

Czeching out cool cuisine

by Bruce Gilchrist

Ahhh... the flair of borscht. The romance of Swiss Schnitzel. The delight of hearty Hungarian table wine. And maybe, if you're lucky, that secluded nook of a table in the corner where the iron ring hangs from the wall. But wait! There's refinement to be had!

FOOD
Czech-In
Blowers St.

In its second incarnation the Czech-In restaurant has moved to Blowers St., appropriated a fine café architectural style valuing intimacy, kept the fabulously diverse menu, and most of all, has refined.

Previously located on South St. by the train station, the Czech-In was quaint. It had five small tables with German and Czech architecture books in nooks on the wall for you to read. The atmosphere was unbeatable, the food was extremely tasty and filling, and the prices were

the most reasonable for dining adventure in the city. In short I loved it thoroughly, being an el-cheapo student who yet wanted to impress his dates with his knowledge of Eastern European cuisine.

Well the Czech-In has been upscaled with the move as more tables, more variety (German, Swiss,

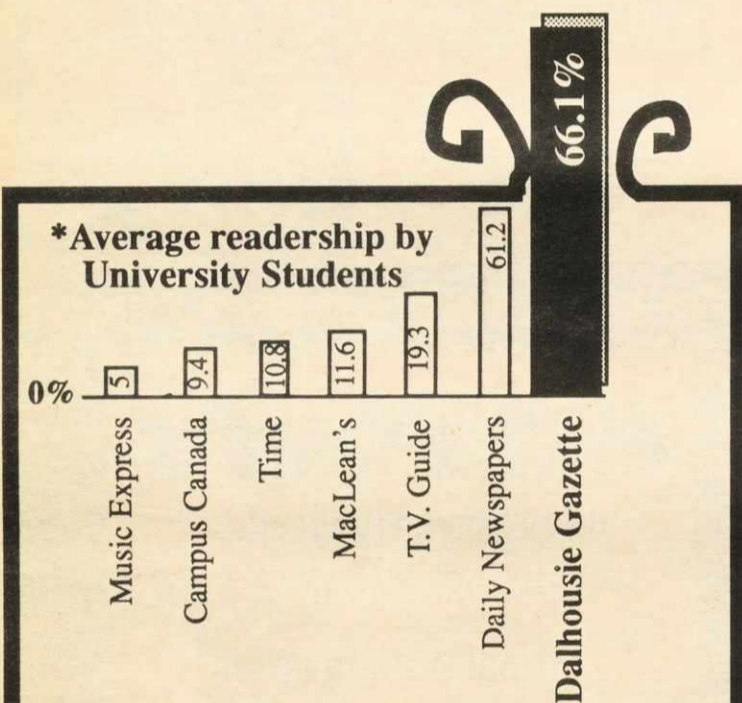
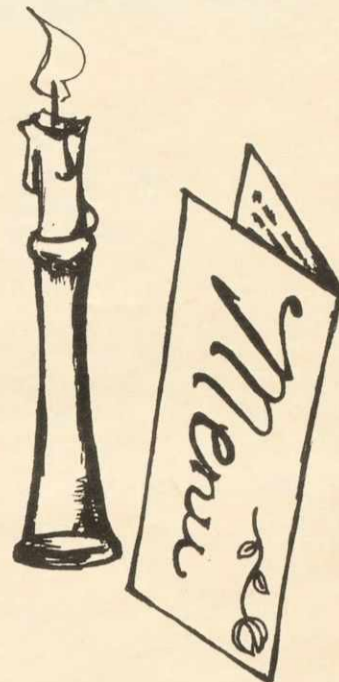
hearty soups, sweet desserts

Austrian, Hungarian, Czech), and bigger numbers in the prices are to be found.

There has been a \$2-3 increase in the prices across the board, and the wine list has been diversified to

match. In a subtle (and appreciated) move, the wine list features write-ups and suggestions for each wine available. I suggest you try the Portugese red (\$24.95).

The food is wonderful, as expected. The schnitzels (\$10.95) are a great pick, and for a fun experiment try ordering the excellent combination plates (Charles IV, Marie Terezie \$9.50 each). Hearty soups and sweet desserts are also not to be missed (Great Almond Cake!). While the portions have not increased in size, they are still fair. Remember, this is now upscale dining, and Pavel, your efficacious and ebullient host, wishes for both you and him to enjoy. Dinner for two with house wine is about \$50.



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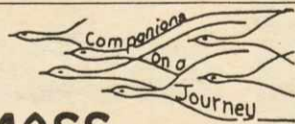
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goes to Alaska to save the whales; Bridget Fonda is a spunky, eclectically dressed Now-Girl who works in a cafe and pines for Matt Dillon, the goon of the film, the token moronic grunge hero. They all have love problems, answering machines and hot CD collections. All these problems are miraculously resolved in the end. Everyone bangs their heads to

soundtrack for the rolling credits, say things like "nice" and "cute" when the lights go on, go home, close the door on the world, read the paper, listen to Soundgarden, bliss out, forget everything.

But what about the Something? The Somewhere Important, The Somebodies, the Something Big? Imagine this: imagine the movie wasn't so slick, so nice, so tame, so safe and dated. Imagine it captured a bit of the ecstasy and fury of those

distorted chords, that it was a little bit angry, a bit disillusioned, a bit dangerous. A happy ending just isn't good enough when there's need for real answers, a plan. I speak for myself but, wouldn't it be good if when the lights went on there was a rush of adrenaline, a feeling of triumph, of immortality, of incontestable Presence. Wouldn't it be good if we leaned forward as if to seize the moment and said "Yes. That's it. That's what we meant all along."

Letters

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cal, psychological and economic benefits of breastfeeding there is an environmental factor that, in light of our current dilemma, may be worth considering.

The cost of producing synthetic infant formula may go well beyond its monetary price. Humankind will pay a penalty in the destruction of our ecosystems and the pollution of our air, soil and water. The tin and plastic used to deliver the formula from the manufacturer to the consumer have created an environmental nightmare. The production and disposal of these materials not only scars the landscape, thereby destroying its aesthetic value, but is also responsible for the destruction of many species' habitats.

Tin cans that transport and store formula can be recycled, however only 25% of the aluminum and tin produced is being processed for reuse. Because this resource is not renewable perhaps we should discover a more useful purpose for its production. Plastic that comes in the form of baby bottles and liners comprises over 30% of the total volume in our landfills. Both the production and elimination of this material emits toxins into the atmosphere. It is not biodegradable and only 1% of plastics are currently being recycled. To manufacture, store, transport and dispose of these containers, not to mention the formula itself, requires energy in the form of fossil fuels. The burning of these non-renewable resources has created a staggering list of environmental problems

such as: ozone depletion, global warming, air and water pollution and species extinction.

Breastmilk comes in attractive containers that not only manufacture the product but deliver it fresh to the consumer. These containers are biodegradable and need no recycling. The process emits no harmful byproducts and the cost of production and delivery is negligible. Breastmilk constitutes no threat to ecosystems, no depletion of resources and no pollution of air, soil or water.

Like it or not, the production of breastmilk has become an economic issue and therefore an environmental one. This kind of subsistence production flies in the face of modern day capitalism. Breastmilk is a highly marketable product that can be manufactured by women without wasting the environment. Without market control, this product provides no corporate profit and therefore will not be promoted by the media.

Charlotte Loppie

Rip roaring reviews

To the editors:

Congratulations to Dalhousie Theatre Productions for their superb first play of the season, "Lion in the Streets."

With this show, DTP continues its tradition of presenting challenging plays, and of doing them well. Like Judith Thompson's other plays, "Lion"

explores the seedy side of life. While her best known play, "Crackwalker," took place on the wrong side of the tracks, "Lion in the Streets" explores the evil in everyone, in everyday characters in nice neighborhoods.

I saw little indication that this was a student production. Performances were generally excellent, a few superb. An excellent season is in store, if this standard is maintained.

If you missed "Lion in the Streets," kick yourself a few times. Then keep your eyes peeled for announcements for the DTP's next production.

Tom Legrandy

Make like a tree and...

To the editor:

As a consequence of having an old and beautiful campus, Dalhousie's grounds are covered with leaves every autumn. To landfill these would be an incredible waste of nutrients and landfill space. Happily, this waste will not occur this year. The Physical Plant has arranged with the Ashburn Golf Club to accept the leaves from our campus. They will be added to the Club's compost heap.

The members of the Campus Environmental Action Group would like to commend the Physical Plant for its dedication and enterprise in coming up with this environmentally friendly solution to an annual problem.

CEAG