

In last week's issue we printed a potentially libelous letter referring to certain Dalhousie fraternities as "drink and score pigstyes." We apologize to the fraternities concerned. The *Gazette* letters section is a forum for open debate. Opinions expressed do not necessarily reflect the viewpoints of the *Gazette* staff. However, material of a sexist, racist, homophobic or libelous nature will not be printed. Keep the letters coming, but watch your style. Typed, double-spaced and not discriminatory, please.



Male mail

Dear Editor,
I am writing in response to the letter by Angeline Fourrette in the Sept. 28th issue of the *Gazette*. In her letter, Ms. Fourrette complains about the "jocklike atmosphere" at Dalhousie. She says, "Here at Dal, the sensitive, intelligent, cultured chap doesn't exist at all." In the same breath, she tells us where she came to that conclusion — namely, at Friday night fraternity parties. She describes the fraternities as "drink and score pigstyes." I think, then, that Ms. Fourrette must admit that she may possibly be conducting her search in the wrong places. To dismiss all the males of Dalhousie as 'dumb jocks' on the basis of the small (and unrepresentative) sample that she observed at fraternity parties is

grossly unfair. I hope that Ms. Fourrette does find the "homme legitim" she is looking for, but she must be prepared to make an effort to seek him out.

Dan Falk

Fourrette

To The Editor:

Allow us, if you will, to address a reply to the letter from Mademoiselle Fourrette in last week's issue. (Desolee: Vol. 122 n4, Sept. 28 1989).

Permit us, mademoiselle, to try and enlighten YOU. That is, let us put forward our cooperative opinion for your scrutiny. We've learned (become enlightened to the fact) that if you look in "pig styes," you shall undoubtedly find "pigs," or at least pig sloppers. (No offense meant to Phi Kappa Pi or Phi Delta Theta — we've both had more than one good time at your parties, however Mademoiselle Fourrette has her own opinion which deserves consideration, if nothing else.)

We both came to Dal for "enlightenment," and we feel very strongly that it has not been a total waste. The exposure to people from differing cultures, ideas which are new to us, and the chance to express our opinions and have them open to constructive criticism is what we wanted, and it is what we have received — plus. Hence we do not appreciate such a broad generalization as you have made (from Frats, to Dal, to Halifax on the basis of such a small/confined sample of the student body).

We read your letter with incredulity. You cannot have been here very long, nor looked very far, if that is your general impression of the men at Dalhousie. (Or perhaps you've read the *Gazette* one too many times of late.) Perhaps Mademoiselle, you should consider an alternate means to meet your "homme legitim." That is, maybe you should try one of the many legitimate dating services here at Dal and in Halifax. Or you could try an ad in the personal column of the newspapers.

We thought about the words "cultured, sensitive and intelligent," this is a very tall order for any person to fill, man or woman; we thought about them whilst listening to Mozart, Vivaldi, Strauss, Pachelbel, and Bach. Then we had another six pack and thought about them whilst listening to AC/DC and the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. Somewhere in there we finished our

Quantum Physics assignment — and then we called our Moms. They asked us, as usual, if we had met any intelligent, cultured, beautiful, sensitive young ladies as yet. We could only answer with a dismayed, "Yes, but they're all taken Mom." I have only to ask, Mademoiselle Fourrette, can so many intelligent, cultured, beautiful, sensitive young ladies be wrong? Or perhaps we ALL need enlightenment.

John Hayden
4th year B.Sc.
Physics (Hon.)

Brian Peters
5th year B.Sc.
Physics (Hon.)

Male bashing

Dear Dal Gazette:

I've just about had enough of these "male-bashing" letters sent in to the editor. After reading such comments as "Don't trust guys at all", "...exploit a man to his full potential", and "Here at Dal, the sensitive, intelligent, cultured chap doesn't exist at all", I thought I was going to suffer from some sort of male inferiority complex. Monique Quetaches and Angeline Fourrette (though they don't know me) have already passed judgement on my character because I fall under the heading of DALHOUSIE MALE.

Well, I have two comments for the anti-Dal-men writers. First of all, I admit I'm not a perfect Alan Alda/Baryshnikov mix. However, I do believe I possess an adequate amount of intelligence, sensitivity and culture as well as a good sense of humour and a healthy attitude towards life. I would suggest that there are plenty of other guys at Dalhousie with these characteristics as well.

My second bit of advice would be that, if Monique and Angeline are having such a rough time, maybe they should transfer to Mount Saint Vincent's. There they could live in harmony, safely tucked away from us "ignorant brutes of Dalhousie". As a matter of fact, they could probably hang out at Vinnie's pub and never have to deal with a member of the male species again!

Greg MacLean
4th Henderson

Petty whims

To the Editor:

I respond to a letter published in your September 28, 1989 edition, penned by one Angeline Fourrette. I should like, at this moment, to partake in a brief commentary that will perhaps relieve our distraught friend, Angeline.

Though I have no interest in bestowing favours upon one so crass as to generalize the state of culture as it refers to the men of Dalhousie, I will with some satisfaction indulge her petty whims for a moment.

In her quest for that young man who will upon her bestow all of that which a 'cultured chap' should, she has obviously, in ignorance *je pense* (a little hint: the use of French does not make you cultured, but only serves to reaffirm your lack of a grasp of the most poetic of languages, English), failed to look in the right places.

It seems to me that anyone who would venture to a frat party to spy one of a cultured nature (although I will admit to enjoying them on a rare occasion) is only fooling herself. As for intelligent conversation, her pithy and picky little letter does nothing to make her seem better or more cultured than those whose company she seems to abhor.

To all of you fellows out there who have a penchant for the difficult here is my suggestion on how to woo our young Angeline. Dress in a gray suit (Saville Row) and sport a dark blue tie (gold spots of course), pick up a bottle of Moet Chandon or Mouton Cadet Rothschild and venture to ask her out with Thesaurus in hand. Chances are that you will find her slumped in an easy chair, wearing sweatpants and whiffing beer, watching re-runs of 'The People's Court.'

With Class to Spare
Asad Wali

Still looking for a date...

Dear Editor:

Last week you ran a letter from a Mademoiselle Angeline Fourrette, which I paraphrase thusly:

Dear Editor:

I am 19 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no such thing as a sensitive, intelligent, cultured chap at Dalhousie.

Papa says, "If you see it in the *Gazette*, it's so."

Please tell me the truth. Is there a sensitive, intelligent, cultured chap at Dalhousie?

Here is a reply:

Angeline, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They think that nothing can

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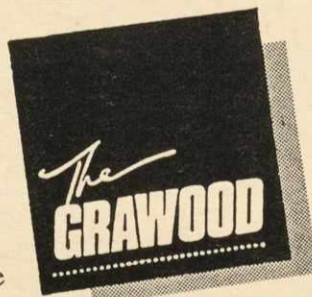
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