



Get your hand out of my pocket, buddy

In 1996 at Dalhousie University we continue to observe the blatant mismanagement of our school.

As many of you know, our debt is growing at a disgusting rate and tuition is about to skyrocket. The campus is fairly large and the Board of Governors (BOG) wants to buy more property? We need hard reform to let Dalhousie University be a lasting educational institution for the future, we all owe the institution that much concern.

If anybody feels that they are being deprived from their "investment," they should seriously reconsider investing their money somewhere else. We've got a top-notch university; so, why aren't we saying more to preserve it? The only problem with our school is the lingering financial situation.

President Dr. Tom Traves and the Board of Governors should set things right by:

1) Tearing down those old houses or selling most of them off, and put up a proper building. The cost of running the houses goes beyond comprehension, plus the fact that most of them are FIRE HAZARDS. For example, the university has three buildings next to Gorsebrook Jr. High, two of which are condemned. Prime real estate guys, sell it off.

2) Getting more corporate sponsorship for our sports facilities and our educational programs in general. The cost of running the Dalplex is major suckage, the

BOG might think of only owning half of it.

3) Losing the bogus auxiliary fees for the Music students and Theatre students. In particular classes, a Music student will pay \$750 per specified course, while Theatre students may pay \$250 per course. In most situations, these students have to take these classes because they are vital within the field they are studying. Besides, the Arts Centre generates cash from the Cohn which is owned by the university.

4) Contracting out certain work to private firms. The school can pay people less for short-term work and they won't have to give them benefits.

5) Having some kind of amendment where a certain percentage of Alumni money would go to the debt rather than having 100% of the donated money be directed to certain programs or fields of study.

These are not really demands, but rather the realities that we all must face. The students that are more worried about how long they'll be waiting in the Grawood line should think about Dalhousie U. that will

be an amalgamated school called the University of Nova Scotia. As a student at Dal, ask yourself about the validity of your degree in the future. Now is the time for the DSU to speak up and for Traves and the Board to act. We want our school to survive and be viable as Dalhousie University and not something else.

JAMES SULLIVAN



Tales of post-teenage angst

I once heard that the most difficult age in a woman's life is 13.

In my experience however, raging hormones and pubescent angst were relatively uncomplicated compared to now. When I was that age, my biggest problem was that I looked like a boy (a fact which indeed may have later attributed to an identity crisis or two). Otherwise, I was skinny, had tons of friends, my courses at school were all chosen for me, and boys, well, boys are always a problem. Not a single responsibility, and I knew it.

Now that I am older, I do not feel wiser. Instead, I have to worry about what this degree is going to help me achieve in the real world, and how much money I will need to get there. Evidently, a mere Bachelor of Arts does not count for much these days.

I think about the fact that my parents were married at 22, while I haven't dated in over a year. In this regard, I often feel like a character in a sitcom. I play the outspoken and gregarious neighbour who is perpetually single. I hang out with all the couples in my apartment building and lament about my lack of a love life. I am a source of endless jokes since my men troubles are so hilarious.

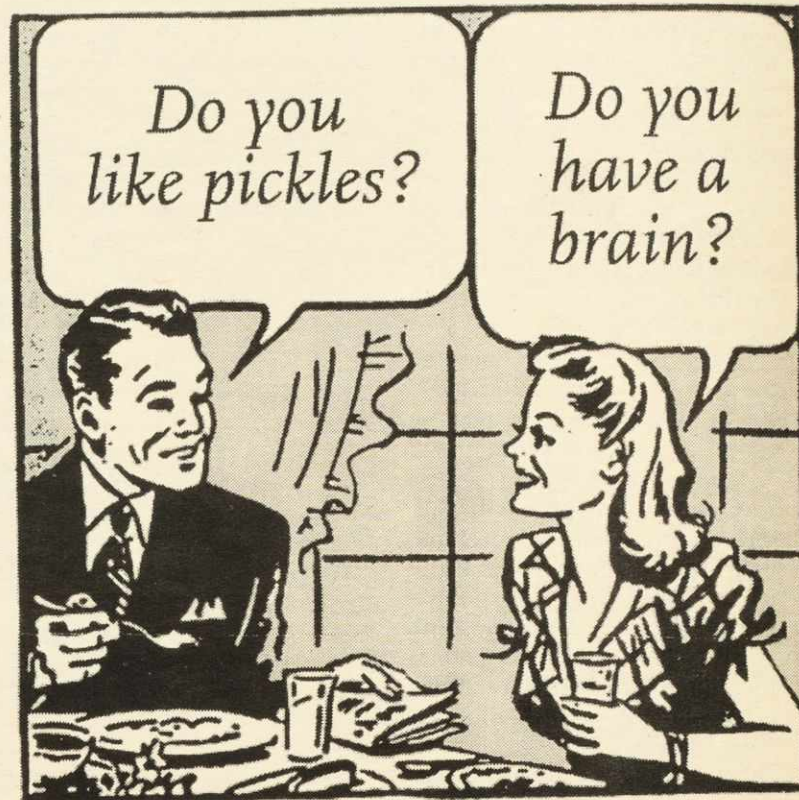
Ha ha. Very funny.

Perhaps I am being slightly melodramatic, but it is hard not to when I look around and many people I know from high school are getting engaged. Oh, woe is me! Actually, I do not envy them. I am not ready to settle down and get married — I don't even have a part-time job, much less a boyfriend with whom to join in holy matrimony.

My relationships with men are limited to friendships. However, all my close male friendships inevitably meet with a tragic demise, given that one or both of us succumb to our hyperactive hormones. Billy Crystal was not mistaken in *When Harry Met Sally* when he said that heterosexual men and women cannot be friends.

I assumed that in an environment of "higher learning" people are intelligent, inquisitive, and open-minded. Where are the men that fit this description? I have observed, even in the wake of our supposed liberation, that men fear smart, strong women.

A couple of months ago, I went



to a movie with my parents. I sat next to a chatty man, probably in his early thirties, who was new to Halifax. He explained to me how all his friends told him he would meet a lot of women in the city because he is young and successful. I wished him luck. The lights then dimmed and the previews began.

The first was Copycat, a movie about serial murder. When Harry Connick Jr., a deranged killer in this movie (albeit incredibly sexy in real life) appeared on the screen, my little friend turned to me and said: "I bet that's the kind of guy you like to date, right?" I snorted and laughed and shot him a strange look, but said nothing.

The next preview was Toy Story, a computer animated flick about a bunch of dolls and toys who spring to life. I turned to the man and whispered: "Now that is the type of guy I usually date — sort of plastic." This time, he shot me a look, turned away, and did not speak to me again. Meanwhile, my mother was virtually rolling around on the floor, laughing.

This is the story of my life: Girl meets boy. Girl is attracted to boy. Girl opens her mouth. Girl scares boy. Boy runs away.

Not that I was attracted to Mr. Slick movie guy. But he is just another in a long series of men I have frightened away with my

behaviour. I have been called (to my face): overexcited, obnoxious, bold, overly aggressive, and just plain scary. Why? I am not abrasive or belligerent. I do not attempt to get a man into bed after our first encounter (though I think this method might meet with more success). I am merely an inquisitive person who does not hesitate to say how I feel.

At 21, I want to be taken seriously, stand up for what I believe in, and be a strong woman. In an era of heightening (and increasingly annoying) "political correctness," I find it difficult knowing when to be serious and when to take a joke. I am certain that this is a common dilemma for most of my peers — those of us on the brink of dreaded adulthood. How adamant must I be about my opinions before I lose my sense of humour and become a bitch?

I am a feminist. My definition of feminism does not conform to the widely misconstrued idea that we detest men and think that most "old-fashioned" ideals are little more than antiquated relics left behind by the baby boomers. I believe that both women and men, though very different, are capable of being strong and intelligent. Many men either fear or choose to ignore these qualities in women. I hope that it is the former, and that they will grow up.

I am passionate and opinionated and pigheaded, traits often admired in young men, while considered "unladylike" for women. But I also believe in fate and true love and marriage. To me, these are not diametrically opposed.

When I was 13, I was too scared to tell a boy that I was attracted to him. I never got the boy. Now, I am willing to put myself on the line and say how I feel. My reward? Not getting the boy. Perhaps I am trying too hard, but I think maybe they aren't trying hard enough.

KATHARINE DUNN

Have an opinion? Want to rant about something which other people might be remotely interested in? Come to the Gazette and speak to Joe. SUB 312.