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THE GAZETTE

VOLUME 124 NUMBER 10

DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY • HALIFAX, N.S.

NOVEMBER 14, 1991

DAL PHOTO: MARIA PATRIQUIN



'You are all feminists!' shouts as he fires

Three hospitals spring to action to treat victims

'We are just lucky to still have our daughter alive,' father of one wounded student says

By ALEX NORRIS, GRAEME HAMILTON and ANDREW McINTOSH of The Gazette

Fourteen women are dead, a gunman went on a rampage at Université de Montréal late yesterday afternoon...

According to my experience, the bullets were fired from quite far away... The gunman was in his fifth-floor office when shooting started...

He said the guy had shot himself. He said that when he arrived at the hospital, he found the gunman wrapped around her head...

Denis Hébert, an 18-year-old student, said that when he arrived at the hospital, he found the gunman wrapped around her head...

Killer smiled, then told men to leave. Hospital where they were stable...

13 wounded at Université de Montréal in hospital

By PETER KUITENBROUWER, MARIAN SCOTT, MARY LAMEY and JEFF HERMICH of The Gazette

Fourteen women are dead, a gunman went on a rampage at Université de Montréal late yesterday afternoon...

Couple's evening

Girlfriend shot after student forced to leave her with killer

By ANDREW McINTOSH of The Gazette

Grim parents await names of the slain

By PETER KUITENBROUWER of The Gazette

Police turns into nightmare

By ELIZABETH THOMPSON of The Gazette

Richard Doin, a spokesman for the university, said the gunman was a 22-year-old student...

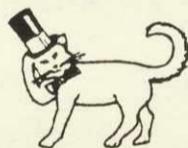
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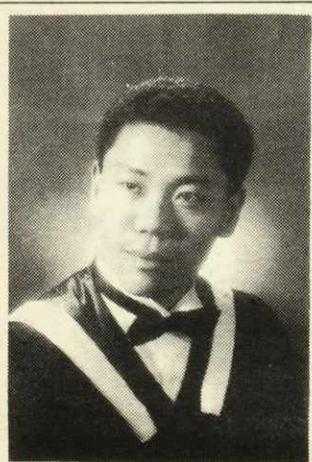
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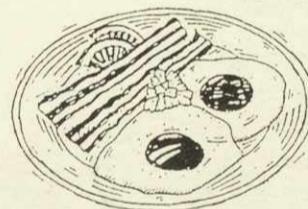
C H O I R



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DOWNSTAIRS IN
THE DALHOUSIE
STUDENT UNION
BUILDING

NEWS



The offending party.

Beer and bodies ad a bummer

BY JERRY WEST

Sex sells. At least that is the opinion of some Dalhousie students.

Recently the *Gazette* received complaints that a Ten Penny Beer ad contained hidden sexual images. The advertisement (in the October 31 issue) shows a flock of geese flying in one direction, with a lone goose headed in the other direction. The area of contention is the clouds in the background.

To clarify the issue the *Gazette* held an informal poll.

Forty participants were asked if they saw anything unusual about the advertisement. Approximately 80 per cent of respondents replied that they saw bodies in the clouds. Some saw male bodies and some

female, but the consensus seemed to be that they were human.

According to the Canadian Advertising Foundation (CAF) this does not constitute subliminal advertising. In order to be subliminal, an image would have to be undetectable.

"No, this type of thing would be covered under the guidelines for sex-role stereotyping," said Kari Kerr, Communications Manager for the CAF.

The Canadian Code of Advertising Standards says advertising "must not exploit... sexuality".

The advertisement has run in a number of other student publications including the King's Student Handbook and the *Weldon Times*, the newspaper of Dalhousie's law school.

"The ad came in at the last minute," said Naz Mitha, Editor of the *Weldon Times*. "The three or four people who were there thought it was rather suggestive, but we'd already gotten some beer from Moosehead in consideration of it, so we felt obligated to run it."

"To tell the truth the ad came in so close to our deadline," said Andy Pederson, Production Manager of the King's handbook, "that we just placed it and never really looked at it."

"The artist didn't have any instructions to put bodies into the picture, and it was never our intention to run a subliminal campaign," said Dave McGuire of Moosehead Breweries, but "we have had a few concerns raised about that piece [in the past]."

Toto, we're not in Halifax anymore

A Canadian wakes up to Beijing

BY RYAN STANLEY

BEIJING — Beijing rises early on a crisp autumn morning, and almost before the sun has pierced the industrial haze blanketing the city, its people have begun the hurried business of making a living.

Having been here almost two months now, teaching English at a small college in the west end of the Chinese capital, I am still puzzled and fascinated by the rhythms of this teeming metropolis.

By five a.m. people have appeared in public parks and on sidewalks to conduct their slow, graceful, silent exercises. Meanwhile, on the streets, the work day is starting up. Cloaked figures emerge from unseen sleeping places in the narrow, dusty lanes and begin to lay out their wares — fruits, vegetables and slabs of meat.

It is a testament to human integrity — everywhere, people are guarding their niches. Women sell flowers, old men offer bicycle repairs on the sidewalk, enterprising youngsters market doughy, deep-fried pastries to passers-by. This is the informal sector — the unpro-

tected, self-employed millions who make up such an integral part of all Third World economies.

Beijing has its modern sector, too — its downtown core features glamorous Western hotels and sparkling office towers. But it is the chestnut roasters and the shoe menders who give the city its vitality. A Beijing market is a swirling sea of buyers, sellers and endless bicycles.

It is easy to become complacent and to conclude that all is well here

This centrepiece of the People's Republic is all hustle, and nothing like the stereotype we so often accept of life in a Communist country. The overwhelming impression is one of 16 million people trying to make their way in a place too small for all of them, and finding ways to express their individuality

in an environment that never ceases trying to rob them of it.

For a Westerner, China can be mysterious and unknowable. It can also be very comfortable, for hard currency goes a long way and food is delicious and plentiful. It is easy to become complacent, and to conclude that all is well here — people seem generally satisfied, and the press is full of reports on the government's tireless efforts to improve everybody's lot.

I am given a jolt each morning, when I leave the building I live in, to remind me of the dangers of such complacency. The central courtyard of my college is dominated by a huge satellite dish, pointed skyward. Two years ago it was disconnected, when the government decided its students might be encouraged in their hooliganism if they were allowed to continue to watch American news programs. The dish remains, in disrepair. I often think of it as a symbol — of many things, but mostly of potential.

Ryan Stanley is a fourth-year Dal student teaching English at a diplomat school in Beijing.

Students busted for fake IDs

BY GUY MAJOR

In the past two weeks, 17 Dalhousie students were charged \$135 by Halifax police for fraud. These students are underage people applying for voluntary proof of age liquor cards under false names.

About half of the 40 false applicants in the past month are young Dalhousie students who are, "...under a lot of peer pressure to drink," says Kim Robbins at the Nova Scotia Liquor Commission.

Abuse of these cards is serious, says Constable Paul MacDonald of the Halifax police, because, "you can walk off with all kinds of things. We know the potential for other crimes to happen because of false I.D.: they can be used in video stores, and an officer could even be misled into charging someone as another person."

According to the Liquor Act, every person who presents false proof of age in order to purchase liquor is guilty of an offense and is liable to a fine of \$100-500, and failing payment, a prison term.

Police are now beginning to charge people under the criminal code, which means a fine up to \$2000 and a criminal record, if the person is using someone's I.D. without permission.

In fact, says MacDonald, seven people have already been charged with this in the past two weeks.

Robbins says that this policy is necessary as a deterrent: "It's costing the taxpayer a lot of money running around checking kids out...I'm not going to give out information on how we catch these people because if we do that, they're all going to know."

Playing at politics

BY LARA MORRIS

The flag may have fallen, but Canadian unity took the day at last Wednesday's TROC versus BLOC debate.

About fifty people watched members of Sodales, Dal's debating club, take part in the Dalhousie Student Union's "Spicy Commission" series.

John Atchison and John LeBlanc represented the Government side of the House, taking on Tim Costigan and Nancy Palardy for the Opposition.

Laura Stewart acted as Speaker of the House and introduced the question for debate, "be it resolved that Quebec should separate from the rest of Canada."

Government representatives took the position that Quebec should separate immediately and then negotiate an economic agreement with "the rest of Canada" (TROC). They supported their position by stating that the current Federal Government proposals are inadequate, that the Charter of Rights and Freedoms imposes national standards the people of Que-

bec do not want, and that Quebec needs more control over its economy and immigration in order to protect French culture.

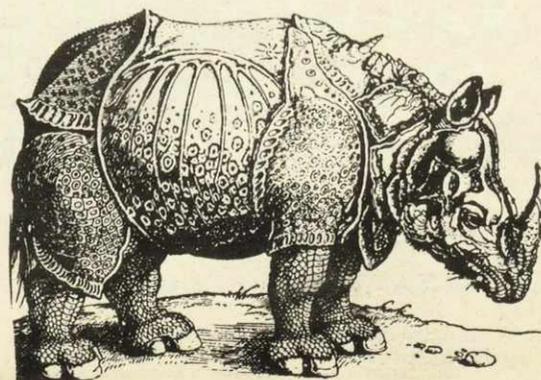
"Quebec should declare its sovereignty... and then perhaps negotiate a common market," Atchison said.

These views were challenged by Opposition members who emphasized that now is the time for talk between Quebec and the rest of Canada. They stressed that members of the Quebec government have stated they like the substance of the Federal Government proposals, that the Quebecois have used the Charter to their advantage, and that Quebec needs Canada economically.

"Is the rest of Canada going to want to negotiate after separation? No," said Costigan.

The debaters hammered away at these points backing them up with various events and studies. Repetition was a key strategy, completing the image of authentic politicians.

In the end few audience members voted, but the Opposition members took 85 per cent of those cast.



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Exotic Eating - Dining a delight at Indian restaurant" - Summer Sun, Thur., Sept. 4, 1986
Suggested by Japanese tourist book

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The times they are a changin'...as part of the Flamingo's fifth birthday celebrations, we are pleased to announce lower weekend admission prices. On most weekends, admission will now cost only \$5, up until 12:30, and \$2 thereafter.and thank you for 5 great years.

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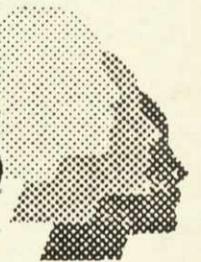
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CROSS CANADA

Precedent set at UCCB

HALIFAX (CUP) — Fear over women's safety has spurred Cape Breton feminist community groups into action.

The catalyst was a report by a University College of Cape Breton student who said she was sexually assaulted in the campus residence in late September.

Police charged her with mischief after she changed her statement, but the charges were later dropped due to a lack of evidence.

The subsequent media attention, the university administration's handling of the case and the actions of the local RCMP detachment demonstrated the need for support services for victims of sexual assault, MacDonald said.

"It's the most negative scenario in terms of how the situation was handled in the university and seen in the broader community," said MacDonald. "It will prevent women from coming forward, and other sexual assaults will go unreported. It's a very grave situation."

A coalition of women's groups has formed to tackle the problem. It includes the Elizabeth Fry Society, the Nova Scotia Advisory Committee on the Status of Women, Cape Breton Transition House, a representative of the UCCB female faculty and staff, and the National Action Committee on the Status of Women.

MacDonald said there are four to five assaults reported throughout Cape Breton every week.

The group wants to establish a sexual assault service and a rape crisis line. If the coalition is successful, it will be the second location in the province where these services are offered.

Same-sex benefits

MONTREAL (CUP) — A three-year struggle to extend benefits to the partners of lesbian and gay employees at Concordia University has finally paid off.

The doors were thrown wide open after the term "opposite sex" was removed from the definition of "spouse" in a motion passed by the board of governors last November.

Employees now living in a "spousal relationship" for at least one year may sign their spouse onto the plan.

Pat Freed, faculty personnel director, said a 1989 report commissioned by the benefits committee was full of incorrect information. "It was full of ridiculous statements based on the fear of AIDS," she said.

Used as a basis for refusing the lobbyists' original request, the 25-page report concluded that "covering spouses of the same sex could double Concordia's exposure to AIDS claims under the health plan."

"The average amount of life insurance per same-sex spouse is likely to be much higher than for opposite-sex spouses, due to the predictably higher risk of contracting AIDS among male homosexuals," the report stated.

The University of British Columbia was the first university to extend same-sex benefits when they adopted the policy in 1990.

Dalhousie, Acadia, and the University of Toronto have similar policies, and McGill granted same-sex benefits last month.

Starving students

OTTAWA (CUP) — It all started with five people starving themselves for the status quo.

During Ontario's 1990 provincial election, five student councillors went on a fleeting "hunger strike", calling themselves "underfed and underfunded." They demanded a halt to funding cuts to colleges and universities, and tuition fees indexed to inflation.

There is a "new" alliance of student councils pressing for the status quo — the Ontario University Students' Funding Alliance.

"It's basically the same thing with different players," said Chris Lawson, researcher for the Ontario Federation of Students. OFS represents 200,000 students and is lobbying for a freeze on tuition fees and their eventual abolition.

Lisa McLean, Brock University student council president, said OUSFA is examining funding options other than zero tuition or a tuition freeze.

She said "the alliance has no formal membership, but it has been spearheaded by Queen's, Brock and Waterloo. Other universities, such as McMaster, the University of Toronto, Ryerson and Wilfred Laurier have been involved."

NEWS



DUS students running to scoop their first story.

Elementary news writing

BY DAWN MITCHELL

Mr. Mugs and Dick & Jane books don't make the grade at Dalhousie University School anymore — not when newspapers are involved.

In an attempt to challenge the children at the university-based elementary school, teachers asked students if they would like to publish their own newspaper.

"We are always looking for interesting ways to develop language and communication skills," said Janet Nish-lapidus, a teacher at DUS. "This gives them an opportunity to do lots of different kinds of writing."

The students responded with enthusiasm and have been sniffing out news stories for their first edition in December ever since.

"We all do articles about stuff that happened at school," said seven-year-old Danny Brauer, one of the 23 students working on the

paper.

Tara Perkin, who will be 10 in December, is working on two stories.

"[I'm writing a story] about tv and how to replace it, and one on a maze me and my friends are building out of cardboard," she said.

The paper won't just be hard-hitting news stories though, the students are also preparing a cartoon section.

When asked about her contribution to the comics, graphic artist Angeline Thibodeau, 6, said, "We draw. We write."

Although they may be nonchalant about it all now, each of the 23 students worked hard to get their jobs.

"The children all had to apply for the jobs in writing and explain why they thought they would be good for that position," said Nish-lapidus.

All of them got the job they

wanted.

Putting together a newspaper isn't always easy. One stumbling block is agreeing on a name for the paper.

Suggestions for this paper ranged from "Sunshine News" to "Raging Reporters," and "Blues DUS News Snooze" before they finally agreed on "Elementary News."

"I invented that name," said nine-year-old Colin Fuller, who is also writing articles on the video game system turbo graphix 16 and the school's compost heap.

If all goes well, the Elementary News will publish two more issues this school year to be distributed in the Dalhousie News.

"The children are very excited about [the project] especially with all the attention it has been getting," said Nish-lapidus.

"It's moved from a school thing to a larger one where a lot of people are interested in it," she said.

Raindrops permeate my head

BY JOEY GOODINGS

SOMETIMES I JUST want to rain on people's parades. This is one of those times.

You may be one of the newly initiated Haligonians, having travelled from some far flung province to go to school here, and you may have thought to yourself upon arrival: "Wow, Halifax is so pretty, the houses are all painted with bright colours and the leaves are turning yellow and red."

Well, now it's November. The weather is grey and Dal is even greyer; a double-whammy for the stressed out student. Sure, there's lots of brightly coloured buildings, but the SUB, the Killam Library and the LSC aren't among them. Even the DSU Clown troupe is powerless to do much about it.

Imagine this: you wake up late, it's cold and rainy outside and you've run out of Shreddies so you have to make it to LSC on an empty stomach. You get there late, run through the building to take your place in a dark and dreary

classroom with the most absurd lighting imaginable and no windows. (If some cow-poke tells you to stick it where the sun don't shine, he may in fact be referring to one of the many classrooms in the LSC.)

After class you take the underground tunnel (like in the beginning of that hit 70s TV show - *The Mod Squad*) to that big wad of grey, the Killam library. Even from the inside, this place feels grey.

Before making one iota of progress on your overdue essay, it's breaktime, (you've probably been procrastinating by reading useless articles like this one for at least half an hour). Time to go to the SUB.

Unless you want lousy fast food with loads of environmentally hostile gunk, you settle on a muffin or two with and a coffee (in your own mug — I hope). And then you down these things in the smoking section of the cafeteria — even if you don't smoke.

Once done, it's back to that big wad of grey. A few hours later, and you've accomplished nothing. Maybe there's an easier topic to

write on? Add another fruitless hour or two looking for one, then it's time to split.

But wait a minute, it's black outside. That's like grey, only ten times worse. Somebody shortened the days. It's bad enough being stressed out, but leaving the library to find it's already night (when you've accomplished nothing all day) is a recipe for an instant headache.

Thank God there's always tomorrow and prime time TV. But tomorrow will be greyer, your essay more overdue and the days even shorter. And this goes on 'til you finish your degree or decide otherwise.

Everyday, year after year. Think twice about doing a Master's degree, law or med school, unless you enjoy prolonged torture.

Enjoy the last few coloured leaves of Fall while they last. The warm days are gone and summer won't be back for a long, long time. With the leaves on the ground, the campus is showing its one true colour: deep, dull grey.

EDITORIAL

14 women, 2 years later

Natalie Croteau. I remember your name because two years ago I read it out at a memorial service. I don't remember the names of any of the other women who died. I don't recognize any faces of the fourteen women who died. The only name most people remember is the murderer's. We know his name but the women — they exist only as a

But what has changed since the massacre?

nameless faceless collective, the Montreal Massacre.

Why did you die? You died because you were women, and because a man hated women. There was national outrage at your deaths. Where has that outrage gone?

This is a week of reflection, commemorating the violent brutal deaths of fourteen women. It is a time to think about what happened on December 6, 1989. It is a time to think about violence against women. But what has changed since the massacre?

Last week women on a women's newspaper in Halifax received death threats for being women. The only difference between this and the Montreal massacre is that action has not been taken, yet. But the hatred is still the same.

Is linking the Pandora threats to the Montreal massacre going too far? Maybe, but this violence is real. Women face violence, or the fear of violence everyday. Ever see a woman walking alone at night tense up when she hears your footsteps? Ever see a woman cringe when she is whistled at on the street. Ever see a woman back away from a man when he is trying to pick her up?

Incidents of violence against women will recur. They may not be as obvious, or as newsworthy as killing fourteen women, or death threats to a women's collective, but they will happen until society changes to perceive all violence against women as abhorrent.

Fourteen nameless women died in the Montreal massacre. Did they die in vain? Has anything changed?

I know their deaths changed me, the way I look at the world, the way I perceive violence. This week reflect: did their killings change you?

Natalie Croteau I remember you. I remember the way you died. And I will not let you have died in vain.

Shannon Gowans



LETTERS The **Dalhousie Gazette** welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should not exceed 300 words in length and should be typed and double-spaced. The deadline for letters is Friday noon before publication. Letters may be submitted on Mac or IBM-compatible 3.5" disk.

Not a luxury

To the editor:

I was interested to read Robin Ingle's recent letter to the editor. In that letter, which referred to Dal's Health and Accident Insurance Plan, the author contended that "oral contraceptives are a costly luxury, used by a small portion of the student population." The comment was made in the context of a defence of the recently increased cost of the plan, and a justification for the exclusion from coverage of oral contraceptives. I have no quarrel with the author's view that inclusion would add to the cost of the plan — this is self-evident — but I do believe that the author's characterization of oral contraceptives as a "costly luxury" is misguided.

The implication is that these drugs add to the pleasure, comfort or convenience of the user, but are unnecessary, and are readily substituted with other means of birth control. No doubt there are substitutes, but I suspect that the insurance plan also excludes condoms, diaphragms, etc. The issue therefore is clearly whether

contraception generally is a "costly luxury."

What a novel concept. If women are to participate equally in society, surely they must have an equal opportunity to both experience their sexuality and parenthood at their discretion. Yet because it is only women who experience pregnancy, treatment of contraception as a "luxury" exposes only women to either the significant cost of contraception (it is a responsibility that is overwhelmingly borne by women) or the suppression of sexuality, unwanted pregnancy etc.

Clearly, therefore, contraception is not a "luxury" to society-at-large. Equally clearly, it is society-at-large that benefits from having women participate as equal partners. The only conclusion that can be drawn is that society-at-large should bear the cost of contraception — all that remains is to determine at what price, and whether the appropriate vehicle is Health and Accident Insurance plans.

Rob Hyndman

More facts

To the editor:

This is regarding Aaron Peter's column in the November 7th issue of the *Gazette*. The subject matter was quite interesting. I was eager to hear the problems of our Constitution. It is important to note that charters may sound good, but are often ineffective in that their principles are not carried out in society.

The problem I had with the commentary is that it criticises without backing up even one comment. I learned nothing from the column and thus my opinion could not be swayed in any way. There were some good points, but they were completely unsubstantiated, making them sound like ravings rather than legitimate commentary. It is easy to just keep saying something bad over and over again.

I won't bother to send any topic ideas, at least not until Mr. Peters shows that he would do them justice and proves that he deserves to have this column each week.

Anonymous

Ribbon Snaked

To the editor:

As I read the sports section of last week's *Gazette*, it occurred to me to wonder why it is that all Dalhousie sports teams are called the Tigers. I suppose this is because the university colours are black and yellow, and a tiger's coat is (more or less) black and yellow, but beyond this, the tiger really has no special significance for Dalhousie. As a possible alternative to the tiger as Dalhousie mascot, I propose the northern Ribbon snake. Not only is the Ribbon snake black and yellow, it is also native to Nova Scotia, and rather special since it doesn't live in any other maritime province.

The University of California, whose teams used to be called the Sealions, now call themselves the Banana slugs. The Banana slugs looks just like the slugs we are used to seeing under stones except that it is the size of a banana, and the students changed the name of the teams on the grounds that the Banana slugs were more common than the Sealions on their campus. So it can be done. Go Ribbon Snakes.

Kate Jackson

THE GAZETTE

NOVEMBER 14, 1991 • VOL. 124, NO. 10

CONTRIBUTORS

JOANNE FRY
PAUL THE PIZZA GUY
JENNIFER WAIN
ROLAND LINES
ANGEL FIGUEROA
MICHAEL GUSHUE
JOEY GOODINGS
MARIA PATRIQUIN
GUY MAJOR
DAWN MITCHELL
KITTY SCHWEYER
IAN ROBERTSON
ARAN MCKITTRICK
BRUCE GILCHRIST
LARA MORRIS
JULIE LUOMA
CORIE BERRYMAN
STEPHANIE BIRDALL
HERMIE ABRAHAM
SEAN KIRBY
LUCY JANEGA
MONIKA ZACHNIEWICZ
LAURA MAKARENKO
MIKE "MR. APOLITICAL" GUSHUE
KEVIN PETERS
DANA COLE
AARON PETERS
RYAN STANLEY

CUP

EDITORS
MARY JANE HAMILTON
MARY LITTLEJOHN
WOMEN'S LIAISON
MIRIAM KORN
ARTS EDITOR
JENN BECK
SPORTS EDITOR
SUZY KOVINSKY
STEVE MILLS
CALENDAR EDITORS
NATASHA RYAN
MIRIAM KORN
THE GAZETTE IS PRINTED ON 50% POST-CONSUMER WASTE

EDITORS

SHANNON GOWANS
CHRIS LAMBIE
MARIE-FRANCE LEBLANC
JERRY WEST

BUSINESS/ADVERTISING MANAGER

ALEX DOW
494-6532

TYPESETTER

ROBERT CARLSON

THIRD FLOOR

STUDENT UNION BUILDING
DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY
6136 UNIVERSITY AVE
HALIFAX, N.S.
B3H 4J2
(902) 494-2507

The *Dalhousie Gazette* is Canada's oldest college newspaper. Published weekly through the Dalhousie Student Union, which also comprises its membership, *The Gazette* has a circulation of 10,000. As a founding member of Canadian University Press, *The Gazette* adheres to the CUP Statement of Principles and reserves the right to refuse any material submitted of a racist, sexist, homophobic or libelous nature. Deadline for commentary, letters to the editor, and

announcements is noon on Friday before publication (Thursday of each week). Submissions may be left at the SUB Enquiry Desk c/o *The Gazette*. Commentary should not exceed 500 words. Letters should not exceed 300 words. No unsigned material will be accepted, but anonymity may be granted upon request. Advertising copy deadline is noon Monday

before publication. *The Gazette* offices are located on the third floor of the SUB. Come up and have a coffee and tell us what's going on. The views expressed in *The Gazette* are not necessarily those of the Students' Union, the editors or the collective staff.

ED/OP

Subliminal failure 1

To the editor:

In response to Lara Morris' letter of Oct. 31.

I believe the definition was correct but her application of that definition may not be. If the ad were truly subliminal she would not have been aware of it. This letter is not meant to make light of the connection between alcohol and sexual aggression, but to discuss subliminal advertising. For the record, it's illegal in Canada and the advertising community "claims" it hasn't and doesn't use it.

There are as many awareness thresholds, or points at which something subliminal becomes apparent, as there are individuals perceiving something. To prove effective, by using the "average" threshold, the ad could be self-defeating if too many people became aware of the hidden message.

Studies show mixed results on the issue. Shopping malls that included the phrase "I am honest" in their musak reported a 30 per cent drop in shoplifting. The medical community used subliminal stimulation effectively to treat depressive and schizophrenic behaviour. However, some studies have shown that basic drives like thirst and verbal responses may be affected subliminally, while there is no effect on purchase behaviour. An "ideal" subliminal as would make you run out and buy the product based on the hidden message. Conventional advertising cannot even be induce behaviour like this. There are many other primary stages and influences involved. There is no evidence to suggest that subliminal ads can bypass this behaviour. Furthermore, looking at the broad spectrum of beer ads, peer and lifestyle advertising are predominant.

So, subliminal images and messages are a real phenomenon and may influence drives but have little effect on purchase behaviour. Be aware and be aware.

Laurie Kinsman

Subliminal failure 2

To the editor:

Consider this letter an addendum to Lara Morris' letter in your October 31 issue. In fact, it might help if the two were read side-by-side.

I could not believe my eyes when I picked up the October 31 issue of the Gazette and I saw the ad for Ten-



INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY

For the same cost as ordinary tasting beers, you can enjoy the full-flavoured taste of Ten-Penny Old Stock Ale.

This opportunity will not appeal to the cautious and fainthearted. But, if you are an individual thinker, you will experience twice the return on your investment.

Ten-Penny Ale.

The taste of independence.



It has been brought to my attention that the last column mentioned nothing about French Language rights and the issue of bilingualism. I must apologize as I whole-heartedly think that all cultures should have the right to be maintained in this assimilative world. There is much to be learned from the past, and hopefully one of the lessons history has taught us is that to survive, we must work together, culturally and regionally.

The Observer

AARON PETERS

Aaron is looking for subject matter for his new column. If you have any interesting ideas, please bring them to the Gazette

This past Monday was Remembrance Day and I think that speaking of French contribution, we must not forget the Vandoos, the French battalion that held their ground in Korea when other countrys' forces were losing ground around them. They fought like brave and true Canadians, and when it seemed that all was lost, they engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the 'enemy.' Despite numerous wounded, they held their position against the North's forces. Many of us lost loved ones on the battlegrounds of Inchon and Kyongtung, and along the Imchin. We should remember that we all lost something in that struggle.

After watching the November 11 Ceremonies from Ottawa on television, I could not help notice that all the Veterans were quite old. This correlates with what a student was mentioning to me over the weekend. He was wondering if Remembrance Day itself will be remembered in the next few decades. Or will we, in our new-found detente, think that we do not need to remember those people who went overseas to kill other human beings. After all, most of them will have passed on. Will we remember them when we don't have to? All this begs the question of whether war is necessary. Can anyone that condemns killing in peace-time condone it in war-time, especially if the war does not directly affect them? I guess that's up to each one of us to decide individually, right?

Penny ale on page 16. The message in the background graphic was so obscure, and so poorly delineated that I almost failed to react to the subliminal message.

I am no foaming at the mouth feminist, but the naked body hidden in the clouds disgusted me.

I will assume that you are familiar with what to look for in subliminal advertising. The image in this ad falls into the category of subliminal, but it fails miserably in its attempt. The body is so grossly deformed and hideous as to fail to be provocative. Let's face it, if I am going to be targeted for advertising through subliminal sexual images, I have a right to subliminal hard-on.

"Ten-Penny ale - the taste of independence," is the catch phrase. Is this supposed to encourage people to express their sexual freedom by getting hot for humans so malformed that it is difficult to differentiate

between a torso and a leg, or a butt and a chest? If it is, then maybe tying it up into a package selling alcohol is pretty smart, considering how fucked-up your vision would have to be.

I am sure it is an overreaction to blame a poorly-made ad for the ugly practice of mixing sex with alcohol. There are many roots to dangerous attitudes on university campuses, and pointing at this one would be a stupid place to start.

I will let you guys off on this one, but I want to see some action taken on this in the future. Either decide not to run ads that use sex subliminally, or run ones with the bodies of males and females that will get us all happy and horny.

Peter J. Taylor

P.S. Thanks for having at least one staff member with a sense of humour. Lord knows you guys need that.



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Secretary's

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9 inch PIZZA with a glass of draught beer
only \$2.89 ALL TAXES INCLUDED

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The award will honour Science faculty members who are recognized as having a comprehensive knowledge of their subject and possessing the ability to communicate their knowledge in such a way as to lead students to high academic achievement.

Each nomination for this award must be made by two or more sponsors, at least one of whom must be a faculty member appointed half time or more on the Faculty of Science. Nomination forms and further information are available from: office of the Dean of Science, Room 328, Arts and administration Building, 494-3540. the deadline for nominations to reach the deans office is

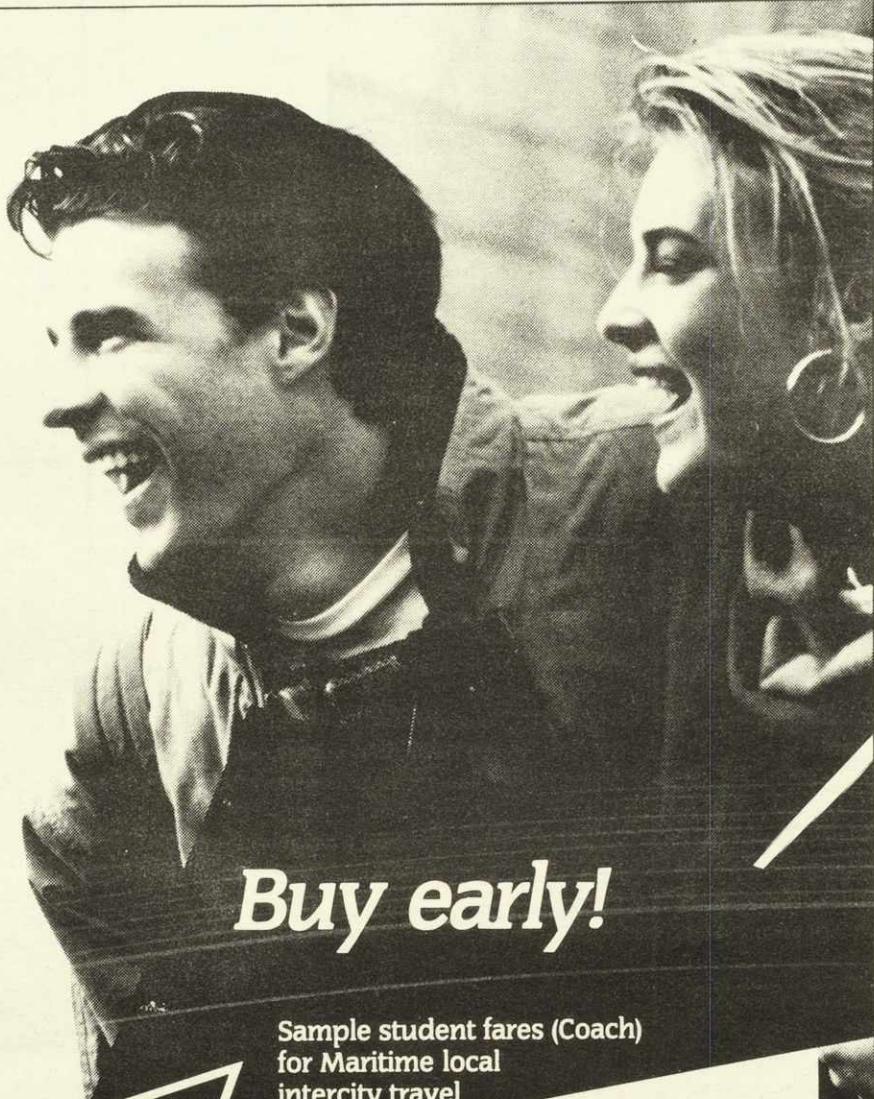
January 15, 1992

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*Look
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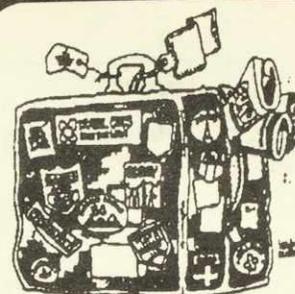
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ONE WAY
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ONE WAY

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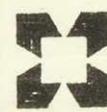
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Boston	\$149
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Air fares are subject to availability with special booking /payment restrictions

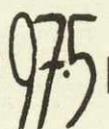
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CKDU  FM

Featuring:
 Dan Martin - Trombone
 November 16th
 See You Soon
 Everyone is Welcome for
 the Saturday Matinee

 The
 Grad
 House
 (just look for the
 Gryphon)

TAKE A LOOK AT THE TRAIN TODAY



Why I am a Feminist

Feminism is not a bad word.

Feminism is being proud to be a woman. It is recognizing that I am beautiful because of my spirit, not just my body. It is refusing to believe that am ugly because I don't resemble the model on the cover of the latest *Glamour* magazine. Feminism is refusing to be degraded by those who perceive that my femininity makes me inferior to men. Feminism is believing that the traits which distinguish me as a woman should be admired and respected. It is rejecting the traits associated with being a woman which are characteristic only to an ideal. An ideal defined by a patriarchal society.

Feminism is realizing that my rage is not irrational. Feminism is the bridge of understanding between the events in my daily life and the confused feelings I have because of these events. Feminism explains and justifies my disgust and anger at being treated like a woman. The rage I feel when I hear "nice ass".

Feminism is strength through understanding shared by sisters who realize that their experiences as women are not unique.

Feminism is struggling to redefine, to myself and a patriarchal world, what it means to be a woman.

Feminism is strength, pride, spirituality and truth.

Feminism is not a bad word.

Joanne Fry



DAL PHOTO: MARIA PATRIQUIN

When I graduated from high school I thought that men and women were equal in every way. Equal abilities, and equal opportunities.

Since then there have been a lot of changes in my life and I have realized that the struggle for women's equality is ongoing.

Incest, rape, abortion have all played a role in my changing attitudes.

My personal experiences are only part of my motivation though. Sharing my experiences with other women has taught me that the abuses other women suffer are daily.

Feminism has offered me a theoretical and practical alternative, a way to deal with my anger and disappointment. It is through reading feminist theory and talking to other feminists that a lot of my questions have been answered. It is also where I gain strength to continue healing myself and speak out against women's oppression.

Feminism also offers me a challenge. Like any other group, feminists are not homogeneous. We bring different experiences to the discussion, and the differences increase as factors of race, class and sexual orientation are considered. I see us linked by our common goal, the struggle for equality.

My notion of equality differs from that of my closest feminist friend, but we continue to work together. I believe we are both working for world in which women will be free to be themselves.

When I finished my undergraduate degree, I received cards saying "The World is Yours" and "You can achieve all you aim for." I was optimistic, determined, and untroubled.

When I entered the workforce, however, things were not what I had been taught. The ovaries in my belly determined how I was talked (down) to; how I was (not) listened to; and the fact that I was, in all circumstances, defined in sexual terms.

I started to look more closely at the world.

I saw that when we think of humanity, the norm is male. People say "he" for the unspecified individual; and "Mrs. Somebody Else." At the gym, where I strive to make my body strong and healthy, the demo exercise pictures portray ideals of men. Imagine the opposite: saying "she" for the unspecified individual; "Mr. Debbie Smith;" and representing the "non-gendered" human norm with female bodies. The message I

received is that I am NOT the subject of human existence. I am "the other." The afterthought. The second sex.

I began to see more.

Women doing the same work as men today in Canada make about two-thirds the money, that is, when they are actually able to access the same kind of work as men. After divorce, men's standard of living increases as women's slides toward the poverty line.

Assertive Focused Ambitious Vocal MEN = admired successful hero

Assertive Focused Ambitious Vocal WOMEN = difficult trouble-making bitch

I am supposed to smile and make myself attractive and be supportive and to titillate. But what about being true to my unique individual self? The self that I like, the one that could contribute something worthwhile to the world?

I saw more.

Women around me have been

touched, beaten, coerced, threatened, entered. And people say it's all their fault.

I must not walk alone in the park. I must check the back seat of the car. I must have my keys ready to open the front door. I must stay in groups at night. I must check who is in the elevator before entering. I must be careful what I wear, what I say, how I walk, where I go. I must wear shoes I can run in. I must be watchful because attackers can be strangers, friends, dates, brothers. I must be an expert on fear.

I have nightmares. I am grabbed, constrained, hand over mouth, no air, can't scream, too weak, no one to help, my body invaded, wounded from the inside out, stolen from me.

I keep looking.

And I see that I am white, middle class, able-bodied, educated. Privileged.

So, I am a feminist.

I believe women and men, together, can do better than this. Let's reflect on that.

Quotes from a 1990 survey of young women attending Nova Scotia high schools

♦ A feminist is an intelligent woman of the 90's who believes she can do or accomplish anything a man can do. A strong-willed woman who knows men and women are equal.

♦ A woman who wants men and women treated equally but often try to get more power over males. They ignore the fact that there is a natural difference between men and women.

♦ I don't think a woman's place is in the kitchen, but I do believe that a woman has a duty to provide a certain element of love and guidance that men, because of their nature, do not have.

♦ Someone who thinks that men and women are equal at everything. They have to face it that that's not true.

♦ A feminist is a female or woman that thinks she is better than a male and keeps calling the male race down.

♦ A person who has chosen to cut off all her ties from males, refraining from sex with men, whether she be a lesbian or not.

♦ A feminist induces images of bra-burning lesbians. However, I guess, a feminist is essentially one who believes in equality (in the sense of opportunities, jobs, education) of women and men and who seeks out the establishment of the sex-role stereotypes embedded in our society.

♦ A gay girl/boy.

♦ Wears dresses all the time, carries a purse, thinks they're superior to men.

WEEK of REFLECTION

Beauty

She always looks away,
And pretends to be innocent of my eyes.
And when we talk she seems so sad.
Her body seems to bleed for the things
that she keeps inside.
And I don't know if she is sad for herself
or for me.

How could I ever explain,
That her eyes remind me of a friend who
was once raped?
And when I am sad,
She seems indifferent.
Her honesty is every bit as cruel as it is
beautiful.
She is beautiful.

They will never bend her to their will;
Bend her and she will break.
Their hands will reach out to her body,
And soil her with their touch.
They will get inside her body.
They will get inside her body.
But to me she will remain untouched...
And beautiful.

Sean Kirby

Target Outside

I hate this, this apathy
I hate the way we all turn our heads,
And allow our sisters and daughters to
be victimized.
Easy Targets.

It's not just physical.
It's not that clinical.
It's about fear and it's about shame.
Violation. Degradation.
When we do nothing to stop it we are
the ones to blame.

Target Outside, the streets are not safe
For women to walk at night.
And we seem to play upon this fear;
We take by force what is not ours.

Is this what it means to be a Man?
Sean Kirby

the rape of a girl
- a hazing

mingling
soft protrusions
like fingers
on the hands of dolls and
bears

grasping for reality
profess to be human
humanity is lost

sinking
in stupor
vile as the breath
of one drunk the night before
who asks, "How are you?"

the breath
not sweet
not putrid
hangs
thick
too stupid to speak a word

dullness
prevails
though senses would be
sharp
bludgeons sensibilities

insult reigns

the skin
the sweat
cool
sickeningly unfresh
like the floor
that breeds dirt
under a mat
in a crack

the brand leaves
its teptid blood
oozing
from the scar cut deep

innocence
unexpected
the softness
of a thumbnail
soothes a waiting a hip

tears
fall
like cinders like soot
stain the face -
those eyes
those lips

eyes decay

breasts heave
lack beauty
there is no poetic justice

who wonders
of fading ambers
is gone
dreams
dolls hands bears

violently extinguished

Corie Berryman

Take Back the Night

Take back the night
Steal the darkness
from the shadowy streets,
shove back into
the corners of our closets
and lock the door.
Then we shall finally rest
in comfort and contentment
and dream of sweet tomorrows
Where dusk is light
with promise
and there is no dread
in the decline of day.

Stephanie Birdsell

...fourteen women were shot...

After the news fear set in,
Not fear from any physical threat
but from the horrific reality
of a brief journey I took inward
and found little emotion
for the fourteen fallen women.

Panicked, madly searching about my head
my emotions failed me; denial set in...
...he was a freak, an aberration, a psychopath,
you can't ever protect against that.
There should be better gun laws...
...blew his brains out? Well there you go,
problem solved.

But it didn't last, my reason was blown apart
by anxious pain ripping through my brain.
Turning, I saw LePine shooting his gun in my head.
No freak or aberration, no freakin' aberration,
he was in my head and he looked just like me
polishing his gun affectionately named 'mmsogyny'
I screamed at him, "How close am I? How close am I?"

"...as close you could pull the trigger,
in fact, each day you do nothing about this you do."
K.C.

Aunt Jennifer's Tigers

Aunt Jennifer's tigers stride across a screen,
Bright topaz denizens of a world of green.
They do not fear the men beneath the tree;
They pace in sleek chivalric certainty.

Aunt Jennifer's fingers fluttering through her wool
Find even the ivory needle hard to pull.
The massive weight of Uncle's wedding band
Sits heavily upon Aunt Jennifer's hand.

When Aunt is dead, her terrified hands will lie
Still ringed with ordeals she was mastered by.
The tigers in the panel that she made
Will go on surging, proud and unafraid.

Adrienne Rich

Night

I wonder where they find
the energy to keep on asking
asking-asking. Curbside
shuffle and prerecorded
preach: the Rabble rap.

"got any spare change? got
any spare change? got any
spare change?"

for a 17-year-old?"
Sadder than any song
because it never ends. Where
are his friends, where are his
parents, where is his lover? I
want to ask him this, have a
heart to heart: what do you
really want the money, for
kid? Are you just shamming?
"No, I don't have a quarter,
Sorry."

Pathetic. Me or him? Yes I
have a goddamn quarter, but
you'll probably just spend it
on drugs or booze or ciga-
rettes and I can't even afford
cigarettes myself, gotta buy
books, and "got any spare
change for 17-year-old?"

What? Why the hell aren't
you in school in, kid? Will a
quarter give me the right to
ask?

Tomorrow I will put up a
postcard, take out a classified
ad: Large (ending) Large
(understanding) Large (once
guy) wanted for weekly
night-time walking encoun-
ter. Afraid of the dark? Yes.
What a set up.

Am I just too proud? Do I
need to wheedle a little more,
look pathetic, helpless,
female? How can I help, but
look that way I look every

way when I'm walking down
the beautiful tree-lined
streets and I mean big trees
the trunks are man-sized the
quiet houses flower beds cats
the occasional comfortable
light a warm house a boy's
friend a kitchen a mom kids.
I'm out of breath stalling this
run I hope I look like a guy
in my new short hair and
black rocker jacket. The
zippers would do some dam-
age, I think. How does a guy
walk anyway? All those
nude figure drawing classes
never taught me that. A body
in motion. A body in trouble
in the dark streets their
driveways all so dark but not
quite as dark as the cars
sidling up to the curb just as
quiet though as the alley-
ways between the dark
concrete buildings the
crevasse the cracks in
shadow where I could slip
unnoticed. Who would know?
I live in a house where I lock
the my door (my bedroom
door) when I go out.

"Oh no, don't leave your
boots there. In the front
foyer," Leah says, "someone
will steal them."

What? We have a front
door we have numbers on the
house we are people inside
we have warm lights. There
is a lock. What?

I have 's 300 depress and
my right hand has switched
fingers for three nasty
keyblades. They could gouge
out an eyeball, leave a jagged
scar. What?

But would it be enough? I
even wonder about wearing a
scarf, could I be tragically
strangled by my own scarf?
Would it fall to the ground in
a struggle, poetic pathetic
reminder that someone was
here? They would find it in
the morning and know it was
mine. A kind of chalk draw-
ing sprawled on the road.
Then they would find me,
following a trail of clothing.
Actually, I'd come after the
trail. Then, following a trail
of clothing, they'd find me.
And draw a real chalk
drawing. Or is that just in
the movies? The chalk
drawing I mean.

How romantic.
Who's they anyways? I can
count who I know in this
strange city on one hand: a
finger and a thumb joined at
the tip. O.

I hear Leah come in. The
bang of her bedroom door.
Christ she always bangs it so
hard. I don't think it fits the
jamb quite right. And she
has about five locks. OK, not
quite that many. I think the
damn thing's gonna cave in
some day.

Leslie Wain

"I am a pioneer and sports is my frontier. It's been hard for
a woman to be strong fast and feminine, but that's changing.
I'm muscular, but that strength and endurance enhances, not
diminishes my femininity. I can wear six-inch nails and one-
legged bodysuits and set world records. And leave a lot of
men in the dust."

Florence Griffith-Joyner

Books of Interest

The Bell Jar, Sylvia Plath
— an account of an American
woman's breakdown and
treatment

The Dance of Intimacy,
Harriet Goldhor Lerner, PhD
— a woman's guide to coura-
geous acts of change in key
relationships

Bobbie Lee Indian Rebel,
Lee Maracle
— an autobiography of an
Indian woman's life that goes
beyond basic survival to
fighting back against cul-
tural genocide

Feminism Unmodified,
Catherine MacKinnon
— discourses on life and law,
a look at sexual politics and
the law

Women of Influence,
Fanny Koon
Canadian Women and
politics, an historical per-
spective

In A Different Voice,
Carol Gilligan
— psychological theory and
women's development

Woman and Social Change,
Joni Dawn Wine and Janice
L. Ristock
— feminist activism in
Canada

Pornography and the Sex,
Crisis Susan Cole
— a look at the lived reality
of pornography — what is it?
What are its effects? What
can we do about it?

A Room of One's Own,
Virginia Woolf

Writing the Circle: Native
Women of Western Canada

The Chalice and the Blade,
R. Eisler
— a history of goddess
religion and its influence
through time

Talking Back: Thinking
Feminist, Thinking Black;
Am I A Woman: Black
Women and Feminism;
Feminist Theory: From
Margen to Center, Jodi Kooker

The Second Sex, The Mandarins,
Simone de Beauvoir

The Fact of a Divergence:
Poems Selected and New,
1950-1984, Adrienne Rich

The Skeptical Feminist,
Janet Radcliffe Richards
— liberal feminism

Ways of Seeing, John Berger
— images in art and adver-
tising

Beyond Power: On Women,
Men and Morals, Marilyn
French
— sexuality

The Tent Peg, Aritha van
Herk

The Mermaid and the
Minotaur: Sexual Arrangements
and Human Misfits,
Dorothy Dinnerstein
— psychoanalysis

Reflections on Gender and
Sexual, Evelyn Fox Keller

Having philosophized all summer about feminist issues I thought I had finally conquered my "feminine" conditioning. Little did I know that my intellectual theorizing would still be difficult to translate into practice. Even the best of concepts is, at times, hard to apply to "reality."

When I completed the "Philosophical Issues of Feminism" course this summer, my eyes had been opened to the subtle ways in which women are still manipulated in today's society (not to mention the obvious ones). It was an affirmation of all I had felt but couldn't quite express. A recent incident, however, made me realize how problematic it is to assert this new-found awareness.

One of my roommates, who teaches English as a second language, had an "end of term" party for her students. The dynamics generated by the vast mix of cultures were positive and cheerful. As the guitar travelled from hand to hand, each of us contributed a song from our own ethnic background. The atmosphere grew more lively with each performance and soon we began to dance. One of the men became particularly insistent on having the women present dance with him. As I was soon to discover, his insistence took on the form of physical aggression.

As one of the hosts, I felt it an obligation not to offend one of the guests. Despite my discomfort, I danced to several songs with the man, shooting desperate glances for help at my friends. Unfortunately, no one responded to my signals and my unease intensified when he began pressing his pelvis against me. At this point I disengaged myself and left to seek refuge in the bathroom. He followed me and pushed his way through the door behind me. Obviously aroused, he tried to kiss me and grabbed at my breasts.

Feeling at a loss and embarrassed by the situation, I didn't want to create a scene, hoping that he would eventually give up his chase. By this time, the guests had dispersed around the apartment. I tried to break free and find safety in the kitchen where most of them had congregated. The man, however, pulled me into one of the bedrooms on the way and shut the door.

Still trying to be diplomatic despite my fear (or, perhaps, because of it) I explained to him that coming from a culture where a woman's role is vastly different than in our society, he may have misinterpreted my consent to dance with him as a provocation. I also said that my objections are serious and shouldn't be taken as a game of "playing hard to get."

His response was a patronizing smile and a nod of the head as he said "oh yes, of course." Then, ignoring my words, he wanted to draw me closer. I finally found the courage to push him away forcefully and hurried out of the room into the kitchen.

The entire incident could not have lasted more than ten minutes but it had felt like hours. My boyfriend came up to me and asked if anything was the matter, sensing my obvious tension. I was furious not only with the man who had assaulted me but also with myself for not standing up to him more defiantly.

So why hadn't I fought this "battle" myself? I still ask myself this question. I could have easily embarrassed the

man by making everyone conscious of the situation or by hurting him physically. Intellectually I was perfectly aware of the fact that he was violating me and I have every right to defend myself whatever the social consequences. Why didn't I? I suspect that somehow both he and I knew that I wouldn't and he took advantage of it by becoming all the more persistent in his pursuit.

He probably also knew that despite my protests and outrage I actually felt guilty that I had maybe done something inadvertently to "lead him on." After all, didn't I return his smile at the start of the evening? Didn't I, at first, enjoy dancing with him at the start of the evening? Of course these arguments are ridiculous. My smile was directed at a new guest of the house not at a potential lover. I accepted the invitation to dance not as a seductive ploy but because I love to dance and would have shared the pleasure with anyone there.

I did nothing to allure or provoke this man, but twenty-four years of conditioning are difficult to overcome. In retrospect, I think that one of the reasons I didn't scream or hit him is that, beyond my intellectual assessment of the situation, was a feeling that I may really owe him something. As ludicrous as it seems, in some men's eyes, friendly and outgoing women embody the seductive temptress.

When my boyfriend asked me why I didn't just "punch the asshole" all I could do was reply that I was afraid to. Women are not taught to fight. Little girls are discouraged from getting involved in any conflict while boys are told to "stand up for themselves." Consequently, when my boyfriend was playing ball, tearing holes in his jeans, and slugging his buddies, I was trying on my mother's dresses, sewing clothes for my dolls and learning how to bake cookies.

I'm now determined to take a self-defense course. I know, however, that my true education will not be in simply acquiring the skill to defend myself physically but in convincing myself that I also have the right to use that skill.

I began calling myself a feminist two years ago, shortly after the Montreal massacre. However, I have actually been a feminist for as long as I can remember.

Recently, I read my diary from the angst-filled days of junior high. Along with the usual babbling about boys, clothes and parties, I found a complaint about how my efforts to go ahead in our math text book were ignored by my teacher. I felt she would have praised my male counterparts for such efforts.

I then thought back to my math teacher in high school who put his hand on my waist when I went to ask him a question about a test. No major horror story. No sexual harassment charges, even in retrospect. But somehow I did not feel he was listening to my question. I knew that I had to work much harder than my male classmates to earn his respect. It always bugged me that he talked to me as if I was a smart alec when I answered in class, or

furthermore, questioned his logic.

A lot of things have bugged me over the years. It bugged me when salesmen called me "Honey." It bugged me when Bob Barker took the elbow of each female contestant to guide her across the stage. It bugged me that I could not play baseball on my street when I was a kid. It bugged me that my legs were never as skinny as the women who modelled bikinis in *Glamour* magazine.

I started talking about the F-word two years ago at a student newspaper conference. I was part of a group establishing a national news campaign about sexism, in response to the Montreal Massacre.

We weren't just talking about violence and women, anger and women among other foreboding topics which I never felt I could relate to, but about feelings. I was surprised and comforted to hear that other women had felt the same way about similar situations with their family, boyfriends and

teachers.

Suddenly, my feelings became validated. So I was not a complete psycho after all. The same things consistently bugged others too.

This is what snagged me. Not saving the world, not standing up for my principles, not reacting against the opposite sex in response to some hellish experiences with men. Just plain-old self healing. When hanging out with feminists, it was okay to talk about what bugged me.

Later, I discovered how this ambiguous philosophy could help me deal with not only things that I found disturbing in the world, but also the aspects of myself with which I was dissatisfied.

It showed me how to accept certain things (e.g. my body) and change what I did not want to accept (e.g. my tendency to never get angry . . . to always assume I did something wrong.)

Admittedly, talking about feminism can get depressing.

There is no avoiding talking about the crux of why the things that bug me exist, and how it causes some extreme consequences. There were times when I felt super-saturated with horrific stories of rape and sexual harassment and any intellectualizing about the oppression of women in our society.

Recently, I started to have a sense of fighting for other women, who did not have the time, energy, opportunity, or education to fight for their rights. I was standing up for the people who were not as fortunate I have been in avoiding certain horrible situations. Not to mention the fact that the scary part was that it was becoming ever closer to home.

My father read an article about Week of Reflection the other day. "I don't believe it's so bad. One in Four? They're exaggerating."

"I wish it wasn't true, Dad." I told him of my friends who have nearly been raped, battered and

even threatened to be killed by their boyfriends. "I'm just lucky it has not happened to me . . . (I noted that it was difficult to know if I should add "yet")."

Now, when I walk into a room full of my parents' friends, I am dubbed The Feminist. Invariably, the topic turns to gender issues (without my suggestion). Surprisingly, the women are eager to express their perspectives. The men generally oppose our views. Some of the comments are encouraging. Some are infuriating. But it's okay. At least they are talking about it.

Chip by chip, the wall crumbles away.

Feminism has allowed me to identify what I don't like, helped me understand why I don't like it, and given me the strength and support to speak up and say I don't like it.

Thus, I am improving myself as I participate in changing the world.

ARTS

False promise under Highlander II's kilt

BY BRUCE GILCHRIST

HERE HAVE BEEN few occasions in my life in which I have felt so cheated. To put it bluntly, I would rather sit through the first two hours of my organic chemistry final exam, the first one I took, rather than have to watch this piece of excrement called a movie again.

FILM
Highlander II
a sappy sequel

This movie was so bad it made me wish I'd seen "The People Under the Stairs" instead.

I remember when Highlander came out. It got bad reviews. So I didn't see it until video. That was a mistake. Highlander became a cult classic, and a landmark in the art of making films. It was an exceptional film in every respect. I can see the critics saying something like this: "Well this movie really sucks, and I didn't like the first either." You can trust me on this one — this film eats shit.

To put it mildly, Highlander II desecrates and cheapens the mere existence and religious experience that was Highlander. To start off with, HII immediately contradicts the storyline of HI. But that's all

right, it will be explained later, right? But it isn't. In fact, nothing in this movie is explained. Crucial characters just pop out of nowhere, for no reason.

Bucks. The only reason this movie was made, bucks. Cash in on the public's favourite disease — sequelitis! I'm begging you, please do not give any money to the money-hungry assholes who made this movie. It only supports their cause. I am a victim for having paid to see this. You can be saved — don't go!

The main problem is that this movie has almost nothing to do with Highlander whatsoever. Sean

Connery is only in it for 15 minutes, and does the lamest exit I've ever seen. This movie blatantly rips off other films, and mashes storylines from several recent flicks.

Total Recall is the most obvious source. Highlander II rips off its beginning, and ending from Total Recall, without even bothering to include the subterfuge. The ending is a rote version body movement for body movement of Total Recall. They should sue.

The sets are straight out of Batman, and Micheal Ironside does the worst impression of Jack Nicholson I've ever seen. (I know I could do it better). There are even

little stupid mini-jokers on batwings for crying out loud. Has Hollywood heard of originality? NO! NO! NO!

The movie also steals from Terminator (I and II), and from Blade Runner, and any recent sci-fi you can think of. But this movie is so inept, it can't even steal from itself right! It flat out contradicts itself and makes no sense whatsoever.

I think you get the picture. Cheapened, disgusted, revolted, mentally molested, and asinine are just a few words I can think of. Too bad I didn't buy anything to eat. I would have left a present.

The hot chicken solution

BY LARRY WESTOPHER

GEYSERS OF WATER were shooting out of the storm sewers on Monday when we realized the cabin fever was starting to take hold. It's not even winter yet, but already the entire city seems ready to burst into a screaming, drooling, rain-induced dementia.

FOOD
Chickenburger
Bedford Highway

Work overloads are commonplace; everyone's losing their tan; valium is starting to look like a feasible hobby; even the *Globe and Mail* wants to legalize hashish. There could be no better time to plan a road trip.

Hunger being a central issue, and the clock a limiting factor, we decided to swim through time to a restaurant in another era. *The Chickenburger*, Bedford, circa 1956.

So we took the magical time-travelling microbus, piled all the

little ones in (making sure they'd all had a pee pee first) and headed off down the Bedford highway, 'cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run.

The white caps on the basin were licking the glass-bottomed house boat as Jimmy Buffet sang *Changes in Latitudes*, and for a while,

the
answer
to all
of
our
problems

everything felt warm and sunny.

It's not that we were really hungry; something just had to be done, that's all. Somewhere deep in our hearts, we knew hot chicken was the answer to all our problems.

It wasn't just the gravy-soaked chicken though, it was the juke

box, the linoleum, the multitude of helpful staff who laughed at our silly antics, and most of all, the chocolate shakes.

As Patsy Cline crooned *I've got your picture*, the little ones were wolfing down their fries with a fervor that made us fear for their fingers. Across the way, a couple stared sadly into each others eyes with a melancholy equal to Romeo and Juliet, Sampson and Delilah, Abbot and Costello.

All too soon our meal came to an end, but we knew that the little ones would soon be curled up all snug in their beds, so we stocked-up on a whole bunch of treats to snarf during *Murphy Brown* tonight.

We didn't meet the Fonzy, or twist on the counter-tops in poodle skirts, but we did have a pretty good time.

On the way home we judged the little ones as they performed water skiing tricks behind the microbus. The redhead (what is his name anyway?) won a gold medal with his upside down sewer slalom.



Ode to Jim's boots

Vomit stained leather
kicking echoes in the hallways;
wearing out the drum heads in my ears.

This is cowboy kickin,
grass snake stompin,
two-steppin
country
son.

"If you wanna say somethin to me,
say it to my boots."

Formal wear;
funky functional fashion statement,
hole-y icon to the urban street.

Seminal soul,
or is that sole?
I always mix the two up...

Lambie



The Nancy Rowell Jackman Chair in Women's Studies Presents:

"Reclassifying Biology: Race, Gender and Adam's Task"

Anne Fausto-Sterling

How do cultural understandings of gender influence science?
Is science really so objective?
How does science shape cultural concepts of race and gender?

Fausto-Sterling has lead discussion of these questions since 1980. She is internationally renowned for her work on gender and science, as well as her laboratory research in developmental genetics. Join us November 19th to hear and discuss, in person, Fausto-Sterling's most current thinking about women, men, race and science.

Dr. Anne Fausto-Sterling is Professor of Medical Science at Brown University, Rhode Island. Her book *Myths of Gender: Biological Theories About Women and Men* is published in both German and Japanese. Based at Brown University, Fausto-Sterling has held numerous Distinguished Visiting Professorships, and participated in the 8th International Research Group in Developmental Genetics, Hubrecht Laboratory, The Netherlands.

7:30 p.m. Tuesday November 19, Mount Saint Vincent University
Seton Academic Centre, Aud. B & C

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Music: Willan, Faure

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Sermon: *Christ - The Alpha and Omega* - Rev. John E. Boyd

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ARTS

Dresser is a humanizing play

BY JULIE LUOMA

Behind every good actor is a good dresser. The costume makes the character in theatre. And in Ronald Harwood's *The Dresser*, the person in charge of costumes is crucial to the actor's performance

THEATRE
Neptune Theatre
directed by Linda Moore

Amid the sound of air raid sirens, a British touring company is fighting for survival during World War Two.

"Those who wish to live," the audience, stay home for the most part, and the country's best actors are doubling as soldiers.

When senility and fatigue strike the reigning star of the company, the dresser struggles to rejuvenate Sir, the lead actor. Norman mothers Sir, cleaning his clothes and making him tea. He chastises him and makes fun of his irresponsible behaviour, but he also soothes Sir when he breaks down and cries.

Norman uses more underhanded tactics to motivate Sir to go on with the planned performance of *King Lear*. He tells Sir the house is full when there are only three people in line for tickets. And he takes

poetic licence to praise the old man's acting, bolstering Sir's sense of self-worth.

Then comes the dresser's task of going over Sir's lines with him, getting his make up done and getting him on his feet and onto the stage.

Norman's work would go unseen if it weren't for the behind the scenes setting of the play. Pat Flood's set design puts us in Sir's dressing room, where a dark portrait of King Lear is an ironic reminder of the play-within-a-play, and of the innate schizophrenia in acting.

The Lear metaphor fleshes out Sir's character as a stately, arrogant, single-minded man whose field of vision is surprisingly small. He's ignorant of the importance of Norman's fool-like servitude. And Sir is blind to Norman's love and devotion, as Lear was to his daughter, Cordelia. Despite the abuse Norman suffers because of Sir's ambition, his compassion stirs our sympathy for Sir.

The King and his fool are codependent in *Lear*. In turn, Norman always refers to Sir as "we", and the two would be lost without each other. Indeed, Norman is more essential to Sir than his partner, Her Ladyship.

Linda Moore's direction, the script and the strong acting carefully break down the many cliches and self-indulgences *The Dresser* sets up about thespians, to humanize them.

Robin Marshall's portrayal of Norman brings out the character's many dimensions. He is funny and fiery, intuitive and insistent, fragile and effeminate, petty and pathetic, humble and durable.

Roland Hewgill balances the might and fragility of both Sir and Lear.

Donna Carroll White plays Her Ladyship, a cold woman whose own career is frustrated by a relationship with a single-minded man. White is at her best alone with Sir, portraying the subtle tensions and bitterness of a trapped lover.

Rita Howell is the efficient stage manager, Madge. Norman's intuition tells him there's more to Madge than she shows, and he doesn't like her meddling in his business with Sir.

Heather Nurnberg as Irene, plays a woman whose youth and slight figure give men an excuse not to take her seriously. Irene herself doesn't know how to bet what she wants. But Nurnberg, a Dal grad, shows us Irene's self-effacing determination.

But Norman, not the actors, is the most interesting and entertaining of the characters. As the "littlest" player, his sorrows and needs are the largest. His disease is hopefulness, he says, and the theatre is the only place he doesn't feel lonely. Norman's emotional investment in the theatre forces him to put up with Sir's abuse. And his thankless role of the fool is rewarded in the curtain call, when he enters as a star equal to Sir.

Hi Ho! The ARTS SUPPLEMENT

DEADLINE is November 22, so keep those cards and letters (and stories, and pictures, and things) coming! Pad your portfolio par print purveyance! Big blank white spaces are begging for your byline. Please write in or we'll have to reprint a bunch of sad old stories we wrote in high school! Pour on the juice, gang: remember your deadline!

DALHOUSIE ATHLETES OF THE WEEK

SHARI BOYLE

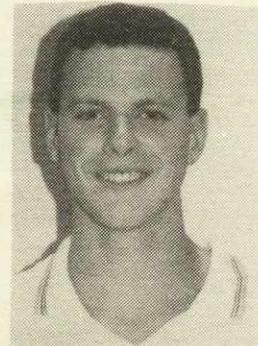


NOVEMBER

4 - 10



PAUL VILLENEUVE



SHARI BOYLE - CROSS COUNTRY

This past weekend at the C.I.A.U. Cross Country Championships in Victoria, B.C. first year Dal student Shari Boyle had to fight off the flu but managed to surge ahead towards the latter part of the race to finish a strong 12th, earning **2nd Team All-Canadian Honours**. Congratulations Shari!

PAUL VILLENEUVE - VOLLEYBALL

Third year setter and captain of the Dal Men's Volleyball Team, Paul Villeneuve led his team to 2 straight victories over the University of Moncton Blue Angels. Paul was selected as "Player of the Game" for both matches combining for a total of 4 kills, 8 stuff blocks and 3 service aces.

FOLLOW THE TIGERS!

SPORTS

Tigers lose the big one

BY ANGEL FIGUEROA

Intent on not becoming tourists over the weekend, the Tigers were following a crest of character and success which had not only pulled them through a tough Atlantic championship, but also drove them on a quest of ambition which finally led them to the limits: the CIAU Final six, in Kingston, Ontario on November 9-11.

Among the pretenders to national glory were Queen's, McMaster, Laurentian, McGill, and the University of British Columbia. Dal's first opponent was Queen's, and immediately the Tigers knew they had a standard to set for the next three games if they were to pull through to Sunday's final.

Neil Sedgwick opened the scoring in the 32nd minute with a world class shot from 35 yards out. But the equalizer came when the pressure by Queen's drew the back four off guard. And a solo breakaway developed in the 40th minute. Dal keeper Phil Samyn, already playing an extraordinary game, came out to charge the dangerous attack and won the ball, only to have the attacker dive over him. A judgement call then warranted the

theatrics with a penalty kick, and Queen's capitalized on the auspicious gift to score the tying goal. The game remained tied at the half.

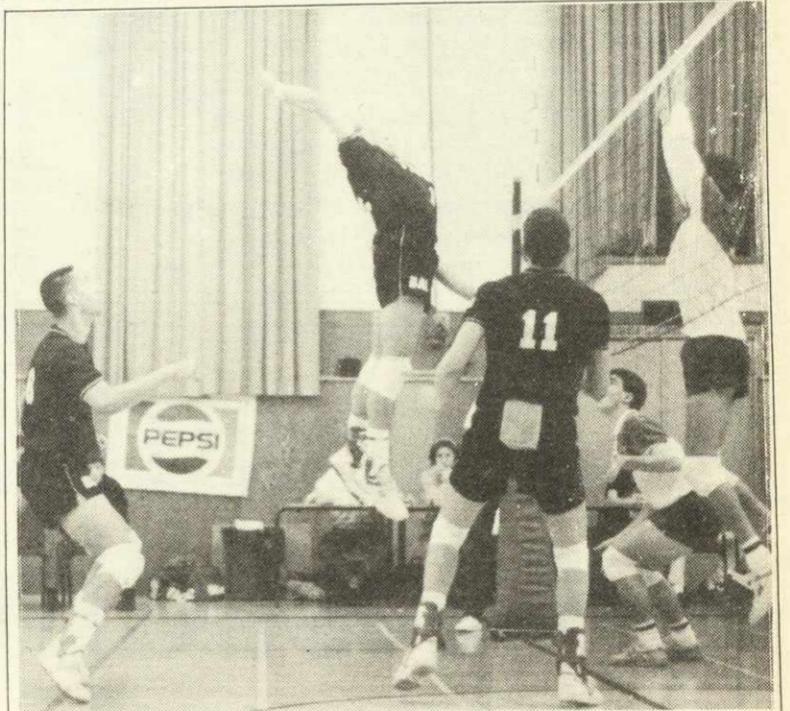
Wheeler's brilliant play finally paid off

The game didn't get pretty until latter the second half when Dal began to play to their potential and Queen's began to get worn down. The draw meant it was anybody's game, but on the pitch Dal was a better team. Halfback Andy Wheeler put on a magnificent show with a number of great plays and close shots. But his talents were matched by striker Ian Clark. With excellent control, he fed John Richmond on the volley, who beat a defender to one-time it past a diving keeper in the 66th minute.

Wheeler's brilliant play finally paid off with a beautiful goal. With nice touches to beat a defender in the 70th minute, he nailed it into the far corner. After this 4-1 blow-out over Queen's everyone and their dog felt Dal was destined for the final.

But such a notion was abandoned when the subsequent semi-final against McMaster materialized into an inexplicable nightmare. Somehow, incredibly, Dal played like they had not played this season: really bad. McMaster walked all over them, consistently beat them to the ball, out-ran them, and out-psyched them. Dal held their own in the first, but a marginal 0-0 draw later became 2-0 knock-out by the end of the game. Vacant stares and bitter scowls led the team off the pitch in the wake of their second loss of the season, and the only game in 15 in which the Tigers concede 2 goals.

An early Dal momentum was soon negated as McMaster built their confidence around the ball. Phil Samyn again came through with very good, aggressive save that pulled Dal out of the red more than once. In the 17th minute of play, McMaster orchestrated a very threatening kick that almost found



The men's volleyball team swept Moncton in a weekend 2-game series. Dal won both games 3-0.

itself in the net. It was sure now that this was a sign of things to come.

More close calls that followed were offset by excellent positioning by Samyn. Coupled with Samyn's great play between the post, a very solid defensive effort by Rob Adams and Jamie Sawler kept alive an entrenched back-line that was otherwise suffering the ill effects of stupid squabbling.

The Tigers played like a different team in the second half. They

were stale and certainly not what you'd expect from a conference champion. McMaster, on the other hand, had the winning variable that Dal lacked for the first time in post-season play: hunger. Non-stop attacking paid off for the Marauders in the 60th minute with a goal from a corner kick. Their tenacity had been ferocious and as the McMaster bench exploded in cel-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

No tolerance of athletes who use drugs

BY ARAN MCKITTRICK

It wasn't until the Seoul Summer Olympics and the Dubin Inquiry that the Canadian public became aware of the fact, that athletes from both the West and the Eastern Bloc countries were taking controlled substances to enhance their athletic performance.

After this brief period of shock and outrage the public became more aware of doping and its effects on athletes. More laws and restrictions were also introduced into competitive athletics. These laws were enforced more thoroughly both at the Olympic level, through the International Olympic Committee and at the University level, through the Canadian Interuniversity Athletic Union.

It is the responsibility of people like Mike Sutton, President of the Sports Medicine Council of Nova Scotia to inform the general public of these rules and of the hazards and consequences of the use of performance enhancing drugs and methods. He does this by giving a series of educative seminars to student athletes and athletic staff, under the auspices of the Sports Medicine Council of Canada and

in coordination with the C.I.A.U., at the beginning of each competitive season.

According to Sutton, "Using drugs is cheating and is immoral. There is no toleration of those athletes who cheat." Sutton believes there is drug use within all athletic levels and the way to deal with it is through education. "My job is to educate athletes on drug usage in sport, to inform them on what drugs can be taken and what drugs can't be taken under the regulations of the C.I.A.U." Sutton went on to say that, Dalhousie Athletics in his opinion, "doesn't have a problem with drug usage," and that one reason for this is the efficient job done by the C.I.A.U. and the "Pee Police" in maintaining a control on drug usage in university athletics.

It is the Pee Police, as the doping control officers or marshals are better known, who select and test athletes for the use of drugs. Testing can be done in one of three ways: 1) in competition testing, in which the athletes are warned that there will be testing at a provincial or national meet, 2) short notice testing, in which the athlete is given twenty four to forty eight hours notice of his or her testing,

3) no notice testing, in which the athlete is summoned and is made to pass a urine sample at that time.

With this sort of procedure and the high calibre of the doping officials, Sutton believes the system is unbeatable. If an athlete is found guilty of taking a banned substance he or she can be suspended for up to four years for the first offense and for life for the second offense. "This is a big enough deterrent for people," Sutton added.

Sutton made it clear that athletes have to be very careful about what prescription or non-prescription drugs they take. "It is up to the athlete to find out what drugs are banned or restricted and which are not," Sutton clarified. Many non-prescription drugs used by the general public are banned by the C.I.A.U. in university athletics. Such drugs as Sudafed, Triaminic, Actifed, Sinutab, Vicks Nyquil and many other major cough medicines

which can enhance an athletes performance in some way are banned.

At the beginning of each academic year each athlete is required to sign a waiver in which he or she agrees to the regulations of the C.I.A.U., indicating his or her understanding of the doping policy and his or her willingness to participate in doping control. "This waiver is valid for up to eighteen months!" exclaimed Sutton, as a reminder to all university athletes.

TIGER BEAT

HOCKEY
Nov. 15 DAL @ St. THOMAS Nov. 16 DAL @ UNB

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL
Nov. 20 ACADIA @ DAL

MEN'S BASKETBALL
Nov. 19 ACADIA @ DAL 7:30 p.m.

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600, rue de la Gauchetiere Ouest, Suite 1785
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The Application Deadline is December 6, 1991

Dal runners place sixth in B.C.

BY SATISH PUNNA

Despite illness and inexperience, the Dalhousie women runners managed to come up with some very impressive performances in a close competition at the national university cross country championships in Victoria this past weekend.

The Dal squad earned a sixth place ranking and was led by rookie Shari Boyle who, running with a

bad cold, came in twelfth overall. Her consistently strong finishes over the season earned the first year phys-ed student second team all-Canadian honors.

Finishing second for Dalhousie was another rookie, first year commerce student Rayleen Hill, placing nineteenth overall. Veteran Anne Marie Farnell, also ill, finished twenty-third, and the continually improving Heather Ostic finished twenty-seventh.

The University of Toronto won both the men's and women's championships, but on the women's side there was no domination by any one team. "It was all very balanced, and there was not much difference between first and sixth..." said veteran coach Al Yarr.

As far as the future is concerned, "... there's no question, this team is going up...", said Yarr. The team's top four runners all have several years left of eligibility in interuniversity competition, and in their university programs. Participation at the CIAU championships this year was a big step up, and going in as the number one ranked team may have placed some extra pressure on the athletes.

The national ranking given to a team based on their home-conference performance is sometimes not realistic, given the varying competitiveness of other conferences around the country. While Dalhousie dominated the AUAA, teams from the CWIAA and OUAA have many national cali-

bre athletes on board and the competition just to go to the nationals is often very stiff.

Although coach Yarr's goal for the team of placing third or fourth was not met this weekend, he said the team had both "talent and time" and if it stayed together, great national potential.

"We have never had this before," said Yarr, "[this year's team] has great potential and a great attitude."

The men's team, with a wild card entry to the CIAU championships, placed seventh out of seven this weekend in competition that was dominated by the University of Toronto.

The team was led by Brent Workman, who placed twenty-ninth, followed by Dave Ruggles, thirty-fourth, and Grant Murray, thirty-ninth.

Coach Yarr speculated that although these three had good races, the team on the whole was 'burned out' by their heavy schedule of 10 kilometre races this year. The 10K format makes it very difficult for all but the truly exceptional athletes to fully recover over the short space of one week and be in peak condition for the next race.

Still, just going to the nationals was a novel experience for the team, who according to Yarr have the potential to be a significant force in AUAA competition next year.

Required Reading

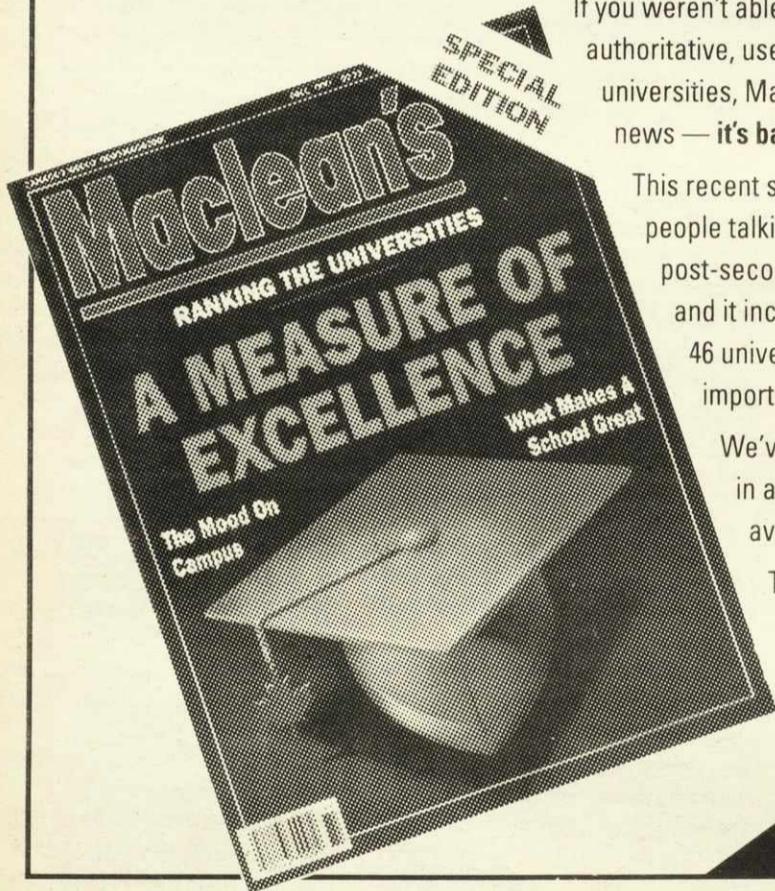
If you weren't able to buy a copy of this authoritative, useful guide to Canadian universities, Maclean's has some great news — it's back.

This recent special issue has a lot of people talking about the quality of our post-secondary education system — and it includes an exclusive ranking of 46 universities, on a wide range of important criteria.

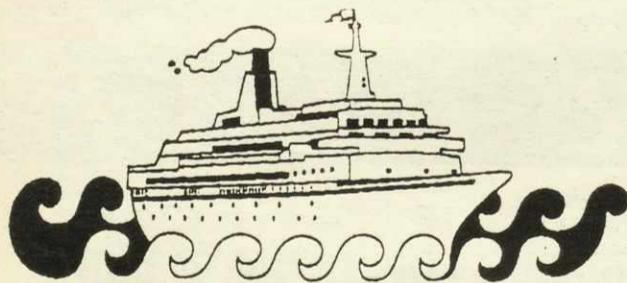
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Dalhousie swimmers get 18 wins in 22 events at Acadia pool party

BY IAN ROBERTSON

In the opening meet of the 1991-92 AUAU dual-meet swimming season, the visiting Dalhousie Tigers stroked to double wins over hosts Acadia. In pursuit of their thirteenth consecutive winning AUAU dual-meet season the defending AUAU champion Dalhousie Women's Team completed the double for the Black and Gold by turning back the challenging Axemen 91-65, and put themselves on the path to their seventeenth consecutive winning AUAU dual-meet season.

Rookie Donna Phelan set the Tigers off to a fast start in the Women's 400m medley relay with her lead off backstroke leg, good for ninth spot on the Tigers All-Time performance list. The first event relay win was secured along with the breaststroke of Carla MacDougall, butterfly of Robin MacKay and freestyle of Christy Gustavison. Led by Jason Shannon, the 1991 AUAU Male Swimmer of the Year, along with John Yip, Dave LeBlanc and Jason Jardine, the Tiger men's medley also swept the opening relay event. In all, the Tigers won 18 of the

meets 22 events: nine by the men's team and nine by the women's. Second year swimmer Katy Laycock headed the Tiger's points spree as the ont double female event winner of the meet, taking the 200m Individual medley and the 400m Freestyle. She also joined Donna

the 200m Breaststroke. For Acadia, Sally Blenkhorn captured the 50m Freestyle and Ann Gallop the 800m Freestyle.

Dalhousie's Ian McDougall swam to triple wins with victories in both the 100 and 200m Freestyle events as well as the 200m Breaststroke. The double victories of Sean Andrews in the 50m Freestyle and 200m Butterfly aided the Tiger cause, as did the further individual wins of Jason Shannon in the 200m Backstroke and Jason Jardine in the 400m Freestyle. Andrews, Jardine, LeBlanc and Yip combined to take the 400m Freestyle relay and put the meet beyond doubt in the Tiger's favour, but not before Robin Fowler had claimed the 800m Freestyle and Rob Davidson the 200 I.M. for the Axemen.

"The meet was a positive stepping stone towards the achievement of the team's goals"

Phelna, Ainslie Harvey and Christy Gustavison on the Tigers' winning 400m Freestyle relay. Dal's Lisa Beaton, 1991 AUAU Female Rookie of the Year, took the 200m Freestyle; Marsha Gollan won the 200m Butterfly; Donna Phelan won the 100m Freestyle; Christy Gustavison took the 200m Backstroke and Carla MacDougall won

For Dalhousie Coach Nigel Kemp "the meet was a positive stepping stone towards the achievement of the team's goals for the season." The next time the Tigers visit the Acadia pool will be to defend their AUAU Team titles in mid-February. Their next step will be the November 16-17 weekend, when they travel to Mount Allison and U.N.B.

STUDENT PLACEMENT OFFICERS JOB OPPORTUNITIES FOR STUDENTS

Application deadline is November 30, 1991

Employment and Immigration Canada requires qualified candidates to work next summer (1992) as Student Placement Officers (SPOs) at our Canada Employment Centres for Students.

If you are:

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then you could be one of our SPOs next summer in Nova Scotia.

Act quickly. We are looking for students to work at various locations throughout Nova Scotia, and the deadline for applications is November 30, 1991.

Application forms and posters are available at your Employment Centres on Campus or local Canada Employment Centres.

All applications must be returned on or before November 30, 1991 to the Canada Employment Centre(s) where you wish to work.

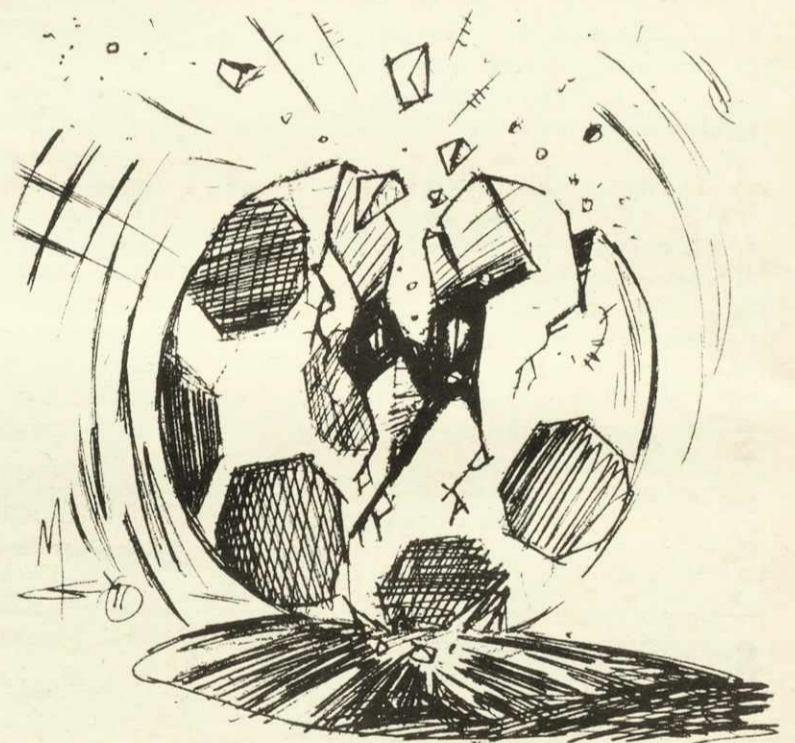
Your Canada Employment Centre



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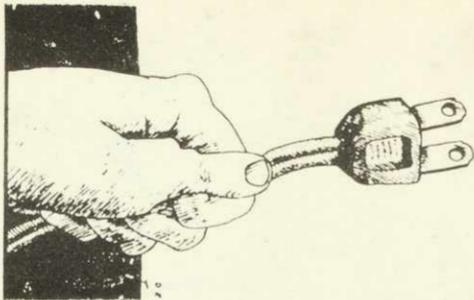
celebration the Tigers watched on sombrely.

Humbled by McMaster, Dal was thrown into the bronze medal match with Laurentian, who were distraught after watching UBC score in the dying minutes of their game against McGill, and thus bump them out of championship play.

Laurentian would also prove to be too formidable an opponent, and with hunger for some sort of medal, beat the Tigers 3-1. But it was a game in which Dal played with their usual style, and they lost handsomely, somehow redeeming

the fiasco of the day before. Amid the sparks of brilliance was Jeff Conatser's last game as a Tiger. Craig Janc offered a short corner to Sedgwick, who crossed the ball into the 6 yard box directly on Conatser's head where it was delicately redirected into the near post.

A fitting end to a season legacy, you can't be disappointed with these golden boys, who made Dalhousie proud. With a brand of soccer that is at once an art form both on and off the field, one can't help but marvel at this year's seminal accomplishments. Hopefully it is all a foreshadowing of year's to come. Stay tuned.



KALENDAR

THURSDAY 14

GLAD (Gay & Lesbian Association of Dalhousie) meets every Thursday at 7pm in room 307. New members always welcome! For more info contact Neil at 429-4170 or Francis at 461-1537 or leave a message at the inquiry desk at the SUB.

"A New World Order...With a Woman's Face". Professor Krishna Ahoopa-Patel discusses the emerging feminist perspective which could construct an alternate world order. At the Main Library on Spring Garden from 12-1:30pm.

Biology Seminar: "Mechanistic Population Biology Of A Desert Lizard". At the Biology Lounge, 5th floor LSC, 11:15am.

Film & Coffee House Fundraiser at the Metro Peace Centre on Gottingen St. (next to the Mic Mac Friendship Centre) at 7:30pm. Film: "If You Love This Planet". Admission is \$5. NSLC ID required.

Critics Series: "Risky Business: The Political Perils of Irony". At the Dalhousie Art Gallery at 8:00pm. Admission is free. meets tonight in room 304 of the SUB at 7:00-11:00pm.

FRIDAY 15

Pearson Lunch Seminar: "Costal Tourism in St. Lucia". Room 41, SRES, 1322 Robie St. at 12 noon.

Art show and sale by the staff of the VG Hospital today and tomorrow. At the Dalhousie Art Centre, Sculpture Court. Opens Friday at 7:00pm, Saturday from 10:00am-9:00pm.

At Wormwood's tonight until Thursday: "Eating" and "Everybody's Fine". Phone 422-3700 for film details and times.

SATURDAY 16

Russian Night! At the King's Dining Hall at 7:30pm. Tickets are \$7, available at the Russian Dept.

SUNDAY 17

Looking for a church away from home, or here at home? Morning worship services every Sunday at 11:45 in room 307 of the SUB. Organized by the Real Life Fellowship in conjunction with the Community Bible Church.

Salmon River Hike — explore the rugged terrain of the Eastern Shore near Lake Echo. Organized by the Nova Scotia Branch of the Canadian Hostelling Association. Phone Rob Semple at 425-5450 for details.

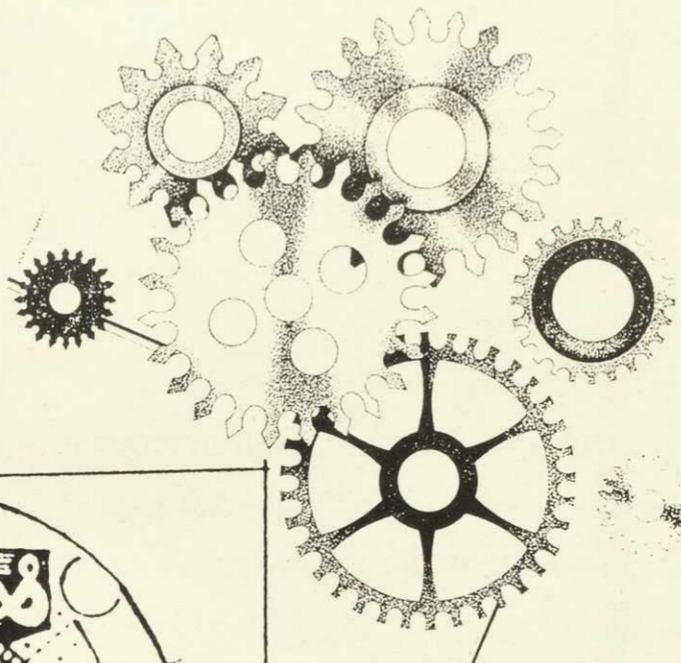
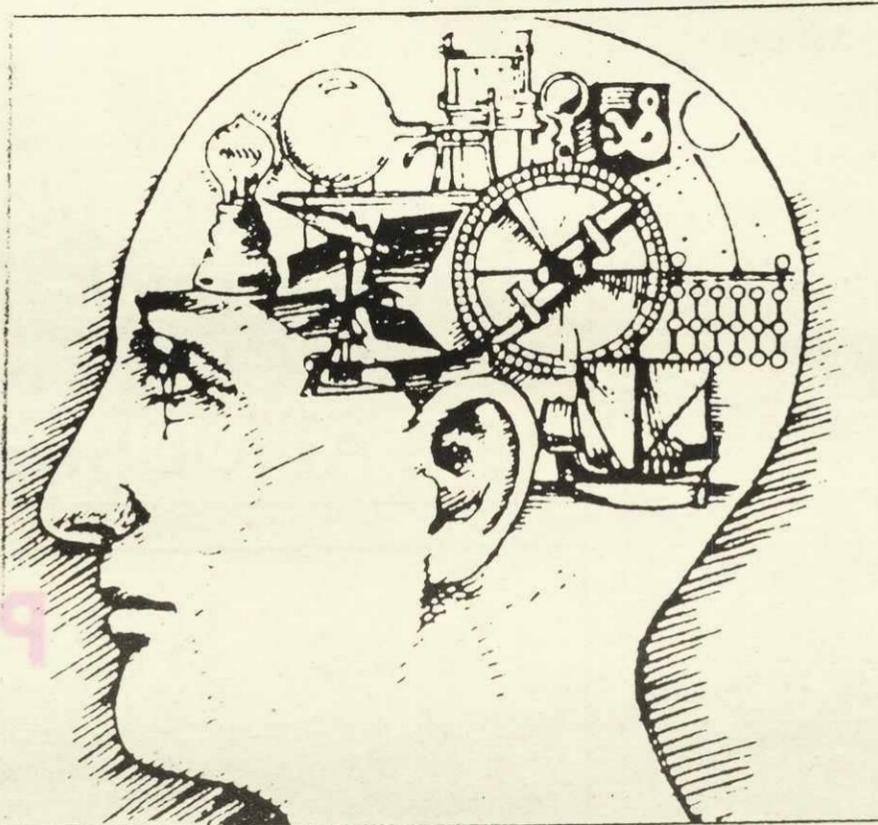
TUESDAY 19

Brown Bag Lunch Series: "Africa: Constraints on the Media in Development". Seminar Room, LPI, 1321 Edward St. at 12 noon.

Chemistry Seminar: "Polypyrroles: Chemically Tailored Conducting Membranes". Chemistry Building in room 215 at 2:00-3:00pm.

The Campus Environmental Action Group (CEAG) meets the first and third Tuesday of every month. New members are welcome! Bring a mug to room 316 in the SUB tonight at 6:00pm.

Nancy Rowell Jackman Chair in Women's Studies Presents: "Reclassifying Biology: Race, Gender and Adam's Task". In the Seton Academic Centre at Mount St. Vincent University at 7:30pm.



The Philippines Environment and Resource Management Project announces TWO FELLOWSHIP AWARDS available for 1992 for graduate thesis research or internship activities in the Philippines, on an environmental resource management topic or field which complements the ongoing action research project activities in ERMP. The 3 community based research sites include one with a focus on watershed management, one with a focus on a coastal ecosystem and the third an upland deforested region with substantial indigenous peoples' concerns. The award will also be offered again in April 1992. Deadline for applications is Nov. 29, 1991. Decisions will be made by Dec. 16, 1991. For further info contact Jennifer Leith, at 494-2499. Applications should be submitted to: Philippines ERMP Fellowship Selection Committee, SRES, 1312 Robie St.

For Sale: Mercury lynx, 1982, 4 door, well maintained, very good condition, Standard, inspected till Aug. '92. Asking \$900, owner leaving country, call 461-1780.

Lost! Ladies dark blue leather jacket at the Med. inter-faculty party Fri. Nov. 1st. If you have any info on its whereabouts call Jennifer at 494-6697 please.

The YWCA is offering a one day seminar entitled "Effective Presentations" on Nov. 30. Participants should be prepared to give a 2-3 minute talk. For more info contact Jayne Gladwin at 423-6162.

Have Employers Call You and give you the job you really want! Free 24-hour Job Seeker Hotline. 1-306-666-2037.

SCI Workcamp Projects in India Fall 1991 presents, "Understanding Issues IN Development." An eight week volunteer experience in India at an organized workcamp during winter break. Sponsored by CFS and CIDA. Applications in the DSU office.

The Phi Delta Theta Fraternity would like to extend sincere thanks and gratitude to all those who came out, helped out, and had a good time at our Hallowe'en Party this year. Over \$500 was raised in support of the United Nation's UNICEF Fund. Thank you for your support of this worthy cause.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Vegetarian, non-smoking roommate needed Bedroom and private living room for \$250. Must love puppies. Ph. Suzy or Steve at 425-3103 or 494-2507.



The Halifax YWCA, 1239 Barrington St., is offering an introductory course in Car Repairs from Nov. 26- Dec. 17. Conducted Tues. evenings from 7-9pm and the course fee is \$35.00. Pre-registration required, for more info call 423-6162.

Beautiful, light orange female catto give away. Needles current, will be spayed, I have other strays and can't keep this one. Please call Noreen at 425-3579 or 494-2081 (9-5).

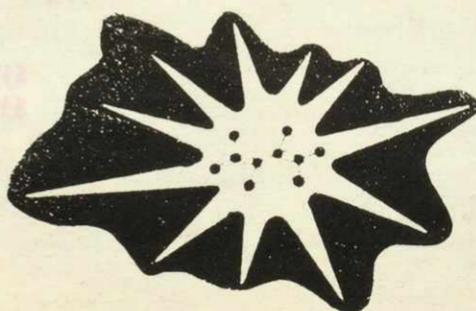
The Discovery Centre, in the Upper Level of Scotia Square, needs volunteers. Are you interested in working with kids, adults, and being a part of an exciting new venture? No experience necessary, it's gained on the job. Many positions open, apply today to this hands-on science centre for children and adults.

WEDNESDAY 20

Women's Studies Seminar: "Learner-Centred Does Not Necessarily Mean Women-Positive: Research With Adult Literacy Programs". 1444 Seymour St. at 3:30-5:00pm.

Schizophrenia Society of N.S. is a self-help group also concerned with research, advocacy and follow up service for victims. General meeting at Hancock Hall (corner of Coburg and Oxford) at 8:00pm. Everyone welcome!

Lecture: "Leonardo da Vinci - The Quest for Perfection". At the Discovery Centre, upper level Scotia Square, at 8:00pm.



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Art Gallery



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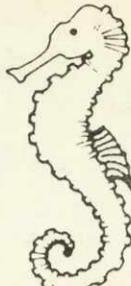
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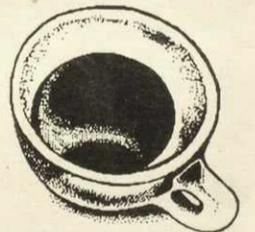
MEET THE PRESIDENTS

Drop in to the Garden Cafeteria at the Student Union Building and chat with **Dalhousie President Howard Clark** and the **President of the Dalhousie Student Union, Peter Pottier**. Discuss the quality of university education or rationalization or university financing or any other issue facing higher education. When?

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Drop in, share a cup of coffee and some talk.



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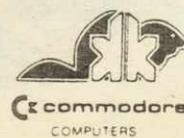
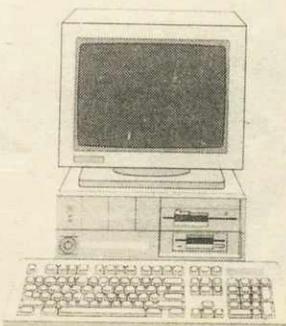
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