette concerning the "offensive" nature of My Other Brother Darrell's restaurant's humorous ad or menu.

Please get a life.

I personally appreciate anyone who tries to add a little humour to this cold world of ours. It's certainly better than having a whole bunch of sour faces like yours wandering the campus.

I'd certainly hate to have my children grow up in your Politically Correct world where they'd be afraid to crack a smile in case someone like you would give them a hard time - just in

case they were thinking something funny.

Please let people be offended - they have that right. Let their senses be stimulated, let people ask difficult questions, let people speak their mind. If there is any place we need to be allowed to do this, it is here in University.

You can tell me off, you can argue with me, but don't try to kill my right to find something a bit stupid or offensive, funny!

I can't believe that you went to so much effort to dissect a restaurant's menu for Political Correctness - do you carry a badge that says you're a member of the Thought Police?

Once again: Please, GET A LIFE!

Luke Moeller

P.S. As for a whole bunch of people not eating at Darrell's because you find their attempt at humour offensive - let's just say I don't think they'll go out of business because of it.

Corporatefest comes to Dalhousie

To the editor,

On Thursday, October 6, the corporate world, with names like CIBC (Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce), Macintosh and Kellogg's, to name a few, obscenely erected their commercial tents on campus grounds for a day, around a temporarily constructed playground of prepubescent activities.

I suppose the architects of this example of target marketing believed they were just trying to provide Mr. and Ms. Joe College from the middle-class with an innocent, frivolous escape from the pain and hardship of cultivating their minds.

Of course, no one should suspect that those responsible for marketing these mass produced goods with giveaway coupons, sign-up sheets and product sampling amidst a carnival-like atmosphere, might also be hopeful that this classical conditioning technique will attract new converts to the culture of impulse buying.

Surely, this tacky display of crass

consumerism must provoke some students to wonder what the purpose of the university experience is. Do young people go to university merely to be socialized into becoming utility-maximizing, acquisitive atoms in a world that worships at the altar of economic growth? Or do young people go to university to learn democratic values, quality of life concerns, human needs and dignity while they learn to think for themselves and question authority?

It would be depressing to discover that consciousness-raising on the university campus only takes place when one is recovering from a hang-over after a party-puke session while gripping the wheel of the porcelain bus in the vomitorium.

John Ostapeic

Spare my eyes

To the editor,

Yes! Finally someone with the courage to print the atrocious fashion crimes that happen in this city. When I moved to Halifax from Montréal (that fashion haven), I thought I would starve for the lack of well-dressed sites. It's disgusting the way people only shop at Zellers. I agree that plaid is bad — but the polyester I've witnessed is even worse. I can't even talk about accessorizing...

I'd be interested to read, if anyone can offer suggestions, as to why so few people are about their appearances here. Is it the sea air? East coast morale? What is it? (By the way, the Halifax Airport is the all-time, all-around, worst-dressed location in Canada!)

People, get a grip. Buy a fashion magazine. Buy the Montréal Gazette and read the fashion section. At the very least, look at the displays in store windows (not Zellers or Mark's Work Warehouse) for some ideas!

Please, spare my eyes!

Name withheld upon request for fear that no one will speak to the writer again

the Gazette

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